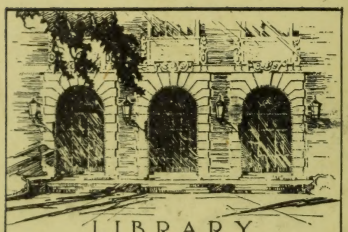

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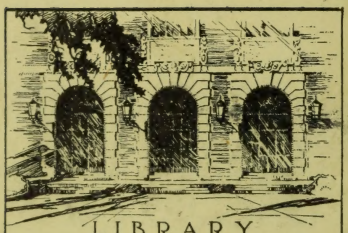
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The Sterling Edition—Illustrated

GUY MANNERING

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

NEW YORK
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS CO.
PUBLISHERS

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THE novel or romance of "Waverley" made its way to the public slowly, of course, at first, but afterward with such accumulating popularity as to encourage the Author to a second attempt. He looked about for a name and a subject; and the manner in which the novels were composed cannot be better illustrated than by reciting the simple narrative on which "Guy Mannering" was originally founded; but to which, in the progress of the work, the production ceased to bear any, even the most distant, resemblance. The tale was originally told me by an old servant of my father's—an excellent old Highlander, without a fault, unless a preference to mountain-dew over less potent liquors be accounted one. He believed as firmly in the story as in any part of his creed.

A grave and elderly person, according to old John MacKinlay's account, while travelling in the wilder parts of Galloway, was benighted. With difficulty he found his way to a country-seat, where, with the hospitality of the time and country, he was readily admitted. The owner of the house, a gentleman of good fortune, was much struck by the reverend appearance of his guest, and apologized to him for a certain degree of confusion which must unavoidably attend his reception, and could not escape his eye. The lady of the house was, he said, confined to her apartment, and on the point of making her husband a father for the first time, though they had been ten years married. At such an emergency, the Laird said, he feared his guest might meet with some apparent neglect.

"Not so, sir," said the stranger; "my wants are few and easily supplied, and I trust the present circumstances may even afford an opportunity of showing my gratitude for your hospitality. Let me only request that I may be informed of the exact minute of the birth; and I hope to put you in possession of some particulars which may influence, in an important manner, the future prospects of the child now about to come into this busy and changeful world. I will not conceal from you that I am skilful in understanding and interpreting the movements of those planetary bodies which exert their influences on the destiny of mortals. It is a science which I do not practise, like others, who call them-

selves astrologers, for hire or reward ; for I have a competent estate, and only use the knowledge I possess for the benefit of those in whom I feel an interest." The Laird bowed in respect and gratitude, and the stranger was accommodated with an apartment which commanded an ample view of the astral regions.

The guest spent a part of the night in ascertaining the position of the heavenly bodies, and calculating their probable influence ; until at length the result of his observations induced him to send for the father, and conjure him, in the most solemn manner, to cause the assistants to retard the birth, if practicable, were it but for five minutes. The answer declared this to be impossible ; and almost in the instant that the message was returned, the father and his guest were made acquainted with the birth of a boy.

The astrologer on the morrow met the party who gathered around the breakfast table with looks so grave and ominous as to alarm the fears of the father, who had hitherto exulted in the prospects held out by the birth of an heir to his ancient property, failing which event it must have passed to a distant branch of the family. He hastened to draw the stranger into a private room.

"I fear from your looks," said the father, "that you have bad tidings to tell me of my young stranger : perhaps God will resume the blessing he has bestowed ere he attains the age of manhood ? or perhaps he is destined to be unworthy of the affection which we are naturally disposed to devote to our offspring ? "

"Neither the one nor the other," answered the stranger : "unless my judgment greatly err, the infant will survive the years of minority, and in temper and disposition will prove all that his parents can wish. But with much in his horoscope which promises many blessings, there is one evil influence strongly predominant, which threatens to subject him to an unhallowed and unhappy temptation about the time when he shall attain the age of twenty-one, which period, the constellations intimate, will be the crisis of his fate. In what shape, or with what peculiar urgency, this temptation may beset him, my art cannot discover."

"Your knowledge, then, can afford us no defence," said the anxious father, "against the threatened evil ? "

"Pardon me," answered the stranger ; "it can. The influence of the constellations is powerful ; but He who made the heavens is more powerful than all, if his aid be invoked in sincerity and truth. You ought to dedicate this boy to the immediate service of his Maker, with as much sincerity as Samuel was devoted to the worship in the Temple by his parents. You must regard him as a being separated from the rest of the world. In childhood, in boyhood, you must surround him with the pious and virtuous, and protect him, to the utmost of your power, from the sight or hearing of any crime, in word or action. He must be educated in religious and moral principles of the strictest description. Let him not enter the world, lest he learn to partake of its follies, or perhaps of its vices. In short, preserve him as far as possible from all sin, save that of which too great a portion belongs to all the fallen race of Adam. With the approach of his twenty-first birthday comes

the crisis of his fate. If he survive it, he will be happy and prosperous on earth, and a chosen vessel among those elected for heaven. But if it be otherwise——" The Astrologer stopped, and sighed deeply.

"Sir," replied the parent, still more alarmed than before, "your words are so kind, your advice so serious, that I will pay the deepest attention to your behests. But can you not aid me further in this most important concern? Believe me, I will not be ungrateful."

"I require and deserve no gratitude for doing a good action," said the stranger; "in especial for contributing all that lies in my power to save from an abhorred fate the harmless infant to whom, under a singular conjunction of planets, last night gave life. There is my address; you may write to me from time to time concerning the progress of the boy in religious knowledge. If he be bred up as I advise, I think it will be best that he come to my house at the time when the fatal and decisive period approaches, that is, before he has attained his twenty-first year complete. If you send him such as I desire, I humbly trust that God will protect his own, through whatever strong temptation his fate may subject him to." He then gave his host his address, which was a country-seat near a post-town in the south of England, and bid him an affectionate farewell.

The mysterious stranger departed, but his words remained impressed upon the mind of the anxious parent. He lost his lady while his boy was still in infancy. This calamity, I think, had been predicted by the Astrologer; and thus his confidence, which, like most people of the period, he had freely given to the science, was riveted and confirmed. The utmost care, therefore, was taken to carry into effect the severe and almost ascetic plan of education which the sage had enjoined. A tutor of the strictest principles was employed to superintend the youth's education; he was surrounded by domestics of the most established character, and closely watched and looked after by the anxious father himself.

The years of infancy, childhood, and boyhood passed as the father could have wished. A young Nazarite could not have been bred up with more rigor. All that was evil was withheld from his observation; he only heard what was pure in precept—he only witnessed what was worthy in practice.

But when the boy began to be lost in the youth, the attentive father saw cause for alarm. Shades of sadness, which gradually assumed a dark character, began to overcloud the young man's temper. Tears, which seemed involuntary, broken sleep, moonlight wanderings, and a melancholy for which he could assign no reason, seemed to threaten at once his bodily health and the stability of his mind. The Astrologer was consulted by letter, and returned for answer that this fitful state of mind was but the commencement of his trial, and that the poor youth must undergo more and more desperate struggles with the evil that assailed him. There was no hope of remedy, save that he showed steadiness of mind in the study of the Scriptures. "He suffers," continued the

letter of the sage, "from the awakening of those harpies, the passions, which have slept with him as with others, till the period of life which he has now attained. Better, far better that they torment him by ungrateful cravings, than that he should have to repent having satiated them by criminal indulgence."

The dispositions of the young man were so excellent that he combated, by reason and religion, the fits of gloom which at times overcast his mind, and it was not till he attained the commencement of his twenty-first year that they assumed a character which made his father tremble for the consequences. It seemed as if the gloomiest and most hideous of mental maladies was taking the form of religious despair. Still the youth was gentle, courteous, affectionate, and submissive to his father's will, and resisted with all his power the dark suggestions which were breathed into his mind, as it seemed, by some emanation of the Evil Principle, exhorting him, like the wicked wife of Job, to curse God and die.

The time at length arrived when he was to perform what was then thought a long and somewhat perilous journey, to the mansion of the early friend who had calculated his nativity. His road lay through several places of interest, and he enjoyed the amusement of travelling more than he himself thought would have been possible. Thus he did not reach the place of his destination till noon on the day preceding his birthday. It seemed as if he had been carried away with an unwonted tide of pleasurable sensation, so as to forget in some degree what his father had communicated concerning the purpose of his journey. He halted at length before a respectable but solitary old mansion, to which he was directed as the abode of his father's friend.

The servants who came to take his horse told him he had been expected for two days. He was led into a study, where the stranger, now a venerable old man, who had been his father's guest, met him with a shade of displeasure as well as gravity on his brow. "Young man," he said, "wherefore so slow on a journey of such importance?" "I thought," replied the guest, blushing and looking downward, "that there was no harm in travelling slowly, and satisfying my curiosity, providing I could reach your residence by this day; for such was my father's charge." "You were to blame," replied the sage, "in lingering, considering that the avenger of blood was pressing on your footsteps. But you are come at last, and we will hope for the best, though the conflict in which you are to be engaged will be found more dreadful the longer it is postponed. But first accept of such refreshments as nature requires to satisfy, but not to pamper the appetite."

The old man led the way into a summer-parlor, where a frugal meal was placed on the table. As they sat down to the board, they were joined by a young lady about eighteen years of age, and so lovely that the sight of her carried off the feelings of the young stranger from the peculiarity and mystery of his own lot, and riveted his attention to everything she did or said. She spoke little and it was on the most serious subjects. She played on the

harpsichord at her father's command, but it was hymns with which she accompanied the instrument. At length, on a sign from the sage, she left the room, turning on the young stranger, as she departed, a look of inexpressible anxiety and interest.

The old man then conducted the youth to his study, and conversed with him upon the most important points of religion, to satisfy himself that he could render a reason for the faith that was in him. During the examination, the youth, in spite of himself, felt his mind occasionally wander, and his recollections go in quest of the beautiful vision who had shared their meal at noon. On such occasions the Astrologer looked grave, and shook his head at this relaxation of attention; yet, on the whole, he was pleased with the youth's replies.

At sunset the young man was made to take the bath; and, having done so, he was directed to attire himself in a robe somewhat like that worn by Armenians, having his long hair combed down on his shoulders, and his neck, hands, and feet bare. In this guise he was conducted into a remote chamber totally devoid of furniture, excepting a lamp, a chair, and a table, on which lay a Bible. "Here," said the Astrologer, "I must leave you alone, to pass the most critical period of your life. If you can, by recollection of the great truths of which we have spoken, repel the attacks which will be made on your courage and your principles, you have nothing to apprehend. But the trial will be severe and arduous." His features then assumed a pathetic solemnity, the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice faltered with emotion as he said, "Dear child, at whose coming in the world I foresaw this fatal trial, may God give thee grace to support it with firmness!"

The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself so, when, like a swarm of demons, the recollection of all his sins of omission and commission, rendered even more terrible by the scrupulousness with which he had been educated, rushed on his mind, and, like furies armed with fiery scourges, seemed determined to drive him to despair. As he combated these horrible recollections with distracted feelings, but with a resolved mind, he became aware that his arguments were answered by the sophistry of another, and that the dispute was no longer confined to his own thoughts. The Author of Evil was present in the room with him in bodily shape, and, potent with spirits of a melancholy cast, was impressing upon him the desperation of his state, and urging suicide as the readiest mode to put an end to his sinful career. Amid his errors, the pleasure he had taken in prolonging his journey unnecessarily, and the attention which he had bestowed on the beauty of the fair female, when his thoughts ought to have been dedicated to the religious discourse of her father, were set before him in the darkest colors; and he was treated as one who, having sinned against light, was therefore deservedly left a prey to the Prince of Darkness.

As the fated and influential hour rolled on, the terrors of the hateful Presence grew more confounding to the moral senses of the victim, and the knot of the accursed sophistry became more inex-

tricable, in appearance at least, to the prey whom its meshes surrounded. He had not power to explain the assurance of pardon which he continued to assert, or to name the victorious name in which he trusted. But his faith did not abandon him, though he lacked for a time the power of expressing it. "Say what you will," was his answer to the Tempter, "I know there is as much betwixt the two boards of this Book as can insure me forgiveness for my transgressions, and safety for my soul." As he spoke, the clock which announced the lapse of the fatal hour was heard to strike. The speech and intellectual powers of the youth were instantly and fully restored; he burst forth into prayer, and expressed, in the most glowing terms, his reliance on the truth, and on the Author of the gospel. The demon retired, yelling and discomfited, and the old man, entering the apartment, with tears congratulated his guest on his victory in the fated struggle.

The young man was afterward married to the beautiful maiden the first sight of whom had made such an impression on him, and they were consigned over at the close of the story to domestic happiness. So ended John MacKinlay's legend.*

The author of Waverley had imagined a possibility of framing an interesting, and perhaps not an unedifying, tale out of the incidents of the life of a doomed individual, whose efforts at good and virtuous conduct were to be forever disappointed by the intervention, as it were, of some malevolent being, and who was at last to come off victorious from the fearful struggle. In short, something was meditated upon a plan resembling the imaginative tale of "Sintram and his Companions," by Mons. Le Baron de la Motte Fouqué, —although if it then existed, the Author had not seen it.

The scheme projected may be traced in the three or four first chapters of the work, but further consideration induced the author to lay his purpose aside. It appeared, on mature consideration, that Astrology, though its influence was once received and admitted by Bacon himself, does not now retain influence over the general mind sufficient even to constitute the mainspring of a romance. Besides, it occurred, that to do justice to such a subject would have required not only more talent than the author could be conscious of possessing, but also involved doctrines and discussions of a nature too serious for his purpose, and for the character of the narrative. In changing his plan, however, which was done in the course of printing, the early sheets retained the vestiges of the original

* (Mr. J. G. Lockhart in his Memoirs of Scott says:

"The late Mr. Train recovered a rude Durham ballad called the Garland, which contains a great deal more of the main fable of Guy Mannering than MacKinlay's oral edition of the 'Gallovidian' anecdote conveys; and I am strongly inclined to think that Sir Walter must in his boyhood have read this broadside or chapbook itself, as well as the old serving-man's Scottish version of it.

"A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine (July, 1840) has also pointed out some very remarkable coincidences between the narrative of Guy Mannering and the singular history of James Annesley, claimant in 1743 of the honors and estates of the Earls of Anglesey in Ireland." The Durham Garland and the story of James Annesley are given *in extenso* as an appendix to Scott's Memoirs, by Lockhart.)

tenor of the story, although they now hang upon it as an unnecessary and unnatural encumbrance. The cause of such vestiges occurring is now explained and apologized for.

It is here worthy of observation, that while the astrological doctrines have fallen into general contempt, and been supplanted by superstitions of a more gross and far less beautiful character, they have, even in modern days, retained some votaries.

One of the most remarkable believers in that forgotten and despised science was a late eminent professor of the art of leger-demain. One would have thought that a person of this description ought, from his knowledge of the thousand ways in which human eyes could be deceived, to have been less than others subject to the fantasies of superstition. Perhaps the habitual use of those abstruse calculations by which, in a manner surprising to the artist himself, many tricks upon cards, etc., are performed, induced this gentleman to study the combination of the stars and planets, with the expectation of obtaining prophetic communications.

He constructed a scheme of his own nativity, calculated according to such rules of art as he could collect from the best astrological authors. The result of the past he found agreeable to what had hitherto befallen him, but in the important prospect of the future a singular difficulty occurred. There were two years during the course of which he could by no means obtain any exact knowledge whether the subject of the scheme would be dead or alive. Anxious concerning so remarkable a circumstance, he gave the scheme to a brother Astrologer, who was also baffled in the same manner. At one period he found the native, or subject, was certainly alive—at another, that he was unquestionably dead ; but a space of two years extended between these two terms, during which he could find no certainty as to his death or existence.

The Astrologer marked the remarkable circumstance in his Diary, and continued his exhibitions in various parts of the empire, until the period was about to expire, during which his existence had been warranted as actually ascertained. At last, while he was exhibiting to a numerous audience his usual tricks of leger-demain, the hands whose activity had so often baffled the closest observer suddenly lost their power, the cards dropped from them, and he sunk down a disabled paralytic. In this state the artist languished for two years, when he was at last removed by death. It is said that the Diary of this modern Astrologer will soon be given to the public.

The fact, if truly reported, is one of those singular coincidences which occasionally appear, differing so widely from ordinary calculation, yet without which irregularities human life would not present to mortals looking into futurity the abyss of impenetrable darkness which it is the pleasure of the Creator it should offer to them. Were everything to happen in the ordinary train of events, the future would be subject to the rules of arithmetic, like the chances of gaming. But extraordinary events and wonderful runs of luck defy the calculations of mankind, and throw impenetrable darkness on future contingencies.

To the above anecdote another, still more recent, may be here added. The Author was lately honored with a letter from a gentleman deeply skilled in these mysteries, who kindly undertook to calculate the nativity of the writer of "Guy Mannering," who might be supposed to be friendly to the divine art which he professed. But it was impossible to supply data for the construction of a horoscope, had the native been otherwise desirous of it, since all those who could supply the minutiæ of day, hour, and minute have been long removed from the mortal sphere.

Having thus given some account of the first idea or rude sketch of the story,* which was soon departed from, the Author, in following out the plan of the present edition, has to mention the prototypes of the principal characters in "Guy Mannering."

Some circumstances of local situation gave the Author, in his youth, an opportunity of seeing a little, and hearing a great deal, about that degraded class who are called gypsies, who are in most cases a mixed race—between the ancient Egyptians who arrived in Europe about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and vagrants of European descent.

The individual gypsy upon whom the character of Meg Merrilies was founded was well known about the middle of the last century, by the name of Jean Gordon, an inhabitant of the village of Kirk Yetholm, in the Cheviot hills, adjoining to the English Border. The Author gave the public some account of this remarkable person, in one of the early numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, to the following purpose :

"My father remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farm-house of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood-sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years.

"It happened, in course of time, that, in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the Goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted and lost his way.

"A light, glimmering through the window of a large waste barn which had survived the farm-house to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter ; and when he knocked at the door it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure—for she was nearly six feet high—and her equally remarkable features and dress rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years ; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous surprise to the poor man,

* (See addendum to Note I.)

whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin) was about his person.

"Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition: 'Eh, sirs! the winsome Gudeman of Lochside! Light down, light down, for ye mauna gang farther the night, and a friend's house sae near." The farmer was obliged to dismount, and accept of the gypsy's offer of supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve guests—of the same description, probably, with his landlady.

"Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and, like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gypsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless.

"This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of "shake-down," as the Scotch call it, or bed-clothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not.

"About midnight the gang returned, with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there.

"'E'en the winsome Gudeman of Lochside, poor body,' replied Jean; 'he's been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-lickit he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaun e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart.'

"'That may be, Jean,' replied one of the banditti, 'but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if the tale be true or no.' Jean set up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused and went to rest. As soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the *hallan*, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the high-road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property, nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

"I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, '*Hang them a'!*' Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said, 'The Lord help the innocent in a day like this!' Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. She had among other demerits, or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a staunch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty, when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water, and while she had voice left continued to exclaim at such intervals, '*Charlie yet! Charlie yet!*' When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon.

"Before quitting the Border gypsies, I may mention that my grandfather, while riding over Charterhouse moor, then a very extensive common, fell suddenly among a large band of them who were carousing in a hollow of the moor surrounded by bushes. They instantly seized on his horse's bridle with many shouts of welcome, exclaiming (for he was well known to most of them) that they had often dined at his expense, and he must now stay and share their good cheer. My ancestor was a little alarmed, for, like the Goodman of Lochside, he had more money about his person than he cared to risk in such society. However, being naturally a bold, lively-spirited man, he entered into the humor of the thing and sat down to the feast, which consisted of all the varieties of game, poultry, pigs, and so forth, that could be collected by a wide and indiscriminate system of plunder. The dinner was a very merry one, but my relative got a hint from some of the older gypsies to retire just when—

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious,

and mounting his horse accordingly he took a French leave of his entertainers, but without experiencing the least breach of hospitality. I believe Jean Gordon was at this festival" (*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. i., p. 54).

Notwithstanding the failure of Jean's issue, for which—

Weary fa' the waefu' wuddie,

a grand-daughter survived her whom I remember to have seen. That is, as Dr. Johnson had a shadowy recollection of Queen

Anne as a stately lady in black, adorned with diamonds, so my memory is haunted by a solemn remembrance of a woman of more than female height, dressed in a long red cloak, who commenced acquaintance by giving me an apple, but whom, nevertheless, I looked on with as much awe as the future Doctor, High Church and Tory as he was doomed to be, could look upon the Queen. I conceive this woman to have been Madge Gordon, of whom an impressive account is given in the same article in which her mother Jean is mentioned, but not by the present writer :

" The late Madge Gordon was at this time accounted the Queen of the Yetholm clans. She was, we believe, a granddaughter of the celebrated Jean Gordon, and was said to have much resembled her in appearance. The following account of her is extracted from the letter of a friend, who for many years enjoyed frequent and favorable opportunities of observing the characteristic peculiarities of the Yetholm tribes: ' Madge Gordon was descended from the Faas by the mother's side, and was married to a Young. She was a remarkable personage, of a very commanding presence and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large, aquiline nose, penetrating eyes, even in her old age, bushy hair that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gypsy bonnet of straw, a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff nearly as tall as herself. I remember her well; every week she paid my father a visit for her *awmous*, when I was a little boy, and I looked upon Madge with no common degree of awe and terror. When she spoke vehemently (for she made loud complaints) she used to strike her staff upon the floor, and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with indifference. She used to say that she could bring from the remotest parts of the island friends to revenge her quarrel while she sat motionless in her cottage, and she frequently boasted that there was a time when she was of still more considerable importance, for there were at her wedding fifty saddled asses, and unsaddled asses without number. If Jean Gordon was the prototype of the *character* of Meg Merrilies, I imagine Madge must have sat to the unknown author as the representative of her *person*'" (*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. i., p. 56).

How far Blackwood's ingenious correspondent was right, how far mistaken, in his conjecture, the reader has been informed.

To pass to a character of a very different description, Dominie Sampson,* the reader may easily suppose that a poor, modest, humble scholar, who has won his way through the classics, yet has fallen to leeward in the voyage of life, is no uncommon personage in a country where a certain portion of learning is easily attained by those who are willing to suffer hunger and thirst in exchange for acquiring Greek and Latin. But there is a far more exact prototype of the worthy Dominie, upon which is founded the part

* (The late Rev. George Thomson, son of the minister of Melrose, who acted as tutor at Abbotsford, was supposed by his friends to have yielded the Author many personal features for his fictitious character of the Dominie.)

which he performs in the romance, and which, for certain particular reasons, must be expressed very generally.

Such a preceptor as Mr. Sampson is supposed to have been was actually tutor in the family of a gentleman of considerable property. The young lads, his pupils, grew up, and went out in the world, but the tutor continued to reside in the family, no uncommon circumstance in Scotland (in former days), where food and shelter were readily afforded to humble friends and dependents. The Laird's predecessors had been imprudent; he himself was passive and unfortunate. Death swept away his sons, whose success in life might have balanced his own bad luck and incapacity. Debts increased and funds diminished, until ruin came. The estate was sold, and the old man was about to remove from the house of his fathers, to go he knew not whither, when, like an old piece of furniture, which, left alone in its wonted corner, may hold together for a long while, but breaks to pieces on an attempt to move it, he fell down on his own threshold under a paralytic affection.

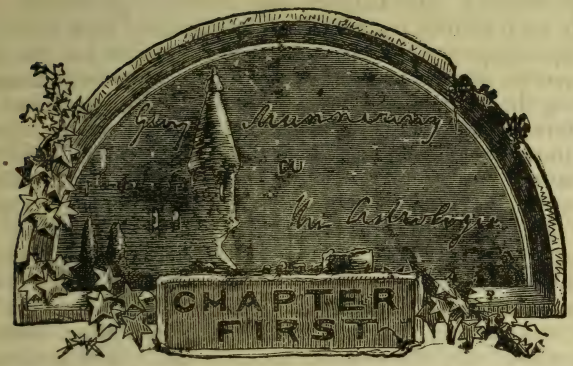
The tutor awakened as from a dream. He saw his patron dead, and that his patron's only remaining child, an elderly woman, now neither graceful nor beautiful, if she had ever been either the one or the other, had by this calamity become a homeless and penniless orphan. He addressed her nearly in the words which Dominie Sampson uses to Miss Bertram, and professed his determination not to leave her. Accordingly, roused to the exercise of talents which had long slumbered, he opened a little school, and supported his patron's child for the rest of her life, treating her with the same humble observance and devoted attention which he had used toward her in the days of her prosperity.

Such is the outline of Dominie Sampson's real story, in which there is neither romantic incident nor sentimental passion; but which, perhaps, from the rectitude and simplicity of character which it displays, may interest the heart and fill the eye of the reader as irresistibly as if it respected distresses of a more dignified or refined character.

These preliminary notices concerning the tale of "Guy Mannering" and some of the characters introduced, may save the author and reader, in the present instance, the trouble of writing and perusing a long string of detached notes.

I may add, that the motto of this Novel was taken from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," to evade the conclusions of those who began to think that, as the author of "Waverley," never quoted the works of Sir Walter Scott, he must have some reason for doing so, and that the circumstance might argue an identity between them.

ABBOTSFORD, August 1, 1829.



He could not deny, that looking round upon the dreary region, and seeing nothing but bleak fields and naked trees, hills obscured by fogs, and flats covered with inundations, he did for some time suffer melancholy to prevail upon him, and wished himself again safe at home.—TRAVELS OF WILL. MARVEL, *Idler*, No. 49.

IT was in the beginning of the month of November, 17—, when a young English gentleman, who had just left the university of Oxford, made use of the liberty afforded him, to visit some parts of the north of England; and curiosity extended his tour into the adjacent frontier of the sister country. He had visited, on the day that opens our history, some monastic ruins in the county of Dumfries, and spent much of the day in making drawings of them from different points; so that, on mounting his horse to resume his journey, the brief and gloomy twilight of the season had already commenced. His way lay through a wide tract of black moss, extending for miles on each side and before him. Little eminences arose like islands on its surface, bearing here and there patches of corn, which even at this season was green, and sometimes a hut, or farm-house, shaded by a willow or two, and surrounded by large elder-bushes. These insulated dwellings communicated with each other by winding passages through the moss, impassable by any but the natives themselves. The public road, however, was tolerably well made and safe, so that the prospect of being benighted brought with it no real danger. Still it is uncomfortable to travel, alone and in the dark, through an unknown country; and there are few ordinary occasions upon which Fancy frets herself so much as in a situation like that of Mannering.

As the light grew faint and more faint, and the morass appeared blacker and blacker, our traveler questioned more closely each chance passenger on his distance from the village of Kippletringan, where he proposed to quarter for the night. His queries were usually answered by a counter-challenge respecting the place from whence he came. While sufficient daylight remained to show the dress and appearance of a gentleman, these cross interrogatories were usually put in the form of a case supposed, as, "Ye'll hae been at the auld abbey o' Haly-cross, sir? there's mony English gentlemen gang to see that."—Or, "Your honor will be come frae the house o' Pouderloupat?" But when the voice of the querist alone was distinguishable, the response usually was, "Where are ye coming frae at sic a time o' night as the like o' this?"—or, "Ye'll no be o' this country, freend?" The answers, when obtained, were neither very reconcilable to each other, nor accurate in the information which they afforded. Kippletringan was distant at first "*a gey bit;*" then the "*gey bit*" was more accurately described, as "*aiblins three mile;*" then the "*three mi'e*" diminished into "*like a mile and a bittock;*" then extended themselves into "*four mile or thereawa;*" and, lastly, a female voice, having hushed a wailing infant which the spokeswoman carried in her arms, assured Guy Mannering, "It was a weary lang gate yet to Kippletringan, and unco heavy road for foot passengers." * The poor hack upon which Mannering was mounted was probably of opinion that it suited him as ill as the female respondent; for he began to flag very much, answered each application of the spur with a groan, and stumbled at every stone (and they were not few) which lay in his road.

Mannering now grew impatient. He was occasionally betrayed into a deceitful hope that the end of his journey was near, by the apparition of a twinkling light or two; but, as he came up, he was disappointed to find that the gleams proceeded from some of those farm-houses which occasionally ornamented the surface of the extensive bog. At length, to complete his perplexity, he arrived at a place where the road divided into two. If there had been light to consult the relics of a finger-post which stood there, it would have been of little avail, as, according to the good custom of North Britain, the inscription had been defaced shortly after its erection. Our adventurer was therefore compelled, like a knight-errant of old, to trust to the sagacity of his horse, which, without any demur, chose the left-hand path, and seemed to proceed at a somewhat livelier pace

* (For Scotch expressions, see Glossary at end of volume.)

than before, affording thereby a hope that he knew he was drawing near to his quarters for the evening. This hope, however, was not speedily accomplished, and Mannering, whose impatience made every furlong seem three, began to think that Kippletringan was actually retreating before him in proportion to his advance.

It was now very cloudy, although the stars, from time to time, shed a twinkling and uncertain light. Hitherto nothing had broken the silence around him, but the deep cry of the bog-blitter, or bull-of-the-bog, a large species of bittern; and the sighs of the wind as it passed along the dreary morass. To these was now joined the distant roar of the ocean, toward which the traveler seemed to be fast approaching. This was no circumstance to make his mind easy. Many of the roads in that country lay along the sea-beach, and some were liable to be flooded by the tides, which rise to a great height, and advance with extreme rapidity. Others were intersected with creeks and small inlets, which it was only safe to pass at particular times of the tide. Neither circumstances would have suited a dark night, a fatigued horse, and a traveler ignorant of his road. Mannering resolved, therefore, definitively to halt for the night at the first inhabited place, however poor, he might chance to reach, unless he could procure a guide to this unlucky village of Kippletringan.

A miserable hut gave him an opportunity to execute his purpose. He found out the door with no small difficulty, and for some time knocked without producing any other answer than a duet between a female and a cur-dog, the latter yelping as if he would have barked his heart out, the other screaming in chorus. By degrees the human tones predominated; but the angry bark of the cur being at the instant changed into a howl, it is probable something more than fair strength of lungs had contributed to the ascendency.

"Sorrow be in your thrapple then!" these were the first articulate words—"will ye no let me hear what the man wants, wi' your yaffing?"

"Am I far from Kippletringan, good dame?"

"Frae Kippletringan!!!" in an exalted tone of wonder, which we can but faintly express by three points of admiration; "Ow, man! ye should hae hadden *eassel* to Kippletringan—ye maun gae back as far as the Whaap, and haud the Whaap * till ye come to Ballenloan, and then"——

* The Hope, often pronounced Whapp, is the sheltered part or hollow of the hill. *Hoff*, *howf*, *haaf* and *haven*, are all modifications of the same word.

"This will never do, good dame! my horse is almost quite knocked up—can you not give me a night's lodgings?"

"Troth can I no; I am a lone woman, for James he's awa to Drumshourloch fair with the year-aulds, and I daurna for my life open the door to ony o' your gang-there-out sort o' bodies."

"But what must I do then, good dame? for I can't sleep here upon the road all night."

"Troth I kenna, unless ye like to gae down and speer for quarters at the Place. I'se warrant they'll tak ye in, whether ye be gentle or semple."

"Simple enough, to be wandering here at such a time of night," thought Mannering, who was ignorant of the meaning of the phrase. "But how shall I get to the *place*, as you call it?"

"Ye maun haud *wessel* by the end o' the loan, and take tent o' the jaw-hole."

"O, if ye get to *eassel* and *wessel** again, I am undone!—Is there nobody that could guide me to this *place?* I will pay him handsomely."

The word *pay* operated like magic. "Jock, ye villain," exclaimed the voice from the interior, "are ye lying routing there, and a young gentleman seeking the way to the Place? Get up, ye fause loon, and show him the way down the muckle loaning.—He'll show you the way, sir, and I'se warrant ye'll be weel put up; for they never turn awa naebody frae the door; and ye'll be come in the canny moment, I'm thinking, for the laird's servant—that's no to say his body-servant, but the helper like—rade express by this e'en to fetch the houdie, and he just staid the drinking o' twa pints o' tippeny, to tell us how my leddy was ta'en wi' her pains."

"Perhaps," said Mannering, "at such a time a stranger's arrival might be inconvenient?"

"Hout, na, ye needna be blate about that; their house is muckle eneuch, and clecking† time's aye canty time."

By this time Jock had found his way into all the intricacies of a tattered doubtlet, and more tattered pair of breeches, and sallied forth, a great white-headed, bare-legged, lubberly boy of twelve years old, so exhibited by the glimpse of a rushlight, which his half-naked mother held in such a manner as to get a peep at the stranger, without greatly exposing herself to view in return. Jock moved on westward, by the end of the house, leading Mannering's horse by the bridle, and piloting, with some dexterity, along the little path which bordered the formidable

* Provincial for eastward and westward. † Hatching-time.

jaw-hole, whose vicinity the stranger was made sensible of by means of more organs than one. His guide then dragged the weary hack along a broken and stony cart-track, next over a ploughed field, then broke down a *slap*, as he called it, in a dry-stone fence, and lugged the unresisting animal through the breach, about a rood of the simple masonry giving way in the splutter with which he passed. Finally, he led the way, through a wicket, into something which had still the air of an avenue, though many of the trees were felled. The roar of the ocean was now near and full, and the moon, which began to make her appearance, gleamed on a turreted, and apparently a ruined mansion, of considerable extent. Mannering fixed his eyes upon it with a disconsolate sensation.

"Why, my little fellow," he said, "this is a ruin, not a house?"

"Ah, but the lairds lived there langsyne—that's Ellangowan Auld Place; there's a hantle bogles about it—but ye needna be feared—I never saw ony mysell, and we're just at the door o' the New Place."

Accordingly, leaving the ruins on the right, a few steps brought the traveler in front of a modern house of moderate size, at which his guide rapped with great importance. Mannering told his circumstances to the servant; and the gentleman of the house, who heard his tale from the parlor, stepped forward, and welcomed the stranger hospitably to Ellangowan. The boy, made happy with half-a-crown, was dismissed to his cottage, the weary horse was conducted to a stall, and Mannering found himself in a few minutes seated by a comfortable supper, for which his cold ride gave him a hearty appetite.

CHAPTER SECOND.

———Comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out,
HENRY THE FOURTH, *Part I.*

THE company in the parlor at Ellangowan consisted of the Laird, and a sort of person who might be the village schoolmaster, or perhaps the minister's assistant; his appearance was too shabby to indicate the minister, considering he was on a visit to the Laird.

The Laird himself was one of those second-rate sort of

persons, that are to be found frequently in rural situations. Fielding has described one class as *feras consumere nati;* but the love of field-sports indicates a certain activity of mind, which had forsaken Mr. Bertram, if ever he possessed it. A good-humored listlessness of countenance formed the only remarkable expression of his features, although they were rather handsome than otherwise. In fact, his physiognomy indicated the inanity of character which pervaded his life. I will give the reader some insight into his state and conversation, before he has finished a long lecture to Mannering, upon the propriety and comfort of wrapping his stirrup-irons round with a wisp of straw when he had occasion to ride in a chill evening.

Godfrey Bertram, of Ellangowan, succeeded to a long pedigree and a short rent-roll, like many lairds of that period. His list of forefathers ascended so high, that they were lost in the barbarous ages of Galwegian independence; so that his genealogical tree, besides the Christian and crusading names of Godfreys, and Gilberts, and Dennises, and Rolands without end, bore heathen fruit of yet darker ages,—Arths, and Knarths, and Donagilds, and Hanlons. In truth, they had been formerly the stormy chiefs of a desert but extensive domain, and the heads of a numerous tribe, called Mac-Dingawaie, though they afterward adopted the Norman surname of Bertram. They had made war, raised rebellions, been defeated, beheaded, and hanged, as became a family of importance, for many centuries. But they had gradually lost ground in the world, and, from being themselves the heads of treason and traitorous conspiracies, the Bertrams, or MacDingawaies, of Ellangowan, had sunk into subordinate accomplices. Their most fatal exhibitions in this capacity took place in the seventeenth century, when the foul fiend possessed them with a spirit of contradiction, which uniformly involved them in controversy with the ruling powers. They reversed the conduct of the celebrated Vicar of Bray, and adhered as tenaciously to the weaker side, as that worthy divine to the stronger. And truly, like him, they had their reward.

Allan Bertram of Ellangowan, who flourished *tempore Caroli Primi*, was, says my authority, Sir Robert Douglas, in his Scottish Baronage (see the title Ellangowan), "a steady loyalist and full of zeal for the cause of his Sacred Majesty, in which he united with the great Marquis of Montrose, and other truly zealous and honorable patriots, and sustained great losses in that behalf. He had the honor of knighthood conferred upon him by his Most Sacred Majesty, and was sequestrated as a malignant by the parliament 1642, and afterward as a resolu-

tioner in the year 1648."—These two cross-grained epithets of malignant and resolutioner cost poor Sir Allan one half of the family estate. His son Dennis Bertram married a daughter of an eminent fanatic, who had a seat in the council of state, and saved by that union the remainder of the family property. But, as ill chance would have it, he became enamoured of the lady's principles as well as of her charms, and my author gives him this character: "He was a man of eminent parts and resolution, for which reason he was chosen by the western counties one of the committee of noblemen and gentlemen, to report their griefs to the privy council of Charles II. anent the coming in of the Highland host in 1678." For undertaking this patriotic task he underwent a fine, to pay which he was obliged to mortgage half of the remaining moiety of his paternal property. This loss he might have recovered by dint of severe economy, but on the breaking out of Argyle's rebellion, Dennis Bertram was again suspected by Government, apprehended, sent to Dunnottar Castle, on the coast of the Mearns, and there broke his neck in an attempt to escape from a subterranean habitation called the Whig's Vault, in which he was confined with some eighty of the same persuasion. The apprizer therefore (as the holder of a mortgage was then called), entered upon possession, and, in the language of Hotspur, "came me cranking in," and cut the family out of another monstrous cantle of their remaining property.

Donohoe Bertram, with somewhat of an Irish name, and somewhat of an Irish temper, succeeded to the diminished property of Ellangowan. He turned out of doors the Rev. Aaron Macbriar, his mother's chaplain (it is said they quarreled about the good graces of a milkmaid), drank himself daily drunk with brimming healths to the king, council, and bishops; held orgies with the Laird of Lagg, Theophilus Oglethorpe, and Sir James Turner; and lastly, took his gray gelding, and joined Clavers at Killiecrankie. At the skirmish of Dunkeld, 1689, he was shot dead by a Cameronian with a silver button (being supposed to have proof from the Evil One against lead and steel), and his grave is still called, the "Wicked Laird's Lair."

His son, Lewis, had more prudence than seems usually to have belonged to the family. He nursed what property was yet left to him; for Donohoe's excesses, as well as fines and forfeitures, had made another inroad upon the estate. And although even he did not escape the fatality which induced the Lairds of Ellangowan to interfere with politics, he had yet the prudence, ere he went *out* with Lord Kenmore in 1715, to

convey his estates to trustees, in order to parry pains and penalties, in case the Earl of Mar could not put down the Protestant succession. But Scylla and Charybdis—a word to the wise—he only saved his estate at the expense of a lawsuit, which again subdivided the family property. He was, however, a man of resolution. He sold part of the lands, evacuated the old castle, where the family lived in their decadence, as a mouse (said an old farmer) lives under a firlot. Pulling down part of these venerable ruins, he built with the stones a narrow house of three stories high, with a front like a grenadier's cap, having in the very centre a round window, like the single eye of a Cyclops, two windows on each side, and a door in the middle, leading to a parlor and withdrawing room, full of all manner of cross lights.

This was the New Place of Ellangowan, in which we left our hero, better amused perhaps than our readers, and to this Lewis Bertram retreated, full of projects for re-establishing the prosperity of his family. He took some land into his own hand, rented some from neighboring proprietors, bought and sold Highland cattle and Cheviot sheep, rode to fairs and trysts, fought hard bargains, and held necessity at the staff's end as well as he might. But what he gained in purse he lost in honor, for such agricultural and commercial negotiations were very ill looked upon by his brother lairds, who minded nothing but cock-fighting, hunting, coursing, and horse-racing, with now and then the alternation of a desperate duel. The occupations which he followed encroached, in their opinion, upon the article of Ellangowan's gentry; and he found it necessary gradually to estrange himself from their society, and sink into what was then a very ambiguous character, a gentleman farmer. In the midst of his schemes, death claimed his tribute; and the scanty remains of a large property descended upon Godfrey Bertram, the present possessor, his only son.

The danger of the father's speculations was soon seen. Deprived of Laird Lewis's personal and active superintendence, all his undertakings miscarried, and became either abortive or perilous. Without a single spark of energy to meet or repel these misfortunes, Godfrey put his faith in the activity of another. He kept neither hunters, nor hounds, nor any other southern preliminaries to ruin; but, as has been observed of his countrymen, he kept *a man of business*, who answered the purpose equally well. Under this gentleman's supervision small debts grew into large, interests were accumulated upon capitals, movable bonds became heritable, and law charges were heaped upon all; though Ellangowan possessed so little the spirit of a

litigant, that he was on two occasions *charged* to make payment of the expenses of a long lawsuit, although he had never before heard that he had such cases in court. Meanwhile his neighbors predicted his final ruin. Those of the higher rank, with some malignity, accounted him already a degraded brother. The lower classes seeing nothing enviable in his situation, marked his embarrassments with more compassion. He was even a kind of favorite with them, and upon the division of a common, or the holding of a black-fishing or poaching-court, or any similar occasion, when they conceived themselves oppressed by the gentry, they were in the habit of saying to each other, "Ah, if Ellangowan, honest man, had his ain that his forbears had afore him, he wadna see the puir folk trodden down this gait." Meanwhile, this general good opinion never prevented their taking advantage of him on all possible occasions—turning their cattle into his parks, stealing his wood, shooting his game, and so forth, "for the Laird, honest man, he'll never find it.—he never minds what a puir body does."—Pedlers, gypsies, tinkers, vagrants of all descriptions, roosted about his outhouses, or harbored in his kitchen; and the Laird, who was "nae nice body," but a thorough gossip, like most weak men, found recompense for his hospitality in the pleasure of questioning them on the news of the country side.

A circumstance arrested Ellangowan's progress on the high road to ruin. This was his marriage with a lady who had a portion of about four thousand pounds. Nobody in the neighborhood could conceive why she married him, and endowed him with her wealth, unless because he had a tall, handsome figure, a good set of features, a genteel address, and a most perfect good humor. It might be some additional consideration, that she was herself at the reflecting age of twenty-eight, and had no near relations to control her actions or choice.

It was in this lady's behalf (confined for the first time after her marriage) that the speedy and active express, mentioned by the old dame of the cottage, had been despatched to Kipple-tringan on the night of Mannering's arrival.

Though we have said so much of the Laird himself, it still remains that we make the reader in some degree acquainted with his companion. This was Abel Sampson, commonly called, from his occupation as a pedagogue, Dominie Sampson. He was of low birth, but having evinced, even from his cradle, an uncommon seriousness of disposition, the poor parents were encouraged to hope that their *bairn*, as they expressed it, "might wag his pow in a pulpit yet." With an ambitious view to such a consummation, they pinched and pared, rose early

and lay down late, ate dry bread and drank cold water, to secure to Abel the means of learning. Meantime, his tall ungainly figure, his taciturn and grave manners, and some grotesque habits of swinging his limbs, and screwing his visage while reciting his task, made poor Sampson the ridicule of all his school-companions. The same qualities secured him at Glasgow college a plentiful share of the same sort of notice. Half the youthful mob of "the yards"* used to assemble regularly to see Dominie Sampson (for he had already attained that honorable title) descend the stairs from the Greek class, with his Lexicon under his arm, his long misshapen legs sprawling abroad, and keeping awkward time to the play of his immense shoulder blades, as they raised and depressed the loose and threadbare black coat which was his constant and only wear. When he spoke, the efforts of the professor (professor of divinity though he was) were totally inadequate to restrain the inextinguishable laughter of the students, and sometimes even to repress his own. The long, sallow visage, the goggle eyes, the huge under-jaw, which appeared not to open and shut by an act of volition, but to be dropped and hoisted up again by some complicated machinery within the inner man,—the harsh and dissonant voice, and the screech-owl notes to which it was exalted when he was exhorted to pronounce more distinctly,—all added fresh subject for mirth to the torn cloak and shattered shoe, which have afforded legitimate subjects to railery against the poor scholar, from Juvenal's time downward. It was never known that Sampson either exhibited irritability at this ill usage, or made the least attempt to retort upon his tormentors. He slunk from college by the most secret paths he could discover, and plunged himself into his miserable lodging, where, for eighteen-pence a-week, he was allowed the benefit of a straw mattress, and, if his landlady was in good humor, permission to study his task by her fire. Under all these disadvantages, he obtained a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, and some acquaintance with the sciences.

In progress of time, Abel Sampson, probationer of divinity, was admitted to the privileges of a preacher. But alas! partly from his own bashfulness, partly owing to a strong and obvious disposition to risibility, which pervaded the congregation upon his first attempt, he became totally incapable of proceeding in his intended discourse—gasped, grinned, hideously rolled his eyes till the congregation thought them flying out of his head

* ("The yards" refer to the open space or area used as a playing ground at the High School or college.)

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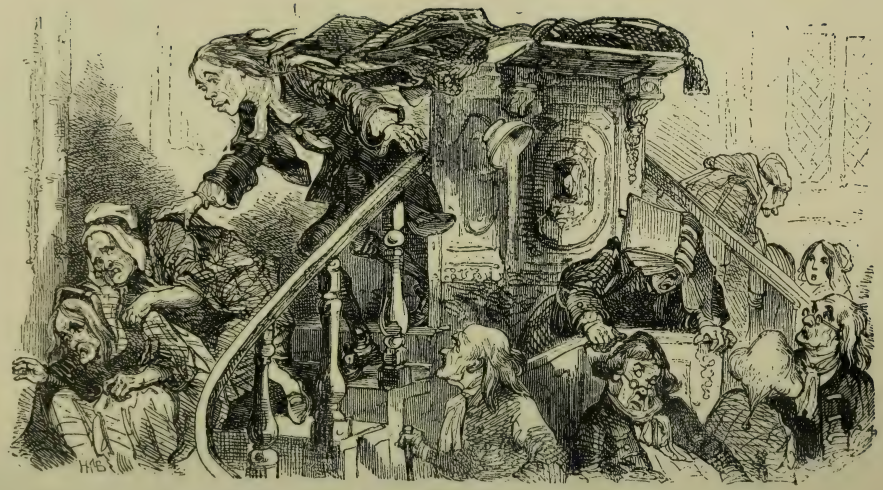


DOMINIE SAMPSON'S DESCENT FROM THE PULPIT.

—shut the Bible—stumbled down the pulpit-stairs, trampling upon the old women who generally take their station there,—and was ever after designated as a "stickit minister." And thus he wandered back to his own country, with blighted hopes and prospects, to share the poverty of his parents. As he had neither friend nor confidant, hardly even an acquaintance, no one had the means of observing closely how Dominie Sampson bore a disappointment which supplied the whole town with a week's sport. It would be endless even to mention the numerous jokes to which it gave birth,—from a ballad, called "Sampson's Riddle," written upon the subject by a smart young student of humanity,—to the sly hope of the Principal, that the fugitive had not, in imitation of his mighty namesake, taken the college gates along with him in his retreat.

To all appearance, the equanimity of Sampson was unshaken. He sought to assist his parents by teaching a school, and soon had plenty of scholars, but very few fees. In fact, he taught the sons of farmers for what they chose to give him, and the poor for nothing; and to the shame of the former be it spoken, the pedagogue's gains never equalled those of a skilful ploughman. He wrote, however, a good hand, and added something to his pittance by copying accounts and writing letters for Ellangowan. By degrees, the Laird, who was much estranged from general society, became partial to that of Dominie Sampson. Conversation, it is true, was out of the question, but the Dominie was a good listener, and stirred the fire with some address. He attempted even to snuff the candles, but was unsuccessful, and relinquished that ambitious post of courtesy, after having twice reduced the parlor to total darkness. So his civilities, thereafter, were confined to taking off his glass of ale in exactly the same time and measure with the Laird, and in uttering certain indistinct murmurs of acquiescence at the conclusion of the long and winding stories of Ellangowan.

On one of these occasions, he presented for the first time to Mannering his tall, gaunt, awkward, bony figure attired in a threadbare suit of black, with a colored handkerchief, not over clean, about his sinewy, scraggy neck, and his nether person arrayed in gray breeches, dark-blue stockings, clouted shoes, and small copper buckles.

Such is a brief outline of the lives and fortunes of those two persons, in whose society Mannering now found himself comfortably seated.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Do not the hist'ries of all ages,
Relate miraculous presages,
Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
Foreseen by Astrologers, Soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learned Genethliacs,
And some that have writ almanacs?

HUDIBRAS.

THE circumstances of the landlady were pleaded to Mannering—first as an apology for her not appearing to welcome her guest, and for those deficiencies in his entertainment which her attention might have supplied, and then as an excuse for pressing an extra bottle of good wine.

"I cannot weel sleep," said the Laird, with the anxious feelings of father in such a predicament, "till I hear she's gotten ower with it—and if you, sir, are not very sleepy, and would do me and the Dominie the honor to sit up wi' us, I am sure we shall not detain you very late. Luckie Howatson is very expeditious;—there was ance a lass that was in that way—she did not live far from hereabouts—ye needna shake your head and groan, Dominie—I am sure the kirk dues were a' weel paid, and what can man do mair?—it was laid till her ere she had a sack ower her head; and the man that she since wadded does not think her a pin the waur for the misfortune.—They live, Mr. Mannering, by the shore-side, at Annan, and a mair decent, orderly couple, with six as fine bairns as ye would wish to see plash in a salt-water dub; and little curlie Godfrey—that's the eldest, the come o' will, as I may say—he's on board an excise yacht; I hae a cousin at the board of excise—that's Commissioner Bertram; he got his commissionership in the great contest for the county, that ye must have heard of, for it was appealed to the House of Commons; now I should have voted there for the Laird of Balruddery; but ye see my father was a Jacobite, and *out* with Kenmore, so he never took the oaths; and I ken not weel how it was, but all that I could do and say, they keepit me off the roll, though my agent, that had a vote upon my estate, ranked as a good vote for auld Sir Thomas Kittlecourt. But to return to what I was saying, Luckie Howatson is very expeditious, for this lass——"

Here the desultory and long-winded narrative of the Laird was interrupted by the voice of some one ascending the stairs

from the kitchen story, and singing at full pitch of voice. The high notes were too shrill for a man, the low seemed too deep for a woman. The words, as far as Mannering could distinguish them, seemed to run thus :

> Canny moment lucky fit ;
> Is the lady lighter yet ?
> Be it lad or be it lass,
> Sign wi' cross and sain wi' mass.

" It's Meg Merrilies, the gypsy, as sure as I am a sinner," said Mr. Bertram. The Dominie groaned deeply, uncrossed his legs, drew in the huge splay foot which his former posture had extended, placed it perpendicularly, and stretched the other limb over it instead, puffing out between whiles huge volumes of tobacco-smoke. " What needs ye groan, Dominie ? I am sure Meg's sangs do nae ill."

" Nor good neither," answered Dominie Sampson, in a voice whose untuneable harshness corresponded with the awkwardness of his figure. They were the first words which Mannering had heard him speak ; and as he had been watching with some curiosity when this eating, drinking, moving, and smoking automaton would perform the part of speaking, he was a good deal diverted with the harsh timber tones which issued from him. But at this moment the door opened, and Meg Merrilies entered.

Her appearance made Mannering start. She was full six feet high, wore a man's great-coat over the rest of her dress, had in her hand a goodly sloe-thorn cudgel, and in all points of equipment, except her petticoats, seemed rather masculine than feminine. Her dark elf-locks shot out like the snakes of the gorgon, between an old-fashioned bonnet called a bongrace, heightening the singular effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they partly shadowed, while her eye had a wild roll that indicated something like real or affected insanity.

" Aweel, Ellangowan," she said, " wad it no hae been a bonnie thing an the leddy had been brought to bed and me at the fair o' Drumshourloch, no kenning, nor dreaming a word about it ? Wha was to hae keepit awa the worriecows, I trow ? —ay, and the elves and gyre-carlings frae the bonny bairn, grace be wi' it ? Ay, or said Saint Colme's charm for its sake, the dear ? " And without waiting an answer, she began to sing—

> Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill
> Hinders witches of their will ;
> Weel is them, that weel may
> Fast upon St. Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Colme and his cat,
Saint Michael and his spear
Keep the house frae reif and wear.

This charm she sung to a wild tune, in a high and shrill voice, and cutting three capers with such strength and agility as almost to touch the roof of the room, concluded, "And now, Laird, will ye no order me a tass o' brandy?"

"That you shall have, Meg—Sit down yont there at the door, and tell us what news ye have heard at the fair o' Drumshourloch."

"Troth, Laird, and there was muckle want o' you, and the like o' you; for there was a whin bonnie lasses there, forbye mysell, and deil ane to gie them hansels."

"Weel, Meg, and how mony gypsies were sent to the tolbooth?"

"Troth, but three, Laird, for there were nae mair in the fair, bye mysell, as I said before, and I e'en gae them leg-bail, for there's nae ease in dealing wi' quarrelsome fowk. And there's Dunbog has warned the Red Rotten and John Young aff his grunds—black be his cast! he's nae gentleman, nor drap's bluid o' gentleman, wad grudge twa gangrel puir bodies the shelter o' a waste house, and the thristles by the road-side for a bit cuddy, and the bits o' rotten birk to boil their drap parritch wi'. Weel, there's ane abune a'—but we'll see if the red cock craw not in his bonnie barn-yard ae morning before daydawning."

"Hush! Meg, hush! hush! that's not safe talk."

"What does she mean?" said Mannering to Sampson, in an undertone.

"Fire-raising," answered the laconic Dominie.

"Who, or what is she, in the name of wonder?"

"Harlot, thief, witch, and gypsy," answered Sampson again.

"O troth, Laird," continued Meg, during this by-talk, "it's but to the like o' you ane can open their heart. Ye see, they say Dunbog is nae mair a gentleman than the blunker that's biggit the bonnie house down in the howm. But the like o' you, Laird, that's a real gentleman for sae mony hundred years and never hunds puir fowk aff your grund as if they were mad tykes, name o' our fowk wad stir your gear if ye had as mony capons as there's leaves on the trysting-tree.—And now some o' ye maun lay down yer watch, and tell me the very minute o' the hour the wean's born, and I'll spae its fortune."

"Ay, but, Meg, we shall not want your assistance, for here's

a student from Oxford that kens much better than you how to spae its fortune—he does it by the stars."

"Certainly, sir," said Mannering, entering into the simple humor of his landlord, "I will calculate his nativity according to the rule of the Triplicities, as is recommended by Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Diocles, and Avicenna. Or I will begin *ab hora questionis*, as Haly, Messahala, Ganwehis and Guido Bonatus, have recommended."

One of Sampson's great recommendations to the favor of Mr. Bertram was, that he never detected the most gross attempt at imposition, so that the Laird, whose humble efforts at jocularity were chiefly confined to what were then called *bites* and *bams*, since denominated *hoaxes* and *quizzes*, had the fairest possible subject of wit in the unsuspecting Dominie. It is true, he never laughed, or joined in the laugh which his own simplicity afforded—nay, it is said he never laughed but once in his life; and on that memorable occasion his landlady miscarried, partly through surprise at the event itself, and partly from terror at the hideous grimaces which attended this unusual cachinnation. The only effect which the discovery of such impositions produced upon this saturnine personage was, to extort an ejaculation of "Prodigious!" or "Very facetious!" pronounced syllabically, but without moving a muscle of his own countenance.

On the present occasion, he turned a gaunt and ghastly stare upon the youthful astrologer, and seemed to doubt if he had rightly understood his answer to his patron.

"I am afraid, sir," said Mannering, turning toward him, "you may be one of those unhappy persons who, their dim eyes being unable to penetrate the starry spheres, and to discern therein the decrees of heaven at a distance, have their hearts barred against conviction by prejudice and misprision."

"Truly," said Samson, "I opine with Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, and umwhile master of his majesty's mint, that the (pretended) science of astrology is altogether vain, frivolous, and unsatisfactory." And here he reposed his oracular jaws.

"Really," resumed the traveler, "I am sorry to see a gentleman of your learning and gravity laboring under such strange blindness and delusion. Will you place the brief, the modern, and as I may say, the vernacular name of Isaac Newton, in opposion it to the grave and sonorous authorities of Dariot, Bonatus, Ptolemy, Haly, Eztler, Dieterick, Naibob, Harfurt, Zael, Taustettor, Agrippa, Duretus, Maginus, Origen, and Argol? Do not Christians and Heathens, and Jews and Gentiles, and poets and philosophers, unite in allowing the starry influences?"

"*Communis error*—it is a general mistake," answered the inflexible Dominie Sampson.

"Not so," replied the young Englishman; "it is a general and well-grounded belief."

"It is the resource of cheaters, knaves, and cozeners," said Samson.

"*Abusus non tollit usum:* the abuse of anything doth not abrogate the lawful use thereof."

During this discussion, Ellangowan was somewhat like a woodcock caught in his own springe. He turned his face alternately from the one spokesman to the other, and began, from the gravity with which Mannering plied his adversary, and the learning which he displayed in the controversy, to give him credit for being half serious. As for Meg, she fixed her bewildered eyes upon the Astrologer, overpowered by a jargon more mysterious than her own.

Mannering pressed his advantage, and ran over all the hard terms of art which a tenacious memory supplied, and which, from circumstances hereafter to be noticed, had been familiar to him in early youth.

Signs and planets, in aspects sextile, quartile, trine, conjoined or opposite: houses of heaven, with their cusps, hours, and minutes; Almuten, Almochoden, Anahibazon, Cathibazon; a thousand terms of equal sound and significance, poured thick and three-fold upon the unshrinking Dominie, whose stubborn incredulity bore him out against the pelting of this pitiless storm.

At length the joyful annunciation that the lady had presented her husband with a fine boy, and was (of course) as well as could be expected, broke off this intercourse. Mr. Bertram hastened to the lady's apartment, Meg Merrilies descended to the kitchen to secure her share of the groaning malt,* and the "ken-no," and Mannering, after looking at his watch, and noting with great exactness the hour and minute of the birth, requested, with becoming gravity, that the Dominie would conduct him to some place where he might have a view of the heavenly bodies.

The schoolmaster, without further answer, rose and threw open a door half-sashed with glass, which led to an old-fashioned terrace-walk, behind the modern house communicating with the platform on which the ruins of the ancient castle were situated. The wind had risen, and swept before it the clouds which had formerly obscured the sky. The moon was high, and

*Note A. The *groaning malt* and the *ken-no.*

at the full, and all the lesser satellites of heaven shone forth in cloudless effulgence. The scene which their light presented to Mannering was in the highest degree unexpected and striking.

We have observed, that in the latter part of his journey our traveler approached the sea-shore, without being aware how nearly. He now perceived that the ruins of Ellangowan castle were situated upon a promontory, or projection of rock, which formed one side of a small and placid bay on the sea-shore. The modern mansion was placed lower, though closely adjoining, and the ground behind it descended to the sea by a small swelling green bank, divided into levels by natural terraces, on which grew some old trees, and terminating upon the white sand. The other side of the bay, opposite to the old castle, was a sloping and varied promontory, covered chiefly with copsewood, which on that favored coast grows almost within watermark. A fisherman's cottage peeped from among the trees. Even at this dead hour of the night there were lights moving upon the shore, probably occasioned by the unloading a smuggling lugger from the Isle of Man, which was lying in the bay. On the light from the sashed door of the house being observed, a halloo from the vessel, of "Warehawk! Douse the glim!" alarmed those who were on shore, and the lights instantly disappeared.

It was one hour after midnight, and the prospect around was lovely. The gray old towers of the ruin, partly entire, partly broken—here bearing the rusty weather stains of ages, and there partially mantled with ivy, stretched along the verge of the dark rock which rose on Mannering's right hand. In his front was the quiet bay, whose little waves, crisping and sparkling to the moonbeams, rolled successively along its surface, and dashed with a soft and murmuring ripple against the silvery beach. To the left the woods advanced far into the ocean, waving in the moonlight along ground of an undulating and varied form, and presenting these varieties of light and shade, and that interesting combination of glade and thicket, upon which the eye delights to rest, charmed with what it sees, yet curious to pierce still deeper into the intricacies of the woodland scenery. Above rolled the planets, each, by its own liquid orbit of light, distinguished from the inferior or more distant stars. So strangely can imagination deceive even those by whose volition it has been excited, that Mannering, while gazing upon these brilliant bodies, was half inclined to believe in the influence ascribed to them by superstition over human events. But Mannering was a youthful lover, and might

perhaps be influenced by the feelings so exquisitely expressed by a modern poet:

> For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place!
> Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
> And spirits and delightedly believes
> Divinities, being himself divine.
> The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountains,
> Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and wat'ry depths—all these have vanish'd—
> They live no longer in the faith of reason!
> But still the heart doth need a language, still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
> And to yon starry world they now are gone,
> Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
> With man as with their friend, and to the lover
> Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
> Shoot influence down; and even at this day
> 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
> And Venus who brings everything that's fair.*

Such musings soon gave way to others. "Alas!" he muttered, "my good old tutor, who used to enter so deep into the controversy between Heydon and Chambers on the subject of Astrology,—he would have looked upon the scene with other eyes, and would have seriously endeavored to discover from the respective positions of these luminaries their probable effects on the destiny of the new-born infant, as if the courses or emanations of the stars superseded, or, at least, were co-ordinate with Divine Providence. Well, rest be with him!—he instilled into me enough of knowledge for erecting a scheme of nativity, and therefore will I presently go about it." So saying, and having noted the position of the principal planetary bodies, Guy Mannering returned to the house. The Laird met him in the parlor, and acquainting him with great glee, that the boy was a fine healthy little fellow, seemed rather disposed to press further conviviality. He admitted, however, Mannering's plea of weariness, and conducting him to his sleeping apartment, left him to repose for the evening.

* (Coleridge's "Wallenstein.")

CHAPTER FOURTH.

——Come and see ! trust thine own eyes,
A fearful sign stands in the house of life,
An enemy ; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet—O be warned !
COLERIDGE, *from* SCHILLER.

THE belief in astrology was almost universal in the middle of the seventeenth century ; it began to waver and become doubtful toward the close of that period, and in the beginning of the eighteenth the art fell into general disrepute, and even under general ridicule. Yet it still retained many partisans, even in the seats of learning. Grave and studious men were loth to relinquish the calculations which had early become the principal objects of their studies, and felt reluctant to descend from the predominating height to which a supposed insight into futurity, by the power of consulting abstract influences and conjunctions, had exalted them over the rest of mankind.

Among those who cherished this imaginary privilege with undoubting faith, was an old clergyman, with whom Mannering was placed during his youth. He wasted his eyes in observing the stars, and his brains in calculations upon their various combinations. His pupil, in early youth, naturally caught some portion of his enthusiasm, and labored for a time to make himself master of the technical process of astrological research ; so that, before he became convinced of its absurdity, William Lilly himself would have allowed him " a curious fancy and piercing judgment in resolving a question of nativity."

On the present occasion, he rose as early in the morning as the shortness of the day permitted, and proceeded to calculate the nativity of the young heir of Ellangowan. He undertook the task *secundum artem*, as well to keep up appearances, as from a sort of curiosity to know whether he yet remembered, and could practice the imaginary science. He accordingly erected his scheme, or figure of heaven, divided into its twelve houses, placed the planets therein according to the Ephemeris, and rectified their position to the hour and moment of the nativity. Without troubling our readers with the general prognostications which judicial astrology would have inferred from these circumstances, in this diagram there was one significator which pressed remarkably upon our astrologer's attention. Mars having dignity in the cusp of the twelfth house,

threatened captivity, or sudden and violent death, to the native; and Mannering having recourse to those further rules by which diviners pretend to ascertain the vehemency of this evil direction, observed from the result, that three periods would be particularly hazardous—his *fifth*—his *tenth*—his *twenty-first* year.

It was somewhat remarkable, that Mannering had once before tried a similar piece of foolery, at the instance of Sophia Wellwood, the young lady to whom he was attached, and that a similar conjunction of planetary influence threatened her with death or imprisonment, in her thirty-ninth year. She was at this time eighteen; so that, according to the result of the scheme in both cases, the same year threatened her with the same misfortune that was presaged to the native or infant, whom that night had introduced into the world. Struck with this coincidence, Mannering repeated his calculations; and the result approximated the events predicted, until, at length, the same month, and day of the month, seemed assigned as the period of peril to both.

It will be readily believed, that, in mentioning this circumstance, we lay no weight whatever upon the pretended information thus conveyed. But it often happens, such is our natural love for the marvelous, that we willingly contribute our own efforts to beguile our better judgments. Whether the coincidence which I have mentioned was really one of those singular chances, which sometimes happen against all ordinary calculations; or whether Mannering, bewildered amid the arithmetical labyrinth and technical jargon of astrology, had insensibly twice followed the same clew to guide him out of the maze; or whether his imagination, seduced by some point of apparent resemblance, lent its aid to make the similitude between the two operations more exactly accurate than it might otherwise have been, it is impossible to guess; but the impression upon his mind, that the result exactly corresponded, was vividly and indelibly strong.

He could not help feeling surprise at a coincidence so singular and unexpected. "Does the devil mingle in the dance, to avenge himself for our trifling with an art said to be of magical origin? or is it possible, as Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne admit, that there is some truth in a sober and regulated astrology, and that the influence of the stars is not to be denied, though the due application of it, by the knaves who pretend to practice the art, is greatly to be suspected?"—A moment's consideration of the subject induced him to dismiss this opinion as fantastical, and only sanctioned by those learned men, either

because they durst not at once shock the universal prejudices of their age, or because they themselves were not altogether freed from the contagious influence of a prevailing superstition. Yet the result of his calculations in these two instances left so unpleasing an impression on his mind, that, like Prospero, he mentally relinquished his art, and resolved, neither in jest nor earnest, ever again to practice judicial astrology.

He hesitated a good deal what he should say to the Laird of Ellangowan concerning the horoscope of his first-born; and at length resolved plainly to tell him the judgment which he had formed, at the same time acquainting him with the futility of the rules of art on which he had proceeded. With this resolution he walked out upon the terrace.

If the view of the scene around Ellangowan had been pleasing by moonlight, it lost none of its beauty by the light of the morning sun. The land, even in the month of November, smiled under its influence. A steep, but regular ascent led from the terrace to the neighboring eminence, and conducted Mannering to the front of the old castle. It consisted of two massive round towers, projecting, deeply and darkly, at the extreme angles of a curtain, or flat wall, which united them, and thus protecting the main entrance, that opened through a lofty arch in the centre of the curtain into the inner court of the castle. The arms of the family, carved in freestone, frowned over the gateway, and the portal showed the spaces arranged by the architect for lowering the portcullis, and raising the drawbridge. A rude farm-gate, made of young fir-trees nailed together, now formed the only safeguard of this once formidable entrance. The esplanade in front of the castle commanded a noble prospect.

The dreary scene of desolation, through which Mannering's road had lain on the preceding evening, was excluded from the view by some rising ground, and the landscape showed a pleasing alternation of hill and dale, intersected by a river which was in some places visible, and hidden in others, where it rolled betwixt deep and wooded banks. The spire of a church, and the appearance of some houses, indicated the situation of a village at the place where the stream had its junction with the ocean. The vales seemed well cultivated, the little enclosures into which they were divided skirting the bottom of the hills, and sometimes carrying their lines of straggling hedgerows a little way up the ascent. Above these were green pastures, tenanted chiefly by herds of black cattle, then the staple commodity of the country, whose distant low gave no unpleasing animation to the landscape. The remoter hills

were of a sterner character, and, at still greater distance, swelled into mountains of dark heath, bordering the horizon with a screen, which gave a defined and limited boundary to the cultivated country, and added, at the same time, the pleasing idea, that it was sequestered and solitary. The sea-coast, which Mannering now saw in its extent, corresponded in variety and beauty with the inland view. In some places it rose into tall rocks, frequently crowned with the ruins of old buildings, towers, or beacons, which, according to tradition, were placed within sight of each other, that, in times of invasion or civil war, they might communicate by signal for mutual defence and protection. Ellangowan castle was by far the most extensive and important of these ruins, and asserted, from size and situation, the superiority which its founders were said once to have possessed among the chiefs and nobles of the district. In other places, the shore was of a more gentle description, indented with small bays, where the land sloped smoothly down, or sent into the sea promontories covered with wood.

A scene so different from what last night's journey had presaged, produced a proportional effect upon Mannering. Beneath his eye lay the modern house—an awkward mansion, indeed, in point of architecture, but well situated, and with a warm pleasant exposure.—"How happily," thought our hero, "would life glide on in such a retirement! On the one hand, the striking remnants of ancient grandeur, with the secret consciousness of family pride which they inspire; on the other, enough of modern elegance and comfort to satisfy every moderate wish. Here then, and with thee, Sophia!—"

We shall not pursue a lover's day-dream any further. Mannering stood a minute with his arms folded, and then turned to the ruined castle.

On entering the gateway, he found that the rude magnificence of the inner court amply corresponded with the grandeur of the exterior. On the one side ran a range of windows, lofty and large, divided by carved mullions of stone, which had once lighted the great hall of the castle; on the other were various buildings of different heights and dates, yet so united as to present to the eye a certain general effect of uniformity of front. The doors and windows were ornamented with projections, exhibiting rude specimens of sculpture and tracery, partly entire and partly broken down, partly covered by ivy and trailing plants, which grew luxuriantly among the ruins. That end of the court which faced the entrance had also been formerly closed by a range of buildings; but owing, it was said, to its having been battered by the ships of the Parliament under Deane,

during the long civil war, this part of the castle was much more ruinous than the rest, and exhibited a great chasm, through which Mannering could observe the sea, and the little vessel (an armed lugger) which retained her station in the centre of the bay.* While Mannering was gazing round the ruins, he heard from the interior of an apartment on the left hand the voice of the gypsy he had seen on the preceding evening. He soon found an aperture through which he could observe her without being himself visible; and could not help feeling that her figure, her employment, and her situation, conveyed the exact impression of an ancient sibyl.

She sate upon a broken corner-stone in the angle of a paved apartment, part of which she had swept clean to afford a smooth space for the evolutions of her spindle. A strong sunbeam, through a lofty and narrow window, fell upon her wild dress and features, and afforded her light for her occupation; the rest of the apartment was very gloomy. Equipt in a habit which mingled the national dress of the Scottish common people with something of an Eastern costume, she spun a thread, drawn from wool of three different colors—black, white, and gray—by assistance of those ancient implements of housewifery, now almost banished from the land, the distaff and spindle. As she spun, she sung what seemed to be a charm. Mannering, after in vain attempting to make himself master of the exact words of her song, afterward attempted the following paraphrase of what, from a few intelligible phrases, he concluded to be its purport:—

Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear, and peace and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and Follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt, and Jealousy, and Fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle
Whirling with the whirling spindle,
Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.

Ere our translator, or rather our free imitator, had arranged these stanzas in his head, and while he was yet hammering out a rhyme for *dwindle*, the task of the sibyl was accomplished, or her wool was expended. She took the spindle, now charged with her labors, and undoing the thread, gradually measured

* The outline of the above description, as far as the supposed ruins are concerned, will be found somewhat to resemble the noble remains of Carlaverock castle, six or seven miles from Dumfries, and near to Locharmoss.

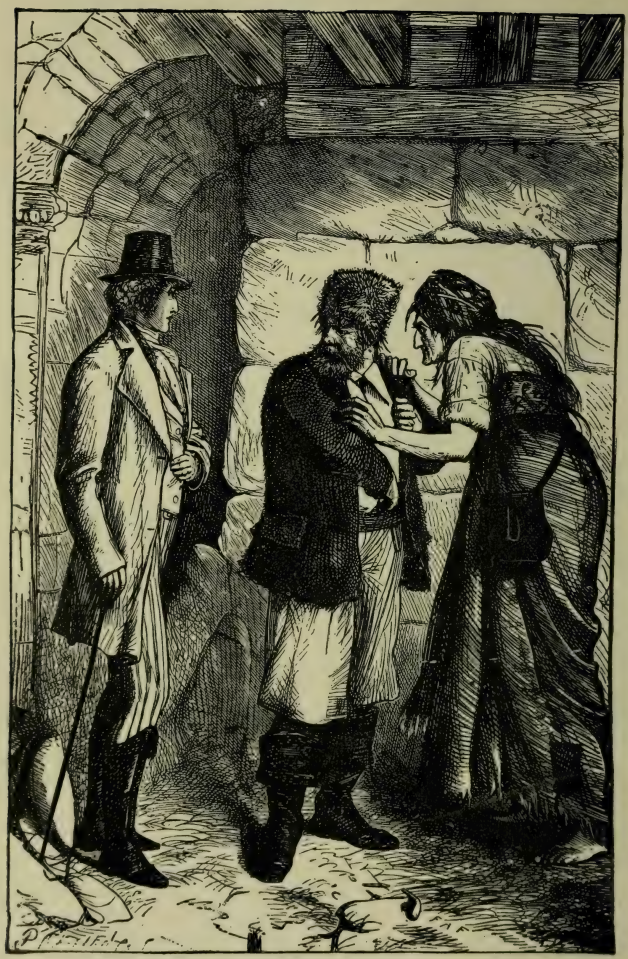
it, by casting it over her elbow, and bringing each loop round between her forefinger and thumb. When she had measured it out, she muttered to herself,—"A hank, but not a haill ane—the full years o' three score and ten, but thrice broken, and thrice to *oop*, (*i.e.* to unite); he'll be a lucky lad an he win through wi't."

Our hero was about to speak to the prophetess, when a voice, hoarse as the waves with which it mingled, halloo'd twice, and with increasing impatience,—"Meg, Meg Merrilies!—Gypsy—hag—tousand deyvils!"

"I am coming, I am coming, Captain," answered Meg; and in a moment or two the impatient commander whom she addressed made his appearance from the broken part of the ruins.

He was apparently a seafaring man, rather under the middle size, and with a countenance bronzed by a thousand conflicts with the north-east wind. His frame was prodigiously muscular, strong and thick-set; so that it seemed as if a man of much greater height would have been an inadequate match in any close, personal conflict. He was hard-favored, and which was worse, his face bore nothing of the *insouciance*, the careless frolicsome jollity and vacant curiosity of a sailor on shore. These qualities, perhaps, as much as any others, contribute to the high popularity of our seamen, and the general good inclination which our society expresses toward them. Their gallantry, courage, and hardihood, are qualities which excite reverence, and perhaps rather humble pacific landsmen in their presence; and neither respect, nor a sense of humiliation, are feelings easily combined with a familiar fondness toward those who inspire them. But the boyish frolics, the exulting high spirits, the unreflecting mirth of a sailor, when enjoying himself on shore, temper the more formidable points of his character. There was nothing like these in this man's face; on the contrary, a surly and even savage scowl appeared to darken features which would have been harsh and unpleasant under any expression or modification. "Where are you, Mother Deyvilson?" he said, with somewhat of a foreign accent, though speaking perfectly good English. "Donner and blitzen! we have been staying this half-hour.—Come, bless the good ship and the voyage, and be cursed to ye for a hag of Satan!"

At this moment he noticed Mannering, who, from the position which he had taken to watch Meg Merrilies's incantations, had the appearance of some one who was concealing himself, being half hidden by the buttress behind which he stood. The Captain, for such he styled himself, made a sudden and startled pause and thrust his right hand into his bosom, between his



HATTERAICK AND MEG MERRILIES SURPRISED BY MANNERING.

"Ay, ay, sir, I am Captain Dirk Hatteraick of the Yungfrauw Hagenslaapen. I am not ashamed of my name nor of my vessel."

jacket and waistcoat, as if to draw some weapon. "What cheer, brother?—you seem on the outlook—eh?"

Ere Mannering, somewhat struck by the man's gesture and insolent tone of voice, had made any answer, the gypsy emerged from her vault and joined the stranger. He questioned her in an under tone, looking at Mannering.—"A shark alongside —eh?"

She answered in the same tone of under-dialogue, using the cant language of her tribe—"Cut ben whids, and stow them—a gentry cove of the ken."*

The fellow's cloudy visage cleared up. "The top of the morning to you, sir; I find you are a visitor of my friend Mr. Bertram.—I beg pardon, but I took you for another sort of a person."

Mannering replied, "And you, sir, I presume, are the master of that vessel in the bay?"

"Ay, ay, sir; I am Captain Dirk Hatteraick, of the Yung-frauw Hagenslaapen, well known on this coast; I am not ashamed of my name, nor of my vessel,—no, nor of my cargo neither, for that matter."

"I dare say you have no reason, sir."

"Tousand donner—no; I am all in the way of fair trade—Just loaded yonder from Douglas, in the Isle of Man—neat cogniac—real hyson and souchong—Mechlin lace, if you want any—Right cogniac—We bumped ashore a hundred kegs last night."

"Really, sir, I am only a traveler, and have no sort of occasion for anything of the kind at present."

"Why, then, good morning to you, for business must be minded; unless ye go aboard and take schnaps,† you shall have a pouch-full of tea ashore.—Dirk Hatteraick knows how to be civil."

There was a mixture of impudence, hardihood, and suspicious fear about this man, which was inexpressibly disgusting. His manners were those of a ruffian, conscious of the suspicion attending his character, yet aiming to bear it down by the affectation of a careless and hardy familiarity. Mannering briefly rejected his proffered civilities; and after a surly good morning, Hatteraick retired with the gypsy to that part of the ruins from which he had first made his appearance. A very narrow staircase here went down to the beach, intended probably for the convenience of the garrison during a siege. By this stair,

* Meaning—Stop your uncivil language—that is a gentleman from the house below.

† A dram of liquor.

the couple, equally amiable in appearance, and respectable by profession, descended to the sea-side. The soi-disant captain embarked in a small boat with two men, who appeared to wait for him, and the gypsy remained on the shore, reciting or singing, and gesticulating with great vehemence.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

——— You have fed upon my seignories,
Disparked my parks and felled my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
RICHARD II.

WHEN the boat which carried the worthy captain on board his vessel had accomplished that task, the sails began to ascend, and the ship was got under way. She fired three guns as a salute to the house of Ellangowan, and then shot away rapidly before the wind, which blew off shore, under all the sail she could crowd.

"Ay, ay," said the Laird, who had sought Mannering for some time, and now joined him, "there they go—there go the free-traders—there go Captain Dirk Hatteraick, and the Yung-frauw Hagenslaapen, half Manks, half Dutchman, half devil! run out the boltsprit, up main-sail, top and top-gallant sails, royals, and sky-scrapers, and away—follow who can! That fellow, Mr. Mannering, is the terror of all the excise and custom-house cruizers; they can make nothing of him; he drubs them, or he distances them;—and speaking of excise, I come to bring you to breakfast; and you shall have some tea, that"——

Mannering, by this time, was aware that one thought linked strangely on to another in the concatenation of worthy Mr. Bertram's ideas,

Like orient pearls at random strung;

and, therefore, before the current of his associations had drifted further from the point he had left, he brought him back by some inquiry about Dirk Hatteraick.

"Oh he's a—a—gude sort of blackguard fellow enough—naebody cares to trouble him—smuggler, when his guns are in ballast—privateer, or pirate, faith, when he gets them mount-

ed. He has done more mischief to the revenue folk than ony rogue that ever came out of Ramsey." *

"But, my good sir, such being his character, I wonder he has any protection and encouragement on this coast."

"Why, Mr. Mannering, people must have brandy and tea, and there's none in the country but what comes this way—and then there's short accounts, and maybe a keg or two, or a dozen pounds left at your stable door, instead of a d—d lang account at Christmas from Duncan Robb, the grocer at Kippletringan, who has aye a sum to make up, and either wants ready money or a short-dated bill. Now Hatteraick will take wood, or he'll take bark, or he'll take barley, or he'll take just what's convenient at the time. I'll tell you a gude story about that. There was ance a laird—that's Macfie of Gudgeonford, —he had a great number of kain hens—that's hens that the tenant pays to the landlord, like a sort of rent in kind—they aye feed mine very ill; Luckie Finniston sent up three that were a shame to be seen only last week, and yet she has twelve bows sowing of victual; indeed her good man, Duncan Finniston—that's him that's gone—(for we must all die, Mr. Mannering; that's ower true)—and speaking of that, let us live in the meanwhile, for here's breakfast on the table, and the Dominie ready to say the grace."

The Dominie did accordingly pronounce a benediction, that exceeded in length any speech which Mannering had yet heard him utter. The tea, which of course belonged to the noble Captain Hatteraick's trade, was pronounced excellent. Still Mannering hinted, though with due delicacy, at the risk of encouraging such desperate characters: "Were it but in justice to the revenue, I should have supposed"——

"Ah, the revenue-lads"—for Mr. Bertram never embraced a general or abstract idea, and his notion of the revenue was personified in the commissioners, surveyors, comptrolers, and riding officers, whom he happened to know—"revenue-lads can look sharp enough out for themselves—no ane needs to help them—and they have a' the soldiers to assist them besides;—and as to justice—you'll be surprised to hear it, Mr. Mannering,—but I am not a justice of peace."

"Mannering assumed the expected look of surprise, but thought within himself that the worshipful bench suffered no great deprivation from wanting the assistance of his good-humored landlord. Mr. Bertram had now hit upon one of the few subjects on which he felt sore, and went on with some energy.

* (A seaport in the Isle of Man.)

"No, sir,—the name of Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan is *not* in the last commission, though there's scarce a carle in the country that has a ploughgate of land, but what he must ride to quarter-sessions and write J. P. after his name. I ken fu' weel whom I am obliged to. Sir Thomas Kittlecourt as good as tell'd me he would sit in my skirts if he had not my interest at the last election; and because I chose to go with my own blood and third cousin, the Laird of Balruddery, they keepit me off the roll of freeholders; and now there comes a new nomination of justices, and I am left out! And whereas they pretend it was because I let David Mac-Guffog, the constable, draw the warrants, and manage the business his ain gate, as if I had been a nose o' wax, it's a main untruth; for I granted but seven warrants in my life, and the Dominie wrote every one of them—and if it had not been that unlucky business of Sandy Mac-Gruthar's, that the constables should have keepit twa or three days up yonder at the auld castle, just till they could get conveniency to send him to the county jail—and that cost me enough o' siller—But I ken what Sir Thomas wants very weel—it was just sic and siclike about the seat in the kirk o' Kilmagirdle—was I not entitled to have the front gallery facing the minister, rather than Mac-Crosskie of Creochstone, the son of Deacon Mac-Crosskie, the Dumfries weaver?"

Mannering expressed his acquiescence in the justice of these various complaints.

"And then, Mr. Mannering, there was the story about the road, and the fauld-dyke—I ken Sir Thomas was behind there, and I said plainly to the clerk to the trustees that I saw the cloven foot, let them take that as they like.—Would any gentleman, or set of gentlemen, go and drive a road right through the corner of a fauld-dyke, and take away, as my agent observed to them, like twa roods of gude moorland pasture?—And there was the story about choosing the collector of the cess——"

"Certainly, sir, it is hard you should meet with any neglect in a country, where, to judge from the extent of their residence, your ancestors must have made a very important figure."

"Very true, Mr. Mannering.—I am a plain man, and do not dwell on these things; and I must needs say, I have little memory for them; but I wish ye could have heard my father's stories about the auld fights of the Mac-Dingawaies—that's the Bertrams that now is—wi' the Irish and wi' the Highlanders, that came here in their berlings from Islay and Cantire—and how they went to the Holy Land—that is to Jerusalem and Jericho, wi' a' their clan at their heels—they had better have

gaen to Jamaica, like Sir Thomas Kittlecourt's uncle—and how they brought hame relics, like those that Catholics have, and a flag that's up yonder in the garret—if they had been casks of Muscavado, and puncheons of rum, it would have been better for the estate at this day—but there's little comparison between the auld keep at Kittlecourt and the castle o' Ellangowan—I doubt if the keep's forty feet of front.—But ye make no breakfast, Mr. Mannering ; ye're no eating your meat ; allow me to recommend some of the kipper—It was John Hay that catcht it, Saturday was three weeks, down at the stream below Hempseed ford," etc. etc. etc.

The Laird, whose indignation had for some time kept him pretty steady to one topic, now launched forth into his usual roving style of conversation, which gave Mannering ample time to reflect upon the disadvantages attending the situation, which, an hour before, he had thought worthy of so much envy. Here was a country gentleman, whose most estimable quality seemed his perfect good nature, secretly fretting himself and murmuring against others, for causes which, compared with any real evil in life, must weigh like dust in the balance. But such is the equal distribution of Providence. To those who lie out of the road of great afflictions are assigned petty vexations, which answer all the purpose of disturbing their serenity ; and every reader must have observed, that neither natural apathy nor acquired philosophy can render country gentlemen insensible to the grievances which occur at elections, quarter-sessions, and meetings of trustees.

Curious to investigate the manners of the country, Mannering took the advantage of a pause in good Mr. Bertram's string of stories, to enquire what Captain Hatteraick so earnestly wanted with the gypsy woman.

"Oh, to bless his ship, I suppose, You must know, Mr. Mannering, that these free-traders, whom the law calls smugglers, having no religion, make it all up in superstition ; and they have as many spells, and charms, and nonsense——"

"Vanity and waur !" said the Dominie : "it is a trafficking with the Evil One. Spells, periapts, and charms, are of his device—choice arrows out of Apollyon's quiver."

"Hold your peace, Dominie—ye're speaking forever"—(by the way, they were the first words the poor man had uttered that morning, excepting that he said grace, and returned thanks)—"Mr. Mannering cannot get in a word for ye !—And so, Mr. Mannering, talking of astronomy, and spells, and these matters, have ye been so kind as to consider what we were speaking about last night ?"

"I begin to think, Mr. Bertram, with your worthy friend here, that I have been rather jesting with edge-tools; and although neither you nor I, nor any sensible man, can put faith in the predictions of astrology, yet as it has sometimes happened that inquiries into futurity, undertaken in jest have in their results produced serious and unpleasant effects both upon actions and characters, I really wish you would dispense with my replying to your question."

It was easy to see that this evasive answer only rendered the Laird's curiosity more uncontrolable. Mannering, however, was determined in his own mind, not to expose the infant to the inconvenience which might have arisen from his being supposed the object of evil prediction. He therefore delivered the paper into Mr. Bertram's hand, and requested him to keep it for five years with the seal unbroken, until the month of November was expired. After that date had intervened, he left him at liberty to examine the writing, trusting that the first fatal period being then safely overpassed, no credit would be paid to its further contents.—This Mr. Bertram was content to promise, and Mannering, to insure his fidelity, hinted at misfortunes which would certainly take place if his injunctions were neglected. The rest of the day, which Mannering, by Mr. Bertram's invitation, spent at Ellangowan, passed over without anything remarkable; and on the morning of that which followed, the traveler mounted his palfrey, bade a courteous adieu to his hospitable landlord and to his clerical attendant, repeated his good wishes for the prosperity of the family, and, then, turning his horse's head toward England disappeared from the sight of the inmates of Ellangowan. He must also disappear from that of our readers, for it is to another and later period of his life that the present narrative relates.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

———Next, the Justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

WHEN Mrs. Bertram of Ellangowan was able to hear the news of what had passed during her confinement, her apartment rung with all manner of gossiping respecting the handsome young student from Oxford, who had told such a fortune

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DOMINIE SAMPSON IN HIS SCHOOLROOM.

by the stars to the young Laird, "blessings on his dainty face." The form, accent, and manners of the stranger, were expatiated upon; his horse, bridle, saddle, and stirrups, did not remain unnoticed. All this made a great impression upon the mind of Mrs. Bertram, for the good lady had no small store of superstition.

Her first employment, when she became capable of a little work, was to make a small velvet bag for the scheme of nativity which she had obtained from her husband. Her fingers itched to break the seal, but credulity proved stronger than curiosity; and she had the firmness to enclose it, in all its integrity, within two slips of parchment, which she sewed round it, to prevent its being chafed. The whole was then put into the velvet bag aforesaid, and hung as a charm round the neck of the infant, where his mother resolved it should remain until the period for the legitimate satisfaction of her curiosity should arrive.

The father also resolved to do his part by the child, in securing him a good education; and with the view that it should commence with the first dawnings of reason, Dominie Sampson was easily induced to renounce his public profession of parish schoolmaster, make his constant residence at the Place, and, in consideration of a sum not quite equal to the wages of a footman even at that time, to undertake to communicate to the future Laird of Ellangowan all the erudition which he had, and all the graces and accomplishments which—he had not indeed, but which he had never discovered that he wanted. In this arrangement the Laird found also his private advantage; securing the constant benefit of a patient auditor, to whom he told his stories when they were alone, and at whose expense he could break a sly jest when he had company.

About four years after this time, a great commotion took place in the county where Ellangowan is situated.

Those who watched the signs of the times, had long been of opinion that a change of ministry was about to take place; and at length, after a due proportion of hopes, fears, and delays, rumors from good authority and bad authority, and no authority at all; after some clubs had drank Up with this statesman, and others Down with him; after riding and running and posting, and addressing and counter-addressing, and proffers of lives and fortunes, the blow was at length struck, the administration of the day was dissolved, and parliament, as a natural consequence, was dissolved also.

Sir Thomas Kittlecourt, like other members in the same situation posted down to his county, and met but an indifferent

reception. He was a partisan of the old administration; and the friends of the new had already set about an active canvass in behalf of John Featherhead, Esq., who kept the best hounds and hunters in the shire. Among others who joined the standard of revolt was Gilbert Glossin, writer in ——, agent for the Laird of Ellangowan. This honest gentleman had either been refused some favor by the old member, or, what is as probable, he had got all that he had the most distant pretension to ask, and could only look to the other side for fresh advancement. Mr. Glossin had a vote upon Ellangowan's property; and he was now determined that his patron should have one also, there being no doubt which side Mr. Bertram would embrace in the contest. He easily persuaded Ellangowan, that it would be creditable to him to take the field at the head of as strong a party as possible; and immediately went to work, making votes, as every Scotch lawyer knows how, by splitting and subdividing the superiorities upon this ancient and once powerful barony.

These were so extensive, that by dint of clipping and paring here, adding and eiking there, and creating over-lords upon all the estate which Bertram held of the crown, they advanced, at the day of contest, at the head of ten as good men of parchment as ever took the oath of trust and possession. This strong reinforcement turned the dubious day of battle. The principal and his agent divided the honor; the reward fell to the latter exclusively. Mr. Gilbert Glossin was made clerk of the peace, and Godfrey Bertram had his name inserted in a new commission of justices, issued immediately upon the sitting of the parliament.

This had been the summit of Mr. Bertram's ambition;—not that he liked either the trouble or the responsibility of the office, but he thought it was a dignity to which he was well entitled, and that it had been withheld from him by malice prepense. But there is an old and true Scotch proverb,—"Fools should not have chapping sticks;" that is, weapons of offence. Mr. Bertram was no sooner possessed of the judicial authority which he had so much longed for, than he began to exercise it with more severity than mercy, and totally belied all the opinions which had hitherto been formed of his inert good nature. We have read somewhere of a justice of peace, who, on being nominated in the commission, wrote a letter to a bookseller for the statutes respecting his official duty, in the following orthography,—"Please send the ax relating to a gustus pease." No doubt, when this learned gentleman had possessed himself of the axe, he hewed the laws with it to some purpose. Mr. Bertram was not quite so ignorant of English grammar, as his

worshipful predecessor: but Augustus Pease himself could not have used more indiscriminately the weapon unwarily put into his hand.

In good earnest, he considered the commission with which he had been entrusted as a personal mark of favor from his sovereign; forgetting that he had formerly thought his being deprived of a privilege, or honor, common to those of his rank, was the result of mere party cabal. He commanded his trusty aide-de-camp, Dominie Sampson, to read aloud the commission; and at the first words, "The King has been pleased to appoint"—"Pleased!" he exclaimed, in a transport of gratitude—"honest gentleman! I'm sure he cannot be better pleased than I am."

Accordingly, unwilling to confine his gratitude to mere feelings, or verbal expressions, he gave full current to the new-born zeal of office, and endeavored to express his sense of the honor conferred upon him, by an unmitigated activity in the discharge of his duty. New brooms, it is said, sweep clean; and I myself can bear witness, that on the arrival of a new housemaid, the ancient, hereditary, and domestic spiders, who have spun their webs over the lower division of my book shelves (consisting chiefly of law and divinity) during the peaceful reign of her predecessor, fly at full speed before the probationary inroads of the new mercenary. Even so the Laird of Ellangowan ruthlessly commenced his magisterial reform, at the expense of various established and superannuated pickers and stealers, who had been his neighbors for half a century. He wrought his miracles like a second Duke Humphrey; and by the influence of the beadle's rod, caused the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the palsied to labor. He detected poachers, black-fishers, orchard-breakers, and pigeon-shooters; had the applause of the bench for his reward, and the public credit of an active magistrate.

All this good had its rateable proportion of evil. Even an admitted nuisance, of ancient standing, should not be abated without some caution. The zeal of our worthy friend now involved in great distress sundry personages whose idle and mendicant habits his own *lâchesse* had contributed to foster until these habits had become irreclaimable, or whose real incapacity for exertion rendered them fit objects, in their own phrase, for the charity of all well-disposed Christians. The "long remembered beggar," who for twenty years had made his regular rounds within the neighborhood, received rather as an humble friend than as an object of charity, was sent to the neighboring workhouse. The decrepit dame, who traveled round the parish upon a hand-barrow, circulating from house to house like a bad

shilling, which every one is in haste to pass to his neighbor,—she who used to call for her bearers as loud, or louder, than a traveler demands post horses,—even she shared the same disastrous fate. The "daft Jock," who, half-knave, half idiot, had been the sport of each succeeding race of village children for a good part of a century, was remitted to the county bridewell, where, secluded from free air and sunshine, the only advantages he was capable of enjoying, he pined and died in the course of six months. The old sailor, who had so long rejoiced the smoky rafters of every kitchen in the country by singing *Captain Ward*, and *Bold Admiral Benbow*, was banished from the county for no better reason than that he was supposed to speak with a strong Irish accent. Even the annual rounds of the pedler were abolished by the Justice in his hasty zeal for the administration of rural police.

These things did not pass without notice and censure. We are not made of wood or stone, and the things which connect themselves with our hearts and habits cannot, like bark or lichen, be rent away without our missing them. The farmer's dame lacked her usual share of intelligence,—perhaps also the self-applause, which she had felt while distributing the *awmous* (alms), in shape of a *gowpen* (handful) of oatmeal, to the mendicant who brought the news. The cottage felt inconvenience from interruption of the petty trade carried on by the itinerant dealers. The children lacked their supply of sugar-plums and toys; the young women wanted pins, ribbons, combs, and ballads; and the old could no longer barter their eggs for salt, snuff, and tobacco. All these circumstances brought the busy Laird of Ellangowan into discredit, which was the more general on account of his former popularity. Even his lineage was brought up in judgment against him. They thought "naething of what the like of Greenside, or Burnville, or Viewforth, might do, that were strangers in the country; but Ellangowan! that had been a name amang them since the mirk Monanday, and long before—*him* to be grinding the puir at that rate!—They ca'd his grandfather the Wicked Laird; but though he was whiles fractious eneugh, when he got into roving company, and had ta'en the drap drink, he would have scorned to gang on at this gate. Na, na—the muckle chumlay in the Auld Place reeked like a killogie in his time, and there were as mony puir folk riving at the banes in the court, and about the door as there were gentles in the ha'. And the leddy, on ilka Christmas night as it came round, gae twelve siller pennies to ilka puir body about, in honor of the twelve apostles like. They were fond to ca' it papistrie; but I think our great folk might

take a lesson frae the papists whiles. They gie another sort o' help to puir folk than just dinging down a saxpence in the brod on the Sabbath, and kilting, and scourging, and drumming them a' the sax days o' the week besides."

Such was the gossip over the good twopenny, in every ale-house within three or four miles of Ellangowan, that being about the diameter of the orbit in which our friend Godfrey Bertram, Esq., J. P., must be considered as the principal luminary. Still greater scope was given to evil tongues by the removal of a colony of gypsies, with one of whom our reader is somewhat acquainted, and who had, for a great many years, enjoyed their chief settlement upon the estate of Ellangowan.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

Come, princes of the ragged regiment,
You of the blood ! *Prigg*, my most upright lord,
And these, what name or title e'er they bear,
Jackman, or *Patrico*, *Cranke* or *Clapper-dudgeon*,
Frater or *Abram-man*—I speak of all.—

BEGGAR'S BUSH.

ALTHOUGH the character of those gypsy tribes, which formerly inundated most of the nations of Europe, and which in some degree still subsist among them as a distinct people, is generally understood, the reader will pardon my saying a few words respecting their situation in Scotland.

It is well known that the gypsies were, at an early period, acknowledged as a separate and independent race by one of the Scottish monarchs, and that they were less favorably distinguished by a subsequent law, which rendered the character of gypsy equal, in the judicial balance, to that of common and habitual thief, and prescribed his punishment accordingly. Notwithstanding the severity of this and other statutes, the fraternity prospered amid the distresses of the country, and received large accessions from among those whom famine, oppression, or the sword of war, had deprived of the ordinary means of subsistence. They lost, in a great measure, by this intermixture, the national character of Egyptians, and became a mingled race, having all the idleness and predatory habits of their Eastern ancestors, with a ferocity which they probably borrowed from the men of the north who joined their society. They traveled in different bands, and had rules among them-

selves, by which each tribe was confined to its own district. The slightest invasion of the precincts which had been assigned to another tribe produced desperate skirmishes, in which there was often much bloodshed.

The patriotic Fletcher of Saltoun drew a picture of these banditti about a century ago, which my readers will peruse with astonishment :—

" There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church boxes, with others, who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land or even those of God and nature ; * * * * * No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. —Many murders have been discovered among them ; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, (who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighborhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together on the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days ; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both man and woman, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together."

Notwithstanding the deplorable picture presented in this extract, and which Fletcher himself, though the energetic and eloquent friend of freedom, saw no better mode of correcting than by introducing a system of domestic slavery, the progress of time, and the increase both of the means of life, and of the power of the laws, gradually reduced this dreadful evil within more narrow bounds. The tribes of gypsies, jockeys, or cairds, —for by all these denominations such banditti were known,— became few in number, and many were entirely rooted out. Still, however, a sufficient number remained to give occasional alarm and constant vexation. Some rude handicrafts were entirely resigned to these itinerants, particularly the art of trencher-making, of manufacturing horn-spoons, and the whole mystery of the tinker. To these they added a petty trade in

the coarse sorts of earthenware. Such were their ostensible means of livelihood. Each tribe had usually some fixed place of rendezvous, which they occasionally occupied and considered as their standing camp, and in the vicinity of which they generally abstained from depredation. They had even talents and accomplishments, which made them occasionally useful and entertaining. Many cultivated music with success ; and the favorite fiddler or piper of a district was often to be found in a gypsy town. They understood all out-of-door sports, especially otter-hunting, fishing, or finding game. They bred the best and boldest terriers, and sometimes had good pointers for sale. In winter, the women told fortunes, the men showed tricks of legerdemain ; and these accomplishments often helped to while away a weary or stormy evening in the circle of the "farmer's ha'." The wildness of their character, and the indomitable pride with which they despised all regular labor, commanded a certain awe, which was not diminished by the consideration that these strollers were a vindictive race, and were restrained by no check, either of fear or conscience, from taking desperate vengeance upon those who had offended them. These tribes were, in short, the *Parias* of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlers, and, like them, judged of rather by their own customs, habits, and opinions, that as if they had been members of the civilized part of the community. Some hordes of them yet remain, chiefly in such situations as afford a ready escape either into a waste country, or into another jurisdiction. Nor are the features of their character much softened. Their numbers, however, are so greatly diminished, that, instead of one hundred thousand, as calculated by Fletcher, it would now perhaps be impossible to collect above five hundred throughout all Scotland.

A tribe of these itinerants, to whom Meg Merrilies appertained, had long been as stationary as their habits permitted, in a glen upon the estate of Ellangowan. They had there erected a few huts, which they denominated their "city of refuge," and when not absent on excursions, they harbored unmolested, as the crows that roosted in the old ash-trees around them. They had been such long occupants, that they were considered in some degree as propriet ors of the wretched shealings which they inhabited. This protection they were said anciently to have repaid, by service to the laird in war, or, more frequently, by infesting or plundering the lands of those neighboring barons with whom he chanced to be at feud. Latterly their services were of a more pacific nature. The women spun mittens for the lady, and knitted boot-hose

for the Laird, which were annually presented at Christmas with great form. The aged sibyls blessed the bridal bed of the laird when he married, and the cradle of the heir when born. The men repaired her ladyship's cracked china, and assisted the laird in his sporting parties, wormed his dogs, and cut the ears of his terrior puppies. The children gathered nuts in the woods, and cranberries in the moss, and mushrooms on the pastures, for tribute to the Place. These acts of voluntary service and acknowledgment of dependence, were rewarded by protection on some occasions, connivance on others, and broken victuals, ale and brandy, when circumstances called for a display of generosity; and this mutual intercourse of good offices, which had been carried on for at least two centuries, rendered the inhabitants of Derncleugh a kind of privileged retainers upon the estate of Ellangowan. "The knaves" were the Laird's "exceeding good friends;" and he would have deemed himself very ill-used, if his countenance could not now and then have borne them out against the law of the country and the local magistrate. But this friendly union was soon to be dissolved.

The community of Derncleugh, who cared for no rogues but their own, were wholly without alarm at the severity of the justice's proceedings toward other itinerants. They had no doubt that he determined to suffer no mendicants or strollers in the country but what resided on his own property, and practiced their trade by his immediate permission, implied or expressed. Nor was Mr. Bertram in a hurry to exert his newly-acquired authority at the expense of these old settlers. But he was driven on by circumstances.

At the quarter-sessions, our new justice was publicly upbraided by a gentleman of the opposite party in county politics, that, while he affected a great zeal for the public police, and seemed ambitious of the fame of an active magistrate, he fostered a tribe of the greatest rogues in the country, and permitted them to harbor within a mile of the house of Ellangowan. To this there was no reply, for the fact was too evident and well-known. The Laird digested the taunt as he best could, and in his way home amused himself with speculations on the easiest method of ridding himself of these vagrants who brought a stain upon his fair fame as a magistrate. Just as he had resolved to take the first opportunity of quarreling with the Parias of Derncleugh, a cause of provocation presented itself.

Since our friend's advancement to be a conservator of the peace, he had caused the gate at the head of his avenue, which

formerly, having only one hinge, remained at all times hospitably open—he had caused this gate, I say, to be newly hung and handsomely painted. He had also shut up with paling, curiously twisted with furze, certain holes in the fences adjoining, through which the gypsy boys used to scramble into the plantations to gather birds' nests, and seniors of the village to make a short cut from one side to another, and the lads and lasses for evening rendezvous—all without offence taken or leave asked. But these halcyon days were now to have an end, and a minatory inscription on one side of the gate intimated "prosecution according to law" (the painter had spelt it *persecution*—l'un vaut bien l'autre) to all who should be found trespassing on these enclosures. On the other side, for uniformity's sake, was a precautionary annunciation of spring-guns and man-traps of such formidable power, that, said the rubric, with an emphatic *nota bene*—"if a man goes in, they will break a horse's leg."

In defiance of these threats, six well-grown gypsy boys and girls were riding cock-horse upon the new gate, and plaiting May-flowers, which it was but too evident had been gathered within the forbidden precincts. With as much anger as he was capable of feeling, or perhaps of assuming, the Laird commanded them to descend;—they paid no attention to his mandate: he then began to pull them down one after another; they resisted, passively, at least, each sturdy bronzed varlet making himself as heavy as he could, or climbing up as fast as he was dismounted.

The Laird then called in the assistance of his servant, a surly fellow, who had immediate recourse to his horse-whip. A few lashes sent the party a-scampering; and thus commenced the first breach of the peace between the house of Ellangowan and the gypsies of Derncleugh.

The latter could not for some time imagine that the war was real;—until they found that their children were horse-whipped by the grieve when found trespassing; and their asses were poinded by the ground-officer when left in the plantations or even when turned to graze by the road-side, against the provision of the turnpike acts; that the constable began to make curious inquiries into their mode of gaining a livelihood, and expressed his surprise that the men should sleep in the hovels all day, and be abroad the greater part of the night.

When matters came to this point, the gypsies, without scruple, entered upon measures of retaliation. Ellangowan's hen-roosts were plundered, his linen stolen from the lines or bleaching-ground, his fishings poached, his dogs kidnapped, his growing

trees cut or barked. Much petty mischief was done, and some evidently for the mischief's sake. On the other hand warrants went forth, without mercy, to pursue, search for, take, and apprehend; and, notwithstanding their dexterity, one or two of the depredators were unable to avoid conviction. One, a stout young fellow, who sometimes had gone to sea a-fishing, was handed over to the captain of the impress service at D——; two children were soundly flogged, and one Egyptian matron sent to the house of correction.

Still, however, the gypsies made no motion to leave the spot which they had so long inhabited, and Mr. Bertram felt an unwillingness to deprive them of their ancient "city of refuge;" so that the petty warfare we have noticed continued for several months without increase or abatement of hostilities on either side.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

So the red Indian, by Ontario's side,
Nursed hardy on the brindled panther's hide,
As fades his swarthy race, with anguish sees
The white man's cottage rise beneath the trees:
He leaves the shelter of his native wood,
He leaves the murmur of Ohio's flood,
And forward rushing in indignant grief,
Where never foot has trod the fallen leaf,
He bends his course where twilight reigns sublime,
O'er forests silent since the birth of time.

SCENES OF INFANCY.

IN tracing the rise and progress of the Scottish Maroon war, we must not omit to mention that years had rolled on, and that little Harry Bertram, one of the hardiest and most lively children that ever made a sword and grenadier's cap of rushes, now approached his fifth revolving birth-day. A hardihood of disposition, which early developed itself, made him already a little wanderer; he was well acquainted with every patch of lea ground and diggle around Ellangowan, and could tell in his broken language upon what *baulks* grew the bonniest flowers, and what copse had the ripest nuts. He repeatedly terrified his attendants by clambering about the ruins of the old castle, and had more than once made a stolen excursion as far as the gypsy hamlet.

On these occasions he was generally brought back by Meg Merrilies, who, though she could not be prevailed upon to enter

the Place of Ellangown after her nephew had been given up to the pressgang, did not apparently extend her resentment to the child. On the contrary, she often contrived to waylay him in his walks, sing him a gypsy song, give him a ride upon her jackass, and thrust into his pocket a piece of gingerbread or a red-cheeked apple. This woman's ancient attachment to the family, repelled and checked in every other direction, seemed to rejoice in having some object on which it could yet repose and expand itself. She prophesied a hundred times, "that young Mr. Harry would be the pride o' the family, and there hadna been sic a sprout fra the auld aik since the death of Arthur Mac-Dingawaie, that was killed in the battle o' the Bloody Bay; as for the present stick, it was good for naething but firewood." On one occasion, when the child was ill, she lay all night below the window, chanting a rhyme which she believed sovereign as a febrifuge, and could neither be prevailed upon to enter the house, nor to leave the station she had chosen, till she was informed that the crisis was over.

The affection of this woman became matter of suspicion, not indeed to the Laird, who was never hasty in suspecting evil, but to his wife, who had indifferent health and poor spirits. She was now far advanced in a second pregnancy, and, as she could not walk abroad herself, and the woman who attended upon Harry was young and thoughtless, she prayed Dominie Sampson to undertake the task of watching the boy in his rambles, when he should not be otherwise accompanied. The Dominie loved his young charge, and was enraptured with his own success, in having already brought him so far in his learning as to spell words of three syllables. The idea of this early prodigy of erudition being carried off by the gypsies, like a second Adam Smith,* was not to be tolerated; and accordingly, though the charge was contrary to all his habits of life, he readily undertook it, and might be seen stalking about with a mathematical problem in his head, and his eye upon a child of five years old, whose rambles led him into a hundred awkward situations. Twice was the Dominie chased by a cross-grained cow, once he fell into the brook crossing at the stepping-stones, and another time was bogged up to the middle in the slough of Lochend, in attempting to gather a water-lily for the young Laird. It was the opinion of the village matrons who relieved Sampson upon the latter occasion, "that the Laird might as weel trust the care o' his bairn to a potato bogle;" but the good Dominie bore all his disasters with gravity and serenity equally

* The father of Economical Philosophy, was, when a child, actually carried off by gypsies, and remained some hours in their possession.

imperturbable. "Pro-di-gious!" was the only ejaculation they ever extorted from the much-enduring man.

The Laird had by this time determined to make root-and-branch work with the Maroons of Derncleugh. The old servants shook their heads at his proposal, and even Dominie Sampson ventured upon an indirect remonstrance. As, however, it was couched, in the oracular phrase: "*Ne moveas Camerinam*," neither the allusion, nor the language in which it was expressed, were calculated for Mr. Bertram's edification, and matters proceeded against the gypsies in form of law. Every door in the hamlet was chalked by the ground-officer, in token of a formal warning to remove at next term. Still, however, they showed no symptoms either of submission or of compliance. At length the term-day, the fatal Martinmas, arrived, and violent measures of ejection were resorted to. A strong posse of peace-officers, sufficient to render all resistance vain, charged the inhabitants to depart by noon; and, as they did not obey, the officers, in terms of their warrant, proceeded to unroof the cottages, and pull down the wretched doors and windows,—a summary and effectual mode of ejection, still practiced in some remote parts of Scotland, when a tenant proves refractory. The gypsies, for a time, beheld the work of destruction in sullen silence and inactivity; then set about saddling and loading their asses, and making preparations for their departure. These were soon accomplished, where all had the habits of wandering Tartars; and they set forth on their journey to seek new settlements, where their patrons should neither be of the quorum, nor custos rotulorum.

Certain qualms of feeling had deterred Elangowan from attending in person to see his tenants expelled. He left the executive part of the business to the officers of the law, under the immediate direction of Frank Kennedy, a supervisor, or riding-officer, belonging to the excise, who had of late become intimate at the Place, and of whom we shall have more to say in the next chapter. Mr. Bertram himself chose that day to make a visit to a friend at some distance. But it so happened, notwithstanding his precautions, that he could not avoid meeting his late tenants during their retreat from his property.

It was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent, upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr. Bertram met the gypsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long loose great-coats, that hid their tall slender figures, as the large slouched hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long fowling-pieces, one wore a broadsword

without a sheath, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon openly or ostentatiously. Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small carts, or *tumblers* as they were called in that country, on which were laid the decrepit and the helpless, the aged and infant part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with bare heads and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the immediate care of the little cavern. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr. Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an air of authority, and motioning to the drivers to allow free passage to their betters. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the Laird to pass."

"He shall have his share of the road," answered a male gypsy from under his slouched and large brimmed hat, and without raising his face, "and he shall have nae mair; the highway is as free to our cuddies as to his gelding."

The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing, Mr. Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, on such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feelings of the want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men, as he passed without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition,—"Giles Baillie," he said, "have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?" (The question respected the young man who had been pressed).

"If I had heard otherwise," said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, "you should have heard of it too." And he plodded on his way, tarrying no further questions.* When the Laird had passed on with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, which had on all former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, but in which he now only read hatred and contempt, and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Calotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.

* This anecdote is a literal fact.

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavored to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now than they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependents of his family; and ought the mere circumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct toward them? Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried, before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance, which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart on parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon one of those high precipitous banks, which as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural stature. We have noticed that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion, she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf-locks from the folds of this singular head-gear. Her attitude was that of a sibyl in frenzy, and she stretched out in her right hand a sapling bough, which seemed just pulled.

"I'll be d——d," said the groom, "if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit park!"—The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"Ride your ways," said the gypsy, "ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlor burn the blither for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.

—Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for?—There's thirty hearts there that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets,* and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the blackcock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up: not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father!—And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reisc † that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find a half-crown; the gypsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family. The groom was not so reserved; he told the story at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing, that "if ever the devil spoke by the mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merrilies that blessed day."

* Delicacies. † Sapling branch.

CHAPTER NINTH.

Paint Scotland greeting ower her thrissle,
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle,
And d——n'd excisemen in a bustle,
Seizing a stell;
Triumphant crushin't like a mussell,
Or lampit shell.
BURNS.

DURING the period of Mr. Bertram's active magistracy, he did not forget the affairs of the revenue. Smuggling, for which the Isle of Man then afforded peculiar facilities, was general, or rather universal, all along the south-western coast of Scotland. Almost all the common people were engaged in these practices; the gentry connived at them, and the officers of the revenue were frequently discountenanced in the exercise of their duty by those who should have protected them.

There was, at this period, employed as a riding officer or supervisor, in that part of the country, a certain Francis Kennedy, already named in our narrative; a stout, resolute, and active man, who had made seizures to a great amount, and was proportionally hated by those who had an interest in the *fair trade*, as they called the pursuit of these contraband adventurers. This person was natural son to a gentleman of good family, owing to which circumstance, and to his being of a jolly convivial disposition, and singing a good song, he was admitted to the occasional society of the gentlemen of the country, and was a member of several of their clubs for practicing athletic games, at which he was particularly expert.

At Ellangowan, Kennedy was a frequent and always an acceptable guest. His vivacity relieved Mr. Bertram of the trouble of thought, and the labor which it cost him to support a detailed communication of ideas; while the daring and dangerous exploits which he had undertaken in the discharge of his office, formed excellent conversation. To all these revenue adventures did the Laird of Ellangowan seriously incline, and the amusement which he derived from Kennedy's society formed an excellent reason for countenancing and assisting the narrator in the execution of his invidious and hazardous duty.

"Frank Kennedy," he said, "was a gentleman, though on the wrang side of the blanket—he was connected with the family of Ellangowan through the house of Glengubble. The last Laird of Glengubble would have brought the estate into

the Ellangowan line; but happening to go to Harrigate, he there met with Miss Jean Hadaway—by the by, the Green Dragon at Harrigate is the best house of the twa;—but for Frank Kennedy, he's in one sense a gentleman born, and it's a shame not to support him against these blackguard smugglers."

After this league had taken place between judgment and execution, it chanced that Captain Dirk Hatteraick had landed a cargo of spirits, and other contraband goods upon the beach not far from Ellangowan, and, confiding in the indifference with which the Laird had formerly regarded similar infractions of the law, he was neither very anxious to conceal nor to expedite the transaction. The consequence was, that Mr. Frank Kennedy, armed with a warrant from Ellangowan, and supported by some of the Laird's people who knew the country, and by a party of military, poured down upon the kegs, bales, and bags, and after a desperate affray, in which severe wounds were given and received, succeeded in clapping the broad arrow upon the articles, and bearing them off in triumph to the next custom-house. Dirk Hatteraick vowed, in Dutch, German, and English, a deep and full revenge, both against the gauger and his abettors; and all who knew him thought it likely he would keep his word.

A few days after the departure of the gypsy tribe, Mr. Bertram asked his lady one morning at breakfast, whether this was not little Harry's birth-day?

"Five years auld, exactly, this blessed day," answered the lady; "so we may look into the English Gentleman's paper."

Mr. Bertram liked to show his authority in trifles. "No, my dear, not till to-morrow. The last time I was at quarter-sessions, the sheriff told us that *dies*—that *dies inceptus*—in short—you don't understand Latin—but it means that a term-day is not begun till it's ended."

"That sounds like nonsense, my dear."

"May be so, my dear; but it may be very good law for all that. I am sure, speaking of term-days, I wish, as Frank Kennedy says, that Whitsunday would kill Martinmas, and be hanged for the murder—for there I have got a letter about that interest of Jenny Cairns's, and deil a tenant's been at the Place yet wi' a boddle of rent,—nor will not till Candlemas—but, speaking of Frank Kennedy, I dare say he'll be here the day, for he was away round to Wigton to warn a king's ship that's lying in the bay about Dirk Hatteraick's lugger being on the coast again, and he'll be back this day; so we'll have a bottle of claret, and drink little Harry's health."

"I wish," replied the lady, "Frank Kennedy would let

Dirk Hatteraick alane. What needs hemake himself mair busy than other folk? Cannot he sing his sang, and take his drink, and draw his salary, like Collector Snail, honest man, that never fashes onybody? And I wonder at you, Laird, for meddling and making—Did we ever want to send for tea or brandy frae the Borough-town, when Dirk Hatteraick used to come quietly into the bay?"

"Mrs. Bertram, you know nothing of these matters. Do you think it becomes a magistrate to let his own house be made a receptacle for smuggled goods? Frank Kennedy will show you the penalties in the act, and ye ken yoursell they used to put their run goods into the Auld Place of Ellangowan up by there."

"Oh, dear, Mr. Bertram, and what the waur were the wa's and the vault o' the auld castle for having a whin kegs o' brandy in them at an orra time? I am sure ye were not obliged to ken onything about it;—and what the waur was the King that the lairds here got a soup o' drink, and the ladies their drap o' tea, at a reasonable rate?—it's a shame to them to pit such taxes on them!—and was na I much the better of these Flanders head and pinners, that Dirk Hatteraick sent me a' the way from Antwerp? It will be lang or the King sends me onything, or Frank Kennedy either.—And then ye would quarrel with these gypsies too? I expect every day to hear the barn-yard's in a low."

"I tell you once more, my dear, you don't understand these things—and there's Frank Kennedy coming galloping up the avenue."

"Aweel, aweel, Ellangowan," said the lady, raising her voice as the Laird left the room, "I wish ye may understand them yoursell, that's a'!"

From this nuptial dialogue the Laird joyfully escaped to meet his faithful friend, Mr. Kennedy, who arrived in high spirits. "For the love of life, Ellangowan," he said, "get up to the castle! you'll see that old fox Dirk Hatteraick, and his Majesty's hounds in full cry after him." So saying, he flung his horse's bridle to a boy, and ran up the ascent to the old castle, followed by the Laird, and indeed by several others of the family, alarmed by the sound of guns from the sea, now distinctly heard.

On gaining that part of the ruins which commanded the most extensive outlook, they saw a lugger, with all her canvas crowded, standing across the bay, closely pursued by a sloop of war, that kept firing upon the chase from her bows, which the lugger returned with her stern-chasers. "They're but at long

bowls yet," cried Kennedy, in great exultation, "but they will be closer by and by.—D——n him, he's starting his cargo! I see the good Nantz pitching overboard; keg after keg!—that's a d——d ungenteel thing of Mr. Hatteraick, as I shall let him know by and by.—Now, now! they've got the wind of him!—that's it, that's it!—Hark to him! hark to him! Now, my dogs! now my dogs!—hark to Ranger, hark!"

"I think," said the old gardener to one of the maids, "the gauger's *fie;*" by which word the common people express those violent spirits which they think a presage of death.

Meantime the chase continued. The lugger, being piloted with great ability, and using every nautical shift to make her escape, had now reached, and was about to double the headland which formed the extreme point of land on the left side of the bay, when a ball having hit the yard in the slings, the mainsail fell upon the deck. The consequence of this accident appeared inevitable, but could not be seen by the spectators; for the vessel, which had just doubled the headland, lost steerage and fell out of their sight behind the promontory. The sloop of war crowded all sail to pursue, but she had stood too close upon the cape, so that they were obliged to wear the vessel for fear of going ashore, and to make a large tack back into the bay, in order to recover sea-room enough to double the headland.

"They'll lose her, by ——!—cargo and lugger, one or both," said Kennedy. "I must gallop away to the Point of Warroch, this was the headland so often mentioned), and make them a signal where she has drifted to on the other side. Good-bye for an hour, Ellangowan—get out the gallon punch-bowl, and plenty of lemons. I'll stand for the French article by the time I come back, and we'll drink the young Laird's health in a bowl that would swim the Collector's yawl." So saying, he mounted his horse and galloped off.

About a mile from the house, and upon the verge of the woods, which, as we have said, covered a promontory terminating in the cape called the Point of Warroch, Kennedy met young Harry Bertram, attended by his tutor, Dominie Sampson. He had often promised the child a ride upon his galloway; and, from singing, dancing, and playing Punch for his amusement, was a particular favorite. He no sooner came scampering up the path, than the boy loudly claimed his promise; and Kennedy, who saw no risk in indulging him and wished to tease the Dominie, in whose visage he read a remonstrance, caught up Harry from the ground, placed him before him, and continued his route; Sampson's "Peradventure, Maister Kennedy"—— being lost in the clatter of the horse's feet. The pedagogue

hesitated a moment whether he should go after them; but Kennedy being a person in full confidence of the family, and with whom he himself had no delight in associating, "being that he was addicted unto profane and scurrilous jests," he continued his own walk at his own pace, till he reached the Place of Ellangowan.

The spectators from the ruined walls of the castle were still watching the sloop of war, which at length, but not without the loss of considerable time, recovered sea-room enough to weather the Point of Warroch, and was lost to their sight behind that wooded promontory. Some time afterward the discharges of several cannon were heard at a distance, and, after an interval, a still louder explosion, as of a vessel blown up, and a cloud of smoke arose above the trees, and mingled with the blue sky. All then separated on their different occasions, auguring variously upon the fate of the smuggler, but the majority insisting that her capture was inevitable, if she had not already gone to the bottom.

"It is near our dinner-time, my dear," said Mrs. Bertram to her husband; "will it be lang before Mr. Kennedy comes back?"

"I expect him every moment, my dear," said the Laird; "perhaps he is bringing some of the officers of the sloop with him."

"My stars, Mr. Bertram! why did not ye tell me this before, that we might have had the large round table? and then, they're a' tired o' saut meat, and, to tell you the plain truth, a rump o' beef is the best part of your dinner—and then I wad have put on another gown, and ye wadna have been the waur o' a clean neckcloth yoursell—But ye delight in surprising and hurrying one—I am sure I am no to haud out forever against this sort of going on.—But when folk's missed, then they are moaned."

"Pshaw! pshaw! deuce take the beef, and the gown, and table, and the neckcloth!—we shall do all very well.—Where's the Dominie, John?—(to a servant who was busy about the table) —where's the Dominie and little Harry?"

"Mr. Sampson's been at hame these twa hours and mair, but I dinna think Mr. Harry came hame wi' him."

"Not come hame wi' him?" said the lady; "desire Mr. Sampson to step this way directly."

"Mr. Sampson," said she, upon his entrance, "is it not the most extraordinary thing in this world wide, that you, that have free up-putting—bed, board, and washing—and twelve pounds sterling a year, just to look after that boy, should let him out of your sight for twa or three hours?"

Sampson made a bow of humble acknowledgment at each pause which the angry lady made in her enumeration of the advantages of his situation, in order to give more weight to her remonstrance, and then, in words which we will not do him the injustice to imitate, told how Mr. Francis Kennedy "had of his remonstrances in the contrary."

"I am very little obliged to Mr. Francis Kennedy for his pains," said the lady peevishly; "suppose he lets the boy drop from his horse, and lames him?—or suppose one of the cannons comes ashore and kills him?—or suppose"——

"Or suppose, my dear," said Ellangowan, "what is much more likely than anything else, that they have gone aboard the sloop or the prize, and are to come round the Point with the tide?"

"And then they may be drowned," said the lady.

"Verily," said Sampson, "I thought Mr. Kennedy had returned an hour since—Of a surety, I deemed I heard his horse's feet."

"That," said John, with a broad grin, "was Grizzel chasing the humble-cow* out of the close."

Sampson colored up to the eyes—not at the implied taunt, which he would never have discovered, or resented if he had, but at some idea which crossed his own mind. "I have been in an error," he said, "of a surety I should have tarried for the babe." So saying, he snatched his bone-headed cane and hat, and hurried away toward Warroch wood, faster than he was ever known to walk before, or after.

The Laird lingered some time, debating the point with the lady. At length he saw the sloop of war again make her appearance; but, without approaching the shore, she stood away to the westward, with all her sails set, and was soon out of sight. The lady's state of timorous and fretful apprehension was so habitual, that her fears went for nothing with her lord and master; but an appearance of disturbance and anxiety among the servants now excited his alarm, especially when he was called out of the room, and told in private that Mr. Kennedy's horse had come to the stable door alone, with the saddle turned round below its belly and the reins of the bridle broken; and that a farmer had informed them in passing that there was a smuggling lugger burning like a furnace on the other side of the Point of Warroch, and that, though he had come through the wood, he had seen or heard nothing of Kennedy or the young Laird, "only there was Dominie Sampson, gaun rampauging about, like mad, seeking for them."

* A cow without horns.

All was now bustle at Ellangowan. The Laird and his servants, male and female, hastened to the wood of Warroch. The tenants and cottagers in the neighborhood lent their assistance, partly out of zeal, partly from curiosity. Boats were manned to search the sea-shore, which, on the other side of the Point, rose into high and indented rocks. A vague suspicion was entertained, though too horrible to be expressed, that the child might have fallen from one of these cliffs.

The evening had begun to close when the parties entered the wood, and dispersed different ways in quest of the boy and his companion. The darkening of the atmosphere and the hoarse sighs of the November wind through the naked trees, the rustling of the withered leaves which strewed the glades, the repeated halloos of the different parties, which often drew them together in expectation of meeting the objects of their search, gave a cast of dismal sublimity to the scene.

At length, after a minute and fruitless investigation through the wood, the searchers began to draw together into one body and to compare notes. The agony of the father grew beyond concealment, yet it scarcely equaled the anguish of the tutor. "Would to God I had died for him!" the affectionate creature repeated, in tones of the deepest distress. Those who were less interested, rushed into a tumultuary discussion of chances and possibilities. Each gave his opinion, and each was alternately swayed by that of the others. Some thought the objects of the search had gone aboard the sloop; some, that they had gone to a village at three miles distance; some whispered they might have been on board the lugger, a few planks and beams of which the tide now drifted ashore.

At this instant, a shout was heard from the beach, so loud, so shrill, so piercing, so different from every sound which the woods that day had rung to, that nobody hesitated a moment to believe that it conveyed tidings, and tidings of dreadful import. All hurried to the place, and, venturing without scruple upon paths which at another time they would have shuddered to look at, descended toward a cleft of the rock, where one boat's crew was already landed. "Here, sirs!—here!—this way, for God's sake!—this way! this way!" was the reiterated cry.—Ellangowan broke through the throng which had already assembled at the fatal spot, and beheld the object of their terror. It was the dead body of Kennedy. At first sight he seemed to have perished by a fall from the rocks, which rose above the spot on which he lay, in a perpendicular precipice of a hundred feet above the beach. The corpse was lying half in, half out of the water; the advancing tide, raising

the arm and stirring the clothes, had given it at some distance the appearance of motion, so that those who first discovered the body thought that life remained. But every spark had been long extinguished.

"My bairn! my bairn!" cried the distracted father, "where can he be?"—A dozen mouths were open to communicate hopes which no one felt. Some one at length mentioned——the gypsies! In a moment Ellangowan had reascended the cliffs, flung himself upon the first horse he met, and rode furiously to the huts at Derncleugh. All was there dark and desolate; and as he dismounted to make more minute search, he stumbled over fragments of furniture which had been thrown out of the cottages, and the broken wood and thatch which had been pulled down by his orders. At that moment the prophecy or anathema of Meg Merrilies fell heavy on his mind. "You have stripped the thatch from seven cottages,—see that the roof-tree of your own house stand the surer!"

"Restore," he cried, "restore my bairn! bring me back my son, and all shall be forgot and forgiven!" As he uttered these words in a sort of frenzy, his eye caught a glimmering of light in one of the dismantled cottages—it was that in which Meg Merrilies formerly resided. The light, which seemed to proceed from fire, glimmered not only through the window, but also through the rafters of the hut where the roofing had been torn off.

He flew to the place; the entrance was bolted: despair gave the miserable father the strength of ten men: he rushed against the door with such violence, that it gave way before the *momentum* of his weight and force. The cottage was empty, but bore marks of recent habitation: there was fire on the hearth, a kettle, and some preparation for food. As he eagerly gazed round for something that might confirm his hope that his child yet lived, although in the power of those strange people, a man entered the hut.

It was his old gardener. "Oh sir!" said the old man, "such a night as this I trusted never to live to see!—ye maun come to the Place directly!"

"Is my boy found?—is he alive?—have ye found Harry Bertram?—Andrew, have ye found Harry Bertram?"

"No, sir; but"——

"Then he is kidnapped! I am sure of it, Andrew—as sure as that I tread upon earth! She has stolen him—and I will never stir from this place till I have tidings of my bairn!"

"O, but ye maun come hame, sir! ye maun come hame! we have sent for the Sheriff, and we'll set a watch here a' night, in

case the gypsies return; but *you*—ye maun come hame, sir,—— for my lady's in the dead-thraw." *

Bertram turned a stupefied and unmeaning eye on the messenger who uttered this calamitous news; and, repeating the words "in the dead-thraw!" as if he could not comprehend their meaning, suffered the old man to drag him toward his horse. During the ride home, he only said, "Wife and bairn, baith—mother and son, baith—Sair, sair to abide!"

It is needless to dwell upon the new scene of agony which awaited him. The news of Kennedy's fate had been eagerly and incautiously communicated at Ellangowan, with the gratuitous addition, that, doubtless, "he had drawn the young Laird over the craig with him, though the tide had swept away the child's body—he was light, puir thing! and would flee further into the surf."

Mrs. Bertram heard the tidings; she was far advanced in her pregnancy; she fell into the pains of premature labor, and ere Ellangowan had recovered his agitated faculties, so as to comprehend the full distress of his situation, he was the father of a female infant and a widower.

CHAPTER TENTH.

> But see his face is black, and full of blood;
> His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
> Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
> His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling,
> His hands abroad displayed, as one that gasped
> And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
>
> HENRY VI. *Part Second.*

THE Sheriff-depute of the county arrived at Ellangowan next morning by daybreak. To this provincial magistrate the law of Scotland assigns judicial powers of considerable extent, and the task of inquiring into all crimes committed within his jurisdiction, the apprehension and commitment of suspected persons, and so forth.†

The gentleman who held the office in the shire of —— at the time of this catastrophe, was well born and well educated, and, though somewhat pedantic and professional in his habits.

* Death-agony.

†The Scottish Sheriff discharges, on such occasions as that now mentioned, pretty much the same duty as a Coroner.

he enjoyed general respect as an active and intelligent magistrate. His first employment was to examine all witnesses whose evidence could throw light upon this mysterious event, and make up the written report, *procès verbal*, or precognition, as it is technically called, which the practice of Scotland has substituted for a coroner's inquest. Under the Sheriff's minute and skilful inquiry, many circumstances appeared which seemed incompatible with the original opinion that Kennedy had accidentally fallen from the cliff. We shall briefly detail some of these.

The body had been deposited in a neighboring fisher-hut, but without altering the condition in which it was found. This was the first object of the Sheriff's examination. Though fearfully crushed and mangled by the fall from such a height, the corpse was found to exhibit a deep cut in the head, which, in the opinion of a skilful surgeon, must have been inflicted by a broadsword, or cutlass. The experience of this gentleman discovered other suspicious indications. The face was much blackened, the eyes distorted, and the veins of the neck swelled. A colored handkerchief which the unfortunate man wore round his neck, did not present the usual appearance, but was much loosened, and the knot displaced and dragged extremely tight: the folds were also compressed, as if it had been used as a means of grappling the deceased, and dragging him perhaps to the precipice.

On the other hand, poor Kennedy's purse was found untouched; and what seemed yet more extraordinary, the pistols which he usually carried when about to encounter any hazardous adventure, were found in his pockets loaded. This appeared particularly strange, for he was known and dreaded by the contraband traders as a man equally fearless and dexterous in the use of his weapons, of which he had given many signal proofs. The Sheriff inquired, whether Kennedy was not in the practice of carrying any other arms. Most of Mr. Bertram's servants recollected that he generally had a *couteau de chasse*, or short hanger, but none such was found upon the dead body; nor could those who had seen him on the morning of the fatal day, take it upon them to assert whether he then carried that weapon or not.

The corpse afforded no other *indicia* respecting the fate of Kennedy; for though the clothes were much displaced, and the limbs dreadfully fractured, the one seemed the probable, the other the certain, consequences of such a fall. The hands of the deceased were clenched fast, and full of turf and earth; but this also seemed equivocal.

The magistrate then proceeded to the place where the corpse was first discovered, and made those who had found it give, upon the spot, a particular and detailed account of the manner in which it was lying. A large fragment of the rock appeared to have accompanied, or followed the fall of the victim from the cliff above. It was of so solid and compact a substance, that it had fallen, without any great diminution by splintering, so that the Sheriff was enabled, first to estimate the weight by measurement, and then to calculate, from the appearance of the fragment, what portion of it had been bedded into the cliff from which it had descended. This was easily detected by the raw appearance of the stone where it had not been exposed to the atmosphere: they then ascended the cliff and surveyed the place from whence the stony fragment had fallen. It seemed plain, from the appearance of the bed, that the mere weight of one man standing upon the projecting part of the fragment, supposing it in its original situation, could not have destroyed its balance, and precipitated it, with himself, from the cliff. At the same time, it appeared to have lain so loose, that the use of a lever, or the combined strength of three or four men, might easily have hurled it from its position. The short turf about the brink of the precipice was much trampled, as if stamped by the heels of men in a mortal struggle, or in the act of some violent exertion. Traces of the same kind, less visibly marked, guided the sagacious investigator to the verge of the copsewood, which in that place crept high up the bank toward the top of the precipice.

With patience and perseverance, they traced these marks into the thickest part of the copse, a route which no person would have voluntarily adopted, unless for the purpose of concealment. Here they found plain vestiges of violence and struggling, from space to space. Small boughs were torn down, as if grasped by some resisting wretch, who was dragged forcibly along; the ground, where in the least degree soft or marshy, showed the print of many feet; there were vestiges also, which might be those of human blood. At any rate, it was certain that several persons must have forced their passage among the oaks, hazels, and underwood, with which they were mingled; and in some places appeared traces as if a sack full of grain, a dead body, or something of that heavy and solid description, had been dragged along the ground. In one part of the thicket there was a small swamp, the clay of which was whitish, being probably mixed with marl. The back of Kennedy's coat appeared besmeared with stains of the same color.

At length about a quarter of a mile from the brink of the fatal precipice, the traces conducted them to a small open space of ground, very much trampled, and plainly stained with blood, although withered leaves had been strewed upon the spot, and other means hastily taken to efface the marks, which seemed obviously to have been derived from a desperate affray. On one side of this patch of open ground, was found the sufferer's naked hanger, which seemed to have been thrown into the thicket; on the other, the belt and sheath, which appeared to have been hidden with more leisurely care and precaution.

The magistrate caused the foot-prints which marked this spot to be carefully measured and examined. Some corresponded to the foot of the unhappy victim; some were larger, some less; indicating that at least four or five men had been busy around him. Above all, here, and here only, were observed the vestiges of a child's foot; and as it could be seen nowhere else, and the hard horse-track which traversed the wood of Warroch was contiguous to the spot, it was natural to think that the boy might have escaped in that direction during the confusion. But as he was never heard of, the Sheriff, who made a careful entry of all these memoranda, did not suppress his opinion that the deceased had met with foul play, and that the murderers, whoever they were, had possessed themselves of the person of the child Harry Bertram.

Every exertion was now made to discover the criminals. Suspicion hesitated between the smugglers and the gypsies. The fate of Dirk Hatteraick's vessel was certain. Two men from the opposite side of Warroch Bay (so the inlet on the southern side of the Point of Warroch is called) had seen, though at a great distance, the lugger drive eastward, after doubling the headland, and, as they judged from her manœuvres, in a disabled state. Shortly after, they perceived that she grounded, smoked, and finally took fire. She was, as one of them expressed himself, *in a light low* (bright flame) when they observed a king's ship, with her colors up, heave in sight from behind the cape. The guns of the burning vessel discharged themselves as the fire reached them; and they saw her at length blow up with a great explosion. The sloop of war kept aloof for her own safety; and after hovering till the other exploded, stood away southward under a press of sail. The Sheriff anxiously interrogated these men whether any boats had left the vessel. They could not say—they had seen none—but they might have put off in such a direction as placed the

burning vesse., and the thick smoke which floated landward from it, between their course and the witnesses' observation.

That the ship destroyed was Dirk Hatteraick's, no one doubted. His lugger was well known on the coast, and had been expected just at this time. A letter from the commander of the king's sloop, to whom the Sheriff made application, put the matter beyond doubt; he sent also an extract from his log-book of the transactions of the day, which intimated their being on the outlook for a smuggling lugger, Dirk Hatteraick master, upon the information and requisition of Francis Kennedy, of his Majesty's excise service; and that Kennedy was to be upon the outlook on the shore, in case Hatteraick, who was known to be a desperate fellow, and had been repeatedly outlawed, should attempt to run his sloop aground. About nine o'clock, A.M. they discovered a sail, which answered the description of Hatteraick's vessel, chased her, and after repeated signals to her to show colors and bring to, fired upon her. The chase then showed Hamburgh colors, and returned the fire; and a running fight was maintained for three hours, when, just as the lugger was doubling the Point of Warroch, they observed that the main-yard was shot in the slings, and that the vessel was disabled. It was not in the power of the man-of-war's men for some time to profit by the circumstance, owing to their having kept too much in shore for doubling the headland. After two tacks, they accomplished this, and observed the chase on fire, and apparently deserted. The fire having reached some casks of spirits, which were placed on the deck, with other combustibles, probably on purpose, burnt with such fury, that no boats durst approach the vessel, especially as her shotted guns were discharging, one after another, by the heat. The captain had no doubt whatever that the crew had set the vessel on fire, and escaped in their boats. After watching the conflagration till the ship blew up, his Majesty's sloop, the Shark, stood toward the Isle of Man, with the purpose of intercepting the retreat of the smugglers, who, though they might conceal themselves in the woods for a day or two, would probably take the first opportunity of endeavoring to make for this asylum. But they never saw more of them than is above narrated.

Such was the account given by William Pritchard, master and commander of his Majesty's sloop of war Shark, who concluded by regretting deeply that he had not had the happiness to fall in with the scoundrels, who had had the impudence to fire on his Majesty's flag, and with an assurance, that, should he meet Mr. Dirk Hatteraick in any future cruise, he would not

fail to bring him into port under his stern, to answer whatever might be alleged against him.

As, therefore, it seemed tolerably certain that the men on board the lugger had escaped, the death of Kennedy, if he fell in with them in the woods, when irritated by the loss of their vessel, and by the share he had in it, was easily to be accounted for. And it was not improbable, that to such brutal tempers, rendered desperate by their own circumstances, even the murder of the child, against whose father, as having become suddenly active in the prosecution of smugglers, Hatteraick was known to have uttered deep threats, would not appear a very heinous crime.

Against this hypothesis it was urged, that a crew of fifteen or twenty men could not have lain hidden upon the coast when so close a search took place immediately after the destruction of their vessel; or, at least, that if they had hid themselves in the woods, their boats must have been seen on the beach;—that in such precarious circumstances, and when all retreat must have seemed difficult if not impossible, it was not to be thought that they would have all united to commit a useless murder, for the mere sake of revenge. Those who held this opinion supposed, either that the boats of the lugger had stood out to sea without being observed by those who were intent upon gazing at the burning vessel, and so gained safe distance before the sloop got round the headland; or else, that, the boats being staved or destroyed by the fire of the shot during the chase, the crew had obstinately determined to perish with the vessel. What gave some countenance to this supposed act of desperation was, that neither Dirk Hatteraick nor any of his sailors, all well-known men in the fair-trade, were again seen upon that coast, or heard of in the Isle of Man, where strict inquiry was made. On the other hand, only one dead body, apparently that of a seamen killed by a cannon-shot, drifted ashore. So all that could be done was to register the names, description, and appearance of the individuals belonging to the ship's company, and offer a reward for the apprehension of them, or any one of them; extending also to any person, not the actual murderer who should give evidence tending to convict those who had murthered Francis Kennedy.

Another opinion, which was also plausibly supported, went to charge this horrid crime upon the late tenants of Derncleugh. They were known to have resented highly the conduct of the Laird of Ellangowan toward them, and to have used threatening expressions, which every one supposed them capable of carrying into effect. The kidnapping the child was a crime much more

consistent with their habits than with those of smugglers, and his temporary guardian might have fallen in an attempt to protect him. Besides, it was remembered that Kennedy had been an active agent, two or three days before, in the forcible expulsion of these people from Derncleugh, and that harsh and menacing language had been exchanged between him and some of the Egyptian patriarchs on that memorable occasion.

The Sheriff received also the depositions of the unfortunate father and his servant, concerning what had passed at their meeting the caravan of gypsies, as they left the estate of Ellangowan. The speech of Meg Merrilies seemed particularly suspicious. There was, as the magistrate observed in his law language, *damnum minatum*—a damage, or evil turn, threatened, and *malum secutum*—an evil of the very kind predicted, shortly afterward following. A young woman, who had been gathering nuts in Warroch wood upon the fatal day, was also strongly of opinion, though she declined to make positive oath, that she had seen Meg Merrilies, at least a woman of her remarkable size and appearance, start suddenly out of a thicket —she said she had called to her by name, but as the figure turned from her, and made no answer, she was uncertain if it were the gypsy or her wraith, and was afraid to go nearer to one who was always reckoned, in the vulgar phrase, *no canny*. This vague story received some corroboration from the circumstance of a fire being that evening found in the gypsy's deserted cottage. To this fact Ellangowan and his gardener bore evidence. Yet it seemed extravagant to suppose, that, had this woman been accessory to such a dreadful crime, she would have returned that very evening on which it was committed, to the place of all others, where she was most likely to be sought after.

Meg Merrilies was, however, apprehended and examined. She denied strongly having been either at Derncleugh or in the wood of Warroch upon the day of Kennedy's death; and several of her tribe made oath in her behalf, that she had never quitted their encampment, which was in a glen, about ten miles distant from Ellangowan. Their oaths were indeed little to be trusted to;—but what other evidence could be had in the circumstances? There was one remarkable fact, and only one, which arose from her examination. Her arm appeared to be slightly wounded by the cut of a sharp weapon, and was tied up with a handkerchief of Harry Bertram's. But the chief of the horde acknowledged he had "corrected her" that day with his whinger—she herself, and others, gave the same account of

her hurt; and for the handkerchief, the quantity of linen stolen from Ellangowan during the last months of their residence on the estate, easily accounted for it, without charging Meg with a more heinous crime.

It was observed, upon her examination, that she treated the questions respecting the death of Kennedy, or "the gauger," as she called him, with indifference; but expressed great and emphatic scorn and indignation at being supposed capable of injuring little Harry Bertram. She was long confined in jail under the hope that something might yet be discovered to throw light upon this dark and bloody transaction. Nothing, however, occurred; and Meg was at length liberated, but under sentence of banishment from the county as a vagrant, common thief, and disorderly person. No traces of the boy could ever be discovered; and, at length, the story, after making much noise, was gradually given up as altogether inexplicable, and only perpetuated by the name of "The Gauger's Loup," which was generally bestowed on the cliff from which the unfortunate man had fallen or been precipitated.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

Enter Time as Chorus.

I—that please some, try all; both joy and terror
Of good and bad; that make and unfold error—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap.——

WINTER'S TALE.

OUR narration is now about to make a large stride, and omit a space of nearly seventeen years; during which nothing occurred of any particular consequence with respect to the story we have undertaken to tell. The gap is a wide one; yet if the reader's experience in life enables him to look back on so many years, the space will scarce appear longer in his recollection than the time consumed in turning these pages.

It was, then, in the month of November, about seventeen years after the catastrophe related in the last chapter, that, during a cold and stormy night, a social group had closed round the kitchen-fire of the Gordon Arms at Kippletringan, a small

but comfortable inn, kept by Mrs. Mac-Candlish in that village. The conversation which passed among them will save me the trouble of telling the few events occurring during this chasm in our history, with which it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted.

Mrs. Mac-Candlish, throned in a comfortable easy chair lined with black leather, was regaling herself, and a neighboring gossip or two, with a cup of genuine tea, and at the same time keeping a sharp eye upon her domestics, as they went and came in prosecution of their various duties and commissions. The clerk and precentor of the parish enjoyed at a little distance his Saturday night's pipe, and aided its bland fumigation by an occasional sip of brandy and water. Deacon Bearcliff, a man of great importance in the village, combined the indulgence of both parties—he had his pipe and his tea-cup, the latter being laced with a little spirits. One or two clowns sat at some distance, drinking their twopenny ale.

"Are you sure the parlor's ready for them, and the fire burning clear, and the chimney no smoking?" said the hostess to a chambermaid.

She was answered in the affirmative.—"Ane wadna be uncivil to them, especially in their distress," said she, turning to the Deacon.

"Assuredly not, Mrs. Mac-Candlish; assuredly not. I am sure ony sma' thing they might want frae my shop, under seven, or eight, or ten pounds, I would book them as readily for it as the first in the country.—Do they come in the auld chaise?"

"I dare say no," said the precentor; "for Miss Bertram comes on the white powny ilka day to the kirk—and a constant kirk-keeper she is—and it's a pleasure to hear her singing the psalms, winsome young thing."

"Ay, and the young Laird of Hazlewood rides hame half road wi' her after sermon," said one of the gossips in company; "I wonder how auld Hazlewood likes that."

"I kenna how he may like it now," answered another of the tea-drinkers; but the day has been when Ellangowan wad hae liked as little to see his daughter taking up with their son."

"Ay, *has been*," answered the first, with somewhat of emphasis.

"I am sure, neighbor Ovens," said the hostess, "the Hazlewoods of Hazlewood, though they are a very gude auld family in the county, never thought, till within these twa score o' years, of evening themselves till the Ellangowans—Wow, woman, the Bertrams of Ellangowan are the auld Dingawaies

lang syne—there is a sang about ane o' them marrying a daughter of the King of Man ; it begins,

> Blythe Bertram's ta'en him ower the faem,
> To wed a wife and bring her hame——

I daur say Mr. Skreigh can sing us the ballant."

"Gudewife," said Skreigh, gathering up his mouth, and sipping his tiff of brandy punch with great solemnity, "our talents were gien us to other use than to sing daft auld sangs sae near the Sabbath-day."

"Hout fie, Mr. Skreigh ; I'se warrant I hae heard you sing a blythe sang on Saturday at e'en before now.—But as for the chaise, Deacon, it hasna been out of the coach-house since Mrs. Bertram died, that's sixteen or seventeen years sin syne.—Jock Jabos is away wi' a chaise of mine for them ;—I wonder he's no come back. It's pit mirk—but there's no an ill turn on the road but twa, and the brigg ower Warroch burn is safe eneugh, if he haud to the right side. But then there's Heaviside-brae, that's just a murder for post-cattle—but Jock kens the road brawly."

A loud rapping was heard at the door.

"That's no them. I didna hear the wheels.—Grizzel, ye limmer, gang to the door."

"It's a single gentleman," whined out Grizzel; "maun I take him into the parlor?"

"Foul be in your feet, then ; it'll be some English rider. Coming without a servant at this time o' night!—Has the ostler ta'en the horse?—Ye may light a spunk o' fire in the red room."

"I wish, ma'am," said the traveler, entering the kitchen, "you would give me leave to warm myself here, for the night is very cold."

His appearance, voice, and manner, produced an instantaneous effect in his favor. He was a handsome, tall, thin figure, dressed in black, as appeared when he laid aside his riding-coat ; his age might be between forty and fifty ; his cast of features grave and interesting, and his air somewhat military. Every point of his appearance and address bespoke the gentleman. Long habit had given Mrs. Mac-Candlish an acute tact in ascertaining the quality of her visitors, and porportioning her reception accordingly :—

> To every guest the appropriate speech was made,
> And every duty with distinction paid ;
> Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite—
> "Your honor's servant!—Mister Smith, good night."

On the present occasion, she was low in her curtsey, and profuse in her apologies. The stranger begged his horse might be attended to—she went out herself to school the ostler.

"There was never a prettier bit o' horse flesh in the stable o' the Gordon Arms," said the man; which information increased the landlady's respect for the rider. Finding, on her return, that the stranger declined to go into another apartment (which, indeed, she allowed, would be but cold and smoky till the fire bleezed up), she installed her guest hospitably by the fireside, and offered what refreshment her house afforded.

"A cup of your tea, ma'am, if you will favor me."

Mrs. Mac-Candlish bustled about, reinforced her teapot with hyson, and proceeded in her duties with her best grace. "We have a very nice parlor, sir, and everything very agreeable for gentlefolks; but it's bespoke the night for a gentleman and his daughter, that are going to leave this part of the country—ane of my chaises is gane for them, and will be back forthwith. They're no sae weel in the warld as they have been; but we're a' subject to ups and downs in this life, as your honor must needs ken—but is not the tobacco-reek disagreeable to your honor?"

"By no means, ma'am; I am an old campaigner, and perfectly used to it.—Will you permit me to make some inquiries about a family in this neighborhood?"

The sound of wheels was now heard, and the landlady hurried to the door to receive her expected guests; but returned in an instant, followed by the postilion.—"No, they canna come at no rate, the Laird's sae ill."

"But God help them!" said the landlady, "the morn's the term—the very last day they can bide in the house—a' thing's to be roupit."

"Weel, but they can come at no rate, I tell ye—Mr. Bertram canna be moved."

"What Mr. Bertram?" said the stranger; "not Mr. Bertram of Ellangowan, I hope?"

"Just e'en that same, sir; and if ye be a friend o' his, ye have come at a time when he's sair bested."

"I have been abroad for many years;—is his health so much deranged?"

"Ay, and his affairs an' a'," said the Deacon; "the creditors have entered into possession o' the estate, and it's for sale; and some that made the maist by him—I name nae names, but Mrs. Mac-Candlish kens wha I mean"—(the landlady shook her head significantly)—"they're sairest on him e'en now. I have a sma' matter due myself, but I would rather have lost it

than gane to turn the auld man out of his house, and him just dying."

"Ay, but," said the parish-clerk, "Factor Glossin wants to get rid of the auld Laird, and drive on the sale, for fear the heir-male should cast up upon them; for I have heard say, if there was an heir-male, they couldna sell the estate for auld Ellangowan's debt."

"He had a son born a good many years ago," said the stranger; "he is dead, I suppose?"

"Nae man can say for that," answered the clerk mysteriously.

"Dead!" said the Deacon; "I'se warrant him dead lang syne; he hasna been heard o' these twenty years or thereby."

"I wot weel it's no twenty years," said the landlady; "it's no abune seventeen at the outside in this very month; it made an unco noise ower a' this country—the bairn disappeared the very day that Supervisor Kennedy cam by his end.—If ye kenn'd this country lang syne, your honor wad maybe ken Frank Kennedy the Supervisor. He was a heartsome pleasant man, and company for the best gentleman in the county, and muckle mirth he's made in this house. I was young, then, sir, and newly married to Bailie MacCandlish, that's dead and gone—(a sigh)—and muckle fun I've had wi' the Supervisor. He was a daft dog.—O, an he could hae hauden aff the smugglers a bit! but he was aye venturesome.—And so ye see, sir, there was a king's sloop down in Wigton Bay, and Frank Kennedy, he behoved to have her up to chase Dick Hatteraick's lugger—ye'll mind Dirk Hatteraick, Deacon? I dare say ye may have dealt wi' him—(the Deacon gave a sort of acquiescent nod and humph). He was a daring chield, and he fought his ship till she blew up like peelings of ingans: and Frank Kennedy he had been the first man to board, and he was flung like a quarter of a mile off, and fell into the water below the rock at Warroch Point, that they ca' the Gauger's Loup to this day."

"And Mr. Bertram's child," said the stranger, "what is all this to him?"

"Ou, sir, the bairn aye held an unca work wi' the Supervisor; and it was generally thought he went on board the vessel alang wi' him, as bairns are aye forward to be in mischief."

"No, no," said the Deacon, "ye're clean out there Luckie—for the young Laird was stown away by a randy gypsy woman they ca'd Meg Merrilies,—I mind her looks weel, in revenge for Ellangowan having gar'd her be drumm'd through Kipletringan for stealing a silver spoon."

"If ye'll forgie me, Deacon," said the precentor. "ve're e'en as far wrang as the gudewife."

"And what is your edition of the story, sir?" said the stranger, turning to him with interest.

"That's maybe no sae canny to tell," said the precentor, with solemnity.

Upon being urged, however, to speak out, he preluded with two or three large puffs of tobacco-smoke, and out of the cloudy sanctuary which these whiffs formed around him, delivered the following legend, having cleared his voice with one or two hems, and imitating, as near as he could, the eloquence which weekly thundered over his head from the pulpit.

"What we are now to deliver, my brethren,—hem—hem,—I mean, my good friend,—was not done in a corner, and may serve as an answer to witch-advocates, atheists, and misbelievers of all kinds. Ye must know that the worshipful Laird of Ellangowan was not so preceese as he might have been in clearing his land of witches (concerning whom it is said 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live'), nor of those who had familiar spirits, and consulted with divination, and sorcery, and lots, which is the fashion with the Egyptians, as they ca' themsells, and other unhappy bodies, in this our country. And the Laird was three years married without having a family—and he was sae left to himsell, that it was thought he held ower muckle troking and communing wi' that Meg Merrilies, wha was the maist notorious witch in a' Galloway and Dumfries-shire baith."

"Aweel, I wot there's something in that," said Mrs. MacCandlish; "I've kenn'd him order her twa glasses o' brandy in this very house."

"Aweel, gudewife, then the less I lee.—Sae the lady was wi' bairn at last, and in the night when she should have been delivered, there comes to the door of the ha' house—the Place of Ellangowan as they ca'd—an ancient man, strangely habited, and asked for quarters. His head, and his legs, and his arms were bare, although it was winter time o' the year, and he had a gray beard three quarters lang. Weel, he was admitted; and when the lady was delivered, he craved to know the very moment of the hour of the birth, and he went out and consulted the stars. And when he came back he tell'd the Laird, that the Evil One would have power over the knave-bairn that was that night born, and he charged him that the babe should be bred up in the ways of piety, and that he should hae a godly minister at his elbow, to pray *wi*, the bairn and *for* him. And the aged man vanished away, and no man of this country ever saw mair o' him."

"Now, that will not pass," said the postilion, who, at a respectful distance, was listening to the conversation, "begging Mr. Skreigh's and the company's pardon,—there was no sae mony hairs on the Warlock's face as there's on Letter-Gae's * ain at this moment; and he had as gude a pair o' boots as a man need streik on his legs, and gloves too;—and I should understand boots by this time, I think."

"Whisht, Jock," said the landlady.

"Ay? and what do *ye* ken o' the matter, friend Jabos?" said the precentor, contemptuously.

"No muckle, to be sure, Mr. Skreigh—only that I lived within a penny-stane cast o' the head o' the avenue at Ellangowan, when a man cam jingling to our door that night the young Laird was born, and my mother sent me, that was a hafflin callant, to show the stranger the gate to the Place, which, if he had been sic a warlock, he might have kenn'd himsell, ane wad think—and he was a young, weel-faured, weel-dressed lad, like an Englishman. And I tell ye he had as gude a hat, and boots, and gloves, as ony gentleman need to have. To be sure he *did* gie an awsome glance up at the auld castle—and there *was* some spae-work gaed on—I aye heard that; but as for his vanishing, I held the stirrup mysell when he gaed away, and he gied me a round half-crown—he was riding on a haick they ca'd Souple Sam—it belanged to the George at Dumfries—it was a blood-bay beast, very ill o' the spavin—I hae seen the beast baith before and since."

"Aweel, aweel, Jock," answered Mr. Skreigh, with a tone of mild solemnity, "our accounts differ in no material particulars; but I had no knowledge that ye had seen the man.—So ye see, my friends, that this soothsayer having prognosticated evil to the boy, his father engaged a godly minister to be with him morn and night."

"Ay, that was him they ca'd Dominie Sampson," said the postilion.

"He's but a dumb dog that," observed the Deacon; "I have heard that he never could preach five words of a sermon endlang, for as long as he has been licensed."

"Weel, but," said the precentor, waving his hand, as if eager to retrieve the command of the discourse, "he waited on the young Laird by night and day. Now it chanced, when the bairn was near five years auld, that the Laird had a sight of his errors, and determined to put these Egyptians aff his ground; and he caused them to remove; and that Frank Kennedy, that

The precentor is called by Allan Ramsay,—
"The Letter-Gae of haly rhyme.

was a rough swearing fellow, he was sent to turn them aff. And he cursed and damned at them, and they swure at him; and that Meg Merrilies, that was the maist powerfu' with the Enemy of Mankind, she as gude as said she would have him, body and soul, before three days were ower his head. And I have it from a sure hand, and that's ane wha saw it, and that's John Wilson that was the Laird's groom, that Meg appeared to the Laird as he was riding hame from Singleside, over Gibbie's-know, and threatened him wi' what she wad do to his family; but whether it was Meg, or something waur in her likeness, for it seemed bigger than ony mortal creature, John could not say."

"Aweel," said the postilion, "it might be sae—I canna say against it, for I was not in the country at the time; but John Wilson was a blustering kind of a chield, without the heart of a sprug."

"And what was the end of all this!" said the stranger, with some impatience.

"Ou, the event and upshot of it was, sir," said the precentor, "that while they were all looking on, beholding a king's ship chase a smuggler, this Kennedy suddenly brake away frae them, without any reason that could be descried—ropes nor tows wad not hae held him—and made for the wood of Warroch as fast as his beast could carry him: and by the way he met the young Laird and his Governor, and he snatched up the bairn, and swure, if *he* was bewitched, the bairn should have the same luck as him; and the minister followed as fast as he could, and almaist as fast as them, for he was wonderfully swift of foot—and he saw Meg the witch, or her master in her similitude, rise suddenly out of the ground, and claught the bairn suddenly out of the gauger's arms—and then he rampauged and drew his sword—for ye ken a fie man and a cusser fearsna the deil."

"I believe that's very true," said the postilion.

"So, sir, she grippit him, and clodded him like a stane from the sling ower the craigs of Warroch-head, where he was found that evening—but what became of the babe, frankly I cannot say. But he that was minister here then, that's now in a better place, had an opinion that the bairn was only conveyed to Fairy-land for a season."

The stranger had smiled slightly at some parts of this recital, but ere he could answer, the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and a smart servant, handsomely dressed, with a cockade in his hat, bustled into the kitchen, with "Make a little room, good people;" when, observing the stranger, he descended at once into the modest and civil domestic, his hat sunk down by his side, and he put a letter into his master's hands. "The family

at Ellangowan, sir, are in great distress, and unable to receive any visits."

"I know it," replied his master.—"And now, madam, if you will have the goodness to allow me to occupy the parlor you mentioned, as you are disappointed of your guests "——

"Certainly, sir," said Mrs. Mac-Candlish, and hastened to light the way with all the imperative bustle which an active landlady loves to display on such occasions.

"Young man," said the Deacon to the servant, filling a glass, "ye'll no be the waur o' this, after your ride."

"Not a feather, sir,—thank ye—your very good health, sir."

"And wha may your master be friend ? "

"What, the gentleman that was here ?—that's the famous Colonel Mannering, sir, from the East Indies."

"What, him we read of in the newspapers ? "

"Ay ay, just the same. It was he relieved Cuddieburn, and defended Chingalore, and defeated the great Mahratta Chief, Ram Jolli Bundleman—I was with him in most of his campaigns."

"Lord safe us," said the landlady, "I must go see what he would have for supper—that I should set him down here ! "

"O, he likes that all the better, mother ;—you never saw a plainer creature in your life than our old Colonel ; and yet he has a spice of the devil in him too."

The rest of the evening's conversation below stairs tending little to edification, we shall, with the reader's leave, step up to the parlor.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

——Reputation ? —— that's man's idol
Set up against God, the Maker of all laws,
Who hath commanded us we should not kill.
And yet we say we must, for Reputation !
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation ?
Fear to do base unworthy things is valor;
If they be done to us to suffer them
Is valor too.——

BEN JONSON.

THE Colonel was walking pensively up and down the parlor, when the officious landlady re-entered to take his commands. Having given them in the manner he thought would be most

acceptable "for the good of the house," he begged to detain her a moment.

"I think," he said, "madam, if I understood the good people right, Mr. Bertram lost his son in his fifth year?"

"O ay, sir, there's nae doubt o' that, though there are mony idle clashes about the way and manner; for it's an auld story now, and everybody tells it, as we were doing, their ain way by the ingleside. But lost the bairn was in his fifth year, as your honor says, Colonel; and the news being rashly tell'd to the leddy, then great with child, cost her her life that samyn night —and the Laird never throve after that day, but, was just careless of everything—though, when his daughter Miss Lucy grew up, she tried to keep order within doors—but what could she do, poor thing?—so now they're out of house and hauld."

"Can you recollect, madam, about what time of the year the child was lost?" The landlady, after a pause, and some recollection, answered, "she was positive it was about this season;" and added some local recollections that fixed the date in her memory, as occurring about the beginning of November, 17—.

The stranger took two or three turns round the room in silence, but signed to Mrs. Mac-Candlish not to leave it.

"Did I rightly apprehend," he said, "that the estate of Ellangowan is in the market?"

"In the market?—it will be sell'd the morn to the highest bidder—that's no the morn, Lord help me! which is the Sabbath, but on Monday, the first free day; and the furniture and stocking is to be roupit at the same time on the ground. It's the opinion of the haill country, that the sale has been shamefully forced on at this time, when there's sae little money stirring in Scotland wi' this weary American war, that somebody may get the land a bargain—Deil be in them, that I should say sae!" —the good lady's wrath rising at the supposed injustice.

"And where will the sale take place?"

"On the premises, as the advertisement says—that's at the house of Ellangowan, your honor, as I understand it."

"And who exhibits the title-deeds, rent-roll, and plan?"

"A very decent man, sir; the Sheriff-substitute of the county, who has authority from the Court of Session. He's in the town just now, if your honor would like to see him; and he can tell you mair about the loss of the bairn than onybody, for the Sheriff-depute (that's his principal, like) took much pains to come at the truth o' that matter, as I have heard."

"And this gentleman's name is——"

"Mac-Morlan, sir,—he's a man o' character, and weel spoken o'."

"Send my compliments—Colonel Mannering's compliments to him, and I would be glad he would do me the pleasure of supping with me, and bring these papers with him—and I beg, good madam, you will say nothing of this to any one else."

"Me, sir? ne'er a word shall I say—I wish your honor (a curtsey), or ony honorable gentleman that's fought for his country (another curtsey), had the land, since the auld family maun quit (a sigh), rather than that wily scoundrel, Glossin, that's risen on the ruin of the best friend he ever had—and now I think on't, I'll slip on my hood and pattens, and gang to Mr. Mac-Morlan mysell—he's at hame e'en now—its hardly a step."

"Do so, my good landlady, and many thanks—and bid my servant step here with my portfolio in the meantime."

In a minute or two, Colonel Mannering was quietly seated with his writing materials before him. We have the privilege of looking over his shoulder as he writes, and we willingly communicate its substance to our readers. The letter was addressed to Arthur Mervyn, Esq. of Mervyn-Hall, Llanbraithwaite, Westmoreland. It contained some account of the writer's previous journey since parting with him, and then proceeded as follows:—

"And now, why will you still upbraid me with my melancholy, Mervyn?—Do you think, after the lapse of twenty-five years, battles, wounds, imprisonment, misfortunes of every description, I can be still the same lively, unbroken Guy Mannering, who climbed Skiddaw with you, or shot grouse upon Crossfell? That you, who have remained in the bosom of domestic happiness, experience little change, that your step is as light, and your fancy as full of sunshine, is a blessed effect of health and temperament, co-operating with content, and a smooth current down the course of life. But *my* career has been one of difficulties, and doubts, and errors. From my infancy I have been the sport of accident, and though the wind has often borne me into harbor, it has seldom been into that which the pilot destined. Let me recall to you—but the task must be brief—the odd and wayward fates of my youth, and the misfortunes of my manhood.

"The former, you will say, had nothing very appalling. All was not for the best; but all was tolerable. My father, the eldest son of an ancient but reduced family, left me with little, save the name of the head of the house, to the protection of his more fortunate brothers. They were so fond of me that they

almost quarreled about me. My uncle, the bishop, would have had me in orders, and offered me a living—my uncle, the merchant, would have put me into a counting-house, and proposed to give me a share in the thriving concern of Mannering and Marshall, in Lombard Street. So between these two stools, or rather these two soft, easy, well-stuffed chairs of divinity and commerce, my unfortunate person slipped down, and pitched upon a dragoon saddle. Again, the bishop wished me to marry the niece and heiress of the Dean of Lincoln; and my uncle, the alderman, proposed to me the only daughter of old Sloethorn, the great wine-merchant, rich enough to play at span-counter with moidores, and make thread-papers of bank notes—and somehow I slipped my neck out of both nooses, and married—poor—poor Sophia Wellwood.

"You will say, my military career in India, when I followed my regiment there, should have given me some satisfaction; and so it assuredly has. You will remind me also, that if I disappointed the hopes of my guardians, I did not incur their displeasure; that the bishop, at his death, bequeathed me his blessing, his manuscript sermon, and a curious portfolio, containing the heads of eminent divines of the church of England: and that my uncle, Sir Paul Mannering, left me sole heir and executor to his large fortune. Yet this availeth me nothing: I told you I had that upon my mind which I should carry to my grave with me—a perpetual aloes in the draught of existence. I will tell you the cause more in detail than I had the heart to do while under your hospitable roof. You will often hear it mentioned, and perhaps with different and unfounded circumstances. I will therefore speak it out; and then let the event itself, and the sentiments of melancholy with which it has impressed me, never again be subject of discussion between us.

"Sophia, as you well know, followed me to India. She was as innocent as gay; but, unfortunately for us both, as gay as innocent. My own manners were partly formed by studies I had forsaken, and habits of seclusion, not quite consistent with my situation as commandant of a regiment in a country where universal hospitality is offered and expected by every settler claiming the rank of a gentleman. In a moment of peculiar pressure (you know how hard we were sometimes run to obtain white faces to countenance our line-of-battle), a young man, named Brown, joined our regiment as a volunteer—and finding the military duty more to his fancy than commerce, in which he had been engaged, remained with us as a cadet. Let me do my unhappy victim justice—he behaved with such gallantry on

every occasion that offered, that the first vacant commission was considered as his due. I was absent for some weeks upon a distant expedition; when I returned, I found this young fellow established quite as the friend of the house, and habitual attendant of my wife and daughter. It was an arrangement which displeased me in many particulars, though no objection could be made to his manners or character. Yet I might have been reconciled to his familiarity in my family, but for the suggestions of another. If you read over—what I never dare open—the play of Othello, you will have some idea of what followed—I mean, of my motives: my actions, thank God! were less reprehensible. There was another cadet ambitious of the vacant situation. He called my attention to what he led me to term coquetry between my wife and this young man. Sophia was virtuous, but proud of her virtue; and, irritated by my jealousy, she was so imprudent as to press and encourage an intimacy which she saw I disapproved and regarded with suspicion. Between Brown and me there existed a sort of internal dislike. He made an effort or two to overcome my prejudice; but, prepossessed as I was, I placed them to a wrong motive. Feeling himself repulsed, and with scorn, he desisted; and as he was without family and friends, he was naturally more watchful of the deportment of one who had both.

"It is odd with what torture I write this letter. I feel inclined, nevertheless, to protract the operation, just as if my doing so could put off the catastrophe which has so long embittered my life. But——it must be told, and it shall be told briefly.

"My wife, though no longer young, was still eminently handsome, and—let me say thus far in my own justification—she was fond of being thought so—I am repeating what I said before.—In a word, of her virtue I never entertained a doubt; but, pushed by the artful suggestions of Archer, I thought she cared little for my peace of mind, and that the young fellow, Brown, paid his attentions in my despite, and in defiance of me. He perhaps considered me, on his part, as an oppressive aristocratic man, who made my rank in society, and in the army, the means of galling those whom circumstances placed beneath me. And if he discovered my silly jealousy, he probably considered the fretting me in that sore point of my character, as one means of avenging the petty indignities to which I had it in my power to subject him. Yet an acute friend of mine gave a more harmless, or at least a less offensive, construction to his attentions, which he conceived to be meant for

my daughter Julia, though immediately addressed to propitiate the influence of her mother. This could have been no very flattering or pleasing enterprise on the part of an obscure and nameless young man; but I should not have been offended at this folly, as I was at the higher degree of presumption I suspected. Offended, however, I was, and in a mortal degree.

"A very slight spark will kindle a flame where everything lies open to catch it. I have absolutely forgot the proximate cause of quarrel, but it was some trifle which occurred at the card-table, which occasioned high words and a challenge. We met in the morning beyond the walls and esplanade of the fortress which I then commanded, on the frontiers of the settlement. This was arranged for Brown's safety, had he escaped. I almost wish he had, though at my own expense; but he fell by the first fire. We strove to assist him; but some of these *Looties*, a species of native banditti who were always on the watch for prey, poured in upon us. Archer and I gained our horses with difficulty, and cut our way through them after a hard conflict, in the course of which he received some desperate wounds. To complete the misfortunes of this miserable day, my wife, who suspected the design with which I left the fortress, had ordered her palanquin to follow me, and was alarmed and almost made prisoner by another troop of these plunderers. She was quickly released by a party of our cavalry; but I cannot disguise from myself, that the incidents of this fatal morning gave a severe shock to health already delicate. The confession of Archer, who thought himself dying, that he had invented some circumstances, and, for his purposes, put the worst construction upon others, and the full explanation and exchange of forgiveness with me which this produced, could not check the progress of her disorder. She died within about eight months after this incident, bequeathing me only the girl of whom Mrs. Mervyn is so good as to undertake the temporary charge. Julia was also extremely ill; so much so, that I was induced to throw up my command and return to Europe, where her native air, time, and the novelty of the scenes around her have contributed to dissipate her dejection, and restore her health.

"Now that you know my story, you will no longer ask me the reason of my melancholy, but permit me to brood upon it as I may. There is, surely, in the above narrative, enough to embitter, though not to poison, the chalice, which the fortune and fame you so often mention had prepared to regale my years of retirement.

"I could add circumstances which our old tutor would have

quoted as instances of *day fatality*,—you would laugh were I to mention such particulars, especially as you know I put no faith in them. Yet, since I have come to the very house from which I now write, I have learned a singular coincidence, which, if I find it truly established by tolerable evidence, will serve us hereafter for subject of curious discussion. But I will spare you at present, as I expect a person to speak about a purchase of property now open in this part of the country. It is a place to which I have a foolish partiality, and I hope my purchasing may be convenient to those who are parting with it, as there is a plan for buying it under the value. My respectful compliments to Mrs. Mervyn, and I will trust you, though you boast to be so lively a young gentleman, to kiss Julia, for me. —Adieu, dear Mervyn.—Thine ever,

GUY MANNERING."

Mr. Mac-Morlan now entered the room. The well-known character of Colonel Mannering at once disposed this gentleman, who was a man of intelligence and probity, to be open and confidential, he explained the advantages and disadvantages of the property. "It was settled," he said, "the greater part of it at least, upon heirs-male, and the purchaser would have the privilege of retaining in his hands a large proportion of the price, in case of the re-appearance, within a certain limited term, of the child who had disappeared."

"To what purpose, then, force forward a sale?" said Mannering.

Mac-Morlan smiled. "Ostensibly," he answered, "to substitute the interest of money, instead of the ill-paid and precarious rents of an unimproved estate; but chiefly, it was believed, to suit the wishes and views of a certain intended purchaser, who had become a principal creditor, and forced himself into the management of the affairs by means best known to himself, and who, it was thought, would find it very convenient to purchase the estate without paying down the price."

Mannering consulted with Mr. Mac-Morlan upon the steps for thwarting this unprincipled attempt. They then conversed long on the singular disappearance of Harry Bertram upon his fifth birthday, verifying thus the random prediction of Mannering, of which, however, it will readily be supposed he made no boast. Mr. Mac-Morlan was not himself in office when that incident took place; but he was well acquainted with all the circumstances, and promised that our hero should have them detailed by the sheriff-deputy himself, if, as he proposed, he should become a settler in that part of Scotland. With this

assurance they parted, well satisfied with each other, and with the evening's conference.

On the Sunday following, Colonel Mannering attended the parish church with great decorum. None of the Ellangowan family were present; and it was understood that the old Laird was rather worse than better. Jock Jabos, once more despatched for him, returned once more without his errand; but, on the following day, Miss Bertram hoped he might be removed.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune.—
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale;—
There was another, making villainous jests
At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient and most domestic ornaments.

OTWAY.

EARLY next morning, Mannering mounted his horse, and accompanied by his servant, took the road to Ellangowan. He had no need to inquire the way. A sale in the country is a place of public resort and amusement, and people of various descriptions streamed to it from all quarters.

After a pleasant ride of about an hour, the old towers of the ruin presented themselves in the landscape. The thought, with what different feelings he had lost sight of them so many years before, thronged upon the mind of the traveler. The landscape was the same; but how changed the feelings, hopes and views, of the spectator! Then, life and love were new, and all the prospect was gilded by their rays. And now, disappointed in affection, sated with fame, and what the world calls success, his mind goaded by bitter and repentant recollection, his best hope was to find a retirement in which he might nurse the melancholy that was to accompany him to his grave. "Yet why should an individual mourn over the instability of his hopes, and the vanity of his prospects? The ancient chiefs, who erected these enormous and massive towers to be the fortress of their race, and the seat of their power,—could they have dreamed the day was to come, when the last of their descendants should be expelled, a ruined wanderer, from his possessions! But Nature's bounties are unaltered. The sun will shine as

fair on these ruins, whether the property of a stranger, or of a sordid and obscure trickster of the abused law, as when the banners of the founder first waved upon their battlements."

These reflections brought Mannering to the door of the house, which was that day open to all. He entered among others, who traversed the apartments—some to select articles for purchase, others to gratify their curiosity. There is something melancholy in such a scene, even under the most favorable circumstances. The confused state of the furniture, displaced for the convenience of being easily viewed and carried off by the purchasers, is disagreeable to the eye. Those articles which, properly and decently arranged, look creditable and handsome, have then a paltry and wretched appearance ; and the apartments, stripped of all that render them commodious and comfortable, have an aspect of ruin and dilapidation. It is disgusting, also, to see the scenes of domestic society and seclusion thrown open to the gaze of the curious and the vulgar ; to hear their coarse speculations and brutal jests upon the fashions and furniture to which they are unaccustomed,—a frolicsome humor, much cherished by the whisky which in Scotland is always put in circulation on such occasions. All these are ordinary effects of such a scene as Ellangowan now presented ; but the moral feeling, that, in this case, they indicated the total ruin of an ancient and honorable family, gave them treble weight and poignancy.

It was some time before Colonel Mannering could find any one disposed to answer his reiterated questions concerning Ellangowan himself. At length, an old maid-servant, who held her apron to her eyes as she spoke, told him, " the Laird was something better, and they hoped he would be able to leave the house that day. Miss Lucy expected the chaise every moment, and, as the day was fine for the time o' year, they had carried him in his easy chair up to the green before the auld castle, to be out of the way of this unco spectacle." Thither Colonel Mannering went in quest of him, and soon came in sight of the little group, which consisted of four persons. The ascent was steep, so that he had time to reconnoitre them as he advanced, and to consider in what mode he should make his address.

Mr. Bertram, paralytic, and almost incapable of moving, occupied his easy chair, attired in his night-cap, and a loose camlet coat, his feet wrapped in blankets. Behind him, with his hands crossed on the cane upon which he rested, stood Dominie Sampson, whom Mannering recognized at once. Time had made no change upon him, unless that his black coat seemed more brown, and his gaunt cheeks more lank, than

when Mannering last saw him. On one side of the old man was a sylph-like form—a young woman of about seventeen, whom the Colonel accounted to be his daughter. She was looking, from time to time, anxiously toward the avenue, as if expecting a post-chaise; and between whiles busied herself in adjusting the blankets, so as to protect her father from the cold, and in answering inquiries, which he seemed to make with a captious and querulous manner. She did not trust herself to look toward the place, although the hum of the assembled crowd must have drawn her attention in that direction. The fourth person of the group was a handsome and genteel young man, who seemed to share Miss Bertram's anxiety, and her solicitude to soothe and accommodate her parent.

This young man was the first who observed Colonel Mannering, and immediately stepped forward to meet him, as if politely to prevent his drawing nearer to the distressed group. Mannering instantly paused, and explained. "He was," he said, "a stranger, to whom Mr. Bertram had formerly shown kindness and hospitality; he would not have intruded himself upon him at a period of distress, did it not seem to be in some degree a moment also of desertion; he wished merely to offer such services as might be in his power to Mr. Bertram and the young lady."

He then paused at a little distance from the chair. His old acquaintance gazed at him with lack-lustre eye, that intimated no tokens of recognition—the Dominie seemed too deeply sunk in distress even to observe his presence. The young man spoke aside with Miss Bertram, who advanced timidly, and thanked Colonel Mannering for his goodness; "but," she said, the tears gushing fast into her eyes, "her father, she feared, was not so much himself as to be able to remember him."

She then retreated toward the chair, accompanied by the Colonel.—"Father," she said, "this is Mr. Mannering, an old friend, come to inquire after you."

"He's very heartily welcome," said the old man, raising himself in his chair, and attempting a gesture of courtesy, while a gleam of hospitable satisfaction seemed to pass over his faded features.—"But Lucy, my dear, let us go down to the house; you should not keep the gentleman here in the cold,—Dominie. take the key of the wine cooler. Mr. a—a—the gentleman will surely take something after his ride."

Mannering was unspeakably affected by the contrast which his recollection made between this reception and that with which he had been greeted by the same individual when they last met. He could not restrain his tears, and his evident emo-

tion at once attained him the confidence of the friendless young lady.

"Alas!" she said, "this is distressing even to a stranger; but it may be better for my poor father to be in this way, than if he knew and could feel all."

A servant in livery now came up the path, and spoke in an undertone to the young gentleman:—"Mr. Charles, my lady's wanting you yonder sadly, to bid for her for the black ebony cabinet; and Lady Jean Devorgoil is wi' her an' a—ye maun come away directly."

"Tell them you could not find me, Tom;—or stay,—say I am looking at the horses."

"No, no, no," said Lucy Bertram, earnestly;—"if you would not add to the misery of this miserable moment, go to the company directly. This gentleman, I am sure, will see us to the carriage."

"Unquestionably, madam," said Mannering; "your young friend may rely on my attention."

"Farewell, then," said young Hazlewood, and whispered a word in her ear—then ran down the steep hastily, as if not trusting his resolution at a slower pace.

"Where's Charles Hazlewood running?" said the invalid, who apparently was accustomed to his presence and attentions; "Where's Charles Hazlewood running?—what takes him away now?"

"He'll return in a little while," said Lucy, gently.

The sound of voices was now heard from the ruins. (The reader may remember there was a communication between the castle and the beach, up which the speakers had ascended).

"Yes, there's plenty of shells and sea-ware for manure, as you observe—and if one inclined to build a new house, which might indeed be necessary, there's a great deal of good hewn stone about thus old dungeon for the devil here"—

"Good God!" said Miss Bertram hastily to Sampson, "'tis that wretch Glossin's voice!—if my father sees him, it will kill him outright!"

Sampson wheeled perpendicularly round, and moved with long strides to confront the attorney, as he issued from beneath the portal arch of the ruin. "Avoid ye!" he said—"Avoid ye! wouldst thou kill and take possession?"

"Come, come, Master Dominie Sampson," answered Glossin, insolently, "if ye cannot preach in the pulpit, we'll have no preaching here. We go by the law, my good friend; we leave the gospel to you."

The very mention of this man's name had been of late a

subject of the most violent irritation to the unfortunate patient. The sound of his voice now produced an instantaneous effect. Mr. Bertram started up without assistance, and turned round toward him; the ghastliness of his features forming a strange contrast with the violence of his exclamations.—"Out of my sight, ye viper! ye frozen viper, that I warmed till ye stung me!—art thou not afraid that the walls of my father's dwelling should fall and crush thee limb and bone?—are ye not afraid the very lintels of the door of Ellangowan castle should break open and swallow you up?—Were ye not friendless,—houseless,—penniless,—when I took ye by the hand—and are ye not expelling me—me and that innocent girl—friendless, houseless, and penniless, from the house that has sheltered us and ours for a thousand years?"

Had Glossin been alone, he would probably have slunk off; but the consciousness that a stranger was present, besides the person who came with him (a sort of land-surveyor), determined him to resort to impudence. The task, however, was almost too hard, even for his effrontery.—Sir—Sir—Mr. Bertram—Sir, you should not blame me but your own imprudence, sir"—

The indignation of Mannering was mounting very high. "Sir," he said to Glossin, "without entering into the merits of this controversy, I must inform you, that you have chosen a very improper place, time, and presence for it. And you will oblige me by withdrawing without more words."

Glossin, being a tall, strong, muscular man, was not unwilling rather to turn upon a stranger whom he hoped to bully, than maintain his wretched cause against his injured patron:—"I do not know who you are, sir," he said, "and I shall permit no man to use such d—d freedom with me."

Mannering was naturally hot-tempered—his eyes flashed a dark light—he compressed his nether lip so closely that the blood sprung, and approaching Glossin—"Look you, sir," he said, "that you do not know me, is of little consequence. *I know you;* and, if you do not instantly descend that bank, without uttering a single syllable, by the Heaven that is above us, you shall make but one step from the top to the bottom!"

The commanding tone of rightful anger silenced at once the ferocity of the bully. He hesitated, turned on his heel, and muttering something between his teeth about unwillingness to alarm the lady, relieved them of his hateful company.

Mrs. Mac-Candlish's postilion, who had come up in time to hear what passed, said aloud, "If he had stuck by the way, I would have lent him a heezie, the dirty scoundrel, as willingly as ever I pitched a boddle."

He then stepped forward to announce that his horses were in readiness for the invalid and his daughter.

But they were no longer necessary. The debilitated frame of Mr. Bertram was exhausted by this last effort of indignant anger, and when he sunk again upon his chair, he expired almost without a struggle or groan. So little alteration did the extinction of the vital spark make upon his external appearance, that the screams of his daughter, when she saw his eye fix and felt his pulse stop, first announced his death to the spectators.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

> The bell strikes one.—We take no note of time
> But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
> Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
> I feel the solemn sound.——
>
> YOUNG.

THE moral which the poet has rather quaintly deduced from the necessary mode of measuring time, may be well applied to our feelings respecting that portion of it which constitutes human life. We observe the aged, the infirm, and those engaged in occupations of immediate hazard, trembling as it were upon the very brink of non-existence, but we derive no lesson from the precariousness of their tenure until it has altogether failed. Then, for a moment at least,

> Our hopes and fears
> Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
> Look down—On what?—a fathomless abyss,
> A dark eternity,—how surely ours!——

The crowd of assembled gazers and idlers at Ellangowan had followed the views of amusement, or what they call business, which brought them there, with little regard to the feelings of those who were suffering upon that occasion. Few, indeed, knew anything of the family. The father, betwixt seclusion, misfortune, and imbecility, had drifted, as it were, for many years, out of the notice of his contemporaries—the daughter had never been known to them. But when the general murmur announced that the unfortunate Mr. Bertram had broken his heart in the effort to leave the mansion of his forefathers, there poured forth a torrent of sympathy, like the waters from the rock when stricken by the wand of the prophet. The ancient descent and unblemished integrity of the family were respect-

fully remembered;—above all, the sacred veneration due to misfortune, which in Scotland seldom demands its tribute in vain, then claimed and received it.

Mr. Mac-Morlan hastily announced that he would suspend all further proceedings in the sale of the estate and other property, and relinquish the possession of the premises to the young lady, until she could consult with her friends, and provide for the burial of her father.

Glossin had cowered for a few minutes under the general expression of sympathy, till hardened by observing that no appearance of popular indignation was directed his way, he had the audacity to require that the sale should proceed.

"I will take it upon my own authority to adjourn it," said the sheriff-substitute, "and will be responsible for the consequences. I will also give due notice when it is again to go forward. It is for the benefit of all concerned that the lands should bring the highest price the state of the market will admit, and this is surely no time to expect it—I will take the responsibility upon myself."

Glossin left the room, and the house too, with secrecy and dispatch; and it was probably well for him that he did so, since our friend Jock Jabos was already haranguing a numerous tribe of bare-legged boys on the propriety of pelting him off the estate.

Some of the rooms were hastily put in order for the reception of the young lady, and of her father's dead body. Mannering now found his further interference would be unnecessary, and might be misconstrued. He observed, too, that several families connected with that of Ellangowan, and who indeed derived their principal claim of gentility from the alliance, were now disposed to pay to their trees of genealogy a tribute, which the adversity of their supposed relatives had been inadequate to call forth; and that the honor of superintending the funeral rites of the dead Godfrey Bertram (as in the memorable case of Homer's birth-place) was likely to be debated by seven gentlemen of rank and fortune, none of whom had offered him an asylum while living. He therefore resolved, as his presence was altogether useless, to make a short tour of a fortnight, at the end of which period the adjourned sale of the estate of Ellangowan was to proceed.

But before he departed, he solicited an interview with the Dominie. The poor man appeared, on being informed a gentleman wanted to speak to him, with some expression of surprise in his gaunt features, to which recent sorrow had given an expression yet more grisly. He made two or three profound

reverences to Mannering, and then, standing erect, patiently waited an explanation of his commands.

"You are probably at a loss to guess, Mr. Sampson," said Mannering, "what a stranger may have to say to you?"

"Unless it were to request that I would undertake to train up some youth in polite letters, and humane learning—But I cannot—I cannot—I have yet a task to perform."

"No, Mr. Sampson, my wishes are not so ambitious. I have no son, and my only daughter, I presume, you would not consider as a fit pupil."

"Of a surety, no," replied the simple-minded Sampson. "Natheless, it was I who did educate Miss Lucy in all useful learning—albeit it was the housekeeper who did teach her those unprofitable exercises of hemming and shaping."

"Well, sir," replied Mannering, "it is of Miss Lucy I meant to speak—you have, I presume, no recollection of me?"

Sampson, always sufficiently absent in mind, neither remembered the astrologer of past years, nor even the stranger who had taken his patron's part against Glossin, so much had his friend's sudden death embroiled his ideas.

"Well, that does not signify," pursued the Colonel; "I am an old acquaintance of the late Mr. Bertram, able and willing to assist his daughter in her present circumstances. Besides, I have thoughts of making this purchase, and I should wish things kept in order about the place; will you have the goodness to apply this small sum in the usual family expenses?"—He put into the Dominie's hand a purse containing some gold.

"Pro-di-gious!" exclaimed Dominie Sampson. "But if your honor would tarry"——

"Impossible, sir—impossible," said Mannering, making his escape from him.

"Pro-di-gi-ous!" again exclaimed Sampson, following to the head of the stairs, still holding out the purse. "But as touching this coined money"——

Mannering escaped down stairs as fast as possible.

"Pro-di-gi-ous!" exclaimed Dominie Sampson, yet the third time, now standing at the front door. "But as touching this specie"——

But Mannering was now on horseback, and out of hearing. The Dominie, who had never, either in his own right, or as trustee for another, been possessed of a quarter part of this sum, though it was not above twenty guineas, "took counsel," as he expressed himself, "how he should demean himself with respect unto the fine gold" thus left in his charge. Fortunately he found a disinterested adviser in Mac-Morlan, who

pointed out the most proper means of disposing of it for contributing to Miss Bertram's convenience, being no doubt the purpose to which it was destined by the bestower.

Many of the neighboring gentry were now sincerely eager in pressing offers of hospitality and kindness upon Miss Bertram. But she felt a natural reluctance to enter any family for the first time, as an object rather of benevolence than hospitality, and determined to wait the opinion and advice of her father's nearest female relation, Miss. Margaret Bertram of Singleside, an old unmarried lady, to whom she wrote an account of her present distressful situation.

The funeral of the late Mr. Bertram was performed with decent privacy, and the unfortunate young lady was now to consider herself as but the temporary tenant of the house in which she had been born, and where her patience and soothing attentions had so long "rocked the cradle of declining age." Her communication with Mr. Mac-Morlan encouraged her to hope that she would not be suddenly or unkindly deprived of this asylum—But fortune had ordered otherwise.

For two days before the appointed day for the sale of the lands and estate of Ellangowan, Mac-Morlan daily expected the appearance of Colonel Mannering, or at least a letter containing powers to act for him. But none such arrived. Mr. Mac-Morlan waked early in the morning—walked over to the Post-office—there were no letters for him. He endeavored to persuade himself that he should see Colonel Mannering to breakfast, and ordered his wife to place her best china, and prepare herself accordingly. But the preparations were in vain. "Could I have foreseen this," he said, "I would have traveled Scotland over, but I would have found some one to bid against Glossin."—Alas! such reflections were all too late. The appointed hour arrived; and the parties met in the Mason's Lodge at Kippletringan, being the place fixed for the adjourned sale. Mac-Morlan spent as much time in preliminaries as decency would permit, and read over the articles of sale as slowly as if he had been reading his own death-warrant. He turned his eye every time the door opened, with hopes which grew fainter and fainter. He listened to every noise in the street of the village, and endeavored to distinguish in it the sound of hoofs or wheels. It was all in vain. A bright idea then occurred, that Colonel Mannering might have employed some other person in the transaction; he would not have wasted a moment's thought upon the want of confidence in himself which such a manœuvre would have evinced. But this hope also was groundless. After a solemn pause, Mr. Glossin offered

the upset price for the lands and barony of Ellangowan No reply was made and no competitor appeared; so, after a lapse of the usual interval by the running of a sand-glass upon, the intended purchaser entering the proper sureties, Mr. Mac-Morlan was obliged, in technical terms, to find and declare the sale lawfully completed, and to prefer the said Gilbert Glossin as the purchaser of the said lands and estate." The honest writer refused to partake of a splendid entertainment with which Gilbert Glossin Esquire, now of Ellangowan, treated the rest of the company, and returned home in huge bitterness of spirit, which he vented in complaints against the fickleness and caprice of these Indian nabobs, who never knew what they would be at for ten days together. Fortune generously determined to take the blame upon herself, and cut off even this vent of Mac-Morlan's resentment.

An express arrived about six o'clock at night, "very particularly drunk," the maid-servant said, with a packet from Colonel Mannering, dated four days back, at a town about a hundred miles' distance from Kippletringan, containing full powers to Mr. Mac-Morlen, or any one whom he might employ, to make the intended purchase, and stating, that some family business of consequence called the Colonel himself to Westmoreland, where a letter would find him, addressed to the care of Arthur Mervyn, Esq., of Mervyn Hall.

Mac-Morlan, in the transports of his wrath, flung the power of attorney at the head of the innocent maid-servant, and was only forcibly withheld from horsewhipping the rascally messenger, by whose sloth and drunkenness the disappointment had taken place.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My land now take it unto thee,
Give me thy gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he caste him a god's-pennie;
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

HEIR OF LINNE.

THE Galwegian John o' the Scales was a more clever fellow than his prototype. He contrived to make himself heir of Linne without the disagreeable ceremony of "telling down the

good red gold." Miss Bertram no sooner heard this painful and of late unexpected intelligence, then she proceeded in the preparations she had already made for leaving the mansion-house immediately. Mr. Mac-Morlan assisted her in these arrangements, and pressed upon her so kindly the hospitality and protection of his roof, until she should receive an answer from her cousin, or be enabled to adopt some settled plan of life, that she felt there would be unkindness in refusing an invitation urged with such earnestness. Mrs. Mac-Morlan was a ladylike person, and well qualified by birth and manners to receive the visit, and to make her house agreeable to Miss Bertram. A home, therefore, and an hospitable reception, were secured to her, and she went on, with better heart, to pay the wages and receive the adieus of the domestics of her father's family.

Where there are estimable qualities on either side, this task is always affecting—the present circumstances rendered it doubly so. All received their due, and even a trifle more, and with thanks and good wishes, to which some added tears, took farewell of their young mistress. There remained in the parlor only Mr. Mac-Morlan, who came to attend his guest to his house, Dominie Sampson, and Miss Bertram. "And now," said the poor girl, "I must bid farewell to one of my oldest and kindest friends—God bless you, Mr. Sampson! and requite to you all the kindness of your instructions to your poor pupil, and your friendship to him that is gone! I hope I shall often hear from you." She slid into his hand a paper containing some pieces of gold, and rose, as if to leave the room.

Dominie Sampson also rose; but it was to stand aghast with utter astonishment. The idea of parting from Miss Lucy, go where she might, had never once occurred to the simplicity of his understanding. He laid the money on the table. "It is certainly inadequate," said Mac-Morlan, mistaking his meaning, "but the circumstances"——

Mr. Sampson waved his hand impatiently—"It is not the lucre—it is not the lucre—but that I, that have ate of her father's loaf, and drank of his cup, for twenty years and more—to think that I am going to leave her—and to leave her in distress and dolour! No, Miss Lucy, you need never think it! You would not consent to put forth your father's poor dog, and would you use me waur than a messan? No, Miss Lucy Bertram—while I live, I will not separate from you. I'll be no burden—I have thought how to prevent that. But as Ruth said unto Naomi, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to depart from thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou dwellest I

will dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death do part thee and me.'"

During this speech, the longest ever Dominie Sampson was known to utter, the affectionate creature's eyes streamed with tears, and neither Lucy nor Mac-Morlan could refrain from sympathizing with this unexpected burst of feeling and attachment. "Mr. Sampson," said Mac-Morlan, after having had recourse to his snuff-box and a handkerchief alternately, "my house is large enough, and if you will accept of a bed there, while Miss Bertram honors us with her residence, I shall think myself very happy, and my roof much favored by receiving a man of your worth and fidelity. And then, with a delicacy which was meant to remove any objection on Miss Bertram's part to bringing with her this unexpected satellite, he added, "My business requires my frequently having occasion for a better accountant than any of my present clerks, and I should be glad to have recourse to your assistance in that way now and then."

"Of a surety, of a surety," said Sampson eagerly; "I understand book-keeping by double entry and the Italian method."

Our postilion had thrust himself into the room to announce his chaise and horses; he tarried, unobserved, during this extraordinary scene, and assured Mrs. Mac-Candlish it was the most moving thing he ever saw; "the death of the gray mare, puir hizzie, was naething till't." This trifling circumstance afterward had consequence of greater moment to the Dominie.

The visitors were hospitably welcomed by Mrs. Mac-Morlan, to whom, as well as to others, her husband intimated that he had engaged Dominie Sampson's assistance to disentangle some perplexed accounts; during which occupation he would, for convenience sake, reside with the family. Mr. Mac-Morlan's knowledge of the world induced him to put this color upon the matter, aware, that however honorable the fidelity of the Dominie's attachment might be, both to his own heart and to the family of Ellangowan, his exterior ill qualified him to be a "squire of dames," and rendered him, upon the whole, rather a ridiculous appendage to a beautiful young woman of seventeen.

Dominie Sampson achieved with great zeal such tasks as Mr. Mac-Morlan chose to intrust him with; but it was speedily observed that at a certain hour after breakfast he regularly disappeared, and returned again about dinner time. The evening he occupied in the labor of the office. On Saturday, he

appeared before Mr. Mac-Morlan with a look of great triumph, and laid on the table two pieces of gold.

"What is this for, Dominie?" said Mac-Morlan.

"First to indemnify you of your charges in my behalf, worthy sir—and the balance for the use of Miss Lucy Bertram."

"But, Mr. Sampson, your labor in the office much more than recompenses me—I am your debtor, my good friend."

"Then be it all," said the Dominie, waving his hand, "for Miss Lucy Bertram's behoof."

"Well, but, Dominie, this money"——

"It is honestly come by, Mr. Mac-Morlan; it is the bountiful reward of a young gentleman, to whom I am teaching the tongues; reading with him three hours daily."

A few more questions extracted from the Dominie, that this liberal pupil was young Hazlewood, and that he met his preceptor daily at the house of Mrs. Mac-Candlish, whose proclamation of Sampson's disinterested attachment to the young lady had procured him this indefatigable and bounteous scholar.

Mac-Morlan was much struck with what he heard. Dominie Sampson was doubtless a very good scholar, and an excellent man, and the classics were unquestionably very well worth reading; yet that a young man of twenty should ride seven miles and back again each day in the week, to hold this sort of *tête-à-tête* of three hours, was a zeal for literature to which he was not prepared to give entire credit. Little art was necessary to sift the Dominie, for the honest man's head never admitted any but the most direct and simple ideas. "Does Miss Bertram know how your time is engaged, my good friend?"

"Surely not as yet—Mr. Charles recommended it should be concealed from her, lest she should scruple to accept of the small assistance arising from it; but," he added, "it would not be possible to conceal it long, since Mr. Charles proposed taking his lessons occasionally in this house."

"O, he does!" said Mac-Morlan: "Yes, yes, I can understand that better.—And pray, Mr. Sampson, are these three hours entirely spent in construing and translating?"

"Doubtless, no—we have also colloquial intercourse to sweeten study—*neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*"

The querist proceeded to elicit from this Galloway Phœbus what their discourse chiefly turned upon.

"Upon our past meetings at Ellangowan—and truly, I think very often we discourse concerning Miss Lucy—for Mr. Charles Hazlewood, in that particular, resembleth me, Mr. Mac-Morlan. When I begin to speak of her I never know when to

stop—and, as I say (jocularly), she cheats us out of half our lessons."

"O ho!" thought Mac-Morlan; sits the wind in that quarter? I've heard something like this before."

He then began to consider what conduct was safest for his *protégé*, and even for himself, for the senior Mr. Hazlewood was powerful, wealthy, ambitious, and vindictive, and looked for both fortune and title in any connexion which his son might form. At length, having the highest opinion of his guest's good sense and penetration, he determined to take an opportunity, when they should happen to be alone, to communicate the matter to her as a simple piece of intelligence. He did so in as natural a manner as he could:—"I wish you joy of your friend Mr. Sampson's good fortune, Miss Bertram; he has got a pupil who pays him two guineas for twelve lessons of Greek and Latin."

"Indeed!—I am equally happy and surprised. Who can be so liberal?—is Colonel Mannering returned?"

"No, no, not Colonel Mannering; but what do you think of your acquaintance, Mr. Charles Hazlewood? He talks of taking his lessons here; I wish we may have accommodation for him."

Lucy blushed deeply. "For Heaven's sake, no, Mr. Mac-Morlan—do not let that be;—Charles Hazlewood has had enough of mischief about that already."

"About the classics, my dear young lady!" wilfully seeming to misunderstand her;—"most young gentlemen have so at one period or another, sure enough; but his present studies are voluntary."

Miss Bertram let the conversation drop, and her host made no effort to renew it, as she seemed to pause upon the intelligence, in order to form some internal resolution.

The next day Miss Bertram took an opportunity of conversing with Mr. Sampson. Expressing in the kindest manner her grateful thanks for his disinterested attachment, and her joy that he had got such a provision, she hinted to him that his present mode of superintending Charles Hazlewood's studies must be so inconvenient to his pupil, that, while that engagement lasted, he had better consent to a temporary separation, and reside either with his scholar, or as near him as might be. Sampson refused, as indeed she had expected, to listen for a moment to this proposition—he would not quit her to be made preceptor to the Prince of Wales. "But I see," he added, "you are too proud to share my pittance; and peradventure I grow wearisome unto you."

"No, indeed—you were my father's ancient, almost his only friend;—I am not proud—God knows, I have no reason to be so. You shall do what you judge best in other matters; but oblige me by telling Mr. Charles Hazlewood, that you had some conversation with me concerning his studies, that I was of opinion that his carrying them on in this house was altogether impracticable, and not to be thought of."

Dominie Sampson left her presence altogether crest-fallen, and as he shut the door, could not help muttering the "*varium et mutabile*" of Virgil. Next day he appeared with a very rueful visage, and tendered Miss Bertram a letter. "Mr. Hazlewood," he said, "was to discontinue his lessons, though he had generously made up the pecuniary loss. But how will he make up the loss to himself of the knowledge he might have acquired under my instruction? Even in that one article of writing, he was an hour before he could write that brief note, and destroyed many scrolls, four quills, and some good white paper; I would have taught him in three weeks a firm, current, clear, and legible hand—he should have been a caligrapher; but God's will be done."

The letter contained but a few lines, deeply regretting and murmuring against Miss Bertram's cruelty, who not only refused to see him, but to permit him in the most indirect manner to hear of her health and contribute to her service. But it concluded with assurances that her severity was vain, and that nothing could shake the attachment of Charles Hazlewood.

Under the active patronage of Mrs. Mac-Candlish, Sampson picked up some other scholars—very different indeed from Charles Hazlewood in rank—and whose lessons were proportionally uproductive. Still, however, he gained something, and it was the glory of his heart to carry it to Mr. Mac-Morlan weekly, a slight peculium only subtracted, to supply his snuff-box and tobacco-pouch.

And here we must leave Kippletringan to look after our hero, lest our readers should fear they are to lose sight of him for another quarter of a century.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

Our Polly is a sad slut, nor heeds what we have taught her;
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter;
For when she's drest with care and cost, all tempting, fine, and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

AFTER the death of Mr. Bertam, Mannering had set out upon a short tour, proposing to return to the neighborhood of Ellengowan before the sale of that property should take place. He went, accordingly, to Edinburgh, and elsewhere, and it was in his return toward the south-western district of Scotland, in which our scene lies, at a post-town about a hundred miles from Kippletringan, to which he had requested his friend, Mr. Mervyn, to address his letters, he received one from that gentleman which contained rather unpleasing intelligence. We have assumed already the privilege of acting *a secretis* to this gentleman, and therefore shall present the reader with an extract from this epistle.

"I beg your pardon, my dearest friend, for the pain I have given you, in forcing you to open wounds so festering as those your letter referred to. I have always heard, though erroneously perhaps, that the attentions of Mr. Brown were intended for Miss Mannering. But, however that were, it could not be supposed that in your situation his boldness should escape notice and chastisement. Wise men say that we resign to civil society our natural rights of self-defence only on condition that the ordinances of law should protect us. Where the price cannot be paid, the resignation becomes void. For instance, no one supposes that I am not entitled to defend my purse and person against a highwayman, as much as if I were a wild Indian who owns neither law nor magistracy. The question of resistance, or submission, must be determined by my means and situation. But, if, armed and equal in force, I submit to injustice and violence from any man, high or low, I presume it will hardly be attributed to religious or moral feeling in me, or in any one but a Quaker. An aggression on my honor seems to me much the same. The insult, however trifling in itself, is one of much deeper consequence to all views in life than any wrong which can be inflicted by a depredator on the highway, and to redress the injured party is much less in the power of

public jurisprudence, or rather it is entirely beyond its reach. If any man chooses to rob Arthur Mervyn of the contents of his purse, supposing the said Arthur has not means of defence, or the skill and courage to use them, the assizes at Lancaster or Carlisle will do him justice by tucking up the robber:—Yet who will say I am bound to wait for this justice, and submit to being plundered in the first instance, if I have myself the means and spirit to protect my own property? But if an affront is offered to me, submission under which is to tarnish my character forever with men of honor, and for which the twelve Judges of England, with the chancellor to boot, can afford me no redress, by what rule of law or reason am I to be deterred from protecting what ought to be, and is, so infinitely dearer to every man of honor than his whole fortune? Of the religious views of the matter I shall say nothing, until I find a reverend divine who shall condemn self-defence in the article of life and property. If its propriety in that case be generally admitted, I suppose little distinction can be drawn between defence of person and goods, and protection of reputation. That the latter is liable to be assailed by persons of a different rank in life, untainted perhaps in morals, and fair in character, cannot affect my legal right of self-defence. I may be sorry that circumstances have engaged me in personal strife with such an individual; but I should feel the same sorrow for a generous enemy who fell under my sword in a national quarrel. I shall leave the question with the casuists, however; only observing, that what I have written will not avail either the professed duellist, or him who is the aggressor in a dispute of honor. I only presume to exculpate him who is dragged into the field by such an offence, as, submitted to in patience, would forfeit forever his rank and estimation in society.

"I am sorry you have thoughts of settling in Scotland, and yet glad that you will still be at no immeasurable distance, and that the latitude is all in our favor. To move to Westmoreland from Devonshire might make an East Indian shudder; but to come to us from Galloway or Dumfriesshire, is a step, though a short one, nearer the sun. Besides, if, as I suspect, the estate in view be connected with the old haunted castle in which you played the astrologer in your northern tour some twenty years since, I have heard you too often describe the scene with comic unction, to hope you will be deterred from making the purchase. I trust, however, the hospitable gossiping Laird has not run himself upon the shallows, and that his chaplain, whom you so often made us laugh at, is still in *rerum natura.*

"And here, dear Mannering, I wish I could stop, for I have incredible pain in telling the rest of my story; although I am sure I can warn you against any intentional impropriety on the part of my temporary ward, Julia Mannering. But I must still earn my college nickname of Downright Dunstable. In one word, then, here is the matter.

"Your daughter has much of the romantic turn of your disposition, with a little of that love of admiration which all pretty women share less or more. She will besides, apparently, be your heiress; a trifling circumstance to those who view Julia with my eyes, but a prevailing bait to the specious, artful, and worthless. You know how I have jested with her about her soft melancholy, and lonely walks at morning before any one is up, and in the moonlight when all should be gone to bed, or set down to cards, which is the same thing. The incident which follows may not be beyond the bounds of a joke, but I had rather the jest upon it came from you than me.

"Two or three times during the last fortnight, I heard, at a late hour in the night, or very early in the morning, a flageolet play the little Hindu tune to which your daughter is so partial. I thought for some time that some tuneful domestic, whose taste for music was laid under constraint during the day, chose that silent hour to imitate the strains which he had caught up by the ear during his attendance in the drawing-room. But last night I sat late in my study, which is immediately under Miss Mannering's apartment, and, to my surprise, I not only heard the flageolet distinctly, but satisfied myself that it came from the lake under the window. Curious to know who serenaded us at that unusual hour, I stole softly to the window of my apartment. But there were other watchers than me. You may remember, Miss Mannering preferred that apartment on account of a balcony which opened from her window upon the lake.—Well, sir, I heard the sash of her window thrown up, the shutters opened, and her own voice in conversation with some person who answered from below. This is not, 'Much ado about nothing': I could not be mistaken in her voice and such tones, so soft, so insinuating—and, to say the truth, the accents from below were in passion's tenderest cadence too—but of the sense I can say nothing. I raised the sash of my own window that I might hear something more than the mere murmur of this Spanish rendezvous; but though I used every precaution, the noise alarmed the speakers; down slid the young lady's casement, and the shutters were barred in an instant. The dash of a pair of oars in the water announced the retreat of the male person of the dialogue. Indeed, I saw his

boat which he rowed with great swiftness and dexterity, fly across the lake like a twelve-oared barge. Next morning I examined some of my domestics, as if by accident, and I found the game-keeper, when making his rounds, had twice seen that boat beneath the house, with a single person, and had heard the flageolet. I did not care to press any further questions, for fear of implicating Julia in the opinions of those of whom they might be asked. Next morning, at breakfast, I dropped a casual hint about the serenade of the evening before, and I promise you Miss Mannering looked red and pale alternately. I immediately gave the circumstance such a turn as might lead her to suppose that my observation was merely casual. I have since caused a watch-light to be burnt in my library, and have left the shutters open, to deter the approach of our nocturnal guest; and I have stated the severity of approaching winter, and the rawness of the fogs, as an objection to solitary walks. Miss Mannering acquiesced with a passiveness which is no part of her character, and which, to tell you the plain truth, is a feature about the business which I like least of all. Julia has too much of her own dear papa's disposition to be curbed in any of her humors, were there not some little lurking consciousness that it may be as prudent to avoid debate.

"Now my story is told, and you will judge what you ought to do. I have not mentioned the matter to my good woman, who, a faithful secretary to her sex's foibles, would certainly remonstrate against your being made acquainted with these particulars, and might, instead, take it into her head to exercise her own eloquence on Miss Mannering,—a faculty, which, however powerful when directed against me, its legitimate object, might, I fear, do more harm than good in the case supposed. Perhaps even you yourself will find it most prudent to act without remonstrating, or appearing to be aware of this little anecdote. Julia is very like a certain friend of mine; she has a quick and lively imagination, and keen feelings, which are apt to exaggerate both the good and evil they find in life. She is a charming girl, however, as generous and spirited as she is lovely. I paid her the kiss you sent her with all my heart, and she rapped my fingers for my reward with all hers. Pray return as soon as you can. Meantime, rely upon the care of, yours faithfully, ARTHUR MERVYN.

"P.S.—You will naturally wish to know if I have the least guess concerning the person of the serenader. In truth, I have none. There is no young gentleman of these parts, who might be in rank or fortune a match for Miss Julia, that I think at

all likely to play such a character. But on the other side of the lake, nearly opposite to Mervyn-hall, is a d—d cake-house, the resort of walking gentlemen of all descriptions,—poets, players, painters, musicians, who come to rave, and recite, and madden, about this picturesque land of ours. It is paying some penalty for its beauties, that they are the means of drawing this swarm of coxcombs together. But were Julia my daughter, it is one of those sort of fellows that I should fear on her account. She is generous and romantic, and writes six sheets a-week to a female correspondent; and it's a sad thing to lack a subject in such a case either for exercise of the feelings or of the pen. Adieu, once more. Were I to treat this matter more seriously than I have done, I should do injustice to your feelings; were I altogether to overlook it, I should discredit my own."

The consequence of this letter was, that having first despatched the faithless messenger with the necessary powers to Mr. Mac Morlan for purchasing the estate of Ellangowan, Colonel Mannering turned his horse's head in a more southerly direction, and neither "stinted nor staid," until he arrived at the mansion of his friend Mr. Mervyn, upon the banks of one of the lakes of Westmoreland.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

> Heaven first, in its mercy taught mortals their letters,
> For ladies in limbo, and lovers in fetters,
> Or some author, who, placing his persons before ye,
> Ungallantly leaves them to write their own story.
>
> POPE, *imitated.*

WHEN Mannering returned to England, his first object had been to place his daughter in a seminary for female education, of established character. Not, however, finding her progress in the accomplishments which he wished her to acquire so rapid as his impatience expected, he had withdrawn Miss Mannering from the school at the end of the first quarter. So she had only time to form an eternal friendship with Miss Matilda Marchmont, a young lady about her own age, which was nearly eighteen. To her faithful eye were addressed those formidable quires which issued from Mervyn-hall, on the wings of the post, while Miss Mannering was a guest there. The perusal

of a few short extracts from these may be necessary to render our story intelligible :

First Extract.

"Alas ! my dearest Matilda, what a tale is mine to tell ! Misfortune from the cradle has set her seal upon your unhappy friend. That we should be severed for so slight a cause—an ungrammatical phrase in my Italian exercise, and these false notes in one of Paesiello's sonatas ! But it is a part of my father's character, of whom it is impossible to say whether I love, admire, or fear him the most. His success in life and in war—his habit of making every obstacle yield before the energy of his exertions, even where they seemed insurmountable—all these have given a hasty and peremptory cast to his character, which can neither endure contradiction, nor make allowance for deficiencies. Then he is himself so very accomplished. Do you know there was a murmur, half confirmed too by some mysterious words which dropped from my poor mother, that he possesses other sciences, now lost to the world, which enable the possessor to summon up before him the dark and shadowy forms of future events ! Does not the very idea of such a power, or even of the high talent and commanding intellect which the world may mistake for it,—does it not, dear Matilda, throw a mysterious grandeur about its possessor ? You will call this romantic : but consider I was born in the land of talisman and spell, and my childhood lulled by tales which you can only enjoy through the gauzy frippery of a French translation. O Matilda, I wish you could have seen the dusky visages of my Indian attendants, bending in earnest devotion round the magic narrative that flowed, half poetry, half prose, from the lips of the tale-teller ! No wonder that European fiction sounds cold and meagre, after the wonderful effects which I have seen the romances of the East produce upon their hearers.'

Second Extract.

"You are possessed, my dear Matilda, of my bosom-secret, in those sentiments with which I regard Brown. I will not say his memory—I am convinced he lives, and is faithful. His addresses to me were countenanced by my deceased parent; imprudently countenanced perhaps, considering the prejudices of my father in favor of birth and rank. But I, then almost a girl, could not be expected surely to be wiser than she, under

whose charge nature had placed me. My father, constantly engaged in military duty, I saw but at rare intervals, and was taught to look up to him with more awe than confidence. Would to Heaven it had been otherwise! It might have been better for us all at this day!"

THIRD EXTRACT.

"You ask me why I do not make known to my father that Brown yet lives, at least that he survived the wound he received in that unhappy duel; and had written to my mother, expressing his entire convalescence, and his hope of speedily escaping from captivity. A soldier, that 'in the trade of war has oft slain men,' feels probably no uneasiness at reflecting upon the supposed catastrophe, which almost turned me into stone. And should I show him that letter, does it not follow, that Brown, alive and maintaining with pertinacity the pretensions to the affections of your poor friend, for which my father formerly sought his life, would be a more formidable disturber of Colonel Mannering's peace of mind than his supposed grave? If he escapes from the hands of these marauders, I am convinced he will soon be in England, and it will be then time to consider how his existence is to be disclosed to my father.—But if, alas! my earnest and confident hope should betray me, what would it avail to tear open a mystery fraught with so many painful recollections?—My dear mother had such dread of its being known, that I think she even suffered my father to suspect that Brown's attentions were directed toward herself, rather than permit him to discover their real object:—and O, Matilda, whatever respect I owe to the memory of a deceased parent, let me do justice to a living one. I cannot but condemn the dubious policy which she adopted, as unjust to my father, and highly perilous to herself and me. But peace be with her ashes!—her actions were guided by the heart rather than the head; and shall her daughter, who inherits all her weakness, be the first to withdraw the veil from her defects!"

FOURTH EXTRACT.

"MERVYN HALL.

"If India be the land of magic, this, my dearest Matilda, is the country of romance. The scenery is such as nature brings together in her sublimest moods;—sounding cataracts—hills which rear their scathed heads to the sky—lakes, that, winding up the shadowy valleys, lead at every turn to yet more romantic

recesses—rocks which catch the clouds of heaven. All the wildness of Salvator here—and there, the fairy scenes of Claude. I am happy, too, in finding at least one object upon which my father can share my enthusiasm. An admirer of nature, both as an artist and a poet, I have experienced the utmost pleasure from the observations by which he explains the character and the effect of these brilliant specimens of her power. I wish he would settle in this enchanting land. But his views lie still further north, and he is present absent on a tour in Scotland, looking, I believe, for some purchase of land which may suit him as a residence. He is partial, from early recollections, to that country. So my dearest Matilda, I must be yet further removed from you before I am established in a home.—And O how delighted shall I be when I can say, Come, Matilda, and be the guest of your faithful Julia!

"I am at present the inmate of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn, old friends of my father. The latter is precisely a good sort of woman;—lady-like and house-wifely, but for accomplishments or fancy—good lack, my dearest Matilda, your friend might as well seek sympathy from Mrs. Teach'em,—you see I have not forgot school nicknames. Mervyn is a different—quite a different being from my father; yet he amuses and endures me. He is fat and good-natured, gifted with strong, shrewd sense, and some powers of humor; but having been handsome, I suppose, in his youth, has still some pretension to be a *beau garçon* as well as an enthusiastic agriculturist. I delight to make him scramble to the tops of eminences and to the foot of waterfalls, and am obliged in turn to admire his turnips, his lucern, and his timothy-grass. He thinks me, I fancy, a simple romantic Miss, with some—(the word will be out) beauty, and some good-nature; and I hold that the gentleman has good taste for the female outside, and do not expect he should comprehend my sentiments further. So he rallies, hands, and hobbles (for the dear creature has got the gout too), and tells old stories of high life, of which he has seen a great deal; and I listen, and smile, and look as pretty, as pleasant, and as simple as I can,—and we do very well.

"But, alas; my dearest Matilda, how would time pass away, even in this paradise of romance, tenanted as it is by a pair assorting so ill with the scenes around them, were it not for your fidelity in replying to my uninteresting details? Pray do not fail to write three times a-week at least—you can be at no loss what to say."

Fifth Extract.

"How shall I communicate what I have now to tell! My hand and heart still flutter so much, that the task of writing is almost impossible? Did I not say that he lived? did I not say I would not despair? How could you suggest, my dear Matilda, that my feelings, considering I had parted from him so young, rather arose from the warmth of my imagination than of my heart? O! I was sure that they were genuine, deceitful as the dictates of our bosom so frequently are. But to my tale—let it be, my friend, the most sacred, as it is the most sincere pledge of our friendship.

"Our hours here are early—earlier than my heart, with its load of care, can compose itself to rest. I therefore, usually take a book for an hour or two after retiring to my own room, which I think I have told you opens to a small balcony, look-down upon that beautiful lake, of which I attempted to give you a slight sketch. Mervyn-hall, being partly an ancient building, and constructed with a view to defence, is situated on the verge of the lake. A stone dropped from the projecting balcony plunges into water deep enough to float a skiff. I had left my window partly unbarred, that, before I went to bed, I might, according to my custom look out and see the moonlight shining upon the lake. I was deeply engaged with that beautiful scene in the Merchant of Venice, where two lovers, describing the stillness of a summer night, enhance on each other its charms, and was lost in the associations of story and of feeling which it awakens, when I heard upon the lake the sound of a flageolet. I have told you it was Brown's favorite instrument. Who could touch it in a night which, though still and serene, was too cold, and too late in the year, to invite forth any wanderer for mere pleasure? I drew yet nearer the window, and hearkened with breathless attention;—the sounds paused a space, were then resumed—paused again—and again reached my ear, ever coming nearer and nearer. At length, I distinguished plainly that little Hindu air which you called my favorite—I have told you by whom it was taught me;—the instrument, the tones, were his own! Were it earthly music, or notes passing on the wind to warn me of his death?

"It was some time ere I could summon courage to step on the balcony—nothing could have emboldened me to do so but the strong conviction of my mind that he was still alive, and that we should again meet; but that conviction did embolden me, and I ventured, though with a throbbing heart. There was a small skiff, with a single person—O, Matilda, it was himself!

—I knew his appearance after so long an absence, and through the shadow of the night, as perfectly as if we had parted yesterday, and met again in the broad sunshine! He guided his boat under the balcony, and spoke to me. I hardly knew what he said, or what I replied. Indeed, I could scarcely speak for weeping,—but they were joyful tears. We were disturbed by the barking of a dog at some distance, and parted, but not before he had conjured me to prepare to meet him at the same place and hour this evening.

"But where and to what is all this tending? Can I answer this question? I cannot. Heaven, that saved him from death, and delivered him from captivity—that saved my father, too, from shedding the blood of one who would not have blemished a hair of his head,—that Heaven must guide me out of this labyrinth. Enough for me the firm resolution, that Matilda shall not blush for her friend, my father for his daughter, nor my lover for her on whom he has fixed his affection."

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH

Talk with a man out of a window!—a proper saying.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

WE must proceed with our extracts from Miss Mannering's letters, which throw light upon natural good sense, principle, and feelings, blemished by an imperfect education, and the folly of a misjudging mother, who called her husband in her heart a tyrant until she feared him as such, and read romances until she became so enamoured of the complicated intrigues which they contain, as to assume the management of a little family novel of her own, and constitute her daughter, a girl of sixteen, the principal heroine. She delighted in petty mystery, and intrigue, and secrets, and yet trembled at the indignation which these paltry manœuvres excited in her husband's mind. Thus she frequently entered upon a scheme merely for pleasure, or perhaps for the love of contradiction—plunged deeper into it than she was aware—endeavored to extricate herself by new arts, or to cover her error by dissimulation—became involved in meshes of her own weaving, and was forced to carry on, for fear of discovery, machinations which she had at first resorted to in mere wantonness.

Fortunately the young man whom she so imprudently intro-

duced into her intimate society, and encouraged to look up to her daughter, had a fund of principle and honest pride, which rendered him a safer intimate than Mrs. Mannering ought to have dared to hope or expect. The obscurity of his birth could alone be objected to him ; in every other respect,

> With prospects bright upon the world he came,
> Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame;
> Men watched the way his lofty mind would take,
> And all foretold the progress he would make.

But it could not be expected that he should resist the snare which Mrs. Mannering's imprudence threw in his way, or avoid becoming attached to a young lady, whose beauty and manners might have justified his passion, even in scenes where these are more generally met with, than in a remote fortress in our Indian settlements. The scenes which followed have been partly detailed in Mannering's letter to Mr. Mervyn ; and to expand what is there stated into further explanation, would be to abuse the patience of our readers.

We shall, therefore, proceed with our promised extracts from Miss Mannering's letters to her friend :—

Sixth Extract.

"I have seen him again, Matilda—seen him twice. I have used every argument to convince him that this secret intercourse is dangerous to us both. I even pressed him to pursue his views of fortune without further regard to me, and to consider my peace of mind as sufficiently secured by the knowledge that he had not fallen under my father's sword. He answers—but how can I detail all he has to answer? He claims those hopes as his due which my mother permitted him to entertain, and would persuade me to the madness of a union without my father's sanction. But to this, Matilda, I will not be persuaded. I have resisted, I have subdued, the rebellious feelings which arose to aid his plea ;—yet how to extricate myself from this unhappy labyrinth, in which fate and folly have entangled us both!

"I have thought upon it, Matilda, till my head is almost giddy—nor can I conceive a better plan than to make a full confession to my father. He deserves it, for his kindness is unceasing; and I think I have observed in his character, since I have studied it more nearly, that his harsher feelings are chiefly excited where he suspects deceit or imposition ; and in that respect, perhaps, his character was formerly misunderstood

by one who was dear to him. He has, too, a tinge of romance in his disposition ; and I have seen the narrative of a generous action, a trait of heroism, or virtuous self-denial, extract tears from him, which refused to flow at a tale of mere distress. But then, Brown urges, that he is personally hostile to him. And the obscurity of his birth—that would be indeed a stumbling-block. O Matilda, I hope none of your ancestors ever fought at Poictiers or Agincourt ! If it were not for the veneration which my father attaches to the memory of old Sir Miles Mannering, I should make out my explanation with half the tremor which must now attend it."

Seventh Extract.

" I have this instant received your letter—your most welcome letter ! Thanks, my dearest friend, for your sympathy and your counsels—I can only repay them with unbounded confidence.

" You ask me, what Brown is by origin, that his descent should be so unpleasing to my father. His story is shortly told. He is of Scottish extraction ; but, being left an orphan, his education was undertaken by a family of relations, settled in Holland. He was bred to commerce, and sent very early to one of our settlements in the East, where his guardian had a correspondent. But this correspondent was dead when he arrived in India, and he had no other resource than to offer himself as a clerk to a counting-house. The breaking out of the war, and the straits to which we were at first reduced, threw the army open to all young men who were disposed to embrace that mode of life ; and Brown, whose genius had a strong military tendency, was the first to leave what might have been the road to wealth, and to choose that of fame. The rest of his history is well known to you ;—but conceive the irritation of my father, who despises commerce, (though by the way, the best part of his property was made in that honorable profession by my great-uncle), and has a particular antipathy to the Dutch—think with what ear he would be likely to receive proposals for his only child from Vanbeest Brown, educated for charity by the house of Vanbeest and Vanbruggen ! O Matilda, it will never do—nay, so childish am I, I hardly can help sympathizing with his aristocratic feelings. Mrs. Vanbeest Brown ! The name has little to recommend it to be sure. What children we are ! "

Eighth Extract.

"It is all over now, Matilda! I shall never have courage to tell my father—nay, most deeply do I fear he has already learned my secret from another quarter, which will entirely remove the grace of my communication, and ruin whatever gleam of hope I had ventured to connect with it. Yesternight, Brown came as usual, and his flageolet on the lake announced his approach. We had agreed that he should continue to use this signal. These romantic lakes attract numerous visitors, who indulge their enthusiasm in visiting the scenery at all hours, and we hoped, that if Brown were noticed from the house, he might pass for one of those admirers of nature, who was giving vent to his feelings through the medium of music. The sounds might also be my apology, should I be observed on the balcony. But last night, while I was eagerly enforcing my plan of a full confession to my father, which he as earnestly deprecated, we heard the window of Mr. Mervyn's library, which is under my room, open softly. I signed to Brown to make his retreat, and immediately re-entered, with some faint hopes that our interview had not been observed.

"But alas! Matilda, these hopes vanished the instant I beheld Mr. Mervyn's countenance at breakfast the next morning. He looked so provokingly intelligent and confidential, that, had I dared, I could have been more angry than ever I was in my life. But I must be on good behavior, and my walks are now limited within his farm precincts, where the good gentleman can amble along by my side without inconvenience. I have detected him once or twice attempting to sound my thoughts, and watch the expression of my countenance. He has talked of the flageolet more than once; and has at different times made eulogiums upon the watchfulness and ferocity of his dogs, and the regularity with which the keeper makes his rounds with a loaded fowling-piece. He mentioned even man-traps and spring-guns. I should be loath to affront my father's old friend in his own house; but I do long to show him that I am my father's daughter, a fact of which Mr. Mervyn will certainly be convinced, if ever I trust my voice and temper with a reply to these indirect hints. Of one thing I am certain—I am grateful to him on that account—he has not told Mrs. Mervyn. Lord help me, I should have had such lectures about the dangers of love and the night air on the lake, the risk arising from colds and fortune-hunters, the comfort and convenience of sack-whey and closed windows! I cannot help trifling, Matilda, though my heart is sad enough. What Brown will do, I cannot guess.

I presume, however, the fear of detection prevents his resuming his nocturnal visits. He lodges at an inn on the opposite shore of the lake, under the name, he tells me, of Dawson—he has a bad choice in names, that must be allowed. He has not left the army, I believe, but he says nothing of his present views.

"To complete my anxiety, my father is returned suddenly, and in high displeasure. Our good hostess, as I learned from a bustling conversation between her housekeeper and her, had no expectation of seeing him for a week; but I rather suspect his arrival was no surprise to his friend Mr. Mervyn. His manner to me was singularly cold and constrained—sufficiently so to have damped all the courage with which I once resolved to throw myself on his generosity. He lays the blame of his being discomposed and out of humor to the loss of a purchase in the south-west of Scotland, on which he had set his heart; but I do not suspect his equanimity of being so easily thrown off its balance. His first excursion was with Mr. Mervyn's barge across the lake, to the inn I have mentioned. You may imagine the agony with which I waited his return. Had he recognized Brown, who can guess the consequence? He returned, however, apparently without having made any discovery. I understand, that in consequence of his late disappointment, he means now to hire a house in the neighborhood of this same Ellangowan, of which I am doomed to hear so much—he seems to think it probable that the estate for which he wishes may soon be again in the market. I will not send away this letter until I hear more distinctly what are his intentions."

"I have now had an interview with my father, as confidential as, I presume, he means to allow me. He requested me to-day, after breakfast, to walk with him into the library: my knees, Matilda, shook under me, and it is no exaggeration to say I could scarce follow him into the room. I feared I knew not what: from my childhood I had seen all around him tremble at his frown. He motioned me to seat myself, and I never obeyed a command so readily, for, in truth, I could hardly stand. He himself continued to walk up and down the room. You have seen my father, and noticed I recollect, the remarkably expressive cast of his features. His eyes are naturally rather light in color, but agitation or anger gives them a darker and more fiery glance; he has a custom also of drawing in his lips, when much moved, which implies a combat between native

ardor of temper and the habitual power of self-command. This was the first time we had been alone since his return from Scotland, and, as he betrayed these tokens of agitation, I had little doubt that he was about to enter upon the subject I most dreaded.

"To my unutterable relief, I found I was mistaken, and that whatever he knew of Mr. Mervyn's suspicions or discoveries, he did not intend to converse with me on the topic. Coward as I was, I was inexpressibly relieved, though if he had really investigated the reports which may have come to his ear, the reality could have been nothing to what his suspicions might have conceived. But though my spirits rose high at my unexpected escape, I had not courage myself to provoke the discussion, and remained silent to receive his commands.

"'Julia,' he said, 'my agent writes me from Scotland, that he has been able to hire a house for me, decently furnished, and with the necessary accommodation for my family—it is within three miles of that I had designed to purchase.' ——Then he made a pause, and seemed to expect an answer.

"'Whatever place of residence suits you, sir, must be perfectly agreeable to me.'

"'Umph!—I do not propose, however, Julia, that you shall reside quite alone in this house during the winter.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn, thought I to myself.—'Whatever company is agreeable to you, sir,' I answered aloud——

"'O, there is a little too much of this universal spirit of submission; an excellent disposition in action, but your constantly repeating the jargon of it, puts me in mind of the eternal salaams of our black dependents in the East. In short, Julia, I know you have a relish for society, and I intend to invite a young person, the daughter of a deceased friend, to spend a few months with us.'

"'Not a governess, for the love of Heaven, papa! exclaimed poor I, my fears at that moment totally getting the better of my prudence.

"'No, not a governess, Miss Mannering,' replied the Colonel somewhat sternly, 'but a young lady from whose excellent example, bred as she has been in the school of adversity, I trust you may learn the art to govern yourself.'

"To answer this was trenching upon too dangerous ground; so there was a pause.

"'Is the young lady a Scotch woman, papa?'

"'Yes'—dryly enough.

"'Has she much of the accent, sir?'

"'Much of the devil!' answered my father hastily 'do

you think I care about *a*'s and *aa*'s, and *i*'s and *ee*'s?—I tell you, Julia, I am serious in the matter. You have a genius for friendship, that is, for running up intimacies which you call such'—(was not this very harshly said, Matilda?) 'Now I wish to give you an opportunity at least to make one deserving friend; and therefore I have resolved that this young lady shall be a member of my family for some months, and I expect that you will pay to her that attention which is due to misfortune and virtue.'

"'Certainly, sir. Is my future friend red-haired?'

"He gave me one of his stern glances; you will say, perhaps, I deserved it; but I think the deuce prompts me with teasing questions on some occasions.

"'She is as superior to you, my love, in personal appearance, as in prudence and affection for her friends.'

"'Lord, papa, do you think that superiority a recommendation?—Well, sir, but I see you are going to take all this too seriously: whatever the young lady may be, I am sure, being recommended by you, she shall have no reason to complain of my want of attention.'—(After a pause)—'Has she any attendant? because you know I must provide for her proper accommodation if she is without one.'

"'N—no—no—not properly an attendant—the chaplain who lived with her father is a very good sort of a man, and I believe I shall make room for him in the house.'

"'Chaplain, papa? Lord bless us!'

"'Yes, Miss Mannering, chaplain; is there anything very new in that word? Had we not a chaplain at the Residence, when we were in India?'

"'Yes, papa, but you were a commandant then.'

"'So I will be now, Miss Mannering,—in my own family at least.'

"'Certainly, sir. But will he read us the Church of England service?'

"The apparent simplicity with which I asked this question got the better of his gravity. 'Come, Julia,' he said, 'you are a sad girl, but I gain nothing by scolding you. Of these two strangers, the young lady is one whom you cannot fail, I think, to love;—the person whom, for want of a better term, I called chaplain, is a very worthy, and somewhat ridiculous, personage, who will never find out you laugh at him, if you don't laugh very loud indeed.'

"'Dear papa! I am delighted with that part of his character. But pray, is the house we are going to as pleasantly situated as this?'

"'Not, perhaps, as much to your taste—there is no lake under the windows, and you will be under the necessity of having all your music within doors.'

"This last *coup de main* ended the keen encounter of our wits; for you may believe, Matilda, it quelled all my courage to reply.

"Yet my spirits, as perhaps will appear too manifest from this dialogue, have risen insensibly, and, as it were, in spite of myself. Brown alive, and free, and in England! Embarrassment and anxiety I can and must endure. We leave this in two days for our new residence. I shall not fail to let you know what I think of these Scotch inmates, whom I have but too much reason to believe my father means to quarter in his house as a brace of honorable spies; a sort of female Rozencrantz and reverend Guildenstern, one in tartan petticoats, the other in a cassock. What a contrast to the society I would willingly have secured to myself! I shall write instantly on my arriving at our new place of abode, and acquaint my dearest Matilda with the further fates of—her

"JULIA MANNERING."

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows,
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers,
Its tides a far-famed river pours,
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!—

WARTON.

WOODBOURNE, the habitation which Mannering, by Mr. Mac-Morlan's mediation, had hired for a season, was a large comfortable mansion, snugly situated beneath a hill covered with wood, which shrouded the house upon the north and east; the front looked upon a little lawn bordered by a grove of old trees; beyond were some arable fields, extending down to the river, which was seen from the windows of the house. A tolerable, though old-fashioned garden, a well-stocked dove-cot, and the possession of any quantity of ground which the convenience of the family might require, rendered the place in every respect suitable, as the advertisements have it, "for the accommodation of a genteel family."

Here, then, Mannering resolved, for some time at least, to set up the staff of his rest. Though an East-Indian, he was not partial to an ostentatious display of wealth. In fact, he was too proud a man to be a vain one. He resolved, therefore, to place himself upon the footing of a country gentleman of easy fortune, without assuming, or permitting his household to assume any of the *faste* which then was considered as characteristic of a nabob.

He had still his eye upon the purchase of Ellangowan, which Mac-Morlan conceived Mr. Glossin would be compelled to part with, as some of the creditors disputed his title to retain so large a part of the purchase-money in his own hands, and his power to pay it was much questioned. In that case Mac-Morlan was assured he would readily give up his bargain, if tempted with something above the price which he had stipulated to pay. It may seem strange that Mannering was so much attached to a spot which he had only seen once, and that for a short time in early life. But the circumstances which passed there had laid a strong hold on his imagination. There seemed to be a fate which conjoined the remarkable passages of his own family history with those of the inhabitants of Ellangowan, and he felt a mysterious desire to call the terrace his own. from which he had read in the book of heaven a fortune strangely accomplished in the person of the infant heir of that family, and corresponding so closely with one which had been strikingly fulfilled in his own. Besides, when once this thought had got possession of his imagination, he could not without great reluctance brook the idea of his plan being defeated, and by a fellow like Glossin. So pride came to the aid of fancy and both combined to fortify his resolution to buy the estate if possible.

Let us do Mannering justice. A desire to serve the distressed had also its share in determining him. He had considered the advantage which Julia might receive from the company of Lucy Bertram, whose genuine prudence and good sense could so surely he relied upon. This idea had become much stronger since Mac-Morlan had confided to him, under the solemn seal of secrecy, the whole of her conduct toward young Hazlewood. To propose to her to become an inmate in his family, if distant from the scenes of her youth and the few whom she called friends, would have been less delicate; but at Woodbourne she might without difficulty be induced to become the visitor of a season, without being depressed into the situation of an humble companion. Lucy Bertram, with some hesitation, accepted the invitation to reside a few weeks with

Miss Mannering. She felt too well, that, however the Colonel's delicacy might disguise the truth, his principal motive was a generous desire to afford her his countenance and protection, which his high connections, and higher character, were likely to render influential in the neighborhood.

About the same time the orphan girl received a letter from Mrs. Bertram, the relation to whom she had written, as cold and comfortless as could well be imagined. It inclosed, indeed, a small sum of money, but strongly recommended economy and that Miss Bertram should board herself in some quiet family, either at Kippletringam, or in the neighborhood, assuring her, that though her own income was very scanty, she would not see her kinswoman want. Miss Bertram shed some natural tears over this cold-hearted epistle; for in her mother's time, this good lady had been a guest at Ellangowan for nearly three years, and it was only upon succeeding to a property of about £400 a-year that she had taken farewell of that hospitable mansion, which otherwise might have had the honor of sheltering her until the death of its owner. Lucy was strongly inclined to return the paltry donation, which, after some struggles with avarice, pride had extorted from the old lady. But, on consideration, she contented herself with writing, that she accepted it as a loan, which she hoped in a short time to repay, and consulted her relative upon the invitation she had received from Colonel and Miss Mannering. This time the answer came in course of post, so fearful was Mrs. Bertram that some frivolous delicacy, or nonsense, as she termed it, might induce her cousin to reject such a promising offer, and thereby at the same time to leave herself still a burden upon her relations. Lucy, therefore, had no alternative, unless she preferred continuing a burden upon the worthy Mac-Morlans, who were too liberal to be rich. Those kinsfolk, who formerly requested the favor of her company, had of late, either silently, or with expressions of resentment that she should have preferred Mac-Morlan's invitation to theirs, gradually withdrawn their notice.

The fate of Dominie Sampson would have been deplorable had it depended upon any one except Mannering, who was an admirer of originality; for a separation from Lucy Bertram would have certainly broken his heart. Mac-Morlan had given a full account of his proceedings toward the daughter of his patron. The answer was a request from Mannering to know, whether the Dominie still possessed that admirable virtue of taciturnity by which he was so notably distinguished at Ellangowan.—Mac-Morlan replied in the affirmative. "Let Mr. Sampson know," said the Colonel's next letter, "that I shall want

his assistance to catalogue and put in order the library of my uncle, the bishop, which I have ordered to be sent down by sea. I shall also want him to copy and arrange some papers. Fix his salary at what you think befitting. Let the poor man be properly dressed, and accompany his young lady to Woodbourne."

Honest Mac-Morlan received this mandate with great joy, but pondered much upon executing that part of it which related to newly attiring the worthy Dominie. He looked at him with a scrutinizing eye, and it was but too plain that his present garments were daily waxing more deplorable. To give him money, and bid him go and furnish himself, would be only giving him the means of making himself ridiculous; for when such a rare event arrived to Mr. Sampson as the purchase of new garments, the additions which he made to his wardrobe by the guidance of his own taste, usually brought all the boys of the village after him for many days. On the other hand, to bring a tailor to measure him, and send home his clothes as for a schoolboy, would probably give offence. At length Mac-Morlan resolved to consult Miss Bertram, and request her interference. She assured him, that though she could not pretend to superintend a gentleman's wardrobe, nothing was more easy than to arrange the Dominie's.

"At Ellangowan," she said, "whenever my poor father thought any part of the Dominie's dress wanted renewal, a servant was directed to enter his room by night, for he sleeps as fast as a dormouse, carry off the old vestment, and leave the new one;—nor could any one observe that the Dominie exhibited the least consciousness of the change put upon him on such occasions."

Mac-Morlan, in conformity with Miss Bertram's advice, procured a skilful artist, who, on looking at the Dominie attentively, undertook to make for him two suits of clothes, one black, and one raven-gray, and even engaged that they should fit him—as well at least (so the tailor qualified his enterprise) as a man of such an out-of-the-way build could be fitted by merely human needles and shears. When this fashioner had accomplished his task, and the dresses were brought home, Mac-Morlan, judiciously resolving to accomplish his purpose by degrees, withdrew that evening an important part of his dress, and substituted the new article of raiment in its stead. Perceiving that this passed totally without notice, he next ventured on the waistcoat, and lastly on the coat. When fully metamorphosed, and arrayed for the first time in his life in a decent dress, they did observe that the Dominie seemed to have some instinct and embarrassing

consciousness that a change had taken place on his outward man. Whenever they observed this dubious expression gather upon his countenance, accompanied with a glance, that fixed now upon the sleeve of his coat, now upon the knees of his breeches, where he probably missed some antique patching and darning, which, being executed with blue thread upon a black ground, had somewhat the effect of embroidery, they always took care to turn his attention into some other channel, until his garments, "by the aid of use, cleaved to their mould." The only remark he was ever known to make on the subject was, that the "air of a town like Kippletringan seemed favorable unto wearing apparel, for he thought his coat looked almost as new as the first day he put it on, which was when he went to stand trial for his license as a preacher."

When the Dominie first heard the liberal proposal of Colonel Mannering, he turned a jealous and doubtful glance toward Miss Bertram, as if he suspected that the project involved their separation ; but when Mr. Mac-Morlan hastened to explain that she would be a guest at Woodbourne for some time, he rubbed his huge hands together, and burst into a portentous sort of chuckle, like that of the Afrite in the tale of the Caliph Vathek. After this unusual explosion of satisfaction, he remained quite passive in all the rest of the transaction.

It has been settled that Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Morlan should take possession of the house a few days before Mannering's arrival, both to put everything in perfect order, and to make the transference of Miss Bertram's residence from their family to as easy and delicate as possible. Accordingly, in the beginning of the month of December the party were settled at Woodbourne.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

A gigantic genius fit to grapple with whole libraries.
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

THE appointed day arrived, when the Colonel and Miss Mannering were expected at Woodbourne. The hour was fast approaching, and the little circle within doors had each their separate subjects of anxiety. Mac-Morlan naturally desired to attach to himself the patronage and countenance of a person of Mannering's wealth and consequence. He was aware, from his knowledge of mankind, that Mannering, though generous and be-

nevolent, had the foible of expecting and exacting a minute compliance with his directions. He was therefore racking his recollection to discover if everything had been arranged to meet the Colonel's wishes and instructions, and, under this uncertainty of mind, he traversed the house more than once from the garret to the stables. Mrs. Mac-Morlan revolved in a lesser orbit, comprehending the dining parlor, housekeeper's room, and kitchen. She was only afraid that the dinner might be spoiled, to the discredit of her housewifely accomplishments. Even the usual passiveness of the Dominie was so far disturbed, that he twice went to the window which looked out upon the avenue, and twice exclaimed, "Why tarry the wheels of their chariot?" Lucy, the most quiet of the expectants, had her own melancholy thoughts. She was now about to be consigned to the charge, almost to the benevolence, of strangers, with whose character, though hitherto very amiably displayed, she was but imperfectly acquainted. The moments, therefore, of suspense, passed anxiously and heavily.

At length the trampling of horses and the sound of wheels were heard. The servants, who had already arrived, drew up in the hall to receive their master and mistress, with an importance and *empressement*, which, to Lucy, who had never been accustomed to society, or witnessed what is called the manners of the great, had something alarming. Mac-Morlan went to the door to receive the master and mistress of the family, and in a few moments they were in the drawing-room.

Mannering, who had traveled, as usual, on horseback, entered with his daughter on his arm. She was of the middle size, or rather less, but formed with much elegance; piercing dark eyes, and jet black hair of great length, corresponded with the vivacity and intelligence of features, in which were blended a little haughtiness and a little bashfulness, a great deal of shrewdness, and some power of humorous sarcasm. "I shall not like her," was the result of Lucy Bertram's first glance; "and yet I rather think I shall," was the thought excited by the second.

Miss Mannering was furred and mantled up to the throat against the severity of the weather; the Colonel in his military great-coat. He bowed to Mrs. Mac-Morlan, whom his daughter also acknowledged with a fashionable courtesy, not dropped so low as at all to incommode her person. The Colonel then led his daughter up to Miss Bertram, and, taking the hand of the latter with an air of great kindness, and almost paternal affection, he said, "Julia, this is the young lady whom I hope

our good friends have prevailed on to honor our house with a long visit. I shall be much gratified indeed if you can render Woodbourne as pleasant to Miss Bertram, as Ellangowan was to me when I first came as a wanderer into this country."

The young lady courtesied acquiescence, and took her new friend's hand. Mannering now turned his eye upon the Dominie, who had made bows since his entrance into the room, sprawling out his leg, and bending his back like an automaton, which continues to repeat the same movement, until the motion is stopt by the artist. "My good friend, Mr. Sampson,"—said Mannering, introducing him to his daughter, and darting at the same time a reproving glance at the damsel, notwithstanding he had himself some disposition to join her too obvious inclination to risibility.—"This gentleman, Julia, is to put my books in order when they arrive, and I expect to derive great advantage from his extensive learning."

"I am sure we are obliged to the gentleman, papa,—and, to borrow a ministerial mode of giving thanks, I shall never forget the extraordinary countenance he has been pleased to show us —But, Miss Bertram," continued she hastily, for her father's brows began to darken, "we have traveled a good way,—will you permit me to retire before dinner?"

This intimation dispersed all the company, save the Dominie, who, having no idea of dressing but when he was to rise, or of undressing but when he meant to go to bed, remained by himself, chewing the cud of a mathematical demonstration, until the company again assembled in the drawing-room, and from thence adjourned to the dining-parlor.

When the day was concluded, Mannering took an opportunity to hold a minute's conversation with his daughter in private.

"How do you like your guests, Julia?"

"O, Miss Bertram of all things.—But this is a most original parson—why, dear sir, no human being will be able to look at him without laughing."

"While he is under my roof, Julia, every one must learn to do so."

"Lord, papa, the very footmen could not keep their gravity!"

"Then let them strip off my livery," said the Colonel, "and laugh at their leisure. Mr. Sampson is a man whom I esteem for his simplicity and benevolence of character."

"O, I am convinced of his generosity too," said this lively lady; "he cannot lift a spoonful of soup to his mouth without bestowing a share on everything round."

"Julia, you are incorrigible;—but remember, I expect your mirth on this subject to be under such restraint, that it shall neither offend this worthy man's feelings nor those of Miss Bertram, who may be more apt to feel upon his account than he on his own. And so, good night, my dear; and recollect that, though Mr. Sampson has certainly not sacrificed to the graces, there are many things in this world more truly deserving of ridicule than either awkwardness of manners or simplicity of character.

In a day or two Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Morlan left Woodbourne, after taking an affectionate farewell of their late guest. The household were now settled in their new quarters. The young ladies followed their studies and amusements together. Colonel Mannering was agreeably surprised to find that Miss Bertram was well skilled in French and Italian—thanks to the assiduity of Dominie Sampson, whose labor had silently made him acquainted with most modern as well as ancient languages. Of music she knew little or nothing, but her new friend undertook to give her lessons; in exchange for which, she was to learn from Lucy the habit of walking, and the art of riding, and the courage necessary to defy the season. Mannering was careful to substitute for their amusement in the evening such books as might convey some solid instruction with entertainment, and as he read aloud with great skill and taste, the winter nights passed pleasantly away.

Society was quickly formed where there were so many inducements. Most of the families of the neighborhood visited Colonel Mannering, and he was soon able to select from among them such as best suited his taste and habits. Charles Hazlewood held a distinguished place in his favor, and was a frequent visitor, not without the consent and approbation of his parents; for there was no knowing, they thought, what assiduous attention might produce and the beautiful Miss Mannering, of high family, with an Indian fortune, was a prize worth looking after. Dazzled with such a prospect, they never considered the risk which had once been some object of their apprehension, that his boyish and inconsiderate fancy might form an attachment to the penniless Lucy Bertram, who had nothing on earth to recommend her, but a pretty face, good birth, and a most amiable disposition. Mannering was more prudent. He considered himself acting as Miss Bertram's guardian, and while he did not think it incumbent upon him altogether to check her intercourse with the young gentleman for whom, excepting in wealth, she was a match in every respect, he laid it under such insensible restraints as might prevent any engagement or *éclaircissement*

taking place until the young man should have seen a little more of life and of the world, and have attained that age when he might be considered as entitled to judge for himself in the matter in which his happiness was chiefly interested.

While these matters engaged the attention of the other members of the Woodbourne family, Dominie Sampson was occupied, body and soul, in the arrangement of the late bishop's library, which had been sent from Liverpool by sea, and conveyed by thirty or forty carts from the seaport at which it was landed. Sampson's joy at beholding the ponderous contents of these chests arranged upon the floor of the large apartment, from whence he was to transfer them to the shelves, baffles all description. He grinned like an ogre, swung his arms like the sails of a wind-mill, shouted "Prodigious" till the roof rung to his raptures. "He had never," he said, "seen so many books together, except in the College Library;" and now his dignity and delight in being superintendent of the collection, raised him, in his own opinion, almost to the rank of the academical librarian, whom he had always regarded as the greatest and happiest man on earth. Neither were his transports diminished upon a hasty examination of the contents of these volumes. Some, indeed, of belles lettres, poems, plays, or memoirs, he tossed indignantly aside, with the implied censure of "psha," or "frivolous;" but the greater and bulkier part of the collection bore a very different character. The deceased prelate, a divine of the old and deeply-learned cast, had loaded his shelves with volumes which displayed the antique and venerable attributes so happily described by a modern poet:

> That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'er laid,
> Those ample clasps of solid metal made,
> The close-pressed leaves unoped for many an age,
> The dull red-edging of the well-filled page,
> On the broad back the stubborn ridges rolled,
> Where yet the titles stands in tarnished gold.

Books of theology and controversial divinity, commentaries, and polyglots, sets of the fathers, and sermons, which might each furnish forth ten brief discourses of modern date, books of science, ancient and modern, classical authors in their best and rarest forms; such formed the late bishop's venerable library, and over such the eye of Dominie Sampson gloated with rapture. He entered them in the catalogue in his best running hand, forming each letter with the accuracy of a lover writing a valentine, and placed each invividually on the destined shelf with all the reverence which I have seen a lady pay to a jar of old china. With all this zeal his labors advanced slowly. He

often opened a volume when half-way up the library-steps, fell upon some interesting passage, and, without shifting his inconvenient posture, continued immersed in the fascinating perusal until the servant pulled him by the skirts to assure him that dinner waited. He then repaired to the parlor, bolted his food down his capacious throat in squares of three inches, answered ay or no at random to whatever question was asked at him, and again hurried back to the library as soon as his napkin was removed, and sometimes with it hanging round his neck like a pinafore—

> How happily the days
> Of Thalaba went by!

And having thus left the principal characters of our tale in a situation which, being sufficiently comfortable to themselves, is of course utterly uninteresting to the reader, we take up the history of a person who has as yet only been named, and who has all the interest that uncertainty and misfortune can give.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

> Whot say'st thou, Wise-One?—that all powerful Love
> Can fortune's strong impediments remove;
> Nor is it strange that worth should wed to worth,
> The pride of genius with the pride of birth.—CRABBE.

V. BROWN—I will not give at full length his thrice unhappy name—had been from infancy a ball for fortune to spurn at; but nature had given him that elasticity of mind which rises higher from the rebound. His form was tall, manly, and active, and his features corresponded with his person; for, although far from regular, they had an expression of intelligence and good humor, and when he spoke, or was particularly animated, might be decidedly pronounced interesting. His manner indicated the military profession, which had been his choice, and in which he had now attained the rank of Captain, the person who succeeded Colonel Mannering in his command having labored to repair the injustice which Brown had sustained by that gentleman's prejudice against him. But this, as well as his liberation from captivity, had taken place after Mannering left India. Brown followed at no distant period, his regiment being recalled home. His first inquiry was after the family of Mannering, and, easily learning their route northward, he

followed it, with the purpose of resuming his addresses to Julia. With her father he deemed he had no measures to keep; for ignorant of the more venomous belief which had been instilled into the Colonel's mind, he regarded him as an oppressive aristocrat, who had used his power as a commanding officer to deprive him of the preferment due to his behavior, and who had forced upon him a personal quarrel, without any better reason than his attentions to a pretty young woman, agreeable to herself, and permitted and countenanced by her mother. He was determined, therefore, to take no rejection unless from the young lady herself, believing that the heavy misfortunes of his painful wounds and imprisonment were direct injuries received from the father, which might dispense with his using much ceremony toward him. How far his scheme had succeeded when his nocturnal visit was discovered by Mr. Mervyn, our readers are already informed.

Upon this unpleasant occurrence, Captain Brown absented himself from the inn in which he had resided under the name of Dawson, so that Colonel Mannering's attempts to discover and trace him were unavailing. He resolved, however, that no difficulties should prevent his continuing his enterprise, while Julia left him a ray of hope. The interest he had secured in her bosom was such as she had been unable to conceal from him, and with all the courage of romantic gallantry he determined upon perseverance. But we believe the reader will be as well pleased to learn his mode of thinking and intentions from his own communication to his special friend and confidant, Captain Delaserre, a Swiss gentleman, who had a company in his regiment.

EXTRACT.

"Let me hear from you soon, dear Delaserre.—Remember, I can learn nothing about regimental affairs but through your friendly medium, and I long to know what has become of Ayre's court-martial, and whether Elliot gets the majority; also how recruiting comes on, and how the young officers like the mess. Of our kind friend the Lieutenant-Colonel I need ask nothing; I saw him as I passed through Nottingham, happy, in the bosom of his family. What a happiness it is, Philip, for us poor devils, that we have a little resting-place between the camp and the grave, if we can manage to escape disease, and steel, and lead, and the effects of hard living. A retired old soldier is always a graceful and respected character. He grumbles a little now and then, but then his is licensed

murmuring. Were a lawyer, or a physician, or a clergyman, to breathe a complaint of hard luck or want of preferment, a hundred tongues would blame his own incapacity as the cause; but the most stupid veteran that ever faltered out the thrice-told tale of a siege and a battle, and a cock and a bottle, is listened to with sympathy and reverence, when he shakes his thin locks, and talks with indignation of the boys that are put over his head. And you and I, Delaserre, foreigners both—for what am I the better that I was originally a Scotchman, since, could I prove my descent, the English would hardly acknowledge me a countryman?—we may boast that we have fought out our preferment, and gained that by the sword which we had not money to compass otherwise. The English are a wise people. While they praise themselves, and affect to undervalue all other nations, they leave us, luckily, trap-doors and back-doors open, by which we strangers, less favored by nature, may arrive at a share of their advantages. And thus they are, in some respects, like a boastful landlord, who exalts the value and flavor of his six-years'-old mutton, while he is delighted to dispense a share of it to all the company. In short, you, whose proud family, and I, whose hard fate, made us soldiers of fortune, have the pleasant recollection, that in the British service, stop where we may upon our career, it is only for want of money to pay the turnpike, and not from our being prohibited to travel the road. If, therefore, you can persuade little Weischel to come into *ours*, for God's sake let him buy the ensigncy, live prudently, mind his duty, and trust to the Fates for promotion.

"And now, I hope you are expiring with curiosity to learn the end of my romance. I told you I had deemed it convenient to make a few days' tour on foot among the mountains of Westmoreland with Dudley, a young English artist, with whom I have formed some acquaintance. A fine fellow this, you must know, Delaserre—he paints tolerably, draws beautifully, converses well, and plays charmingly on the flute; and though thus well entitled to be a coxcomb of talent, is, in fact, a modest, unpretending young man. On our return from our little tour, I learned that the enemy had been reconnoitring. Mr. Mervyn's barge had crossed the lake, I was informed by my landlord, with the squire himself and a visitor.

"'What sort of person, landlord?'

"'Why, he was a dark officer-looking mon, at they called Colonel—Squoire Mervyn questioned me as close as I had been at sizes—I had guess, Mr. Dawson' (I told you that was my feigned name)—'But I tould him nought of your vagaries, and going out a-laking in the mere a-noights—not I—an I can

make no sport, I'se spoil none—and Squoire Mervyn's as cross as poy-crust too, mon—he's aye maundering an my guests but land beneath his house, though it be marked for the fourth station in the Survey. Noa, noa, e'n let un smell things out o' themselves for Joe Hodges.'——

"You will allow there was nothing for it after this but pay ing honest Joe Hodges' bill and departing, unless I had preferred making him my confidant, for which I felt in no way inclined. Besides, I learned that our *ci-devant* Colonel was on full retreat for Scotland, carrying off poor Julia along with him. I understand from those who conduct the heavy baggage, that he takes his winter-quarters at a place called Woodbourne, in ——shire in Scotland. He will be all on the alert just now, so I must let him enter his entrenchments without any new alarm. And then, my good Colonel, to whom I owe so many grateful thanks, pray look to your defence.

"I protest to you, Delaserre, I often think there is a little contradiction enters into the ardor of my pursuit. I think I would rather bring this haughty, insulting man to the necessity of calling his daughter Mrs. Brown, than I would wed her with his full consent, and with the king's permission to change my name for the style and arms of Mannering, though his whole fortune went with them. There is only one circumstance that chills me a little—Julia is young and romantic. I would not willingly hurry her into a step which her riper years might disapprove. —No;—nor would I like to have her upbraid me, were it but with a glance of her eye, with having ruined her fortunes—far less give her reason to say, as some have not been slow to tell their lords, that, had I left her time for consideration, she would have been wiser and done better. No, Delaserre—this must not be. The picture presses close upon me, because I am aware a girl in Julia's situation has no distinct and precise idea of the value of the sacrifice she makes. She knows difficulties only by name; and if she thinks of love and a farm, it is a *ferme ornée*, such as is only to be found in poetic description, or in the park of a gentleman of twelve thousand a-year. She would be ill prepared for the privations of that real Swiss cottage we have so often talked of, and for the difficulties which must necessarily surround us even before we attained that haven. This must be a point clearly ascertained. Although Julia's beauty and playful tenderness have made an impression on my heart never to be erased, I must be satisfied that she perfectly understands the advantages she foregoes before she sacrifices them for my sake.

"Am I too proud, Delaserre, when I trust that even this

trial may terminate favorably to my wishes?—Am I too vain when I suppose, that the few personal qualities which I possess, with means of competence, however moderate, and the determination of consecrating my life to her happiness, may make amends for all I must call upon her to forego? Or will a difference of dress, of attendance, of style, as it is called, of the power of shifting at pleasure the scenes in which she seeks amusement,—will these outweigh, in her estimation, the prospect of domestic happiness, and the interchange of unabating affection? I say nothing of her father;—his good and evil qualities are so strangely mingled, that the former are neutralized by the latter; and that which she must regret as a daughter is so much blended with what she would gladly escape from, that I place the separation of the father and child as a circumstance which weighs little in her remarkable case. Meantime I keep up my spirits as I may. I have incurred too many hardships and difficulties to be presumptuous or confident in success, and I have been too often and too wonderfully extricated from them to be despondent.

"I wish you saw this country. I think the scenery would delight you. At least it often brings to my recollection your glowing descriptions of your native country. To me it has in a great measure the charm of novelty. Of the Scottish hills, though born among them, as I have always been assured, I have but an indistinct recollection. Indeed, my menory rather dwells upon the blank which my youthful mind experienced in gazing on the levels of the isle of Zealand, than on anything which preceded that feeling; but I am confident, from that sensation, as well as from the recollections which preceded it, that hills and rocks have been familiar to me at an early period, and that though now only remembered by contrast, and by the blank which I felt while gazing around for them in vain, they must have made an indelible impression on my infant imagination. I remember, when we first mounted that celebrated pass in the Mysore country, while most of the others felt only awe and astonishment at the height and grandeur of the scenery, I rather shared your feelings and those of Cameron, whose admiration of such wild rocks was blended with familiar love, derived from early association. Despite my Dutch education, a blue hill to me is as a friend, and a roaring torrent like the sound of a domestic song that hath soothed my infancy. I never felt the impulse so strongly as in this land of lakes and mountains, and nothing grieves me so much as that duty prevents your being with me in my numerous excursions among its recesses. Some drawings I have attempted, but I succeed

vilely.—Dudley, on the contrary, draws delightfully, with that rapid touch which seems like magic, while I labor and botch, and make this too heavy, and that too light, and produce at last a base caricature. I must stick to the flageolet, for music is the only one of the fine arts whch deigns to acknowledge me.

" Did you know that Colonel Mannering was a draughtsman ?—I believe not, for he scorned to display his accomplishments to the view of a subaltern. He draws beautifully, however. Since he and Julia left Mervyn-hall, Dudley was sent for there. The squire, it seems, wanted a set of drawings made up, of which Mannering had done the first four, but was interrupted, by his hasty departure, in his purpose of completing them. Dudley says he has seldom seen anything so masterly, though slight ; and each had attached to it a short poetical description. Is Saul, you will say, among the prophets ?—Colonel Mannering write poetry !—Why, surely this man must have taken all the pains to conceal his accomplishments, that others do to display theirs. How reserved and unsociable he appeared among us ! —how little disposed to enter into any conversation which could become generally interesting !—And then his attachment to that unworthy Archer, so much below him in every respect ; and all this, because he was the brother of Viscount Archerfield, a poor Scottish peer ! I think, if Archer had long survived the wounds in the affair of Cuddyboram, he would have told something that might have thrown light upon the inconsistencies of this singular man's character. He repeated to me more than once, ' I have that to say, which will alter your hard opinion of our late Colonel.' But death pressed him too hard ; and if he owed me any atonement, which some of his expressions seemed to imply, he died before it could be made.

" I propose to make a further excursion through this country while this fine frosty weather serves, and Dudley, almost as good a walker as myself, goes with me for some part of the way. We part on the borders of Cumberland, when he must return to his lodgings in Marybone, up three pair of stairs, and labor at what he calls the commercial part of his profession. There cannot, he says, be such a difference betwixt any two portions of existence as between that in which the artist, if an enthusiast, collects the subjects of his drawings, and that which must necessarily be dedicated to turning over his portfolio, and exhibiting them to the provoking indifference, or more provoking criticism, of fashionable amateurs. ' During the summer of my year,' says Dudley, ' I am as free as a wild Indian, enjoying myself at liberty amid the grandest scenes of nature ; while, during my winters and springs, I am not only cabined, cribbed,

and confined in a miserable garret, but condemned to as intolerable subservience to the humor of others, and to as indifferent company, as if I were a literal galley-slave.' I have promised him your acquaintance, Delaserre ;—you will be delighted with his specimens of art, and he with your Swiss fanaticism for mountains and torrents.

"When I lose Dudley's company, I am informed that I can easily enter Scotland, by stretching across a wild country in the upper part of Cumberland; and that route I shall follow, to give the Colonel time to pitch his camp ere I reconnoitre his position.—Adieu! Delaserre—I shall hardly find another opportunity of writing till I reach Scotland."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily bend the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires in a mile-a.
WINTER'S TALE.

LET the reader conceive to himself a clear frosty November morning, the scene an open heath, having for the back-ground that huge chain of mountains in which Skiddaw and Saddleback are pre-eminent; let him look along that *blind road*, by which I mean the track so slightly marked by the passengers' footsteps, that it can but be traced by a slight shade of verdure from the dark heath around it, and, being only visible to the eye when at some distance, ceases to be distinguished while the foot is actually treading it: along this faintly-traced path advances the object of our present narrative. His firm step, his erect and free carriage, have a military air, which corresponds well with his well-proportioned limbs, and stature of six feet high. His dress is so plain and simple, that it indicates nothing as to rank: it may be that of a gentleman who travels in this manner for his pleasure—or of an inferior person, of whom it is the proper and usual garb. Nothing can be on a more reduced scale than his traveling equipment. A volume of Shakspeare in each pocket, a small bundle with a change of linen slung across his shoulders, an oaken cudgel in his hand, complete our pedestrian's accommodations; and in this equipage we present him to our readers.

Brown had parted that morning from his friend Dudley, and began his solitary walk toward Scotland.

The first two or three miles were rather melancholy, from want of the society to which he had of late been accustomed. But this unusual mood of mind soon gave way to the influence of his natural good spirits, excited by the exercise and the bracing effects of the frosty air. He whistled as he went along, —"not from want of thought," but to give vent to those buoyant feelings which he had no other mode of expressing. For each peasant whom he chanced to meet, he had a kind greeting or a good-humored jest: the hardy Cumbrians grinned as they passed, and said, "That's a kind heart, God bless un!" and the market-girl looked more than once over her shoulder at the athletic form, which corresponded so well with the frank and blithe address of the stranger. A rough terrier dog, his constant companion, who rivaled his master in glee, scampered at large in a thousand wheels round the heath, and came back to jump on him, and assure him that he participated in the pleasure of the journey. Dr. Johnson thought life had few things better than the excitation produced by being whirled rapidly along in a post-chaise; but he who has in youth experienced the confident and independent feeling of a stout pedestrian in an interesting country, and during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist cheap in comparison.

Part of Brown's view in choosing that unusual tract which leads through the eastern wilds of Cumberland into Scotland, had been a desire to view the remains of the celebrated Roman Wall, which are more visible in that direction than in any other part of its extent. His education had been imperfect and desultory; but neither the busy scenes in which he had been engaged, nor the pleasures of youth, nor the precarious state of his own circumstances, had diverted him from the task of mental improvement.—"And this, then, is the Roman Wall," he said, scrambling up to a height which commanded the course of that celebrated work of antiquity: "What a people! whose labors, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labors of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity! Their fortifications, their aqueducts, their theatres, their fountains, all their public works, bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language; while our modern labors, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments." Having thus moralized,

he remembered that he was hungry, and pursued his walk to a small public-house at which he proposed to get some refreshment.

The alehouse, for it was no better, was situated in the bottom of a little dell, through which trilled a small rivulet. It was shaded by a large ash tree, against which the clay-built shed, that served the purpose of a stable, was erected, and upon which it seemed partly to recline. In this shed stood a saddled horse, employed in eating his corn. The cottages in this part of Cumberland partake of the rudeness which characterizes those of Scotland—The outside of the house promised little for the interior, notwithstanding the vaunt of a sign, where a tankard of ale voluntarily decanted itself into a tumbler, and a hieroglyphical scrawl below attempted to express a promise of "good entertainment for man and horse." Brown was no fastidious traveler—he stopped and entered the cabaret.*

The first object which caught his eye in the kitchen, was a tall, stout, country-looking man, in a large jockey great-coat, the owner of the horse which stood in the shed, who was busy discussing huge slices of cold boiled beef, and casting from time to time an eye through the window, to see how his steed sped with his provender. A large tankard of ale flanked his plate of victuals, to which he applied himself by intervals. The good woman of the house was employed in baking. The fire, as is usual in that country, was on a stone hearth, in the midst of an immensely large chimney, which had two seats extended beneath the vent. On one of these sat a remarkably tall woman, in a red cloak and slouched bonnet, having the appearance of a tinker or beggar. She was busily engaged with a short black tobacco-pipe.

At the request of Brown for some food, the landlady wiped with her mealy apron one corner of the deal table, placed a wooden trencher and knife and fork before the traveler, pointed to the round of beef, recommended Mr. Dinmont's good example, and finally filled a brown pitcher with her home-brewed. Brown lost no time in doing ample credit to both. For a while, his opposite neighbor and he were too busy to take much notice of each other, except by a good-humored nod as each in turn raised the tankard to his head. At length, when our pedestrian began to supply the wants of little Wasp, the Scotch store-farmer, for such was Mr. Dinmont, found himself at leisure to enter into conversation.

"A bonny terrier that, sir—and a fell chield at the vermin, I warrant him—that is, if he's been weel entered, for it a' lies in that."

* Note B. Mump's Ha'.

"Really, sir," said Brown, "his education has been somewhat neglected, and his chief property is being a pleasant companion."

"Ay sir?—that's a pity, begging your pardon—it's a great pity that—beast or body, education should aye be minded. I have six terriers at hame, forbye twa couple of slow-hunds, five grews, and a wheen other dogs. There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard. I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens—then wi' stoats or weasels—and then wi' the tods and brocks—and now they fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on't."

"I have no doubt, sir, they are thorough-bred—but, to have so many dogs, you seem to have a very limited variety of names for them?"

"O, that's a fancy of my ain to mark the breed, sir—The Deuke himsell has sent as far as Charlies-hope to get ane o' Dandie Dinmont's Pepper and Mustard terriers—Lord, man, he sent Tam Hudson * the keeper, and sicken a day as we had wi' the fumarts and the tods, and sicken a blythe gaedown as we had again e'en! Faith, that was a night!"

"I suppose game is very plenty with you!"

"Plenty, man!—I believe there's mair hares than sheep on my farm; and for the moor-fowl, or the gray fowl, they lie as thick as doos in a dooket.—Did ye ever shoot a black-cock, man?"

"Really I had never even the pleasure to see one, except in the museum at Keswick."

"There now—I could guess that by your Southland tongue. It's very odd of these English folk that come here, how few of them has seen a black-cock! I'll tell you what—ye seem to be an honest lad, and if you'll call on me—on Dandie Dinmont—at Charlies-hope—ye shall see a black-cock, and shoot a black-cock, and eat a black-cock too, man."

"Why, the proof of the matter is the eating, to be sure, sir; and I shall be happy, if I can find time, to accept your invitation."

"Time, man? what ails ye to gae hame wi' me the now? How d'ye travel?"

"On foot, sir; and if that handsome pony be yours, I should find it impossible to keep up with you."

"No, unless ye can walk up to fourteen mile an hour. But ye can come ower the night as far as Riccarton, where there is

* The real name of this veteran sportsman is now restored.

a public—or if ye like to stop at Jockey Grieve's at the Heuch, they would be blythe to see ye, and I am just gaun to stop and drink a dram at the door wi' him, and I would tell him you're coming up;—or stay—Gudewife, could ye lend this gentleman the gudeman's galloway, and I'll send it ower the Waste in the morning wi' the callant?"

The galloway was turned out upon the fell, and was swear to catch.—"Aweel, aweel, there's nae help for't, but come up the morn at ony rate. And now, gudewife, I maun ride, to get to the Liddel or it be dark, for your Waste has but a kittle character, ye ken yoursell."

"Hout fie, Mr. Dinmont, that's no like you, to gie the country an ill name.—I wot, there has been nane stirred in the Waste since Sawney Culloch, the traveling-merchant, that Rowley Overdees and Jock Penny suffered for at Carlisle twa years since. There's no ane in Bewcastle would do the like o' that now—we be a' true folk now."

"Ay, Tib, that will be when the deil's blind,—and his een's no sair yet. But hear ye, gudewife, I have been through maist feck o' Galloway and Dumfries-shire, and I have been round by Carlisle, and I was at the Staneshiebank fair the day, and I would like ill to be rubbit sae near hame—so I'll take the gate."

"Hae ye been in Dumfries and Galloway," said the old dame, who sate smoking by the fire-side, and who had not yet spoken a word.

"Troth have I, gudewife, and a weary round I've had o't."

"Then ye'll maybe ken a place they ca' Ellangowan?"

"Ellangowan, that was Mr. Bertram's?—I ken the place weel eneugh. The Laird died about a fortnight since, as I heard."

"Died?"—said the old woman, dropping her pipe, and rising and coming forward upon the floor—"died!—are you sure of that?"

"Troth am I," said Dinmont, "for it made nae sma' noise in the country-side. He died just at the roup of the stocking and furniture; it stoppit the roup, and mony folk were disappointed. They said he was the last of an auld family too, and mony were sorry—for guide blude's scarcer in Scotland than it has been."

"Dead!" replied the old woman, whom our readers have already recognized as their acquaintance, Meg Merrilies—"dead! that quits a' scores. And did ye say he died without an heir?"

"Ay did he, gudewife, and the estate's sell'd by the same

token; for they said, they couldna have sell'd it, if there had been an heir-male."

"Sell'd!" echoed the gypsy, with something like a scream; "and wha durst buy Ellangowan that was not of Bertram's blude?—and wha could tell whether the bonny knave bairn may not come back to claim his ain?—wha durst buy the estate and the castle of Ellangowan?"

"Troth, gudewife, just ane o' thae writer chields that buys a' thing—they ca' him Glossin, I think."

"Glossin!—Gibbie Glossin!—that I have carried in my creels a hundred times, for his mother wasna muckle better than mysell—he to presume to buy the barony of Ellangowan!—Gude be wi' us—it is an awfu' warld! I wished him ill—but no sic a downfa' as a' that neither: wae's me! wae's me to think o't!"—She remained a moment silent, but still opposing with her hand the farmer's retreat, who, betwixt every question, was about to turn his back, but good-humoredly stopped on observing the deep interest his answers appeared to excite.

"It will be seen and heard of—earth and sea will not hold their peace langer!—Can ye say if the same man be now the Sheriff of the county that has been sae for some years past?"

"Na, he's got some other berth in Edinburgh, they say—but gude day, gudewife, I maun ride."—She followed him to his horse, and, while he drew the girths of his saddle, adjusted the walise, and put on the bridle, still plied him with questions concerning Mr. Bertram's death, and the fate of his daughter; on which, however, she could obtain little information from the honest farmer.

"Did ye ever see a place they ca' Derncleugh, about a mile frae the Place of Ellangowan?"

"I wot weel have I, gudewife,—a wild-looking den it is, wi' a whin auld wa's o' shealings yonder. I saw it when I gaed ower the ground wi' ane that wanted to take the farm."

"It was a blithe bit ance!" said Meg, speaking to herself. "Did ye notice if there was an auld saugh tree that's maist blawn down, but yet its roots are in the earth, and it hangs ower the bit burn?—mony a day hae I wrought my stocking, and sat on my sunkie under that saugh."

"Hout, deil's i' the wife, wi' her saughs, and her sunkies, and Ellangowans.—Godsake, woman, let me away;—there's saxpence t'ye to buy half-a-mutchkin, instead o' clavering about thae auld warld stories"

"Thanks to ye, gudeman—and now ye hae answered a' my questions and never speired wherefore I asked them, I'll gie you a bit canny advice, and ye maunna speir what for neither.

Tib Mumps will be out wi' the stirrup-dram in a gliffing ; she'll ask ye whether ye gang ower Willie's brae, or through Conscowtcart-moss ;—tell her ony ane ye like, but be sure " (speaking low and emphatically) " to tak the ane ye *dinna* tell her." The farmer laughed and promised, and the gypsy retreated.

" Will you take her advice ? " said Brown, who had been an attentive listener to his conversation.

" That will I no—the randy quean ! Na, I had far rather Tib Mumps kenn'd which way I was gaun than her—though Tib's no muckle to lippen to neither, and I would advise ye on no account to stay in the house a' night."

In a moment after, Tib, the landlady, appeared with her stirrup-cup, which was taken off. She then, as Meg had predicted, inquired whether he went the hill or the moss road. He answered, the latter ; and, having bid Brown good-by, and again told him, " he depended on seeing him at Charlies-hope, the morn at latest," he rode off at a round pace.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway.
WINTER'S TALE.

THE hint of the hospitable farmer was not lost on Brown. But, while he paid his reckoning, he could not avoid repeatedly fixing his eyes on Meg Merrilies. She was, in all respects, the same witch-like figure as when we first introduced her at Ellangowan-Place. Time had grizzled her raven locks, and added wrinkles to her wild features, but her height remained erect, and her activity was unimpaired. It was remarked of this woman, as of others of the same description, that a life of action, though not of labor, gave her the perfect command of her limbs and figure, so that the attitudes into which she most naturally threw herself, were free, unconstrained, and picturesque. At present, she stood by the window of the cottage, her person drawn up so as to show to full advantage her masculine stature, and her head somewhat thrown back, that the large bonnet, with which her face was shrouded, might not interrupt her steady gaze at Brown. At every gesture he made, and every tone he uttered, she seemed to give an almost imperceptible start. On his part, he was surprised to find that he could not look upon this singular figure without some emotion. " Have

I dreamed of such a figure?" he said to himself, "or does this wild and singular-looking woman recall to my recollection some of the strange figures I have seen in our Indian pagodas?"

While he embarrassed himself with these discussions, and the hostess was engaged in rummaging out silver in change of half-a-guinea, the gypsy suddenly made two strides, and seized Brown's hand. He expected, of course, a display of her skill in palmistry, but she seemed agitated by other feelings.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me in the name of God, young man, what is your name, and whence you came?"

"My name is Brown, mother, and I come from the East Indies."

"From the East Indies," dropping his hand with a sigh. "It cannot be, then—I am such an auld fool, that everything I look on seems the thing I want maist to see. But the East Indies! that cannot be.—Weel, be what ye will, ye hae a face and a tongue that puts me in mind of auld times. Good-day—make haste on your road, and if ye see ony of our folk, meddle not and make not, and they'll do you nae harm."

Brown, who had by this time received his change, put a shilling into her hand, bade his hostess farewell, and taking the route which the farmer had gone before, walked briskly on, with the advantage of being guided by the fresh hoof-prints of his horse. Meg Merrilies looked after him for some time, and then muttered to herself, "I maun see that lad again—and I maun gang back to Ellangowan too. The Laird's dead—Aweel, death pays a' scores—he was a kind man ance.—The Sheriff's flitted, and I can keep canny in the bush—so there's no muckle hazard o' scouring the cramp-ring.*—I would like to see bonny Ellangowan again or I die."

Brown, meanwhile, proceeded northward at a round pace along the moorish tract called the Waste of Cumberland. He passed a solitary house, towards which the horsemen who preceded him had apparently turned up, for his horse's tread was evident in that direction. A little further, he seemed to have returned again into the road. Mr. Dimmont had probably made a visit there either of business or pleasure.—I wish, thought Brown, the good farmer had staid till I came up. I should not have been sorry to ask him a few questions about the road, which seems to grow wilder and wilder.

In truth, nature, as if she had designed this tract of country to be the barrier between two hostile nations, has stamped upon it a character of wildness and desolation. The hills are neither

* To scour the cramp-ring, is said metaphorically for being thrown into fetters, or generally, into prison.

high nor rocky, but the land is all heath and morass; the huts poor and mean, and at a great distance from each other. Immediately around them there is generally some little attempt at cultivation; but a half-bred foal or two, straggling about with shackles on their hind legs, to save the trouble of enclosures, intimate the farmer's chief resource to be the breeding of horses. The people, too, are of a ruder and more inhospitable class than elsewhere to be found in Cumberland, arising partly from their own habits, partly from their intermixture with vagrants and criminals, who make this wild country a refuge from justice. So much were the men of these districts in early times the objects of suspicion and dislike to their more polished neighbors, that there was, and perhaps still exists, a by-law of the corporation of Newcastle, prohibiting any freeman of that city to take for apprentice a native of certain of these dales. It is pithily said, "Give a dog an ill name and hang him;" and it may be added, if you give a man, or race of men, an ill name, they are very likely to do something that deserves hanging. Of this Brown had heard something, and suspected more from the discourse between the landlady, Dinmont, and the gypsy; but he was naturally of a fearless disposition, had nothing about him that could tempt the spoiler, and trusted to get through the Waste with daylight. In this last particular, however, he was likely to be disappointed. The way proved longer than he had anticipated, and the horizon began to grow gloomy, just as he entered upon an extensive morass.

Choosing his steps with care and deliberation, the young officer proceeded along a path that sometimes sunk between two broken black banks of moss earth, sometimes crossed narrow but deep ravines filled with a consistence between mud and water, and sometimes along heaps of gravel and stones, which had been swept together when some torrent or water-spout from the neighboring hills overflowed the marshy ground below. He began to ponder how a horseman could make his way through such broken ground; the traces of hoofs, however, were still visible; he even thought he heard their sound at some distance, and, convinced, that Mr. Dinmont's progress through the morass must be still slower than his own, he resolved to push on, in hopes to overtake him, and have the benefit of his knowledge of the country. At this moment his little terrier sprung forward, barking most furiously.

Brown quickened his pace, and, attaining the summit of a small rising ground, saw the subject of the dog's alarm. In a hollow, about a gunshot below him, a man, whom he easily recognized to be Dinmont, was engaged with two others in a

desperate struggle. He was dismounted, and defending himself as he best could with the butt of his heavy whip. Our traveler hastened on to his assistance; but, ere he could get up, a stroke had leveled the farmer with the earth, and one of the robbers, improving his victory, struck him some merciless blows on the head. The other villain hastening to meet Brown, called to his companion to come along, "for that one's *content*,"—meaning, probably, past resistance or complaint. One ruffian was armed with a cutlass, the other with a bludgeon; but as the road was pretty narrow, "bar fire-arms," thought Brown, "and I may manage them well enough." They met accordingly, with the most murderous threats on the parts of the ruffians. They soon found, however, that their new opponent was equally stout and resolute; and, after exchanging two or three blows, one of them told him to "follow his nose over the heath, in the devil's name, for they had nothing to say to him."

Brown rejected this composition, as leaving to their mercy the unfortunate man whom they were about to pillage, if not to murder outright; and the skirmish had just recommenced, when Dinmont unexpectedly recovered his senses, his feet, and his weapon, and hasted to the scene of action. As he had been no easy antagonist, even when surprised and alone, the villains did not choose to wait his joining forces with a man who had singly proved a match for them both, but fled across the bog as fast as their feet could carry them, pursued by Wasp, who had acted gloriously during the skirmish, annoying the heels of the enemy, and repeatedly effecting a moment's diversion in his master's favor.

"Deil, but your dog's weel entered wi' the vermin, now, sir!" were the first words uttered by the jolly farmer, as he came up, his head streaming with blood, and recognized his deliverer and his little attendant.

"I hope, sir, you are not hurt dangerously?"

"O, deil a bit—my head can stand a gay clour—nae thanks to them, though, and mony to you. But now, hinney, ye maun help me to catch the beast, and ye maun get on behind me, for we maun off like whittrets before the whole clanjamfray be down upon us—the rest o' them will no be far off." The galloway was, by good fortune, easily caught, and Brown made some apology for overloading the animal.

"Deil a fear, man," answered the proprietor; "Dumple could carry six folk if his back was lang enough. But God's sake, haste ye, get on, for I see some folk coming through the slack yonder, that it may be just as weel no to wait for."

Brown was of opinion that this apparition of five or six men

with whom the other villains seemed to join company, coming across the moss toward them, should abridge ceremony; he therefore mounted Dumple *en croupe*, and the little spirited nag cantered away with two men of great size and strength, as if they had been children of six years old. The rider, to whom the paths of these wilds seemed intimately known, pushed on at a rapid pace, managing, with much dexterity, to choose the safest route, in which he was aided by the sagacity of the galloway, who never failed to take the difficult passes exactly at the particular spot, and in the special manner, by which they could be most safely crossed. Yet, even with these advantages, the road was so broken, and they were so often thrown out of the direct course by various impediments, that they did not gain much upon their pursuers. "Never mind," said the undaunted Scotchman to his companion, "if ye were ance by Withershin's Latch, the road's no near sae *saft*, and we'll show them fair play for't."

They soon came to the place he named, a narrow channel, through which soaked, rather than flowed, a small stagnant stream, mantled over with bright green mosses. Dinmont directed his steed toward a pass where the water appeared to flow with more freedom over a harder bottom; but Dumple backed from the proposed crossing-place, put his head down as if to reconnoitre the swamp more nearly, stretching forward his fore-feet, and stood as fast as if he had been cut out of stone.

"Had we not better," said Brown, "dismount and leave him to his fate?—or can you not urge him through the swamp?"

"Na, na," said his pilot, "we maun cross Dumple at no rate—he has mair sense than mony a Christian." So saying, he relaxed the reins, and shook them loosely. "Come now, lad, take your ain way o't—let's see where ye'll take us through."

Dumple, left to the freedom of his own way; trotted briskly to another part of the *latch*, less promising, as Brown thought, in appearance, but which the animal's sagacity or experience recommended as the safer of the two, and where, plunging in, he attained the other side with little difficulty.

"I'm glad we're out o' that moss," said Dinmont, "where there's mair stables for horses than change-houses for men—we have the *Maiden-way* to help us now, at ony rate." Accordingly, they speedily gained a sort of rugged causeway, so called, being the remains of an old Roman road, which traverses these wild regions in a due northerly direction. Here they got on at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, Dumple seeking no other respite than what arose from changing his pace from canter to

trot. "I could gar him show mair action," said his master, "but we are twa lang-legged chields after a', and it would be a pity to distress Dumple—there wasna the like o' him at Staneshiebank fair the day."

Brown readily assented to the propriety of sparing the horse, and added, that, as they were now far out of the reach of the rogues, he thought Mr. Dinmont had better tie a handkerchief round his head, for fear of the cold frosty air aggravating the wound.

"What would I do that for?" answered the hardy farmer; "the best way's to let the blood barken upon the cut—that saves plasters, hinney."

Brown, who in his military profession had seen a great many hard blows pass, could not help remarking, "he had never known such severe strokes received with so much apparent indifference."

"Hout, tout, man—I would never be making a hum-dudgeon about a scart on the pow—but we'll be in Scotland in five minutes now, and ye maun gang up to Charlies-hope wi' me, that's a clear case."

Brown readily accepted the offered hospitality. Night was now falling, when they came in sight of a pretty river winding its way through a pastoral country. The hills were greener and more abrupt than those which Brown had lately passed, sinking their grassy sides at once upon the river. They had no pretensions to magnificence of height, or to romantic shapes, nor did their smooth swelling slopes exhibit either rocks or woods. Yet the view was wild, solitary, and pleasingly rural. No enclosures, no roads, almost no tillage—it seemed a land which a patriarch would have chosen to feed his flocks and herds. The remains of here and there a dismantled and ruined tower showed that it had once harbored beings of a very different description from its present inhabitants; namely, those freebooters to whose exploits the wars between England and Scotland bear witness.

Descending by a path toward a well-known ford, Dumple crossed the small river, and then quickening his pace, trotted about a mile briskly up its banks, and approached two or three low thatched houses, placed with their angles to each other, with a great contempt of regularity. This was the farm-steading of Charlies-hope, or, in the language of the country, "the Town." A most furious barking was set up at their approach by the whole three generations of Mustard and Pepper, and a number of allies, names unknown. The farmer made his well-known voice lustily heard to restore order; the door opened,

and a half-dressed ewe-milker, who had done that good office, shut it in their faces, in order that she might run, *ben the house* to cry "Mistress, mistress, it's the master, and another man wi' him." Dumple turned loose, walked to his own stable-door, and there pawed and whinnied for admission, in strains which were answered by his acquaintances from the interior. Amid this bustle, Brown was fain to secure Wasp from the other dogs, who, with ardor corresponding more to their own names than to the hospitable temper of their owner, were much disposed to use the intruder roughly.

In about a minute a stout laborer was patting Dumple, and introducing him into the stable, while Mrs. Dinmont, a well-favored buxom dame, welcomed her husband with unfeigned rapture. "Eh, sirs! gudeman, ye hae been a weary while away." *

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

Liddell till now, except in Doric lays,
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song—though not a purer stream
Rolls towards the western main.
ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

THE present store-farmers of the south of Scotland are a much more refined race than their fathers, and the manners I am now to describe have either altogether disappeared, or are greatly modified. Without losing the rural simplicity of manners, they now cultivate arts unknown to the former generation, not only in the progressive improvement of their possessions, but in all the comforts of life. Their houses are more commodious, their habits of life regulated so as better to keep pace with those of the civilized world; and the best of luxuries, the luxury of knowledge, has gained much ground among their hills during the last thirty years. Deep drinking, formerly their greatest failing, is now fast losing ground; and while the frankness of their extensive hospitality continues the same, it is, generally speaking, refined in its character, and restrained in its excesses.

"Deil's in the wife," said Dandie Dinmont, shaking off his spouse's embrace, but gently and with a look of great affection; "deil's in ye, Ailie—d'ye no see the strange gentleman?"

Ailie turned to make her apology—"Troth I was sae weel

* Note C. Dandie Dinmont.

pleased to see the gudeman, that——But, gude gracious! what's the matter wi' ye baith!"—for they were now in her little parlor, and the candle showed the streaks of blood which Dinmont's wounded head had plentifully imparted to the clothes of his companion as well as to his own. "Ye've been fighting again, Dandy, wi' some o' the Bewcastle horse-coupers! Wow, man, a married man, wi' a bonny family like yours, should ken better what a father's life's worth in the warld."—The tears stood in the good woman's eyes as she spoke.

"Whist! whist, gudewife!" said her husband, with a smack that had much more affection than ceremony in it;—"never mind—never mind—there's a gentleman that will tell you, that just when I had ga'en up to Lourie Lowther's, and had bidden the drinking of twa cheerers, and gotten just in again upon the moss, and was whigging cannily awa hame, twa land-loupers jumpit out of a peat-hag on me or I was thinking, and got me down, and kneveled me sair aneuch, or I could gar my whip walk about their lugs;—and troth, gudewife, if this honest gentleman hadna come up, I would have gotten mair licks than I like, and lost mair siller than I could weel spare; so you maun be thankful to him for it, under God." With that he drew from his side-pocket a large greasy leather pocket-book, and bade the gudewife lock it up in her kist.

"God bless the gentleman, and e'en God bless him wi' a' my heart! But what can we do for him, but to gie him the meat and quarters we wadna refuse to the poorest body on earth—unless" (her eye directed to the pocket-book, but with a feeling of natural propriety which made the inference the most delicate possible) "unless there was ony other way"——Brown saw, and estimated at its due rate, the mixture of simplicity and grateful generosity which took the downright way of expressing itself, yet qualified with so much delicacy. He was aware his own appearance, plain at best, and now torn and spattered with blood, made him an object of pity at least, and perhaps of charity. He hastened to say his name was Brown, a Captain in the —— regiment of cavalry, traveling for pleasure, and on foot, both from motives of independence and economy; and he begged his kind landlady would look at her husband's wounds, the state of which he had refused to permit him to examine. Mrs. Dinmont was used to her husband's broken heads more than to the presence of a captain of dragoons. She therefore glanced at a table-cloth, not quite clean, and conned over her proposed supper a minute or two, before, patting her husband on the shoulder, she bade him sit down for "a hard-headed

loon, that was aye bringing himsel and other folk into collie-shangies."

When Dandie Dinmont, after executing two or three caprioles, and cutting the Highland-fling, by way of ridicule of his wife's anxiety, at last deigned to sit down, and commit his round, black, shaggy bullet of a head to her inspection, Brown thought he had seen the regimental surgeon look grave upon a more trifling case. The gudewife, however, showed some knowledge of chirurgery—she cut away with her scissors the gory locks, whose stiffened and coagulated clusters interfered with her operations, and clapped on the wound some lint besmeared with a vulnerary salve, esteemed sovereign by the whole dale (which afforded upon Fair nights considerable experience of such cases)—she then fixed her plaster with a bandage, and, spite of her patient's resistance, pulled over all a night-cap, to keep everything in its right place. Some contusions on the brow and shoulders she fomented with brandy, which the patient did not permit till the medicine had paid a heavy toll to his mouth. Mrs. Dinmont then simply, but kindly, offered her assistance to Brown.

He assured her he had no occasion for anything but the accommodation of a basin and towel.

"And that's what I should have thought of sooner," she said; "and I did think o't, but I durst na open the door, for there's a' the bairns, poor things, sae keen to see their father."

This explained a great drumming and whining at the door of the little parlor, which had somewhat surprised Brown, though his kind landlady had only noticed it by fastening the bolt as soon as she heard it begin. But on her opening the door to seek the basin and towel (for she never thought of showing the guest to a separate room), a whole tide of white-headed urchins streamed in, some from the stable, where they had been seeing Dumple, and giving him a welcome home with part of their four-hours scones; others from the kitchen, where they had been listening to old Elspeth's tales and ballads; and the youngest, half-naked, out of bed,—all roaring to see daddy, and to inquire what he had brought home for them from the various fairs he had visited in his peregrinations. Our knight of the broken head first kissed and hugged them all round, then distributed whistles, penny-trumpets, and gingerbread; and lastly when the tumult of their joy and welcome got beyond bearing, exclaimed to his guest—"This is a' the gudewife's fault, Captain—she will gie the bairns a' their ain way."

"Me! Lord help me!" said Ailie, who at that instant en-

tered with the basin and ewer, "how can I help it?—I have naething else to gae them, poor things!"

Dinmont then exerted himself, and, between coaxing, threats, and shoving, cleared the room of all the intruders, excepting a boy and girl, the two eldest of the family, who could, as he observed, behave themselves "distinctly." For the same reason, but with less ceremony, all the dogs were kicked out, excepting the venerable patriarchs, old Pepper and Mustard, whom frequent castigation and the advance of years had inspired with such a share of passive hospitality, that, after mutual explanation and remonstrance in the shape of some growling, they admitted Wasp, who had hitherto judged it safe to keep beneath his master's chair, to a share of a dried wedder's skin, which, with the wool uppermost and unshorn, served all the purposes of a Bristol hearth-rug.

The active bustle of the mistress (so she was called in the kitchen, and the gudewife in the parlor) had already signed the fate of a couple of fowls, which, for want of time to dress them otherwise, soon appeared, reeking from the gridiron—or brander, as Mrs. Dinmont denominated it. A huge piece of cold beef-ham, eggs, butter, cakes, and barley-meal bannocks in plenty, made up the entertainment, which was to be diluted with home-brewed ale of excellent quality, and a case-bottle of brandy. Few soldiers would find fault with such cheer after a day's hard exercise, and a skirmish to boot; accordingly, Brown did great honor to the eatables. While the gudewife partly aided, partly instructed, a great stout servant girl, with cheeks as red as her top knot, to remove the supper matters, and supply sugar and hot water, (which, in the damsel's anxiety to gaze upon an actual live captain, she was in some danger of forgetting,) Brown took an opportunity to ask his host whether he did not repent of having neglected the gypsy's hint.

"Wha kens?" answered he; "they're queer deevils; maybe I might just have 'scaped ae gang to meet the other. And yet I'll no say that neither; for if that randy wife was coming to Charlies-hope, she should have a pint bottle o' brandy and a pound o' tobacco to wear her through the winter. They're queer deevils; as my auld father used to say—they're warst where they're warst guided. After a', there's baith gude and ill about the gypsies."

This, and some other desultory conversation, served as a "shoeing-horn" to draw on another cup of ale, and another *cheerer*, as Dinmont termed it in his country phrase, of brandy and water. Brown then resolutely declined all further convivi-

ality for that evening, pleading his own weariness and the effects of the skirmish,—being well aware that it would have availed nothing to have remonstrated with his host on the danger that excess might have occasioned to his own raw wound and bloody coxcomb. A very small bed-room, but a very clean bed, received the traveler, and the sheets made good the courteous vaunt of the hostess, "that they would be as pleasant as he could find ony gate, for they were washed wi' the fairy-well water, and bleached on the bonny white gowans, and bittled by Nelly and hersell; and what could woman, if she was a queen, do mair for them?"

They indeed rivaled snow in whiteness, and had, besides, a pleasant fragrance from the manner in which they had been bleached. Little Wasp, after licking his master's hand to ask leave, couched himself on the coverlet at his feet; and the traveler's senses were soon lost in grateful oblivion.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

Give, ye Britons, then,
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold.
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearthed,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
THOMSON'S SEASONS.

BROWN rose early in the morning, and walked out to look at the establishment of his new friend. All was rough and neglected in the neighborhood of the house;—a paltry garden, no pains taken to make the vicinity dry or comfortable, and a total absence of all those little neatnesses which give the eye so much pleasure in looking at an English farm-house. There were, notwithstanding, evident signs that this arose only from want of taste, or ignorance, not from poverty, or the negligence which attends it. On the contrary, a noble cow-house, well filled with good milk-cows, a feeding house, with ten bullocks of the most approved breed, a stable, with two good teams of horses, the appearance of domestics, active, industrious, and apparently contented with their lot; in a word, an air of liberal though sluttish plenty, indicated the wealthy farmer. The situation of the house above the river formed a gentle declivity, which relieved the inhabitants of the nuisances that might otherwise have stagnated around it. At a little distance was the whole band

of children, playing and building houses with peats around a huge doddered oak-tree, which was called Charlie's-Bush, from some tradition respecting an old freebooter who had once inhabited the spot. Between the farm-house and the hill-pasture was a deep morass, termed in that country a slack: it had once been the defence of a fortalice, of which no vestiges now remained, but which was said to have been inhabited by the same doughty hero we have now alluded to. Brown endeavored to make some acquaintance with the children; but the rogues fled from him like quicksilver," though the two eldest stood peeping when they had got to some distance. The traveler then turned his course toward the hill, crossing the foresaid swamp by a range of stepping stones, neither the broadest nor steadiest that could be imagined. He had not climbed far up the hill when he met a man descending.

He soon recognized his worthy host, though a *maud*, as it is called, or a gray shepherd's plaid, supplied his traveling jockey-coat, and a cap, faced with wild cat's fur, more commodiously covered his bandaged head than a hat would have done. As he appeared through the morning mist, Brown, accustomed to judge of men by their thews and sinews, could not help admiring his height, the breadth of his shoulders, and the steady firmness of his step. Dinmont internally paid the same compliment to Brown, whose athletic form he now perused somewhat more at leisure than he had done formerly. After the usual greetings of the morning, the guest inquired whether his host found any inconvenient consequences from the last night's affray.

"I had maist forgotten't," said the hardy Borderer; "but I think this morning, now that I am fresh and sober, if you and I were at the Withershin's Latch, wi' ilka ane a gude oak souple in his hand, we wadna turn back, no for half a dizzen o' yon scaff-raff."

"But are you prudent, my good sir," said Brown, "not to take an hour or two's repose after receiving such severe contusions?"

"Confusions!" replied the farmer laughing in derision;—"Lord, Captain, naething confuses my head.—I ance jumped up and laid the dogs on the fox after I had tumbled from the tap o' Christenbury Craig, and that might have confused me to purpose. Na—naething confuses me, unless, it be a screed o' drink at an orra time. Besides I behooved to be round the hirsel this morning, and see how the herds were coming on—they're apt to be negligent wi' their foot-balls and fairs, and trysts, when ane's away. And there I met wi' Tam o' Todshaw.

and a wheen o' the rest o' the billies on the water side; they're a' for a fox hunt this morning—ye'll gang? I'll gie ye Dumple, and take the brood mare mysell."

"But I fear I must leave you this morning, Mr. Dinmont," replied Brown.

"The fient a bit o' that," exclaimed the Borderer,—"I'll no part wi' ye at ony rate for a fortnight mair.—Na, na; we dinna meet sic friends as you on a Bewcastle moss every night."

Brown had not designed his journey should be a speedy one; he therefore readily compounded with his hearty invitation, by agreeing to pass a week at Charlies-hope.

On their return to the house, where the good-wife presided over an ample breakfast, she heard news of the proposed fox-hunt, not indeed with approbation, but without alarm or surprise. "Dand! ye're the auld man yet; naething will make ye take warning till ye're brought hame some day wi' your feet foremost."

"Tut, lass!" answered Dandie, "ye ken yoursell I am never a prin the waur o' my rambles."

So saying, he exhorted Brown to be hasty in despatching his breakfast, as, "the frost having given way, the scent would lie this morning primely."

Out they sallied, accordingly, for Otterscopescaurs, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and involved themselves among hills as steep as they could be without being precipitous. The sides often presented gullies, down which, in the winter season, or after heavy rain, the torrents descended with great fury. Some dappled mists still floated along the peaks of the hills, the remains of the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a smart shower. Through these fleecy screens were seen a hundred little temporary streamlets or rills, descending the sides of the mountains like silver threads. By small sheep-tracks along these steeps, over which Dinmont trotted with the most fearless confidence, they at length drew near the scene of sport, and began to see other men both on horse and foot, making toward the place of rendezvous. Brown was puzzling himself to conceive how a fox-chase could take place among the hills where it was barely possible for a pony, accustomed to the ground, to trot along, but where, quitting the track for half a yard's breadth, the rider might be either bogged, or precipitated down the bank. This wonder was not diminished when he came to the place of action.

They had gradually ascended very high, and now found themselves on a mountain ridge overhanging a glen of great

depth, but extremely narrow. Here the sportsmen had collected, with an apparatus which would have shocked a member of the Pytchley Hunt; for, the object being the removal of a noxious and destructive animal, as well as the pleasures of the chase, poor Reynard was allowed much less fair play than when pursued in form through an open country. The strength of his habitation, however, and the nature of the ground by which it was surrounded on all sides, supplied what was wanting in the courtesy of his pursuers. The sides of the glen were broken banks of earth, and rocks of rotten stone, which sunk sheer down to the little winding stream below, affording here and there a tuft of scathed brush-wood, or a patch of furze. Along the edges of this ravine, which, as we have said, was very narrow, but of profound depth, the hunters on horse and foot ranged themselves; almost every farmer had with him at least a brace of large and fierce greyhounds, of the race of those deer-dogs which were formerly used in that country, but greatly lessened in size from being crossed with the common breed. The huntsman, a sort of provincial officer of the district, who receives a certain supply of meal, and a reward for every fox he destroys, was already at the bottom of the dell, whose echoes thundered to the chiding of two or three brace of fox-hounds. Terriers, including the whole generation of Pepper and Mustard, were also in attendance, having been sent forward under the care of a shepherd. Mongrel, whelp, and cur of low degree, filled up the burden of the chorus. The spectators on the brink of the ravine, or glen, held their greyhounds in leash, in readiness to slip them at the fox, as soon as the activity of the party below should force him to abandon his cover.

The scene, though uncouth to the eye of a professed sportsman, had something in it wildly captivating. The shifting figures on the mountain ridge, having the sky for their background, appeared to move in the air. The dogs, impatient of their restraint, and maddened with the baying beneath, sprung here and there, and strained at the slips which prevented them from joining their companions. Looking down, the view was equally striking. The thin mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the eye strove to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes a breath of wind made the scene visible, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through its rude and solitary dell. They then could see the shepherds springing with fearless activity from one dangerous point to another, and cheering the dogs on the scent—the whole so diminished by depth and dis-

tance, that they looked like pigmies. Again the mists close over them, and the only signs of their continued exertions are the halloos of the men, and the clamors of the hounds, ascending as it were out of the bowels of the earth. When the fox, thus persecuted from one stronghold to another, was at length obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat, those who watched his motions from the top slipped their greyhounds, which excelling the fox in swiftness, and equaling him in ferocity and spirit, soon brought the plunderer to his life's end.

In this way, without any attention to the ordinary rules and decorums of sport, but apparently as much to the gratification both of bipeds and quadrupeds as if all due ritual had been followed, four foxes were killed on this active morning; and even Brown himself, though he had seen the princely sports of India, and ridden a-tiger-hunting upon an elephant with the Nabob of Arcot, professed to have received an excellent morning's amusement. When the sport was given up for the day, most of the sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charlies-hope.

During their return homeward, Brown rode for a short time beside the huntsman, and asked him some questions concerning the mode in which he exercised his profession. The man showed an unwillingness to meet his eye, and a disposition to be rid of his company and conversation, for which Brown could not easily account. He was a thin, dark, active fellow, well framed for the hardy profession which he exercised. But his face had not the frankness of the jolly hunter; he was down-looked, embarrassed, and avoided the eyes of those who looked hard at him. After some unimportant observations on the success of the day, Brown gave him a trifling gratuity, and rode on with his landlord. They found the gudewife prepared for their reception; the fold and the poultry-yard furnished the entertainment, and the kind and hearty welcome made amends for all deficiencies in elegance and fashion.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

The Elliots and Armstrongs did convene;
They were a gallant company!
BALLAD OF JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG.

WITHOUT noticing the occupations of an intervening day or two, which, as they consisted of the ordinary sylvan amusements of shooting and coursing, have nothing sufficiently interesting to detain the reader, we pass to one in some degree peculiar to Scotland, which may be called a sort of salmon-hunting. This chase, in which the fish is pursued and struck with barbed spears, or a sort of long-shafted trident, called a *waster*,* is much practiced at the mouth of the Esk, and in the other salmon rivers of Scotland. The sport is followed by day and night, but most commonly in the latter, when the fish are discovered by means of torches, or fire-grates, filled with blazing fragments of tar-barrels, which shed a strong though partial light upon the water. On the present occasion, the principal party were embarked in a crazy boat upon a part of the river which was enlarged and deepened by the restraint of a mill-wear, while others, like the ancient Bacchanals in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears, and pursuing the salmon, some of which endeavored to escape up the stream, while others, shrouding themselves under roots of trees, fragments of stones, and large rocks, attempted to conceal themselves from the researches of the fishermen. These the party in the boat detected by the slightest indication; the twinkling of a fin, the rising of an air bell, was sufficient to point out to these adroit sportsmen in what direction to use their weapon.

The scene was inexpressibly animating to those accustomed to it; but as Brown was not practiced to use the spear, he soon tired of making efforts which were attended with no other consequence than jarring his arms against the rocks at the bottom of the river, upon which, instead of the devoted salmon, he often bestowed his blow. Nor did he relish, though he concealed feelings which would not have been understood, being quite so near the agonies of the expiring salmon, as they lay flapping about in the boat, which they moistened with their blood. He therefore requested to be put ashore, and, from the

* Or *leister*. The long spear is used for striking: but there is a shorter, which is cast from the hand, and with which an experienced sportsman hits the fish with singular dexterity.

top of a *heugh*, or broken bank, enjoyed the scene much more to his satisfaction. Often he thought of his friend Dudley, the artist, when he observed the effect produced by the strong red glare on the romantic banks under which the boat glided. Now the light diminished to a distant star that seemed to twinkle on the waters like those which, according to the legends of the country, the water-kelpy sends for the purpose of indicating the watery grave of his victims. Then it advanced nearer, brightening and enlarging as it again approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered bank, and rock, and tree, visible as it passed, tinging them with its own red glare of dusky light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light also were seen the figures in the boat, now holding high their weapons, now stooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed by the same red glare, into a color which might have befitted the regions of Pandemonium.

Having amused himself for some time with these effects of light and shadow, Brown strolled homeward toward the farmhouse, gazing in his way at the persons engaged in the sport, two or three of whom are generally kept together, one holding the torch, the others with their spears, ready to avail themselves of the light it affords to strike their prey. As he observed one man struggling with a very weighty salmon which he had speared, but was unable completely to raise from the water, Brown advanced close to the bank to see the issue of his exertions. The man who held the torch in this instance was the huntsman, whose sulky demeanor Brown had already noticed with surprise.

"Come here, sir! come here, sir! look at this ane! He turns up a side like a sow." Such was the cry from the assistants when some of them observed Brown advancing.

"Ground the waster weel, man! ground the waster weel!—haud him down—ye haena the pith o' a cat!"—were the cries of advice, encouragement, and expostulation, from those who were on the bank, to the sportsman engaged with the salmon, who stood up to his middle in water, jingling among broken ice, struggling against the force of the fish and the strength of the current, and dubious in what manner he should attempt to secure his booty. As Brown came to the edge of the bank, he called out—"Hold up your torch, friend huntsman!" for he had already distinguished his dusky features by the strong light cast upon them by the blaze. But the fellow no sooner heard his voice, and saw, or rather concluded, it was Brown who approached him, than, instead of advancing his light, he let it drop, as if accidentally, into the water.

"The deil's in Gabriel!" said the spearman, as the fragments of glowing wood floated half-blazing, half-sparkling, but soon extinguished, down the stream—"the deil's in the man!—I'll never master him without the light—and a braver kipper, could I but land him, never resisted abune a pair o' cleeks." * Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterward found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed in safety.

The behavior of the hunstman struck Brown, although he had no recollection of his face, nor could conceive why he should, as it appeared he evidently did, shun his observation. Could it be one of the footpads he had encountered a few days before? The supposition was not altogether improbable, although unwarranted by any observation he was able to make upon the man's figure and face. To be sure, the villains wore their hats much slouched, and had loose coats, and their size was not in any way so peculiarly discriminated as to enable him to resort to that criterion. He resolved to speak to his host Dinmont on the subject, but for obvious reasons concluded it were best to defer the explanation until a cool hour in the morning.

The sportsmen returned loaded with fish, upward of one hundred salmon having been killed within the range of their sport. The best were selected for the use of the principal farmers, the others divided among their shepherds, cottars, dependents, and others of inferior rank who attended. These fish, dried in the turf smoke of their cabins, or shealings, formed a savory addition to the mess of potatoes, mixed with onions, which was the principal part of their winter food. In the meanwhile, a liberal distribution of ale and whisky was made among them, besides what was called a kettle of fish,—two or three salmon, namely, plunged into a cauldron, and boiled for their supper. Brown accompanied his jolly landlord and the rest of his friends into the large and smoky kitchen, where this savory mess reeked on an oaken table, massive enough to have dined Johnnie Armstrong and his merry-men. All was hearty cheer and huzza, and jest and clamorous laughter and bragging alternately, and raillery between whiles. Our traveler looked earnestly around for the dark countenance of the fox-hunter: but it was nowhere to be seen.

At length he hazarded a question concerning him. "That was an awkward accident, my lads, of one of you, who dropped his torch in the water when his companion was struggling with the large fish."

* Note D. Lum Cleeks.

"Awkward!" returned a shepherd, looking up (the same stout young fellow who had speared the salmon), "he deserved his paiks for't—to put out the light when the fish was on ane's witters! *—I'm weel convinced Gabriel drapped the roughies † in the water on purpose—he doesna like to see onybody do a thing better than himsell."

"Ay," said another, "he's sair shamed o' himsell, else he would have been up here the night—Gabriel likes a little o' the gude thing as weel as ony o' us."

"Is he of this country?" said Brown.

"Na, na, he's been but shortly in office; but he's a fell hunter—he's frae down the country, somegate on the Dumfries side."

"And what's his name, pray?"

"Gabriel."

"But Gabriel what?"

"Oh, Lord ken's that; we dinna mind folks' after-names muckle here, they run sae muckle into clans."

"Ye see, sir," said an old shepherd, rising and speaking very slow, "the folks hereabout are a' Armstrongs and Elliots, ‡ and sic like—twa or three given names—and so, for distinction's sake, the lairds and farmers have the names of their places that they live at—for example, Tam o' Todshaw, Will o' the Flat, Hobbie o' Surbietrees, and our good master here, o' the Charlieshope.—Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o' people, ye'll observe, are kend by sorts o' by-names some o' them, as Glaiket Christie, and the Deuke's Davie, or maybe, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment; as for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He's no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think onybody kens him by ony other name. But it's no right to rin him doon ahint his back, for he's a fell fox-hunter, though he's maybe no just sae clever as some o' the folk hereawa wi' the waster."

After some further desultory conversation, the superior sportsmen retired to conclude the evening after their own manner, leaving the others to enjoy themselves, unawed by their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had passed at Charlieshope, was spent in much innocent mirth and conviviality. The latter might have approached to the verge

* The barbs of the spear.

† When dry splinters, or branches, are used as fuel to supply the light for burning the water, as it is called, they are termed, as in the text, Roughies. When rags, dipped in tar, are employed, they are called Hards, probably from the French.

‡ Note E. Clan Surnames.

of riot, but for the good women; for several of the neighboring *mistresses* (a phrase of a signification how different from what it bears in more fashionable life!) had assembled at Charlies-hope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Finding the punch-bowl was so often replenished, that there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they rushed in valorously upon the recreant revelers, headed by our good mistress Ailie, so that Venus speedily routed Bacchus. The fiddler and piper next made their appearance, and the best part of the night was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter-hunt the next day, and a badger-baiting the day after, consumed the time merrily.—I hope our traveler will not sink in the reader's estimation, sportsman though he may be, when I inform him, that on this last occasion, after young Pepper had lost a fore-foot, and Mustard the second had been nearly throttled, he begged as a particular and personal favor of Mr. Dinmont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant a defence, should be permitted to retire to his earth without further molestation.

The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt had it come from any other person, was contented, in Brown's case, to express the utter extremity of his wonder. "Weel," he said, "that's queer aneugh!—But since ye take his part, deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day—we'll e'en mark him, and ca' him the Captain's brock—and I'm sure I'm glad I can do onything to oblige you—but, Lord save us, to care about a brock!"

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most frank attention on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel, and the hospitality of Charlies-hope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate and a favorite, roared manfully in full chorus at his departure, and he was obliged to promise twenty times, that he would soon return and play over all their favorite tunes upon the flageolet till they had got them by heart. "Come back again, Captain," said one little sturdy fellow, "and Jenny will be your wife." Jenny was about eleven years old: she ran and hid herself behind her mammy.

"Captain, come back," said a little fat roll-about girl of six, holding her mouth up to be kissed, "and I'll be your wife my ainsell."

"They must be of harder mould than I," thought Brown, "who could part from so many kind hearts with indifference." The good dame too, with matron modesty, and an affectionate

simplicity that marked the olden time, offered her cheek to the departing guest—"It's little the like of us can do," she said, "little indeed—but yet—if there were but onything"——

"Now, my dear Mrs. Dinmont, you embolden me to make a request—would you but have the kindness to weave me, or work me, just such a gray plaid as the goodman wears?" He had learned the language and feelings of the country even during the short time of his residence, and was aware of the pleasure the request would confer.

"A tait o' woo' would be scarce amang us," said the gudewife, brightening, "if ye shouldna hae that, and as gude a tweel as ever cam aff a pirn. I'll speak to Johnnie Goodsire, the weaver at the Castletown, the morn. Fare ye weel, sir!—and may ye be just as happy yoursell as ye like to see a' body else—and that would be a sair wish to some folk."

I must not omit to mention, that our traveler left his trusty attendant Wasp to be a guest at Charlies-hope for a season. He foresaw that he might prove a troublesome attendant in the event of his being in any situation where secrecy and concealment might be necessary. He was therefore consigned to the care of the eldest boy, who promised, in the words of the old song, that he should have

A bit of his supper, a bit of his bed,

and that he should be engaged in none of those perilous pastimes in which the race of Mustard and Pepper had suffered frequent mutilation. Brown now prepared for his journey, having taken a temporary farewell of his trusty little companion.

There is an odd prejudice in these hills in favor of riding. Every farmer rides well, and rides the whole day. Probably the extent of their large pasture farms, and the necessity of surveying them rapidly, first introduced this custom; or a very zealous antiquary might derive it from the times of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when twenty thousand horsemen assembled at the light of the beacon fires.* But the truth is undeniable; they like to be on horseback, and can be with difficulty convinced that any one chooses walking from other motives than those of convenience or necessity. Accordingly, Dinmont insisted upon mounting his guest, and accompanying him on horseback as far as the nearest town in Dumfries-shire, where he had

* It would be affectation to alter this reference. But the reader will understand, that it was inserted to keep up the author's incognito, as he was not likely to be suspected of quoting his own works. This explanation is also applicable to one or two similar passages, in this and the other novels, introduced for the same reason.

directed his baggage to be sent, and from which he proposed to pursue his intended journey toward Woodbourne, the residence of Julia Mannering.

Upon the way he questioned his companion concerning the character of the fox-hunter ; but gained little information, as he had been called to that office while Dinmont was making the round of the Highland fairs "He was a shake-rag like fellow," he said, "and, he dared to say, had gypsy blood in his veins; but at ony rate, he was nane o' the smacks that had been on their quarters in the moss—he would ken them weel if he saw them again. There are some no bad folk amang the gypsies too, to be sic a gang," added Dandie; "if ever I see that auld randle-tree of a wife again, I'll gie her something to buy tobacco—I have a great notion she meant me very fair after a'."

When they were about finally to part, the good farmer held Brown long by the hand, and at length said, "Captain, the woo's sae weel up the year, that's it's paid a' the rent, and we have naething to do wi' the rest o' the siller when Ailie has had her new gown, and the bairns their bits o' duds—now I was thinking of some safe hand to put it into, for it's ower muckle to ware on brandy and sugar—now I have heard that you army gentlemen can sometimes buy yoursells up a step; and if a hundred or twa would help ye on such an occasion, the bit scrape o' your pen would be as good to me as the siller, and ye might just take yere ain time o' settling it—it wad be a great convenience to me." Brown, who felt the full delicacy that wished to disguise the conferring an obligation under the show of asking a favor, thanked his grateful friend most heartily, and assured him he would have recourse to his purse, without scruple, should circumstances ever render it convenient for him. And thus they parted with many expressions of mutual regard.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

If thou hast any love of mercy in thee,
Turn me upon my face, that I may die.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

OUR traveler hired a post-chaise at the place where he separated from Dinmont, with the purpose of proceeding to Kippletringan, there to inquire into the state of the family at Woodbourne, before he should venture to make his presence

in the country known to Miss Mannering. The stage was a long one of eighteen or twenty miles, and the road lay across the country. To add to the inconveniences of the journey, the snow began to fall pretty quick. The postilion, however, proceeded on his journey for a good many miles, without expressing doubt or hesitation. It was not until the night was completely set in, that he intimated his apprehensions whether he was in the right road. The increasing snow rendered this intimation rather alarming, for as it drove full in the lad's face, and lay whitening all around him, it served in two different ways to confuse his knowledge of the country, and to diminish the chance of his recovering the right track. Brown then himself got out and look round, not, it may well be imagined, from any better hope than that of seeing some house at which he might make inquiry. But none appeared—he could therefore only tell the lad to drive steadily on. The road on which they were ran through plantations of considerable extent and depth, and the traveler therefore conjectured that there must be a gentleman's house at no great distance. At length, after struggling wearily on for about a mile, the post-boy stopped, and protested his horses would not budge a foot further; "but he saw," he said, "a light among the trees, which must proceed from a house; the only way was to inquire the road there." Accordingly, he dismounted, heavily encumbered with a long great-coat and a pair of boots which might have rivaled in thickness the seven-fold shield of Ajax. As in this guise he was plodding forth upon his voyage of discovery, Brown's impatience prevailed, and, jumping out of the carriage, he desired the lad to stop where he was, by the horses, and he would himself go to the house—a command which the driver most joyfully obeyed.

Our traveler groped along the side of the enclosure from which the light glimmered, in order to find some mode of approaching in that direction, and after proceeding for some space, at length found a stile in the hedge, and a pathway leading into the plantation, which in that place was of great extent. This promised to lead to the light which was the object of his search, and accordingly Brown proceeded in that direction, but soon totally lost sight of it among the trees. The path, which at first seemed broad and well marked by the opening of the wood through which it winded, was now less easily distinguishable, although the whiteness of the snow afforded some reflected light to assist his search. Directing himself as much as possible through the more open parts of the wood, he proceeded almost a mile without either recovering a view of the

light, or seeing anything resembling a habitation. Still, however, he thought it best to persevere in that direction. It must surely have been a light in the hut of a forester, for it shone too steadily to be the glimmer of an *ignis fatuus*. The ground at length became broken, and declined rapidly ; and although Brown conceived he still moved along what had once at least been a pathway, it was now very unequal, and the snow concealing those breaches and inequalities, the traveler had one or two falls in consequence. He began now to think of turning back, especially as the falling snow, which his impatience had hitherto prevented his attending to, was coming on thicker and faster.

Willing, however, to make a last effort, he still advanced a little way, when, to his great delight, he beheld the light opposite at no great distance, and apparently upon a level with him. He quickly found that this last appearance was deception, for the ground continued so rapidly to sink, as made it obvious there was a deep dell, or ravine of some kind, between him and the object of his search. Taking every precaution to preserve his footing, he continued to descend until he reached the bottom of a very steep and narrow glen, through which winded a small rivulet, whose course was then almost choked with snow. He now found himself embarrassed among the ruins of cottages, whose black gables, rendered more distinguishable by the contrast with the whitened surface from which they rose, were still standing ; the side-walls had long since given way to time, and, piled in shapeless heaps, and covered with snow, offered frequent and embarrassing obstacles to our traveler's progress. Still, however, he persevered—crossed the rivulet, not without some trouble, and at length, by exertions which became both painful and perilous, ascended its opposite and very rugged bank, until he came on a level with the building from which the gleam proceeded.

It was difficult, especially by so imperfect a light, to discover the nature of this edifice ; but it seemed a square building of small size, the upper part of which was totally ruinous. It had, perhaps, been the abode, in former times, of some lesser proprietor, or a place of strength and concealment in case of need for one of greater importance. But only the lower vault remained, the arch of which formed the roof in the present state of the building. Brown first approached the place from whence the light proceeded, which was a long narrow slit or loophole, such as usually are to be found in old castles. Impelled by curiosity to reconnoitre the interior of this strange place before he entered, Brown gazed in at this aperture. A scene of greater

desolation could not be well imagined. There was a fire upon the floor, the smoke of which, after circling through the apartment, escaped by a hole broken in the arch above. The walls, seen by this smoky light, had the rude and waste appearance of a ruin of three centuries old at least. A cask or two, with some broken boxes and packages, lay about the place in confusion. But the inmates chiefly occupied Brown's attention. Upon a lair composed of straw, with a blanket stretched over it, lay a figure, so still, that, except it was not dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the grave, Brown would have concluded it to be a corpse. On a steadier view he perceived it was only on the point of becoming so, for he heard one or two of those low, deep, and hard-drawn sighs, that precede dissolution when the frame is tenacious of life. A female figure, dressed in a long cloak, sate on a stone by this miserable couch ; her elbows rested upon her knees, and her face, averted from the light of an iron lamp beside her, was bent upon that of the dying person. She moistened his mouth from time to time with some liquid, and between whiles sung, in a low, monotonous cadence, one of those prayers, or rather spells, which, in some parts of Scotland, and the north of England, are used by the vulgar and ignorant to speed the passage of a parting spirit, like the tolling of the bell in Catholic days. She accompanied this dismal sound with a slow rocking motion of her body to and fro, as if to keep time with her song. The words ran nearly thus :—

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay ?
From the body pass away;—
Hark ! the mass is singing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need;—
Hark ! the knell is ringing.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,—
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

The songstress paused, and was answered by one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the mortal strife. "It will not be," she muttered to herself ; "he cannot pass away with that on his mind—it tethers him here—

Heaven cannot abide it,
Earth refuses to hide it.*

* Note F. Gypsy Superstitions.

I must open the door ;" and rising, she faced toward the door of the apartment, observing heedfully not to turn back her head, and withdrawing a bolt or two (for, notwithstanding the miserable appearance of the place, the door was cautiously secured), she lifted the latch saying,

Open lock—end strife,
Come death, and pass life.

Brown, who had by this time moved from his post, stood before her as she opened the door. She stepped back a pace, and he entered, instantly recognizing, but with no comfortable sensation, the same gypsy woman whom he had met in Bewcastle. She also knew him at once, and her attitude, figure, and the anxiety of her countenance, assumed the appearance of the well-disposed ogress of a fairy tale, warning a stranger not to enter the dangerous castle of her husband. The first words she spoke (holding up her hands in a reproving manner) were "Said I not to ye, Make not, meddle not?—Beware of the redding straik! * you are come to no house o' fair-strae death." So saying, she raised the lamp, and turned its light on the dying man, whose rude and harsh features were now convulsed with the last agony. A roll of linen about his head was stained with blood, which had soaked also through the blankets and the straw. It was, indeed, under no natural disease, that the wretch was suffering. Brown started back from this horrible object, and turning to the gypsy, exclaimed, "Wretched woman, who has done this?"

"They that were permitted," answered Meg Merrilies, while she scanned with a close and keen glance the features of the expiring man.—"He has had a sair struggle—but it's passing: I kenn'd he would pass when you came in.—That was the death-ruckle—he's dead."

Sounds were now heard at a distance, as of voices. "They are coming," she said to Brown ; "you are a dead man, if ye had as mony lives as hairs." Brown eagerly looked round for some weapon of defence. There were none near. He then rushed to the door with the intention of plunging among the trees, and making his escape by flight, from what he now esteemed a den of murderers, but Merrilies held him with a masculine grasp. "Here," she said, "here—be still, and you are safe—stir not, whatever you see or hear, and nothing shall befall you."

* The redding straik, namely a blow received by a peace-maker who interferes betwixt two combatants, to red or separate them, is proverbially said to be the most dangerous blow a man can receive.

Brown, in these desperate circumstances, remembered this woman's intimation formerly, and thought he had no chance of safety but in obeying her. She caused him to crouch down among a parcel of straw on the opposite side of the apartment from the corpse, covered him carefully, and flung over him two or three old sacks which lay about the place. Anxious to observe what was to happen, Brown arranged, as softly as he could, the means of peeping from under the coverings by which he was hidden, and awaited with a throbbing heart the issue of this strange and most unpleasant adventure. The old gypsy, in the mean time, set about arranging the dead body, composing its limbs, and straightening the arms by its side. "Best to do this," she muttered, "ere he stiffen." She placed on the dead man's breast a trencher, with salt sprinkled upon it, set one candle at the head, and another at the feet of the body, and lighted both. Then she resumed her song, and awaited the approach of those whose voices had been heard without.

Brown was a soldier, and a brave one; but he was also a man, and at this moment his fears mastered his courage so completely, that the cold drops burst out from every pore. The idea of being dragged out of his miserable concealment by wretches whose trade was that of midnight murder, without weapons or the slightest means of defence, except entreaties which would be only their sport, and cries for help which could never reach other ear than their own—his safety entrusted to the precarious compassion of a being associated with these felons, and whose trade of rapine and imposture must have hardened her against every human feeling—the bitterness of his emotions almost choked him. He endeavored to read in her withered and dark countenance, as the lamp threw its light upon her features, something that promised those feelings of compassion, which females, even in their most degraded state, can seldom altogether smother. There was no such touch of humanity about this woman. The interest, whatever it was, that determined her in his favor, arose not from the impulse of compassion, but from some internal, and probably capricious, associations of feelings, to which he had no clew. It rested, perhaps, on a fancied likeness, such as Lady Macbeth found to her father in the sleeping monarch. Such were the reflections that passed in rapid succession through Brown's mind as he gazed from his hiding-place upon this extraordinary personage. Meantime the gang did not yet approach, and he was almost prompted to resume his original intention of attempting an escape from the hut, and cursed internally his own irresolution,

which had consented to his being cooped up where he had neither room for resistance nor flight.

Meg Merrilies seemed equally on the watch. She bent her ear to every sound that whistled round the old walls. Then she turned again to the dead body, and found something new to arrange or alter in its position. "He's a bonny corpse," she muttered to herself, "and weel worth the streaking."—And in this dismal occupation she appeared to feel a sort of professional pleasure, entering slowly into all the minutiæ, as if with the skill and feelings of a connoisseur. A long dark-colored sea-cloak, which she dragged out of a corner, was disposed for a pall. The face she left bare, after closing the mouth and eyes, and arranged the capes of the cloak so as to hide the bloody bandages, and give the body, as she muttered, "a mair decent appearance."

At once three or four men, equally ruffians in appearance and dress, rushed into the hut. "Meg, ye limb of Satan, how dare you leave the door open?" was the first salutation of the party.

"And wha ever heard of a door being barred when a man was in the dead-thraw?—how d'ye think the spirit was to get awa through bolts and bars like thae?"

"Is he dead, then?" said one who went to the side of the couch to look at the body.

"Ay, ay—dead enough," said another—"but here's what shall give him a rousing lykewake." So saying, he fetched a keg of spirits from a corner, while Meg hastened to display pipes and tobacco. From the activity with which she undertook the task, Brown conceived good hope of her fidelity toward her guest. It was obvious that she wished to engage the ruffians in their debauch, to prevent the discovery which might take place, if, by accident, any of them should approach too nearly the place of Brown's concealment.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound, by holy vow
To bless a good man's store.
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
And use it as ye may.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

BROWN could now reckon his foes;—they were five in number; two of them were very powerful men, who appeared to be either real seamen, or strollers who assumed that character; the other three, an old man and two lads, were slighter made, and from their black hair and dark complexion, seemed to belong to Meg's tribe. They passed from one to another the cup out of which they drank their spirits. "Here's to his good voyage!" said one of the seamen, drinking; "a squally night he's got, however, to drift through the sky in."

We omit here various execrations with which these honest gentlemen garnished their discourse, retaining only such of their expletives as are least offensive.

"'A does not mind wind and weather—'A has had many a north-easter in his day."

"He had his last yesterday," said another gruffly; "and now old Meg may pray for his last fair wind, as she's often done before."

"I'll pray for nane o' him," said Meg, "nor for you neither, you randy dog. The times are sair altered since I was a kitchen-mort.* Men were men then, and fought other in the open field, and there was nae milling in the darkmans.† And the gentry had kind hearts, and would have given baith lap and pannel ‡ to ony puir gypsy; and there was not one, from Johnnie Faa, the upright man,§ to little Christie that was in the panniers, would cloyed a dud ‖ from them. But ye are a' altered from the gude auld rules, and no wonder that you scour the cramp-ring and trine to the cheat ¶ sae often. Yes, ye are a' altered—you'll eat the goodman's meat, drink his drink, sleep on the

* A girl. † Murder by night. ‡ Liquor and food.
§ The leader (and greatest rogue) of the gang. ‖ Stolen a rag.
¶ Get imprisoned and hanged.

strammel* in his barn, and break his house and cut his throat for his pains! There's blood on your hands, too, ye dogs—mair than ever came there by fair fighting. See how ye'll die then—lang it was ere he died—he strove, and strove sair, and could neither die nor live;—but you—half the country will see how ye'll grace the woodie."

The party set up a hoarse laugh at Meg's prophecy.

"What made you come back here, ye auld beldam?" said one of the gypsies; "could ye not have staid where you were, and spaed fortunes to the Cumberland flats?†—Bing out and tour,‡ ye auld devil, and see that nobody has scented; that's a' you're good for now."

"Is that a' I am good for now?" said the indignant matron. "I was good for mair than that in the great fight between our folk and Patrico Salmon's, if I had not helped you with these very fambles (holding up her hands), Jean Baillie would have frammagem'd you,§ ye feckless do-little!"

There was here another laugh, at the expense of the hero who had received this amazon's assistance.

"Here, mother," said one of the sailors, "here's a cup of the right for you, and never mind that bully-huff."

Meg drank the spirits, and, withdrawing herself from further conversation, sat down before the spot where Brown lay hid, in such a posture that it would have been difficult for any one to have approached it without her rising. The men, however, showed no disposition to disturb her.

They closed around the fire, and held deep consultation together; but the low tone in which they spoke, and the cant language which they used, prevented Brown from understanding much of their conversation. He gathered in general, that they expressed great indignation against some individual. "He shall have his gruel," said one, and then whispered something very low into the ear of his comrade.

"I'll have nothing to do with that," said the other.

"Are you turned hen-hearted, Jack?"

"No, by G—d, no more than yourself,—but I won't;—it was something like that stopped all the trade fifteen or twenty years ago—you have heard of the Loup?"

"I have heard *him* (indicating the corpse by a jerk of his head) tell about that job. G—d, how he used to laugh when he showed us how he fetched him off the perch!"

"Well, but it did up the trade for one while," said Jack.

"How should that be?" asked the surly villain.

* Straw. † Flats, gulls. ‡ Go out and watch. § Throttled you.

"Why," replied Jack, "the people got rusty about it, and would not deal, and they had bought so many brooms * that"——

"Well, for all that," said the other, "I think we should be down upon the fellow one of these darkmans, and let him get it well."

"But old Meg's asleep now," said another; "she grows a driveler, and is afraid of her shadow. She'll sing out,† some of these odd-come-shortlies, if you don't look sharp."

"Never fear" said the old gypsy man; "Meg's true bred; she's the last in the gang that will start—but she has some queer ways, and often cuts queer words."

With more of this gibberish, they continued the conversation, rendering it thus, even to each other, a dark obscure dialect, eiked out by significant nods and signs, but never expressing distinctly, or in plain language, the subject on which it turned. At length one of them, observing Meg was still fast asleep, or appeared to be so, desired one of the lads "to hand in the black Peter, that they might flick it open." The boy stepped to the door and brought in a portmanteau, which Brown instantly recognized for his own. His thoughts immediately turned to the unfortunate lad he had left with the carriage. Had the ruffians murdered him? was the horrible doubt that crossed his mind. The agony of his attention grew yet keener, and while the villains pulled out and admired the different articles of his clothes and linen, he eagerly listened for some indication that might intimate the fate of the postilion. But the ruffians were too much delighted with their prize, and too much busied in examining its contents, to enter into any detail concerning the manner in which they had acquired it. The portmanteau contained various articles of apparel, a pair of pistols, a leathern case with a few papers, and some money, etc. etc. At any other time it would have provoked Brown excessively to see the unceremonious manner in which the thieves shared his property, and made themselves merry at the expense of the owner. But the moment was too perilous to admit any thoughts but what had immediate reference to self-preservation.

After a sufficient scrutiny into the portmanteau, and an equitable division of its contents, the ruffians applied themselves more closely to the serious occupation of drinking, in which they spent the greater part of the night. Brown was for some time in great hopes that they would drink so deep as to

* Got so many warrants out.

† To sing out, or whistle in the cage, is when a rogue, being apprehended, peaches against his comrades.

render themselves insensible, when his escape would have been an easy matter. But their dangerous trade required precautions inconsistent with such unlimited indulgence, and they stopped short on this side of absolute intoxication. Three of them at length composed themselves to rest, while the fourth watched. He was relieved in this duty by one of the others, after a vigil of two hours. When the second watch had elapsed, the sentinel awakened the whole, who, to Brown's inexpressible relief, began to make some preparations as if for departure, bundling up the various articles which each had appropriated. Still, however, there remained something to be done. Two of them, after some rummaging, which not a little alarmed Brown, produced a mattock and shovel; another took a pick-axe from behind the straw on which the dead body was extended. With these implements two of them left the hut, and the remaining three, two of whom were the seamen, very strong men, still remained in garrison.

After the space of about half-an-hour, one of those who had departed again returned, and whispered the others. They wrapped up the dead body in the sea-cloak which had served as a pall, and went out, bearing it along with them. The aged sibyl then rose from her real or feigned slumbers. She first went to the door, as if for the purpose of watching the departure of her late inmates, then returned, and commanded Brown, in a low and stifled voice, to follow her instantly. He obeyed; but on leaving the hut he would willingly have repossessed himself of his money, or papers at least; but this she prohibited in the most peremptory manner. It immediately occurred to him that the suspicion of having removed anything, of which he might repossess himself, would fall upon this woman, by whom, in all probability, his life had been saved. He therefore immediately desisted from his attempt, contenting himself with seizing a cutlass, which one of the ruffians had flung aside among the straw. On his feet, and possessed of this weapon, he already found himself half delivered from the dangers which beset him. Still, however, he felt stiffened and cramped, both with the cold, and by the constrained and unaltered position which he had occupied all night. But as he followed the gypsy from the door of the hut, the fresh air of the morning, and the action of walking, restored circulation and activity to his benumbed limbs.

The pale light of a winter's morning was rendered more clear by the snow, which was lying all around, crisped by the influence of a severe frost. Brown cast a hasty glance at the landscape around him, that he might be able again to know the

spot. The little tower, of which only a single vault remained, forming the dismal apartment in which he had spent this remarkable night, was perched on the very point of a projecting rock overhanging the rivulet. It was accessible only on one side, and that from the ravine or glen below. On the other three sides the bank was precipitous, so that Brown had on the preceding evening escaped more dangers than one; for if he had attempted to go round the building, which was once his purpose, he must have been dashed to pieces. The dell was so narrow, that the trees met in some places from the opposite sides. They were now loaded with snow instead of leaves, and thus formed a sort of frozen canopy over the rivulet beneath, which was marked by its darker color, as it soaked its way obscurely through wreaths of snow. In one place, where the glen was a little wider, leaving a small piece of flat ground between the rivulet and the bank, were situated the ruins of the hamlet in which Brown had been involved on the preceding evening. The ruined gables, the insides of which were japanned with turf-smoke, looked yet blacker, contrasted with the patches of snow which had been driven against them by the wind, and with the drifts which lay around them.

Upon this wintry and dismal scene, Brown could only at present cast a very hasty glance; for his guide, after pausing an instant, as if to permit him to indulge his curiosity, strode hastily before him down the path which led into the glen. He observed, with some feelings of suspicion, that she chose a track already marked by several feet, which he could only suppose were those of the depredators who had spent the night in the vault. A moment's recollection, however, put his suspicions to rest. It was not to be thought that the woman, who might have delivered him up to her gang when in a state totally defenceless, would have suspended her supposed treachery until he was armed, and in the open air, and had so many better chances of defence or escape. He therefore followed his guide in confidence and silence. They crossed the small brook at the same place where it previously had been passed by those who had gone before. The foot-marks then proceeded through the ruined village, and from thence down the glen, which again narrowed to a ravine, after the small opening in which they were situated. But the gypsy no longer followed the same track;—she turned aside, and led the way, by a very rugged and uneven path, up the bank which overhung the village. Although the snow in many places hid the pathway, and rendered the footing uncertain and unsafe, Meg proceeded with a firm and determined step, which indicated an intimate knowl-

edge of the ground she traversed. At length they gained the top of the bank, though by a passage so steep and intricate that Brown, though convinced it was the same by which he had descended on the night before, was not a little surprised how he had accomplished the task without breaking his neck. Above, the country opened wide and unenclosed for about a mile or two on the one hand, and on the other were thick plantations of considerable extent.

Meg, however, still led the way along the bank of the ravine out of which they had ascended, until she heard beneath the murmur of voices. She then pointed to a deep plantation of trees at some distance.—"The road to Kippletringan," she said, "is on the other side of these enclosures.—Make the speed ye can; there's mair rests on your life than other folk's. —But you have lost all—stay." She fumbled in an immense pocket, from which she produced a greasy purse.—"Many's the *awmous* your house has gi'en Meg and hers—and she has lived to pay it back in a small degree;"—and she placed the purse in his hand.

"The woman is insane," thought Brown; but it was no time to debate the point, for the sounds he heard in the ravine below probably proceeded from the banditti. "How shall I repay this money," he said, "or how acknowledge the kindness you have done me?"

"I hae twa boons to crave," answered the sibyl, speaking low and hastily: "one, that you will never speak of what you have seen this night; the other, that you will not leave this country till you see me again—and that you leave word at the Gordon-Arms where you are to be heard of; and when I next call for you—be it in church or market, at wedding or at burial, Sunday or Saturday, meal-time or fasting—that ye leave everything else and come with me."

"Why, that will do you little good, mother."

"But 'twill do yoursell muckle, and that's what I'm thinking o'. I am not mad, although I have had enough to make me sae—I am not mad, nor doating, nor drunken—I know what I am asking, and I know it has been the will of God to preserve you in strange dangers, and that I shall be the instrument to set you in your father's seat again.—Sae give me your promise, and mind that you owe your life to me this blessed night."

"There's wildness in her manner, certainly," thought Brown,—"and yet it is more like the wildness of energy than of madness.——Well, mother, since you do ask so useless and trifling a favor, you have my promise. It will at least give me

an opportunity to repay your money with additions. You are an uncommon kind of creditor; no doubt, but "——

"Away, away, then!" said she waving her hand. "Think not about the goud—it's a' your ain; but remember your promise, and do not dare to follow me or look after me." So saying, she plunged again into the dell, and descended it with great agility, the icicles and snow wreaths showering down after her as she disappeared.

Notwithstanding her prohibition, Brown endeavored to gain some point of the bank from which he might, unseen, gaze down into the glen; and with some difficulty (for it must be conceived that the utmost caution was necessary) he succeeded. The spot which he attained for this purpose was the point of a projecting rock, which rose precipitously from among the trees. By kneeling down among the snow, and stretching his head cautiously forward, he could observe what was going on in the bottom of the dell. He saw, as he expected, his companions of the last night, now joined by two or three others. They had cleared away the snow from the foot of the rock, and dug a deep pit, which was designed to serve the purpose of a grave. Around this they now stood, and lowered into it something wrapped in a naval cloak, which Brown instantly concluded to be the dead body of the man he had seen expire. They then stood silent for half a minute, as if under some touch of feeling for the loss of their companion. But if they experienced such, they did not long remain under its influence, for all hands went presently to work to fill up the grave; and Brown, perceiving that the task would be soon ended, thought it best to take the gypsy-woman's hint, and walk as fast as possible until he should gain the shelter of the plantation.

Having arrived under cover of the trees, his first thought was of the gypsy's purse. He had accepted it without hesitation, though with something like a feeling of degradation, arising from the character of the person by whom he was thus accommodated. But it relieved him from a serious though temporary, embarrassment. His money, excepting a very few shillings, was in his portmanteau, and that was in possession of Meg's friends. Some time was necessary to write to his agent, or even to apply to his good host, at Charlies-hope, who would gladly have supplied him. In the meantime, he resolved to avail himself of Meg's subsidy, confident that he should have a speedy opportunity of replacing it with a handsome gratuity. "It can be but a trifling sum," he said to himself, "and I dare say the good lady may have a share of my bank-notes to make amends."

With these reflections he opened the leathern-purse, expecting to find at most three or four guineas. But how much was he surprised to discover that it contained, besides a considerable quantity of gold pieces, of different coinages and various countries, the joint amount of which could not be short of a hundred pounds, several valuable rings and ornaments set with jewels, and, as appeared from the slight inspection he had time to give them, of very considerable value.

Brown was equally astonished and embarrassed by the circumstances in which he found himself, possessed, as he now appeared to be, of property to a much greater amount than his own, but which had been obtained in all probability by the same nefarious means through which he had himself been plundered. His first thought was to inquire after the nearest justice of peace, and to place in his hands the treasure of which he had thus unexpectedly become the depositary, telling, at the same time, his own remarkable story. But a moment's consideration brought several objections to this mode of procedure. In the first place, by observing this course, he should break his promise of silence, and might probably by that means involve the safety, perhaps the life, of this woman, who had risked her own to preserve his, and who had voluntarily endowed him with this treasure,—a generosity which might thus become the means of her ruin. This was not to be thought of. Besides, he was a stranger, and, for a time at least, unprovided with means of establishing his own character and credit to the satisfaction of a stupid or obstinate country magistrate. "I will think over the matter more maturely," he said: "perhaps there may be a regiment quartered at the country-town, in which case my knowledge of the service, and acquaintance with many officers of the army, cannot fail to establish my situation and character by evidence which a civil judge could not sufficiently estimate. And then I shall have the commanding-officer's assistance in managing matters so as to screen this unhappy mad woman, whose mistake or prejudice has been so fortunate for me. A civil magistrate might think himself obliged to send out warrants for her at once, and the consequence, in case of her being taking, is pretty evident. No, she has been upon honor with me if she were the devil, and I will be equally upon honor with her —she shall have the privilege of a court-martial, where the point of honor can qualify strict law. Besides, I may see her at this place, Kipple—Couple—what did she call it! and then I can make restitution to her, and e'en let the law claim its own when it can secure her. In the meanwhile, however, I cut rather an

awkward figure for one who has the honor to bear his Majesty's commission, being little better than the receiver of stolen goods."

With these reflections, Brown took from the gypsy's treasure three or four guineas, for the purpose of his immediate expenses, and tying up the rest in the purse which contained them, resolved not again to open it, until he could either restore it to her by whom it was given, or put it into the hands of some public functionary. He next thought of the cutlass, and his first impulse was to leave it in the plantation. But when he considered the risk of meeting with these ruffians, he could not resolve on parting with his arms. His walking-dress, though plain, had so much of a military character as suited not amiss with his having such a weapon. Besides, though the custom of wearing swords by persons out of uniform had been gradually becoming antiquated, it was not yet so totally forgotten as to occasion any particular remark toward those who chose to adhere to it. Retaining, therefore, his weapon of defence, and placing the purse of the gypsy in a private pocket, our traveler strode gallantly on through the wood in search of the promised high road.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence!
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

JULIA MANNERING TO MATILDA MARCHMONT.

"How can you unbraid me, my dearest Matilda, with abatement in friendship, or fluctuation in affection? Is it possible for me to forget that you are the chosen of my heart, in whose faithful bosom I have deposited every feeling which your poor Julia dares to acknowledge to herself? And you do me equal injustice in upbraiding me with exchanging your friendship for

that of Lucy Bertram. I assure you she has not the materials I must seek for in a bosom confidante. She is a charming girl, to be sure, and I like her very much, and I confess our forenoon and evening engagements have left me less time for the exercise of my pen than our proposed regularity of correspondence demands. But she is totally devoid of elegant accomplishments, excepting the knowledge of French and Italian, which she acquired from the most grotesque monster you ever beheld, whom my father has engaged as a kind of librarian, and whom he patronizes, I believe to show his defiance of the world's opinion. Colonel Mannering seems to have formed a determination, that nothing shall be considered as ridiculous, so long as it appertains to or is connected with him. I remember in India he had picked up somewhere a little mongrel cur, with bandy legs, a long back, and huge flapping ears. Of this uncouth creature he chose to make a favorite, in despite of all taste and opinion ; and I remember one instance which he alleged, of what he called Brown's petulance, was, that he had criticised severely the crooked legs and drooping ears of Bingo. On my word, Matilda, I believe he nurses his high opinion of this most awkward of all pedants upon a similar principle. He seats the creature at table, where he pronounces a grace that sounds like the scream of the man in the square that used to cry mackerel,—flings his meat down his throat by shovelfuls, like a dustman loading his cart, and apparently without the most distant perception of what he is swallowing,—then bleats forth another unnatural set of tones, by way of returning thanks, stalks out of the room, and immerses himself among a parcel of huge worm-eaten folios that are as uncouth as himself! I could endure the creature well enough, had I anybody to laugh at him along with me ; but Lucy Bertram, if I but verge on the border of a jest affecting this same Mr. Sampson (such is the horrid man's horrid name), looks so piteous, that it deprives me of all spirit to proceed, and my father knits his brow, flashes fire from his eyes, bites his lip, and says something that is extremely rude, and uncomfortable to my feelings.

" It was not of this creature, however, that I meant to speak to you—only that, being a good scholar in the modern, as well as the ancient languages, he has contrived to make Lucy Bertram mistress of the former, and she has only, I believe, to thank her own good sense or obstinacy, that the Greek, Latin (and Hebrew, for aught I know) were not added to her acquisitions. And thus she really has a great fund of information, and I assure you I am daily surprised at the power which

she seems to possess of amusing herself by recalling and arranging the subjects of her former reading. We read together every morning, and I begin to like Italian much better than when we were teased by that conceited animal Cicipici;—this is the way to spell his name, and not Chichipichi—you see I grow a connoisseur.

"But perhaps I like Miss Bertram more for the accomplishments she wants, than for the knowledge she possesses. She knows nothing of music whatever, and no more of dancing than is here common to the meanest peasants,—who, by the way, dance with great zeal and spirit. So that I am instructor in my turn, and she takes with great gratitude lessons from me upon the harpsichord, and I have even taught her some of La Pique's steps, and you know he thought me a promising scholar.

"In the evening, papa often reads, and I assure you he is the best reader of poetry you ever heard—not like that actor, who made a kind of jumble between reading and acting, staring, and bending his brow, and twisting his face, and gesticulating as if he were on the stage, and dressed out in all his costume. My father's manner is quite different—it is the reading of a gentleman, who produces effect by feeling, taste, and inflection of voice, not by action or mummery. Lucy Bertram rides remarkably well, and I can now accompany her on horseback, having become emboldened by example. We walk also a good deal in spite of the cold. So, upon the whole, I have not quite so much time for writing as I used to have.

"Besides, my love, I must really use the apology of all stupid correspondents, that I have nothing to say. My hopes, my fears, my anxieties about Brown, are of a less interesting cast, since I know that he is at liberty, and in health. Besides, I must own, I think that by this time the gentleman might have given me some intimation what he was doing. Our intercourse may be an imprudent one, but it is not very complimentary to me, that Mr. Vanbeest Brown should be the first to discover that such is the case, and to break off in consequence. I can promise him that we might not differ much in opinion should that happen to be his, for I have sometimes thought I have behaved extremely foolishly in that matter. Yet I have so good an opinion of poor Brown, that I cannot but think there is something extraordinary in his silence.

"To return to Lucy Bertram.—No, my dearest Matilda, she can never, never rival you in my regard, so that all your affectionate jealousy on that account is without foundation.

She is, to be sure, a very pretty, a very sensible, a very affectionate girl, and I think there are few persons to whose consolatory friendship I could have recourse more freely in what are called the *real evils* of life. But then these so seldom come in one's way, and one wants a friend who will sympathize with distresses of sentiment, as well as with actual misfortune. Heaven knows, and you know, my dearest Matilda, that these of the heart require the balm of sympathy and affection, as much as the evils of a more obvious and determinate character. Now Lucy Bertram has nothing of this kindly sympathy—nothing at all, my dearest Matilda. Were I sick of a fever, she would sit up night after night to nurse me with the most unrepining patience ; but with the fever of the heart, which my Matilda has soothed so often, she has no more sympathy than her old tutor. And yet what provokes me is, that the demure monkey actually has a lover of her own, and that their mutual affection (for mutual I take it to be) has a great deal of complicated and romantic interest. She was once, you must know, a great heiress, but was ruined by the prodigality of her father, and the villany of a horrid man in whom he confided. And one of the handsomest young gentlemen in the country is attached to her; but as he is heir to a great estate, she discourages his addresses on account of the disproportion of their fortune.

"But with all this moderation, and self-denial, and modesty, and so forth, Lucy is a sly girl—I am sure she loves young Hazlewood, and I am sure he has some guess of that, and would probably bring her to acknowledge it too, if my father or she would allow him an opportunity. But you must know the Colonel is always himself in the way to pay Miss Bertram those attentions which afford the best indirect opportunities for a young gentleman in Hazlewood's situation. I would have my good papa take care that he does not himself pay the usual penalty of meddling folks. I assure you, if I were Hazlewood, I should look on his compliments, his bowings, his cloakings, his shawlings, and his handlings, with some little suspicion—and truly I think Hazlewood does so too at some odd times. Then imagine what a silly figure your poor Julia makes on such occasions ! Here is my father making the agreeable to my friend; there is young Hazlewood watching every word of her lips, and every motion of her eye ; and I have not the poor satisfaction of interesting a human being—not even the exotic monster of a parson, for even he sits with his mouth open, and his huge round goggling eyes fixed like those of a statue, admiring Mess Baartram !

"All this makes me sometimes a little nervous, and some-

times a little mischievous. I was so provoked at my father and the lovers the other day for turning me completely out of their thoughts and society, that I began an attack upon Hazlewood, from which it was impossible for him, in common civility, to escape. He insensibly became warm in his defence.—I assure you, Matilda, he is a very clever, as well as a very handsome young man, and I don't think I ever remember having seen him to the same advantage—when, behold, in the midst of our lively conversation, a very soft sigh from Miss Lucy reached my not ungratified ears. I was greatly too generous to prosecute my victory any further, even if I had not been afraid of papa. Luckily for me, he had at that moment got into a long description of the peculiar notions and manners of a certain tribe of Indians, who live far up the country, and was illustrating them by making drawings on Miss Bertram's work-patterns three of which he utterly damaged, by introducing among the intricacies of the pattern his specimens of Oriental costume. But I believe she thought as little of her own gown at the moment as of the India turbands and cummerbands. However, it was quite as well for me that he did not see all the merit of my little manœuvre, for he is as sharp-sighted as a hawk, and a sworn enemy to the slightest shade of coquetry.

"Well, Matilda,—Hazlewood heard this same half-audible sigh, and instantly repented his temporary attentions to such an unworthy object as your Julia, and, with a very comical expression of consciousness, drew near to Lucy's work-table. He made some trifling observation, and her reply was one in which nothing but an ear as acute as that of a lover, or a curious observer like myself, could have distinguished anything more cold and dry than usual. But it conveyed reproof to the self-accusing hero, and he stood abashed accordingly. You will admit that I was called upon in generosity to act as mediator. So I mingled in the conversation, in the quiet tone of an unobserving and uninterested third party, led them into their former habits of easy chat, and, after having served awhile as the channel of communication through which they chose to address each other, set them down to a pensive game at chess, and very dutifully went to tease papa, who was still busied with his drawings. The chess-players, you must observe, were placed near the chimney, beside a little work-table, which held the board and men—the Colonel at some distance with lights upon a library table,—for it is a large old-fashioned room, with several recesses, and hung with grim tapestry, representing what it might have puzzled the artist himself to explain.

"'Is chess a very interesting game, papa?'

"'I am told so,' without honoring me with much of his notice.

"'I should think so, from the attention Mr. Hazlewood and Lucy are bestowing on it.'

"He raised his head hastily, and held his pencil suspended for an instant. Apparently he saw nothing that excited his suspicions, for he was resuming the folds of a Mahratta's turban in tranquility, when I interrupted him with—'How old is Miss Bertram, sir?'

"'How should I know, Miss? about your own age, I suppose.'

"'Older, I should think, sir. You are always telling me how much more decorously she goes through all the honors of the tea-table.—Lord, papa, what if you should give her a right to preside once and forever!'

"'Julia, my dear,' returned papa, 'you are either a fool outright, or you are more disposed to make mischief than I have yet believed you.'

"Oh, my dear, sir! put your best construction upon it—I would not be thought a fool for all the world.'

"'Then why do you talk like one?' said my father.

"'Lord, sir, I am sure there is nothing so foolish in what I said just now. Everybody knows you are a very handsome man' (a smile was just visible), 'that is, for your time of life' (the dawn was over cast), 'which is far from being advanced, and I am sure I don't know why you should not please yourself if you have a mind. I am sensible I am but a thoughtless girl, and if a graver companion could render you more happy'——

"There was a mixture of displeasure and grave affection in the manner in which my father took my hand, that was a severe reproof to me for trifling with his feelings. 'Julia,' he said, 'I bear with much of your petulance, because I think I have in some degree deserved it, by neglecting to superintend your education sufficiently closely. Yet I would not have you give it the rein upon a subject so delicate. If you do not respect the feelings of your surviving parent toward the memory of her whom you have lost, attend at least to the sacred claims of misfortune; and observe, that the slightest hint of such a jest reaching Miss Bertram's ears, would at once induce her to renounce her present asylum, and go forth, without a protector, into a world she has already felt so unfriendly.'

"What could I say to this, Matilda?—I only cried heartily, begged pardon, and promised to be a good girl in future. And so here am I neutralized again; for I cannot, in honor, or

common good nature, tease poor Lucy by interfering with Hazlewood, although she has so little confidence in me ; and neither can I, after this grave appeal, venture again upon such delicate ground with papa. So I burn little rolls of paper, and sketch Turks' heads upon visiting cards with the blackened end, —I assure you, I succeeded in making a superb Hyder-Ally last night—and I jingle on my unfortunate harpsichord, and begin at the end of a grave book and read it backward.—After all, I begin to be very much vexed about Brown's silence. Had he been obliged to leave the country, I am sure he would at least have written to me.—Is it possible that my father can have intercepted his letters? But no—that is contrary to all his principles—I don't think he would open a letter addressed to me to-night, to prevent my jumping out of window to-morrow. —What an expression I have suffered to escape my pen! I should be ashamed of it, even to you, Matilda, and used in jest. But I need not take much merit for acting as I ought to do. This same Mr. Vanbeest Brown is by no means so very ardent a lover as to hurry the object of his attachment into such inconsiderate steps. He gives one full time to reflect, that must be admitted. However, I will not blame him unheard, nor permit myself, to doubt the manly firmness of a character which I have so often extolled to you. Were he capable of doubt, of fear, of the shadow of change, I should have little to regret.

"And why, you will say, when I expect such steady and unalterable constancy from a lover, why should I be anxious about what Hazlewood does, or to whom he offers his attentions?—I ask myself the question a hundred times a-day, and it only receives the very silly answer,—that one does not like to be neglected, though one would not encourage a serious infidelity.

"I write all these trifles, because you say that they amuse you, and yet I wonder how they should. I remember, in our stolen voyages to the world of fiction, you always admired the grand and the romantic—tales of knights, dwarfs, giants, and distressed damsels, soothsayers, visions, beckoning ghosts, and bloody hands,—whereas I was partial to the involved intrigues of private life, or at furthest, to so much only of the supernatural as is conferred by the agency of an Eastern genie or a beneficent fairy. *You* would have loved to shape your course of life over the broad ocean, with its dead calms and howling tempests, its tornadoes, and its billows mountain-high,—whereas I should like to trim my little pinnace to a brisk breeze in some inland lake or tranquil bay, where there was

just difficulty of navigation sufficient to give interest and to require skill, without any sensible degree of danger. So that, upon the whole, Matilda, I think you should have had my father, with his pride of arms and of ancestry, his chivalrous point of honor, his high talents, and his abstruse and mystic studies ;—you should have had Lucy Bertram, too, for your friend, whose fathers, with names which alike defy memory and orthography, ruled over this romantic country, and whose birth took place, as I have been indistinctly informed, under circumstances of deep and peculiar interest ;—you should have had, too, our Scottish residence, surrounded by mountains, and our lonely walks to haunted ruins. And I should have had, in exchange, the lawns and shrubs, and green-houses, and conservatories, of Pine-park, with your good, quiet, indulgent aunt, her chapel in the morning, her nap after dinner, her hand at whist in the evening, not forgetting her fat coach-horses and fatter coachman. Take notice, however, that Brown is not included in this proposed barter of mine ;—his good-humor, lively conversation, and open gallantry, suit my plan of life, as well as his athletic form, handsome features, and high spirit, would accord with a character of chivalry. So, as we cannot change altogether out and out, I think we must e'en abide as we are."

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

Renounce your defiance ; if you parley so roughly,
I'll barricado my gates against you.—Do you see yon bay window?
Storm—I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk.
MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

JULIA MANNERING TO MATILDA MARCHMONT.

"I RISE from a sick-bed, my dearest Matilda, to communicate the strange and frightful scenes which have just passed. Alas, how little we ought to jest with futurity! I closed my letter to you in high spirits, with some flippant remarks on your taste for the romantic and extraordinary in fictitious narrative. How little I expected to have had such events to record in the course of a few days! And to witness scenes of terror, or to contemplate them in description, is as different, my dearest Matilda, as to bend over the brink of a precipice holding by the frail tenure of a half-rooted shrub, or to admire the same preci-

pice as represented in the landscape of Salvator. But I will not anticipate my narrative.

"The first part of my story is frightful enough, though it had nothing to interest my feelings. You must know that this country is particularly favorable to the commerce of a set of desperate men from the Isle of Man, which is nearly opposite. These smugglers are numerous, resolute, and formidable, and have at different times become the dread of the neighborhood when any one has interfered with their contraband trade. The local magistrates, from timidity or worse motives, have become shy of acting against them, and impunity has rendered them equally daring and desperate. With all this, my father, a stranger in the land, and invested with no official authority, had, one would think, nothing to do. But it must be owned, that, as he himself expresses it, he was born when Mars was lord of his ascendant, and that strife and bloodshed find him out in circumstances and situations the most retired and pacific.

"About eleven o'clock on last Tuesday morning, while Hazlewood and my father were proposing to walk to a little lake about three miles' distance, for the purpose of shooting wild ducks, and while Lucy and I were busied with arranging our plan of work and study for the day, we were alarmed by the sound of horses' feet, advancing very fast up the avenue. The ground was hardened by a severe frost, which made the clatter of the hoofs sound yet louder and sharper. In a moment two or three men armed, mounted, and each leading a spare horse loaded with packages, appeared on the lawn, and without keeping upon the road, which makes a small sweep, pushed right across for the door of the house. Their appearance was in the utmost degree hurried and disordered, and they frequently looked back like men who apprehended a close and deadly pursuit. My father and Hazlewood hurried to the front door to demand who they were, and what was their business. They were revenue officers, they stated, who had seized these horses, loaded with contraband articles, at a place about three miles off. But the smugglers had been reinforced, and were now pursuing them with the avowed purpose of recovering the goods, and putting to death the officers who had presumed to do their duty. The men said, that their horses being loaded, and the pursuers gaining ground upon them, they had fled to Woodbourne, conceiving, that as my father had served the king, he would not refuse to protect the servants of Government, when threatened to be murdered in the discharge of their duty.

"My father, to whom, in his enthusiastic feelings of military loyalty, even a dog would be of importance if he came in the

king's name, gave prompt orders for securing the goods in the hall, arming the servants, and defending the house in case it should be necessary. Hazlewood seconded him with great spirit, and even the strange animal they call Sampson stalked out of his den, and seized upon a fowling-piece, which my father had laid aside to take what they call a rifle-gun, with which they shoot tigers, etc., in the East. The piece went off in the awkward hands of the poor parson, and very nearly shot one of the excisemen. At this unexpected and involuntary explosion of his weapon, the Dominie (such is his nickname) exclaimed, 'Prodigious!' which is his usual ejaculation when astonished. But no power could force the man to part with his discharged piece, so they were content to let him retain it, with the precaution of trusting him with no ammunition. This (excepting the alarm occasioned by the report) escaped my notice at the time, you may easily believe; but in talking over the scene afterward, Hazlewood made us very merry with the Dominie's ignorant but zealous valor.

"When my father had got everything into proper order for defence, and the people stationed at the windows with their fire-arms, he wanted to order us out of danger—into the cellar, I believe—but we could not be prevailed upon to stir. Though terrified to death, I have so much of his own spirit, that I would look upon the peril which threatens us, rather than hear it rage around me without knowing its nature or its progress. Lucy looking as pale as a marble statue, and keeping her eyes fixed on Hazlewood, seemed not even to hear the prayers with which he conjured her to leave the front of the house. But, in truth, unless the hall door should be forced, we were in little danger—the windows being almost blocked up with cushions and pillows, and, what the Dominie most lamented, with folio volumes, brought hastily from the library, leaving only spaces through which the defenders might fire upon the assailants.

"My father had now made his dispositions, and we sat in breathless expectation in the darkened apartment, the men remaining all silent upon their posts, in anxious contemplation probably of the approaching danger. My father, who was quite at home in such a scene, walked from one to another, and reiterated his orders, that no one should presume to fire until he gave the word. Hazlewood, who seemed to catch courage from his eye, acted as his aide-de-camp, and displayed the utmost alertness in bearing his directions from one place to another, and seeing them properly carried into execution. Our force, with the strangers included, might amount to about twelve men.

"At length the silence of this awful period of expectation was broken by a sound, which, at a distance, was like the rushing of a stream of water, but, as it approached, we distinguished the thick-beating clang of a number of horses advancing very fast. I had arranged a loophole for myself, from which I could see the approach of the enemy. The noise increased and came nearer, and at length thirty horsemen and more rushed at once upon the lawn. You never saw such horrid wretches! Notwithstanding the severity of the season, they were most of them stripped to their shirts and trowsers, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, and all well armed with carbines, pistols, and cutlasses. I, who am a soldier's daughter, and accustomed to see war from my infancy, was never so terrified in my life as by the savage appearance of these ruffians, their horses reeking with the speed at which they had ridden, and their furious exclamations of rage and disappointment when they saw themselves baulked of their prey. They paused, however, when they saw the preparations made to receive them, and appeared to hold a moment's consultation among themselves. At length, one of the party, his face blackened with gunpowder by way of disguise, came forward with a white handkerchief on the end of his carbine, and asked to speak with Colonel Mannering. My father, to my infinite terror, threw open a window near which he was posted, and demanded what he wanted. 'We want our goods, which we have been robbed of by these sharks,' said the fellow; 'and our lieutenant bids me say, that if they are delivered, we'll go off for this bout without clearing scores with the rascals who took them; but if not, we'll burn the house, and have the heart's blood of every one in it;'—a threat which he repeated more than once, graced by a fresh variety of imprecations, and the most horrid denunciations that cruelty could suggest.

"'And which is your lieutenant?' said my father in reply.

"'That gentleman on the gray horse,' said the miscreant, 'with the red handkerchief bound about his brow.'

"'Then be pleased to tell that gentleman, that if he, and the scoundrels who are with him, do not ride off the lawn this instant, I will fire upon them without ceremony.' So saying, my father shut the window, and broke short the conference.

"The fellow no sooner regained his troop, than, with a loud hurra, or rather a savage yell, they fired a volley against our garrison. The glass of the windows was shattered in every direction, but the precautions already noticed saved the party within from suffering. Three such volleys were fired without a shot being returned from within. My father then observed

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ATTACK ON WOODBOURNE BY THE SMUGGLERS.

them getting hatchets and crows, probably to assail the hall door, and called aloud, 'Let none fire but Hazlewood and me—Hazlewood, mark the ambassador!' He himself aimed at the man on the gray horse, who fell on receiving his shot. Hazlewood was equally successful. He shot the spokesman, who had dismounted, and was advancing with an axe in his hand. Their fall discouraged the rest, who began to turn round their horses: and a few shots fired at them soon sent them off, bearing along with them their slain or wounded companions. We could not observe that they suffered any further loss. Shortly after their retreat, a party of soldiers made their appearance, to my infinite relief. These men were quartered at a village some miles distant, and had marched on the first rumor of the skirmish. A part of them escorted the terrified revenue officers and their seizure to a neighboring seaport as a place of safety, and at my earnest request two or three files remained with us for that and the following day, for the security of the house from the vengeance of these banditti.

"Such, dearest Matilda, was my first alarm. I must not forget to add, that the ruffians left, at a cottage on the roadside, the man whose face was blackened with powder, apparently because he was unable to bear transportation. He died in about half an hour after. On examining the corpse, it proved to be that of a profligate boor in the neighborhood, a person notorious as a poacher and smuggler. We received many messages of congratulation from the neighboring families, and it was generally allowed that a few such instances of spirited resistance would greatly check the presumption of these lawless men. My father distributed rewards among his servants, and praised Hazlewood's courage and coolness to the skies. Lucy and I came in for a share of his applause, because we had stood fire with firmness, and had not disturbed him with screams or expostulations. As for the Dominie, my father took an opportunity of begging to exchange snuff-boxes with him. The honest gentleman was much flattered with the proposal, and extolled the beauty of his new snuff-box excessively. 'It looked,' he said 'as well as if it were real gold from Ophir.' Indeed it would be odd if it should not, being formed in fact of that very metal; but, to do this honest creature justice, I believe the knowledge of its real value would not enhance his sense of my father's kindness, supposing it, as he does, to be pinchbeck gilded. He has had a hard task replacing the folios which were used in the barricade, smoothing out the creases and dogs-ears, and repairing the other disasters they have sustained during their service in the fortification. He brought us some

pieces of lead and bullets, which these ponderous tomes had intercepted during the action, and which he had extracted with great care; and, were I in spirits, I could give you a comic account of his astonishment at the apathy with which we heard of the wounds and mutilation suffered by Thomas Aquinas, or the venerable Chrysostom. But I am not in spirits, and I have yet another and a more interesting incident to communicate. I feel, however, so much fatigued with my present exertion, that I cannot resume the pen till to-morrow. I will detain this letter notwithstanding, that you may not feel any anxiety upon account of your own JULIA MANNERING."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

Here's a good world!
——Knew you of this fair work?
KING JOHN.

JULIA MANNERING TO MATILDA MARCHMONT.

"I MUST take up the thread of my story, my dearest Matilda, where I broke off yesterday.

"For two or three days we talked of nothing but our siege and its probable consequences, and dinned into my father's unwilling ears a proposal to go to Edinburgh, or at least to Dumfries, where there is remarkably good society, until the resentment of these outlaws should blow over. He answered, with great composure, that he had no mind to have his landlord's house and his own property at Woodbourne destroyed; that, with our good leave, he had usually been esteemed competent to taking measures for the safety or protection of his family; that if he remained quiet at home, he conceived the welcome the villains had received was not of a nature to invite a second visit, but should he show any signs of alarm, it would be the sure way to incur the very risk which we were afraid of. Heartened by his arguments, and by the extreme indifference with which he treated the supposed danger, we began to grow a little bolder, and to walk about as usual. Only the gentlemen were sometimes invited to take their guns when they attended us; and I observed that my father for several nights paid particular attention to having the house properly secured, and required his domestics to keep their arms in readiness in case of necessity.

"But three days ago chanced an occurrence, of a nature which alarmed me more by far than the attack of the smugglers.

"I told you there was a small lake at some distance from Woodbourne, where the gentlemen sometimes go to shoot wild-fowl. I happened at breakfast to say I should like to see this place in its present frozen state, occupied by skaters and curlers, as they call those who play a particular sort of game upon the ice. There is snow on the ground, but frozen so hard that I thought Lucy and I might venture to that distance, as the footpath leading there was well beaten by the repair of those who frequented it for pastime. Hazlewood instantly offered to attend us, and we stipulated that he should take his fowling-piece. He laughed a good deal at the idea of going a-shooting in the snow; but, to relieve our tremors, desired that a groom, who acts as gamekeeper occasionally, should follow us with his gun. As for Colonel Mannering, he does not like crowds or sights of any kind were human figures make up the show, unless indeed it were a military review—so he declined the party.

"We set out unusually early, on a fine frosty, exhilarating morning, and we felt our minds as well as our nerves, braced by the elasticity of the pure air. Our walk to the lake was delightful, or at least the difficulties were only such as diverted us,—a slippery descent, for instance, or a frozen ditch to cross, —which made Hazlewood's assistance absolutely necessary. I don't think Lucy liked her walk the less for these occasional embarrassments.

"The scene upon the lake was beautiful. One side of it is bordered by a steep crag, from which hung a thousand enormous icicles, all glittering in the sun; on the other side was a little wood, now exhibiting that fantastic appearance which the pine trees present when their branches are loaded with snow. On the frozen bosom of the lake itself were a multitude of moving figures, some flitting along with the velocity of swallows, some sweeping in the most graceful circles, and others deeply interested in a less active pastime, crowding around the spot where the inhabitants of two rival parishes contended for the prize at curling,—an honor of no small importance, if we were to judge from the anxiety expressed both by the players and bystanders. We walked round the little lake, supported by Hazlewood, who lent us each an arm. He spoke, poor fellow, with great kindness, to old and young, and seemed deservedly popular among the assembled crowd. At length we thought of retiring.

"Why do I mention these trivial occurrences?—not, Heaven knows, from the interest I can now attach to them—but because,

like a drowning man who catches at a brittle twig, I seize every apology for delaying the subsequent and dreadful part of my narrative. But it must be communicated—I must have the sympathy of at least one friend under this heartrending calamity.

"We were returning home by a footpath which led through a plantation of firs. Lucy had quitted Hazlewood's arm—it is only the plea of absolute necessity which reconciles her to accept his assistance. I still leaned upon his other arm. Lucy followed us close, and the servant was two or three paces behind us. Such was our position, when at once, and as if he had started out of the earth, Brown stood before us at a short turn of the road! He was very plainly, I might say coarsely, dressed, and his whole appearance had in it something wild and agitated. I screamed between surprise and terror—Hazlewood mistook the nature of my alarm, and, when Brown advanced toward me as if to speak, commanded him haughtily to stand back, and not to alarm the lady. Brown replied, with equal asperity, he had no occasion to take lessons from him how to behave to that or any other lady. I rather believe that Hazlewood, impressed with the idea that he belonged to the band of smugglers, and had some bad purpose in view, heard and understood him imperfectly. He snatched the gun from the servant, who had come up on a line with us, and, pointing the muzzle at Brown commanded him to stand off at his peril. My screams, for my terror prevented my finding articulate language, only hastened the catastrophe. Brown, thus menaced, sprung upon Hazlewood, grappled with him, and had nearly succeeded in wrenching the fowling-piece from his grasp, when the gun went off in the struggle, and the contents were lodged in Hazlewood's shoulder, who instantly fell. I saw no more, for the whole scene reeled before my eyes, and I fainted away; but, by Lucy's report, the unhappy perpetrator of this action gazed a moment on the scene before him, until her screams began to alarm the people upon the lake, several of whom now came in sight. He then bounded over a hedge which divided the footpath from the plantation, and has not since been heard of. The servant made no attempt to stop or secure him, and the report he made of the matter to those who came up to us, induced them rather to exercise their humanity in recalling me to life, than show their courage by pursuing a desperado, described by the groom as a man of tremendous personal strength, and completely armed.

"Hazlewood was conveyed home,—that is, to Woodbourne in safety; I trust his wound will prove in no respect dangerous, though he suffers much. But to Brown the consequences must be most disastrous. He is already the object of my father's

resentment, and he has now incurred danger from the law of the country as well as from the clamorous vengeance of the father of Hazlewood, who threatens to move heaven and earth against the author of his son's wound. How will he be able to shroud himself from the vindictive activity of the pursuit?—how to defend himself, if taken, against the severity of laws which I am told may even affect his life? and how can I find means to warn him of his danger? Then poor Lucy's ill-concealed grief, occasioned by her lover's wound, is another source of distress to me, and everything round me appears to bear witness against that indiscretion which has occasioned this calamity.

"For two days I was very ill indeed. The news that Hazlewood was recovering, and that the person who had shot him was nowhere to be traced, only that for certain he was one of the leaders of the gang of smugglers, gave me some comfort. The suspicion and pursuit being directed toward those people, must naturally facilitate Brown's escape, and, I trust, has ere this insured it. But patrols of horse and foot traverse the country in all directions, and I am tortured by a thousand confused and unauthenticated rumors of arrests and discoveries.

"Meanwhile, my greatest source of comfort is the generous candor of Hazlewood, who persists in declaring, that with whatever intentions the person by whom he was wounded approached our party, he is convinced the gun went off in the struggle by accident, and that the injury he received was undesigned. The groom, on the other hand, maintains that the piece was wrenched out of Hazlewood's hands, and deliberately pointed at his body,—and Lucy inclines to the same opinion. I do not suspect them of wilful exaggeration; yet such is the fallacy of human testimony, for the unhappy shot was most unquestionably discharged unintentionally. Perhaps it would be the best way to confide the whole secret to Hazlewood—but he is very young, and I feel the utmost repugnance to communicate to him my folly. I once thought of disclosing the mystery to Lucy, and began by asking what she recollected of the person and features of the man whom we had so unfortunately met;—but she ran out into such a horrid description of a hedge-ruffian, that I was deprived of all courage and disposition to own my attachment to one of such appearance as she attributed to him. I must say Miss Bertram is strangely biassed by her prepossessions, for there are few handsomer men than poor Brown. I had not seen him for a long time; and even in his strange and sudden apparition on this unhappy occasion, and under every disadvantage, his form seems to me, on reflection, improved in

grace, and his features in expressive dignity.—Shall we ever meet again? Who can answer that question?—Write to me kindly, my dearest Matilda—But when did you otherwise?—Yet, again, write to me soon, and write to me kindly. I am not in a situation to profit by advice or reproof, nor have I my usual spirits to parry them by raillery. I feel the terrors of a child who has, in heedless sport, put in motion some powerful piece of machinery; and, while he beholds wheels revolving, chains clashing, cylinders rolling around him, is equally astonished at the tremendous powers which his weak agency has called into action, and terrified for the consequences which he is compelled to await, without the possibility of averting them.

"I must not omit to say that my father is very kind and affectionate. The alarm which I have received forms a sufficient apology for my nervous complaints. My hopes are, that Brown has made his escape into the sister kingdom of England, or perhaps to Ireland, or the Isle of Man. In either case, he may await the issue of Hazlewood's wound with safety and with patience, for the communication of these countries with Scotland for the purpose of justice, is not, (thank heaven) of an intimate nature. The consequences of his being apprehended would be terrible at this moment.—I endeavor to strengthen my mind by arguing against the possibility of such a calamity. Alas! how soon have sorrows and fears, real as well as severe, followed the uniform and tranquil state of existence at which so lately I was disposed to repine! But I will not oppress you any longer with my complaints. Adieu, my dearest Matilda!

"JULIA MANNERING."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.—
Look with thine ears: See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief.
Hark in thine ear—Change places; and, handy-dandy,
Which is the justice, which is the thief? KING LEAR.

AMONG those who took the most lively interest in endeavoring to discover the person by whom young Charles Hazlewood had been waylaid and wounded, was Gilbert Glossin, Esquire, late writer in——, now Laird of Ellangowan, and one of the worshipful commission of justices of the peace for the county of ——. His motives for exertion on this occasion were manifold; but we presume that our readers, from what they already know

of this gentleman, will acquit him of being actuated by any zealous or intemperate love of abstract justice.

The truth was, that this respectable personage felt himself less at ease than he had expected, after his machinations put him in possession of his benefactor's estate. His reflections within doors, where so much occurred to remind him of former times, were not always the self-congratulations of successful stratagem. And when he looked abroad, he could not but be sensible that he was excluded from the society of the gentry of the county, to whose rank he conceived he had raised himself. He was not admitted to their clubs; and at meetings of a public nature, from which he could not be altogether excluded, he found himself thwarted and looked upon with coldness and contempt. Both principle and prejudice co-operated in creating this dislike; for the gentleman of the county despised him for the lowness of his birth, while they hated him for the means by which he had raised his fortune. With the common people his reputation stood still worse. They would neither yield him the territorial appellation of Ellangowan, nor the usual compliment of *Mr.* Glossin;—with them he was bare Glossin, and so incredibly was his vanity interested by this trifling circumstance, that he was known to give half-a-crown to a beggar because he had thrice called him Ellangowan, in beseeching him for a penny. He therefore felt acutely the general want of respect, and particularly when he contrasted his own character and reception in society with those of Mr. Mac-Morlan, who, in far inferior worldly circumstances, was beloved and respected both by rich and poor, and was slowly but securely laying the foundation of a moderate fortune, with the general good-will and esteem of all who knew him.

Glossin, while he repined internally at what he would fain have called the prejudices and prepossessions of the country, was too wise to make any open complaint. He was sensible his elevation was too recent to be immediately forgotten, and the means by which he had attained it too odious to be soon forgiven. But time (thought he) diminishes wonder and palliates misconduct. With the dexterity, therefore, of one who made his fortune by studying the weak points of human nature, he determined to lie by for opportunities to make himself useful even to those who most disliked him; trusting that his own abilities, the disposition of country gentlemen to get into quarrels, when a lawyer's advice becomes precious, and a thousand other contingencies, of which, with patience and address, he doubted not to be able to avail himself, would soon place him in a more important and respectable light to his neighbors, and perhaps

raise him to the eminence sometimes attained by a shrewd worldly, bustling man of business, when, settled among a generation of country gentlemen, he becomes, in Burns's language,

The tongue of the trump to them a'.*

The attack on Colonel Mannering's house, followed by the accident of Hazlewood's wound, appeared to Glossin a proper opportunity to impress upon the county at large the service which could be rendered by an active magistrate (for he had been in the commission for some time), well acquainted with the law, and no less so with the haunts and habits of the illicit traders. He had acquired the latter kind of experience by a former close alliance with some of the most desperate smugglers, in consequence of which he had occasionally acted, sometimes as partner, sometimes as legal adviser, with these persons. But the connexion had been dropped many years; nor, considering how short the race of eminent characters of this description, and the frequent circumstances which occur to make them retire from particular scenes of action, had he the least reason to think that his present researches could possibly compromise any old friend who might possess means of retaliation. The having been concerned in these practices abstractedly, was a circumstance which, according to his opinion, ought in no respect to interfere with his now using his experience in behalf of the public,—or rather to further his own private views. To acquire the good opinion and countenance of Colonel Mannering would be no small object to a gentleman who was much disposed to escape from Coventry; and to gain the favor of old Hazlewood, who was a leading man in the county, was of more importance still. Lastly, if he should succeed in discovering, apprehending, and convicting the culprits, he would have the satisfaction of mortifying, and in come degree disparaging Mac-Morlan, to whom, as Sheriff-Substitute of the county, this sort of investigation properly belonged, and who would certainly suffer in public opinion, should the voluntary exertions of Glossin be more successful than his own.

Actuated by motives so stimulating, and well acquainted with the lower retainers of the law, Glossin set every spring in motion to detect and apprehend, if possible, some of the gang who had attacked Woodbourne, and more particularly the individual who had wounded Charles Hazlewood. He promised high rewards, he suggested various schemes, and used his per-

* The *tongue of the trump* is the wire of the Jew's harp, that which gives sound to the whole instrument.

sonal interest among his old acquaintances who favored the trade, urging that they had better make sacrifice of an under-strapper or two, than incur the odium of having favored such atrocious proceedings. But for some time all these exertions were in vain. The common people of the country either favored or feared the smugglers too much to afford any evidence against them. At length, this busy magistrate obtained information, that a man, having the dress and appearance of the person who had wounded Hazlewood, had lodged on the evening before the rencontre at the Gordon-Arms in Kippletringan. Thither Mr. Glossin immediately went, for the purpose of interrogating our old acquaintance, Mrs. Mac-Candlish.

The reader may remember that Mr. Glossin did not, according to this good woman's phrase, stand high in her books. She therefore attended his summons to the parlor slowly and reluctantly, and, on entering the room, paid her respects in the coldest possible manner. The dialogue then proceeded as follows:—

"A fine frosty morning, Mrs. Mac-Candlish."

"Ay, sir; the morning's weel eneugh," answered the landlady dryly.

"Mrs. Mac-Candish, I wish to know if the justices are to dine here as usual after the business of the court on Tuesday?"

"I believe—I fancy sae, sir—as usual"—(about to leave the room.)

"Stay a moment, Mrs. Mac-Candlish—why, you are in a prodigious hurry, my good friend? I have been thinking a club dining here once a month would be a very pleasant thing."

"Certainly, sir; a club of *respectable* gentlemen."

"True, true," said Glossin, "I mean landed proprietors and gentlemen of weight in the county; and I should like to set such a thing a-going."

The short dry cough with which Mrs. Mac-Candlish received this proposal, by no means indicated any dislike to the overture abstractedly considered, but inferred much doubt how far it would succeed under the auspices of the gentleman by whom it was proposed. It was not a cough negative, but a cough dubious, and as such Glossin felt it; but it was not his cue to take offence.

"Have their been brisk doings on the road, Mrs. Mac-Candish? plenty of company, I suppose?"

"Pretty weel, sir,—but I believe I am wanted at the bar."

"No, no,—stop one moment, cannot you, to oblige an old

customer? Pray, do you remember a remarkably tall young man, who lodged one night in your house last week?"

"Troth, sir, I canna weel say—I never take heed whether my company be lang or short, if they make a lang bill."

"And if they do not, you can do that for them, eh, Mrs. Mac-Candlish?—ha! ha! ha!—But this young man that I inquire after was upward of six feet high, had a dark frock, with metal buttons, light-brown hair unpowdered, blue eyes, and a straight nose, traveled on foot, and no servant or baggage,—you surely can remember having seen such a traveler?"

"Indeed, sir," answered Mrs. Mac-Candlish, bent on baffling his inquiries, "I canna charge my memory about the matter—there's mair to do in a house like this, I trow, than to look after passengers' hair, or their een, or noses either."

"Then, Mrs. Mac-Candlish, I must tell you in plain terms, that this person is suspected of having been guilty of a crime; and it is in consequence of these suspicions that I as a magistrate, require this information from you—and if you refuse to answer my questions, I must put you upon your oath."

"Troth, sir, I am no free to swear*—we aye gaed to the Antiburgher meeting—it's very true, in Bailie Mac-Candlish's time (honest man) we keepit the kirk, whilk was most seemingly in his station, as having office—but after his being called to a better place than Kippletringan, I hae gane back to worthy Maister Mac-Grainer. And so ye see, sir, I am no clear to swear without speaking to the minister—especially against ony sackless puir young thing that's gaun through the country, stranger and freendless like."

"I shall relieve your scruples, perhaps, without troubling Mr. Mac-Grainer, when I tell you that this fellow whom I inquire after is the man who shot your young friend Charles Hazlewood."

"Gudeness! wha could hae thought the like o' that o' him?—Na, if it had been for debt or e'en for a bit tuilzie wi' the gauger, the deil o' Nelly Mac-Candlish's tongue should ever hae wranged him. But if he really shot young Hazlewood—but I canna think it, Mr. Glossin; this will be some o' yer skits† now—I canna think it o' sae douce a lad;—na, na, this is just some o' your auld skits—ye'll be for having a horning or a caption after him."

"I see you have no confidence in me, Mrs. Mac-Candlish; but look at these declarations, signed by the persons who saw

* Some of the strict dissenters decline taking an oath before a civil magistrate.

† Tricks.

the crime committed, and judge yourself if the description of the ruffian be not that of your guest."

He put the papers into her hand, which she perused very carefully, often taking off her spectacles to cast her eyes up to heaven, or perhaps to wipe a tear from them, for young Hazlewood was an especial favorite with the good dame. "Aweel, aweel," she said, when she had concluded her examination, "since it's e'en sae, I gie him up, the villain—But O, we are erring mortals!—I never saw a face I liked better, or a lad that was mair douce and canny—I thought he had been some gentleman under trouble.—But I gie him up, the villain!—to shoot Charles Hazlewood—and before the young ladies,—poor innocent things!—I gie him up."

"So you admit, then, that such a person lodged here the night before this vile business?"

"Troth did he, sir, and a' the house were taen wi' him, he was sic a frank, pleasant young man. It wasna for his spending, I'm sure, for he just had a mutton-chop, and a mug of ale, and maybe a glass or twa o' wine—and I asked him to drink tea wi' mysell, and didna put that into the bill; and he took nae supper, for he said he was defeat wi' travel a' the night afore—I daresay now it had been on some hellicat errand or other."

"Did you by any chance learn his name?"

"I wot weel did I," said the landlady, now as eager to communicate her evidence as formerly desirous to suppress it. "He tell'd me his name was Brown, and he said it was likely that an auld woman like a gypsy wife might be asking for him. Ay, ay! tell me your company, and I'll tell you wha ye are! O the villain!—Aweel, sir, when he gaed away in the morning, he paid his bill very honestly, and gae something to the chamber-maid, nae doubt, for Grizzy has naething frae me, by twa pair o' new shoon ilka year, and maybe a bit compliment at Hansel Monanday"——Here Glossin found it necessary to interfere, and bring the good woman back to the point.

"Ou then, he just said, if there comes such a person to inquire after Mr. Brown, you will say I am gone to look at the skaters on Loch Creeran, as you call it, and I will be back here to dinner—But he never came back—though I expected him sae faithfully, that I gae a look to making the friar's chicken mysell, and to the crappit-heads too, and that's what I dinna do for ordinary, Mr. Glossin—But little did I think what skating wark he was gaun about—to shoot Mr. Charles, the innocent lamb!"

"Mr. Glossin, having like a prudent examinator, suffered

his witness to give vent to all her surprise and indignation now began to inquire whether the suspected person had left any property or papers about the inn.

"Troth, he put a parcel—a sma' parcel, under my charge, and he gave me some siller, and desired me to get him half-a-dozen ruffled sarks, and Peg Pasley's in hands wi' them e'en now—they may serve him to gang up the Lawnmarket in, the scoundrel!" * Mr. Glossin then demanded to see the packet, but here mine hostess demurred.

"She didna ken—she wad not say but justice should take its course—but when a thing was trusted to ane in her way, doubtless they were responsible—but she suld cry in Deacon Bearcliff, and if Mr. Glossin liked to tak an inventar o' the property, and gie her a receipt before the Deacon—or, what she wad like muckle better, an' it could be sealed up and left in Deacon Bearcliff's hands, it wad mak her mind easy—she was for naething but justice on a' sides."

Mrs. Mac-Candlish's natural sagacity and acquired suspicion being inflexible, Glossin sent for Deacon Bearcliff, to speak "anent the villain that had shot Mr. Charles Hazlewood." The Deacon accordingly made his appearance, with his wig awry, owing to the hurry with which, at this summons of the Justice, he had exchanged it for the Kilmarnock-cap in which he usually attended his customers. Mrs. Mac-Candlish then produced the parcel deposited with her by Brown, in which was found the gypsy's purse. On perceiving the value of the miscellaneous contents, Mrs. Mac-Candlish internally congratulated herself upon the precautions she had taken before delivering them up to Glossin, while he, with an appearance of disinterested candor, was the first to propose they should be properly inventoried, and deposited with Deacon Bearcliff, until they should be sent to the Crown office. "He did not," he observed, "like to be personally responsible for articles which seemed of considerable value, and had doubtless been acquired by the most nefarious practices."

He then examined the paper in which the purse had been wrapt up. It was back of a letter addressed to V. Brown Esquire, but the rest of the address was torn away. The landlady,—now as eager to throw light upon the criminal's escape as she had formerly been desirous of withholding it, for

* The procession of the criminals to the gallows of old took that direction, moving, as the schoolboy rhyme had it—

Up the Lawnmarket,
Down the West Bow,
Up the lang ladder,
And down the little tow.

the miscellaneous contents of the purse argued strongly to her mind that all was not right,—Mrs. Mac-Candlish, I say, now gave Glossin to understand, that her postilion and hostler had both seen the stranger upon the ice that day when young Hazlewood was wounded.

Our reader's old acquaintance, Jock Jabos, was first summoned, and admitted frankly that he had seen and conversed upon the ice that morning with a stranger, who, he understood, had lodged at the Gordon-Arms the night before.

"What turn did your conversation take?" said Glossin.

"Turn!—ou, we turned nae gate at a', but just keepit straight forward upon the ice like."

"Well, but what did you speak about?"

"He just asked questions like ony ither stranger," answered the postilion, possessed, as it seemed, with the refractory and uncommunicative spirit which had left his mistress.

"But about what?" said Glossin.

"Ou, just about the folk that was playing at the curling, and about auld Jock Stevenson that was at the cock, and about the leddies, and sic like."

"What ladies? and what did he ask about them, Jock?" said the interrogator.

"What leddies? ou, it was Miss Jowlia Mannering and Miss Lucy Bertram, that ye ken fu' weel yoursell, Mr. Glossin—they were walking wi' the young Laird of Hazlewood upon the ice."

"And what did you tell him about them?" demanded Glossin.

"Tut, we just said that was Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, that should ance have had a great estate in the country,—and that was Miss Jowlia Mannering, that was to be married to young Hazlewood—See as she was hinging on his arm. We just spoke about our country clashes like—he was a very frank man."

"Well, and what did he say in answer?"

"Ou, he just stared at the young leddies very keen like, and asked if it was for certain that the marriage was to be between Miss Mannering and young Hazlewood—and I answered him that it was for positive and absolute certain, as I had an undoubted right to say sae—for my third cousin, Jean Clavers (she's a relation o' your ain, Mr. Glossin—ye wad ken Jean lang syne?) she's sib to the housekeeper at Woodbourne, and she's tell'd me mair than ance that there was naething could be mair likely."

"And what did the stranger say when you told him all this?" said Glossin.

"Say?" echoed the postilion, "he said naething at a'—he just stared at them as they walked round the loch upon the ice, as if he could have eaten them, and he never took his ee aff them, or said another word, or gave another glance at the Bonspiel though there was the finest fun amang the curlers ever was seen—and he turned round and gaed aff the loch by the kirk-stile through Woodbourne fir-plantings, and we saw nae mair o' him."

"Only think," said Mrs. Mac-Candlish, "what a hard heart he maun hae had, to think o' hurting the poor young gentleman in the very presence of the leddy he was to be married to!"

"O, Mrs. Mac-Candlish," said Glossin, "there's been many cases such as that on the record: doubtless he was seeking revenge where it would be deepest and sweetest."

"God pity us!" said Deacon Bearcliff; "we're puir frail creatures when left to oursells!—ay, he forgot wha said "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it."

"Weel, aweel, sirs," said Jabos, whose hard-headed and uncultivated shrewdness seemed sometimes to start the game when others beat the bush—"weel, weel, ye may be a' mista'en yet—I'll never believe that a man would lay a plan to shoot another wi' his ain gun. Lord help ye, I was the keeper's assistant down at the Isle mysell, and I'll uphaud it, the biggest man in Scotland shouldna take a gun frae me or I had weized the slugs through him, though I'm but sic a little feckless body, fit for naething but the outside o' a saddle and the fore-end o' a poschay—na, na, nae living man wad venture on that. I'll wad my best buckskins, and they were new coft at Kirkcudbright fair, it's been a chance job after a'. But if ye hae naething mair to say to me, I am thinking I maun gang and see my beasts fed"——and he departed accordingly.

The hostler, who had accompanied him, gave evidence to the same purpose. He and Mrs. Mac-Candlish were then re-interrogated, whether Brown had no arms with him on that unhappy morning. "None," they said, "but an ordinary bit cutlass or hanger by his side."

"Now," said the deacon, taking Glossin by the button, (for, in considering this intricate subject, he had forgot Glossin's new accession of rank)—"this is but doubtfu' after a', Maister Gilbert—for it was not sae dooms likely that he would go down into battle wi' sic sma' means."

Glossin extricated himself from the Deacon's grasp, and from the discussion, though not with rudeness; for it was his present

interest to buy golden opinions from all sorts of people. He inquired the price of tea and sugar, and spoke of providing himself for the year; he gave Mrs. Mac-Candlish directions to have a handsome entertainment in readiness for a party of five friends, whom he intended to invite to dine with him at the Gordon-Arms next Saturday week; and, lastly, he gave a half-crown to Jock Jabos, whom the hostler had deputed to hold his steed.

"Weel," said the Deacon to Mrs. Mac-Candlish, as he accepted her offer of a glass of bitters at the bar, "the deil's no sae ill as he's ca'd. It's pleasant to see a gentleman pay the regard to the business o' the county that Mr. Glossin does."

"Ay, 'deed is't, Deacon," answered the landlady; and yet I wonder our gentry leave their ain wark to the like o' him.—But as lang as siller's current, Deacon, folk mauna look ower nicely at what king's head's on't."

"I doubt Glossin will prove but *shand** after a', mistress," said Jabos, as he passed through the little lobby beside the bar; "but this is a gude half-crown ony way."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

A man that apprehends death to be no more dreadful but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

GLOSSIN had made careful minutes of the information derived from these examinations. They threw little light upon the story, so far as he understood its purport; but the better informed reader has received, through means of this investigation, an account of Brown's proceedings, between the moment when we left him upon his walk to Kippletringan, and the time when, stung by jealousy, he so rashly and unhappily presented himself before Julia Mannering, and well-nigh brought to a fatal termination the quarrel which his appearance occasioned.

Glossin rode slowly back to Ellangowan, pondering on what he had heard, and more and more convinced that the active and successful prosecution of this mysterious business was an opportunity of ingratiating himself with Hazlewood and Mannering, to be on no account neglected. Perhaps, also, he felt his

* Cant expression for base coin.

professional acuteness interested in bringing it to a successful close. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that, on his return to his house from Kippletringan, he heard his servants announce hastily, "that Mac-Guffog, the thief-taker, and twa or three concurrents, had a man in hands in the kitchen waiting for his honor."

He instantly jumped from horseback, and hastened into the house. "Send my clerk here directly; ye'll find him copying the survey of the estate in the little green parlor. Set things to rights in my study, and wheel the great leathern chair up to the writing-table—set a stool for Mr. Scrow.—Scrow," (to the clerk as he entered the presence-chamber,) "hand down Sir George Mackenzie on Crimes; open it at the section *Vis Publica et Privata* and fold down a leaf at the passage 'anent the bearing of unlawful weapons.' Now lend me a hand off with my muckle coat, and hang it up in the lobby, and bid them bring up the prisoner—I trow I'll sort him; —but stay—first send up Mac-Guffog.—Now, Mac-Guffog, where did ye find this chield?"

Mac-Guffog, a stout bandy-legged fellow, with a neck like a bull, a face like a fire-brand, and a most portentous squint of the left eye, began, after various contortions by way of courtesy to the Justice, to tell his story, eiking it out by sundry sly nods and knowing winks, which appeared to bespeak an intimate correspondence of ideas between the narrator and his principal auditor. "Your honor sees I went down to yon place that your honor spoke o', that's kept by her that your honor kens o' by the sea-side.—So says she, what are you wanting here? ye'll be come wi' a broom in your pocket frae Ellangowan?—So says I, deil a broom will come frae there awa, for ye ken, says I, his honor Ellangowan himsell in former times"——

"Well, well," said Glossin, "no occasion to be particular —tell the essentials."

"Weel, so we sat niffering about some brandy that I said I wanted, till he came in."

"Who?"

"He," pointing with his thumb inverted to the kitchen, where the prisoner was in custody. "So he had his griego wrapped close round him, and I judged he was not dry-handed* —so I thought it was best to speak proper, and so he believed I was a Manks man, and I kept ay between him and her, for fear she had whistled.† And then we began to drink about, and then I betted he would not drink out a quartern of Hol-

* Unarmed.

† Given information to the party concerned.

lands without drawing breath—and then he tried it—and just then Slounging Jock and Dick Spur'em came in, and we clinked the darbies * on him, took him as quiet as a lamb—and now he's had his bit sleep out, and is as fresh as a May gowan, to answer what your honor likes to speir." This narrative, deilvered with a wonderful quantity of gesture and grimace, received at the conclusion the thanks and praises which the narrator expected.

"Had he no arms?" asked the Justice.

"Ay, ay, they are never without barkers and slashers."

"Any papers?"

"This bundle,' delivering a dirty pocket-book.

"Go down stairs, then, Mac-Guffog, and be in waiting." The officer left the room.

The clink of irons was immediately afterward heard upon the stair, and in two or three minutes a man was introduced, hand-cuffed and fettered. He was thick, brawny, and muscular, and although his shagged and grizzled hair marked an age somewhat advanced, and his stature was rather low, he appeared, nevertheless, a person whom few would have chosen to cope with in personal conflict. His coarse and savage features were still flushed, and his eye still reeled under the influence of the strong potation which had proved the immediate cause of his seizure. But the sleep, though short, which Mac-Guffog had allowed him, and still more a sense of the peril of his situation, had restored to him the full use of his faculties. The worthy judge, and the no less estimable captive, looked at each other steadily for a long time without speaking. Glossin apparently recognized his prisoner, but seemed at a loss how to proceed with his investigation. At length he broke silence. "Soh, Captain, this is you?—you have been a stranger on this coast for some years."

"Stranger!" replied the other; "strange enough, I think —for hold me der deyvil, if I been ever here before."

"That won't pass, Mr. Captain."

"That *must* pass, Mr. Justice—sapperment!"

"And who will you be pleased to call yourself, then, for the present," said Glossin, "just until I shall bring some other folks to refresh your memory concerning who you are, or at least who you have been?"

"What bin I?—donner and blitzen! I bin Jans Janson, from Cuxhaven—what sall Ich bin?"

Glossin took from a case which was in the apartment a pair

* Handcuffs.

of small pocket pistols, which he loaded with ostentatious care. "You may retire," said he to his clerk, "and carry the people with you, Scrow—but wait in the lobby within call.

The clerk would have offered some remonstrances to his patron on the danger of remaining alone with such a desperate character, although ironed beyond the possibility of active exertion, but Glossin waved him off impatiently. When he had left the room the Justice took two short turns through the apartment, then drew his chair opposite the prisoner, so as to confront him fully, placed the pistols before him in readiness, and said in a steady voice, "You are Dirk Hatteraick of Flushing, are you not?"

The prisoner turned his eye instinctively to the door, as if he apprehended some one was listening. Glossin rose, opened the door, so that from the chair in which his prisoner sate he might satisfy himself there was no eavesdropper within hearing, then shut it, resumed his seat, and repeated his question—"You are Dirk Hatteraick, formerly of the Youngfrauw Haagenslaapen, are you not?"

"Tousand deyvils!—and if you know that, why ask me?" said the prisoner.

"Because I am surprised to see you in the very last place where you ought to be, if you regard your safety," observed Glossin coolly.

"Der deyvil!—no man regards his own safety that speaks so to me!"

"What? unarmed, and in irons!—well said, Captain!" replied Glossin, ironically. "But, Captain, bullying won't do —you'll hardly get out of this country without accounting for a little accident that happened at Warroch Point a few years ago."

Hatteraick's looks grew black as midnight.

"For my part," continued Glossin "I have no particular wish to be hard upon an old acquaintance—but I must do my duty—I shall send you off to Edinburgh in a post-chaise and four this very day."

"Poz donner! you would not do that?" said Hatteraick, in a lower and more humble tone; "why, you had the matter of half a cargo in bills on Vanbeest and Vanbruggen."

"It is so long since, Captain Hatteraick," answered Glossin, superciliously, "that I really forgot how I was recompensed for my trouble."

"Your trouble? your silence, you mean."

"It was an affair in the course of business," said Glossin, "and I have retired from business for some time."

"Ay, but I have a notion that I could make you go steady about, and try the old course again," answered Dick Hatteraick. "Why, man, hold me der deyvil, but I meant to visit you, and tell you something, that concerns you."

"Of the boy?" said Glossin eagerly.

"Yaw, Mynheer," replied the Captain, coolly.

"He does not live, does he?"

"As lifelich as you or I," said Hatteraick.

"Good God!—But in India?" exclaimed Glossin.

"No—tousand deyvils! here—on this dirty coast of yours," rejoined the prisoner.

"But, Hatteraick, this—that is, if it be true, which I do not believe,—this will ruin us both, for he cannot but remember your neat job; and for me—it will be productive of the worst consequences! It will ruin us both, I tell you."

"I tell you," said the seaman, "It will ruin none but you—for I am done up already, and if I must strap for it, all shall out."

"Zound!" said the Justice, impatiently, "what brought you back to this coast like a madman?"

"Why, all the gelt was gone, and the house was shaking, and I thought the job was clayed over and forgotten," answered the worthy skipper.

"Stay—what can be done?" said Glossin anxiously. "I dare not discharge you—but might you not be rescued in the way—ay sure? a word to Lieutenant Brown,—and I would send the people with you by the coast-road."

"No, no! that won't do—Brown's dead—shot—laid in the locker, man—the devil has the picking of him."

"Dead?—shot?—at Woodbourne, I suppose?" replied Glossin.

"Yaw, Mynheer."

Glossin paused—the swcat broke upon his brow with the agony of his feelings, where the hard-featured miscreant who sat opposite, coolly rolled his tobacco in his cheek, and squirted the juice into the fire-grate. "It would be ruin," said Glossin to himself, "absolute ruin, if the heir should re-appear—and then what might be the consequence of conniving with these men?—yet there is so little time to take measures.—Hark you, Hatteraick; I can't set you at liberty—but I can put you where you may set yourself at liberty—I always like to assist an old friend. I shall confine you in the old Castle for to-night, and give these people double allowance of grog. Mac-Guffog will fall in the trap in which he caught you. The stancheons on the window of the strong room, as they call it, are wasted to

pieces, and it is not above twelve feet from the level of the ground without, and the snow lies thick."

"But the darbies," said Hatteraick, looking upon his fetters.

"Hark ye," said Glossin, going to a tool-chest, and taking out a small file, "there's a friend for you, and you know the road to the sea by the stairs."

Hatteraick shook his chains in ecstacy, as if he were already at liberty, and strove to extend his fettered hand toward his protector. Glossin laid his finger upon his lips with a cautious glance at the door, and then proceeded in his instructions. "When you escape, you had better go to the Kaim of Derncleugh."

"Donner! that howff is blown."

"The devil!—well, then, you may steal my skiff that lies on the beach there, and away. But you must remain snug at the Point of Warroch till I come to see you."

"The Point of Warroch?" said Hatteraick, his countenance again falling—"what, in the cave, I suppose?—I would rather it were anywhere else;—es spuckt da!—they say for certain that he walks.—But, donner and blitzen! I never shunned him alive, and I won't shun him dead.—Strafe mich helle! it shall never be said Dirk Hatteraick feared either dog or devil!—So I am to await there till I see you?"

"Ay, ay," answered Glossin, "and now I must call in the men." He did so accordingly.

"I can make nothing of Captain Janson, as he calls himself, Mac-Guffog, and it's now too late to bundle him off to the county jail. Is there not a strong room up yonder in the old castle?"

"Ay is there, sir; my uncle the constable ance kept a man there for three days in auld Ellangowan's time. But there was an unco dust about it—it was tried in the Inner-house afore the feifteen."

"I know all that, but this person will not stay there very long—it's only a makeshift for a night—a mere lock-up house till further examination. There is a small room through which it opens; you may light a fire for yourselves there, and I'll send you plenty of stuff to make you comfortable. But be sure you lock the door upon the prisoner; and, hark ye, let him have a fire in the strong room too—the season requires it. Perhaps he'll make a clean breast to-morrow."

With these instructions, and with a large allowance of food and liquor, the Justice dismissed his party to keep guard for the night in the old castle, under the full hope and belief

that they would neither spend the night in watching nor prayer.

There was little fear that Glossin himself should that night sleep over-sound. His situation was perilous in the extreme, for the schemes of a life of villany seemed at once to be crumbling around and above him. He laid himself to rest, and tossed upon his pillow for a long time in vain. At length he fell asleep, but it was only to dream of his patron,—now, as he had last seen him, with the paleness of death upon his features, then again transformed into all the vigor and comeliness of youth, approaching to expel him from the mansion-house of his fathers. Then he dreamed, that after wandering long over a wild heath, he came at length to an inn, from which sounded the voice of revelry; and that when he entered, the first person he met was Frank Kennedy, all smashed and gory, as he had lain on the beach at Warroch Point, but with a reeking punch-bowl in his hand. Then the scene changed to a dungeon, where he heard Dirk Hatteraick, whom he imagined to be under sentence of death, confessing his crimes to a clergyman.—"After the bloody deed was done," said the penitent, "we retreated into a cave close beside, the secret of which was known but to one man in the country: we were debating what to do with the child, and we thought of giving it up to the gypsies, when we heard the cries of the pursuers hallooing to each other. One man alone came straight to our cave, and it was that man who knew the secret—but we made him our friend at the expense of half the value of the goods saved. By his advice we carried off the child to Holland in our consort, which came the following night to take us from the coast. That man was"——

"No, I deny it!—it was not I?" said Glossin, in half-uttered accents; and, struggling in his agony to express his denial more distinctly, he awoke.

It was, however, conscience that had prepared this mental phantasmagoria. The truth was, that knowing much better than any other person the haunts of the smugglers, he had, while the others were searching in different directions, gone straight to the cave, even before he had learned the murder of Kennedy, whom he expected to find their prisoner. He came upon them with some idea of mediation, but found them in the midst of their guilty terrors, while the rage, which had hurried them on to murder, began, with all but Hatteraick, to sink into remorse and fear. Glossin was then indigent, and greatly in debt, but he was already possessed of Mr. Bertram's ear, and, aware of the facility of his disposition, he saw no difficulty in enriching himself at his expense, provided the heir-male were

removed; in which case the estate became the unlimited property of the weak and prodigal father. Stimulated by present gain and the prospect of contingent advantage, he accepted the bribe which the smugglers offered in their terror, and connived at, or rather encouraged, their intention of carrying away the child of his benefactor, who, if left behind, was old enough to have described the scene of blood which he had witnessed. The only palliative which the ingenuity of Glossin could offer to his conscience was, that the temptation was great, and came suddenly upon him, embracing as it were the very advantages on which his mind had so long rested, and promising to relieve him from distresses which must have otherwise speedily overwhelmed him. Besides, he endeavored to think that self-preservation rendered his conduct necessary. He was, in some degree, in the power of the robbers, and pleaded hard with his conscience, that, had he declined their offers, the assistance which he could have called for, though not distant, might not have arrived in time to save him from men who, on less provocation, had just committed murder.

Galled with the anxious forebodings of a guilty conscience, Glossin now arose, and looked out upon the night. The scene which we have already described in the third chapter of this story, was now covered with snow, and the brilliant, though waste, whiteness of the land, gave to the sea by contrast a dark and livid tinge. A landscape covered with snow, though abstractedly it may be called beautiful, has, both from the association of cold and barrenness, and from its comparative infrequency, a wild, strange, and desolate appearance. Objects, well-known to us in their common state, have either disappeared, or are so strangely varied and disguised, that we seem gazing on an unknown world. But it was not with such reflections that the mind of this bad man was occupied. His eye was upon the gigantic and gloomy outlines of the old castle, where, in a flanking tower of enormous size and thickness, glimmered two lights,—one from the window of the strong room where Hatteraick was confined, the other from that of the adjacent apartment occupied by his keepers. "Has he made his escape, or will he be able to do so?—Have these men watched, who never watched before, in order to complete my ruin?—If morning finds him there, he must be committed to prison; Mac-Morlan or some other person will take the matter up—he will be detected—convicted—and will tell all in revenge!"——

While these racking thoughts glided rapidly through Glossin's mind, he observed one of the lights obscured, as by an

opaque body placed at the window. What a moment of interest —"He has got clear of his irons!—he is working at the stancheons of the window—they are surely quite decayed, they must give way—O God! they have fallen outward; I heard them clink among the stones!—the noise cannot fail to wake them—furies seize his Dutch awkwardness—The light burns free again—they have torn him from the window, and are binding him in the room!—No! he had only retired an instant on the alarm of the falling bars—he is at the window again—and the light is quite obscured now—he is getting out!"

A heavy sound, as of a body dropped from a height among the snow, announced that Hatteraick had completed his escape, and shortly after Glossin beheld a dark figure, like a shadow, steal along the whitened beach, and reach the spot where the skiff lay. New cause for fear!—"His single strength will be unable to float her," said Glossin to himself—"I must go to the rascal's assistance. But no! he has got her off, and now, thank God! her sail is spreading itself against the moon—ay, he has got the breeze now—would to heaven it were a tempest, to sink him to the bottom!"

After this last cordial wish, he continued watching the progress of the boat as it stood away toward the Point of Warroch, until he could no longer distinguish the dusky sail from the gloomy waves over which it glided. Satisfied then that the immediate danger was averted, he retired with somewhat more composure to his guilty pillow.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

> Why dost not comfort me and help me out
> From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole?
>
> TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ON the next morning, great was the alarm and confusion of the officers when they discovered the escape of their prisoner. Mac-Guffog appeared before Glossin with a head perturbed with brandy and fear, and incurred a most severe reprimand for neglect of duty. The resentment of the Justice appeared only to be suspended by his anxiety to recover possession of the prisoner, and the thief-takers, glad to escape from his awful and incensed presence, were sent off in every direction (except the right one) to recover their prisoner, if possible.

Glossin particularly recommended a careful search at the Kaim of Derncleugh, which was occasionally occupied under night by vagrants of different descriptions. Having thus dispersed his myrmidons in various directions, he himself hastened by devious paths through the wood of Warroch, to his appointed interview with Hatteraick, from whom he hoped to learn at more leisure than last night's conference admitted, the circumstances attending the return of the heir of Ellangowan to his native country.

With manœuvres like those of a fox when he doubles to avoid the pack, Glossin strove to approach the place of appointment in a manner which should leave no distinct track of his course. "Would to Heaven it would snow," he said, looking upward, "And hide these foot-prints. Should one of the officers light upon them, he would run the scent up like a blood-hound, and surprise us. I must get down upon the sea beach, and contrive to creep along beneath the rocks."

And accordingly he descended from the cliffs with some difficulty, and scrambled along between the rocks and the advancing tide; now looking up to see if his motions were watched from the rocks above him, now casting a jealous glance to mark if any boat appeared upon the sea, from which his course might be discovered.

But even the feelings of selfish apprehension were for a time superseded, as Glossin passed the spot where Kennedy's body had been found. It was marked by the fragment of a rock which had been precipitated from the cliff above, either with the body or after it. The mass was now encrusted with small shell-fish, and tasseled with tangle and sea-weed; but still its shape and substance were different from those of the other rocks which lay scattered around. His voluntary walks, it will readily be believed, had never led to this spot; so that finding himself now there for the first time after the terrible catastrophe, the scene at once recurred to his mind with all its accompaniments of horror. He remembered how, like a guilty thing, gliding from the neighboring place of concealment, he had mingled with eagerness, yet with caution, among the terrified group who surrounded the corpse, dreading lest any one should ask from whence he came. He remembered, too, with what conscious fear he had avoided gazing upon that ghastly spectacle. The wild scream of his patron, "My bairn! my bairn!" again rang in his ears. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "and is all I have gained worth the agony of that moment, and the thousand anxious fears and horrors which have since embittered my life!—O how I wish that I lay where that

wretched man lies, and that he stood here in life and health! But these regrets are all too late."

Stifling, therefore, his feelings, he crept forward to the cave, which was so near the spot where the body was found, that the smugglers might have heard from their hiding-place the various conjectures of the bystanders concerning the fate of their victim. But nothing could be more completely concealed than the entrance to their asylum. The opening, not larger than that of a fox-earth, lay in the face of the cliff directly behind a large black rock, or rather upright stone, which served at once to conceal it from strangers, and as a mark to point out its situation to those who used it as a place of retreat. The space between the stone and the cliff was exceedingly narrow, and being heaped with sand and other rubbish, the most minute search would not have discovered the mouth of the cavern, without removing those substances which the tide had drifted before it. For the purpose of further concealment, it was usual with the contraband traders who frequented this haunt, after they had entered, to stuff the mouth with withered sea-weed, loosely piled together, as if carried there by the waves. Dirk Hatteraick had not forgotten this precaution.

Glossin, though a bold and hardy man, felt his heart throb, and his knees knock together, when he prepared to enter this den of secret iniquity, in order to hold conference with a felon, whom he justly accounted one of the most desperate and depraved of men. "But he has no interest to injure me," was his consolatory reflection. He examined his pocket pistols, however, before removing the weeds and entering the cavern, which he did upon his hands and knees. The passage, which at first was low and narrow, just admitting entrance to a man in a creeping posture, expanded after a few yards into a high arched vault of considerable width. The bottom, ascending gradually, was covered with the purest sand. Ere Glossin had got upon his feet, the hoarse yet suppressed voice of Hatteraick growled through the recesses of the cave.

"Hagel and donner!—be'st du!"

"Are you in the dark?"

"Dark? der deyvil! ay," said Dirk Hatteraick; "where should I have a glim?"

"I have brought light;" and Glossin accordingly produced a tinder-box, and lighted a small lantern.

"You must kindle some fire too, for hold mich der deyvil, Ich bin ganz gefrorne!"

"It is a cold place, to be sure," said Glossin, gathering together some decayed staves of barrels and pieces of wood,

which had perhaps lain in the cavern since Hatteraick was there last.

"Cold? Snow-wasser and hagel!—it's perdition—I could only keep myself alive by rambling up and down this d—d vault, and thinking about the merry rouses we have had in it."

The flame then began to blaze brightly, and Hatteraick hung his bronzed visage, and expanded his hard and sinewy hands over it, with an avidity resembling that of a famished wretch to whom food is exposed. The light showed his savage and stern features, and the smoke, which in his agony of cold he seemed to endure almost to suffocation, after circling round his head, rose to the dim and rugged roof of the cave, through which it escaped by some secret rents or clefts in the rock; the same doubtless that afforded air to the cavern when the tide was in, at which time the aperture to the sea was filled with water.

"And now I have brought you some breakfast," said Glossin, producing some meat and a flask of spirits. The latter Hatteraick eagerly seized upon, and applied to his mouth; and after a hearty draught, he exclaimed with great rapture, "Das schmeckt;—that is good—that warms the liver!" Then broke into the fragment of a High-Dutch song,

"Saufen Bier, und Brante-wein,
Schmeissen alle die Festern ein
Ich ben liederlich,
Du bist liederlich;
Sind wir nicht liederlich Leute a!"

"Well said, my hearty Captain!" cried Glossin, endeavoring to catch the tone of revelry,—

"Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we;
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree!

That's it, my bully-boy! Why, you're alive again now! And now let us talk about our business."

"*Your* business, if you please," said Hatteraick; "hagel and donner!—mine was done when I got out of the bilboes."

"Have patience, my good friend;—I'll convince you our interests are just the same."

Hatteraick gave a short dry cough, and Glossin, after a pause, proceeded.

"How came you to let the boy escape!"

"Why, fluch and blitzen! he was no charge of mine. Lieutenant Brown gave him to his cousin that's in the Middleburgh House of Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and told him some goose's gazette about his being taken in a skirmish with the land-sharks—he gave him for a foot-boy. Me let him escape! —the bastard kinchin should have walked the plank ere I troubled myself about him."

"Well, and was he bred a foot-boy then?"

"Nein, nein; the kinchin got about the old man's heart, and he gave him his own name, and bred him up in the office, and then sent him to India—I believe he would have packed him back here, but his nephew told him it would do up the free trade for many a day, if the youngster got back to Scotland."

"Do you think the younker knows much of his own origin now?"

"Deyvil!" replied Hatteraick, "how should I tell what he knows now? But he remembered something of it long. When he was but ten years old, he persuaded another Satan's limb of an English bastard like himself to steal my lugger's kahn—boat —what do you call it—to return to his country, as he called it —fire him! Before we could overtake them, they had the skiff out of channel as far as the Deurloo—the boat might have been lost."

"I wish to Heaven she had—with him in her!" ejaculated Glossin.

"Why, I was so angry myself, that, sapperment! I did give him a tip over the side—but split him—the comical little devil swam like a duck; so I made him swim astern for a mile to teach him manners, and then took him in when he was sinking. By the knocking Nicholas! he'll plague you, now he's come over the herring-pond! When he was so high he had the spirit of thunder and lightning."

"How did he get back from India?"

"Why, how should I know?—the house there was done up, and that gave us a shake at Middleburgh, I think—so they sent me again to see what could be done among my old acquaintances here—for we held old stories were done away and forgotten. So I had got a pretty trade on foot within the last two trips; but that stupid houndsfoot schelm, Brown, has knocked it on the head again, I suppose, with getting himself shot by the colonel-man?"

"Why were not you with them?"

"Why, you see—sapperment! I fear nothing—but it was too far within land, and I might have been scented."

"True. But to return to this youngster"——

"Ay, ay, donner and blitzen! *he's* your affair," said the Captain.

"—How do you really know that he is in this country?"

"Why, Gabriel saw him up among the hills."

"Gabriel! who is he?"

"A fellow from the gypsies, that, about eighteen years since, was pressed on board that d—d fellow Prichard's sloop-of-war. It was he came off and gave us warning that the Shark was coming round upon us the day Kennedy was done; and he told us how Kennedy had given the information. The gypsies and Kennedy had some quarrel besides. This Gab went to the East Indies in the same ship with your younker, and, sapperment! knew him well, though the other did not remember him. Gab kept out of his eye though, as he had served the States against England, and was a deserter to boot; and he sent us word directly, that we might know of his being here—though it does not concern us a rope's end."

"So, then, really, and in sober earnest, he is actually in this country, Hatteraick, between friend and friend?" asked Glossin, seriously.

"Wetter and donner! yaw. What do you take me for?"

For a blood-thirsty, fearless miscreant! thought Glossin internally; but said aloud. "And which of your people was it that shot young Hazlewood?"

"Sturm-wetter!" said the Captain, "do ye think we were mad? none of *us*, man. Gott! the country was too hot for the trade already with that d—d frolic of Brown's, attacking what you call Woodbourne House."

"Why, I am told," said Glossin, "it was Brown who shot Hazlewood?"

"Not our lieutenant, I promise you; for he was laid six feet deep at Derncleugh the day before the thing happened. Tausend deyvils, man! do ye think that he could rise out of the earth to shoot another man?"

A light here began to break upon Glossin's confusion of ideas. "Did you not say that the younker, as you call him, goes by the name of Brown?"

"Of Brown? yaw—Vanbeest Brown; old Vanbeest Brown, of our Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, gave him his own name—he did."

"Then," said Glossin, rubbing his hands, "it is he, by Heaven, who has committed this crime!"

"And what have we to do with that?" demanded Hatteraick.

Glossin paused; and, fertile in expedients, hastily ran over

his project in his own mind, and then drew near the smuggler with a confidential air. "You know, my dear Hatteraick, it is our principal business to get rid of this young man?"

"Umph!" answered Dirk Hatteraick.

"Not," continued Glossin—"not that I would wish any personal harm to him—if—if—if we can do without. Now, he is liable to be seized upon by justice, both as bearing the same name with your lieutenant, who was engaged in that affair at Woodbourne, and for firing at young Hazlewood with intent to kill or wound."

"Ay, ay," said Dirk Hatteraick; "but what good will that do you? He'll be loose again as soon as he shows himself to carry other colors."

"True, my dear Dirk—well noticed, my friend Hatteraick! But there is ground enough for a temporary imprisonment till he fetch his proofs from England or elsewhere, my good friend. I understand the law, Captain Hatteraick, and I'll take it upon me simple Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, justice of peace for the county of ——, to refuse his bail, if he should offer the best in the country, until he is brought up for a second examination—now where d'ye think I'll incarcerate him?"

"Hagel and wetter! what do I care?"

"Stay, my friend—you do care a good deal. Do you know your goods, that were seized and carried to Woodbourne, are now lying in the Custom-house at Portanferry?" (a small fishing-town). "Now I will commit this younker "——

"When you have caught him?"

"Ay, ay, when I have caught him—I shall not be long about that—I will commit him to the Work-house, or Bridewell, which you know is beside the Custom-house."

"Yaw, the Rasp-house, I know it very well."

"I will take care that the red-coats are dispersed through the country; you land at night with the crew of your lugger, receive your own goods, and carry the younker Brown with you back to Flushing. Won't that do?"

"Ay, carry him to Flushing," said the Captain, "or—to America?"

"Ay, ay, my friend."

"Or—to Jericho?"

"Psha! Wherever you have mind."

"Ay, or—pitch him overboard?"

"Nay, I advise no violence."

"Nein, nein—you leave that to me. Sturm-wetter! I know you of old. But hark ye, what am I, Dirk Hatteraick, to be the better of this?"

"Why, is it not your interest as well as mine?" said Glossin: "besides, I set you free this morning."

"*You* set me free!—Donner and deyvil! I set myself free. Besides, it was all in the way of your profession, and happened a long time ago, ha! ha! ha!"

"Pshaw! pshaw! don't let us jest; I am not against making a handsome compliment—but it's your affair as well as mine."

"What do you talk of *my* affair? is it not you that keep the younker's whole estate from him? Dirk Hatteraick never touched a stiver of his rents."

"Hush! hush!—I tell you it shall be a joint business."

"Why, will ye give me half the kitt?"

"What, half the estate?—d'ye mean we should set up house together at Ellangowan, and take the barony, ridge about?"

"Sturm-wetter, no! but you might give me half the value—half the gelt. Live with you?—nein—I would have a lust-haus of mine own on the Middleburgh dyke, and a blumen-garten like a burgomaster's."

"Ay, and a wooden lion at the door, and a painted sentinel in the garden, with a pipe in his mouth!—But, hark ye, Hatteraick—what will all the tulips, and flower-gardens, and pleasure-houses in the Netherlands do for you, if you are hanged here in Scotland?"

Hatteraick's countenance fell. "Der Deyvil!—hanged?"

"Ah, hanged, meinheer Captain. The devil can scarce save Dirk Hatteraick from being hanged for a murderer and kidnapper, if the younker of Ellangowan should settle in this country, and if the gallant Captain chances to be caught here re-establishing his fair trade! And I won't say, but, as peace is now so much talked of, their High Mightinesses may not hand him over to oblige their new allies, even if he remained in faderland."

"Poz hagel blitzen and donner! I—I doubt you say true."

"Not," said Glossin, perceiving he had made the desired impression, "not that I am against being civil;" and he slid into Hatteraick's passive hand a bank-note of some value.

"Is this all?" said the smuggler; "you had the price of half a cargo for winking at our job, and made us do your business too."

"But, my good friend, you forget—in this case you will recover all your own goods."

"Ay, at the risk of all our own necks—we could do that without you."

"I doubt that, Captain Hatteraick," said Glossin dryly,

"because you would probably find a dozen red-coats at the Custom-house, whom it must be my business, if we agree about this matter, to have removed. Come, come, I will be as liberal as I can, but you should have a conscience."

"Now strafe mich der deyfel!—this provokes me more than all the rest!—You rob and you murder, and you want me to rob and murder, and play the silver-cooper, or kidnapper, as you call it, a dozen times over, and then, hagel and windsturm! you speak to me of conscience! Can you think of no fairer way of getting rid of this unlucky lad?"

"No, meinheer; but as I commit him to your charge"——

"To *my* charge—to the charge of steel and gunpowder! and—well, if it must be, it must—but you have a tolerably good guess what's like to come of it."

"O, my dear friend, I trust no degree of severity will be necessary," replied Glossin.

"Severity!" said the fellow, with a kind of groan. "I wish you had had my dreams when I first came to this dog-hole, and tried to sleep among the dry sea-weed. First, there was that d—d fellow there, with his broken back, sprawling as he did when I hurled the rock over a-top on him—ha! ha!—you would have sworn he was lying on the floor where you stand, wriggling like a crushed frog—and then"——

"Nay, my friend," said Glossin, interrupting him, "what signifies going over this nonsense?—If you are turned chicken-hearted, why, the game's up, that's all—the game's up with us both."

"Chicken-hearted?—No. I have not lived so long upon the account to start at last neither for devil nor Dutchman."

"Well, then, take another schnaps—the cold's at your heart still.—And now tell me, are any of your old crew with you?"

"Nein—all dead, shot, hanged, drowned, and damned. Brown was the last—all dead but Gypsy Gab, and he would go off the country for a spill of money—or he'll be quiet for his own sake—or old Meg, his aunt, will keep him quiet for hers."

"Which Meg?"

"Meg Merrilies, the old devil's limb of a gypsy witch."

"Is she still alive?"

"Yaw."

"And in this country?"

"And in this country. She was at the Kaim of Derncleugh, at Vanbeest Brown's last wake, as they call it, the other night, with two of my people, and some of her own blasted gypsies."

"That's another breaker a-head, Captain! Will she not squeak, think ye?"

"Not she—she won't start—she swore by the salmon,* if we did the kinchin no harm, she would never tell how the gauger got it. Why, man, though I gave her a wipe with my hanger in the heat of the matter, and cut her arm, and though she was so long after in trouble about it up at your borough-town there, der deyvil! old Meg was as true as steel."

"Why, that's true, as you say," replied Glossin. "And yet if she could be carried over to Zealand, or Hamburgh, or—or —anywhere else, you know, it were as well."

Hatteraick jumped upright upon his feet, and looked at Glossin from head to heel.—"I don't see the goat's foot," he said;—"and yet he must be the very deyvil!—But Meg Merrilies is closer yet with the Kobold than you are—ay, and I had never such weather as after having drawn her blood.—Nein, nein, I'll meddle with her no more—she's a witch of the fiend—a real deyvil's kind—but that's her affair. Donner and wetter! I'll neither make nor meddle—that's her work.—But for the rest—why, if I thought the trade would not suffer, I would soon rid you of the younker, if you send me word when he's under embargo."

In brief and under tones the two worthy associates concerted their enterprise, and agreed at which of his haunts Hatteraick should be heard of. The stay of his lugger on the coast was not difficult, as there were no king's vessels there at the time.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

You are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bids you.—Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians.

OTHELLO.

WHEN Glossin returned home, he found, among other letters and papers sent to him, one of considerable importance. It was signed by Mr. Protocol, an attorney in Edinburgh, and, addressing him as the agent for Godfrey Bertram, Esq., late of Ellangowan, and his representatives, acquainted him with the sudden death of Mrs. Margaret Bertram of Singleside, requesting him to inform his clients therefore, in case they should judge

* The great and inviolable oath of the strolling tribes.

it proper to have any person present for their interest at opening the repositories of the deceased. Mr. Glossin perceived at once that the letter-writer was unacquainted with the breach which had taken place between him and his late patron. The estate of the deceased lady should by rights, as he well knew, descend to Lucy Bertram; but it was a thousand to one that the caprice of the old lady might have altered its destination. After running over contingencies and probabilities in his fertile mind, to ascertain what sort of personal advantage might accrue to him from this incident, he could not perceive any mode of availing himself of it, except in so far as it might go to assist his plan of recovering, or rather creating, a character, the want of which he had already experienced, and was likely to feel yet more deeply. "I must place myself," he thought, "on strong ground, that if anything goes wrong with Dirk Hatteraick's project, I may have prepossessions in my favor at least."—Besides, to do Glossin justice, bad as he was, he might feel some desire to compensate to Miss Bertram in a small degree, and in a case in which his own interest did not interfere with hers, the infinite mischief which he had occasioned to her family. He therefore resolved early the next morning to ride over to Woodbourne.

It was not without hesitation that he took this step, having the natural reluctance to face Colonel Mannering, which fraud and villainy have to encounter honor and probity. But he had great confidence in his own *savoir faire*. His talents were naturally acute, and by no means confined to the line of his profession. He had at different times resided a good deal in England and his address was free both from country rusticity and professional pedantry; so that he had considerable powers both of address and persuasion, joined to an unshaken effrontery, which he affected to disguise under plainness of manner. Confident, therefore, in himself, he appeared at Woodbourne, about ten in the morning, and was admitted as a gentleman come wait upon Miss Bertram.

He did not announce himself until he was at the door of the breakfast-parlor, when the servant, by his desire, said aloud—"Mr. Glossin, to wait upon Miss Bertram." Lucy, remembering the last scene of her father's existence, turned as pale as death, and had well-nigh fallen from her chair. Julia Mannering flew to her assistance, and they left the room together. There remained Colonel Mannering, Charles Hazlewood, with his arm in a sling, and the Dominie, whose gaunt visage and wall-eyes assumed a most hostile aspect on recognizing Glossin.

That honest gentleman, though somewhat abashed by the effect of his first introduction, advanced with confidence, and

hoped he did not intrude upon the ladies. Colonel Mannering, in a very upright and stately manner, observed, that he did not know to what he was to impute the honor of a visit from Mr. Glossin.

"Hem! hem!—I took the liberty to wait upon Miss Bertram, Colonel Mannering, on account of a matter of business."

"If it can be communicated to Mr. Mac-Morlan, her agent, sir, I believe it will be more agreeable to Miss Bertram."

"I beg pardon, Colonel Mannering," said Glossin, making a wretched attempt at an easy demeanor; "you are a man of the world—there are some cases in which it is most prudent for all parties to treat with principals."

"Then," replied Mannering with a repulsive air, "if Mr. Glossin will take the trouble to state his object in a letter, I will answer that Miss Bertram pays proper attention to it."

"Certainly," stammered Glossin;—"but there are cases in which a *viva voce* conference—Hem! I perceive—I know—that Colonel Mannering has adopted some prejudices which may make my visit appear intrusive; but I submit to his good sense, whether he ought to exclude me from a hearing without knowing the purpose of my visit, or of how much consequence it may be to the young lady whom he honors with his protection."

"Certainly, sir, I have not the least intention to do so," replied the Colonel. "I will learn Miss Bertram's pleasure on the subject, and acquaint Mr. Glossin, if he can spare time to wait for her answer." So saying he left the room.

Glossin had still remained standing in the midst of the apartment. Colonel Mannering had made not the slightest motion to invite him to sit, and indeed had remained standing himself during their short interview. When he left the room, however, Glossin seized upon a chair, and threw himself into it with an air between embarrassment and effrontery. He felt the silence of his companions disconcerting and oppressive, and resolved to interrupt it.

"A fine day, Mr. Sampson."

The Dominie answered with something between an acquiescent grunt and an indignant groan.

"You never come down to see your old acquaintance on the Ellangowan property, Mr. Sampson—You would find most of the old stagers still stationary there. I have too much respect for the late family to disturb old residenters, even under pretence of improvement. Besides, it's not my way—I don't like it—I believe, Mr. Sampson, Scripture particularly condemns those who oppress the poor, and remove landmarks."

"Or who devour the substance of orphans," subjoined the Dominie. "Anathema! Maranatha!" So saying, he rose shouldered the folio which he had been perusing, faced to the right about, and marched out of the room with the strides of a grenadier.

Mr. Glossin no way disconcerted, at least feeling it necessary not to appear so, turned to young Hazlewood, who was apparently busy with the newspaper. "Any news, sir?" Hazlewood raised his eyes, looked at him, and pushed the paper toward him, as if to a stranger in a coffee-house, then rose, and was about to leave the room. "I beg pardon, Mr. Hazlewood —but I can't help wishing you joy of getting so easily over that infernal accident." This was answered by a sort of inclination of the head, as slight and stiff as could well be imagined. Yet it encouraged our man of law to proceed. "I can promise you, Mr. Hazlewood, few people have taken the interest in that matter which I have done, both for the sake of the country, and on account of my particular respect for your family, which has so high a stake in it; indeed so very high a stake, that, as Mr. Featherhead is turning old now, and as there's a talk, since his last stroke, of his taking the Chiltern Hundreds,* it might be worth your while to look about you. I speak as a friend, Mr. Hazlewood, and as one who understands the roll; and if in going over it together"——

"I beg pardon, sir, but I have no views in which your assistance could be useful."

"O, very well—perhaps you are right—it's quite time enough, and I love to see a young gentleman cautious. But I was talking of your wound—I think I have got a clew to that business—I think I have—and if I don't bring the fellow to condign punishment!"——

"I beg your pardon, sir, once more; but your zeal outruns my wishes. I have every reason to think the wound was accidental—certainly it was not premeditated. Against ingratitude and premeditated treachery, should you find anyone guilty of them, my resentment will be as warm as your own." This was Hazlewood's answer.

"Another rebuff," thought Glossin; "I must try him upon the other tack.——Right sir; very nobly said! I would have no more mercy on an ungrateful man than I would on a wood-

* ("The Chiltern Hundreds is an estate of the Crown in Buckinghamshire, the stewardship whereof is a nominal office, conferred on Members of Parliament when they wish to vacate their seats, as, by accepting an office under the Crown, a member becomes disqualified, unless he be again returned by his constituents." Haydn's *Dicty. of Dates.*)

cock.—And now we talk of sport," (this was a sort of diverting of the conversation which Glossin had learned from his former patron), "I see you often carry a gun, and I hope you will be soon able to take the field again. I observe you confine yourself always to your own side of the Hazleshaws-burn. I hope, my dear sir, you will make no scruple of following your game to the Ellangowan bank: I believe it is rather the best exposure of the two for woodcocks, although both are capital."

As this offer only excited a cold and constrained bow, Glossin was obliged to remain silent, and was presently afterward somewhat relieved by the entrance of Colonel Mannering.

"I have detained you some time, I fear, sir," said he addressing Glossin: "I wished to prevail upon Miss Bertram to see you, as, in my opinion, her objections ought to give way to the necessity of hearing in her own person what is stated to be of importance that she should know. But I find that circumstances of recent occurrence, and not easily to be forgotten, have rendered her so utterly repugnant to a personal interview with Mr. Glossin, that it would be cruelty to insist upon it; and she has deputed me to receive his commands, or proposal —or, in short, whatever he may wish to say to her.

"Hem, hem! I am sorry, sir—I am very sorry, Colonel Mannering, that Miss Bertram should suppose—that any prejudice, in short—or idea that anything on my part"——

"Sir," said the inflexible Colonel, "where no accusation is made, excuses or explanations are unnecessary. Have you any objection to communicate to me, as Miss Bertram's temporary guardian, the circumstances which you conceive to interest her?"

"None, Colonel Mannering; she could not choose a more respectable friend, or one with whom I, in particular, would more anxiously wish to communicate frankly."

"Have the goodness to speak to the point, sir, if you please."

"Why, sir, it is not so easy all at once—but Mr. Hazlewood need not leave the room—I mean so well to Miss Bertram, that I could wish the whole world to hear my part of the conference."

"My friend Mr. Charles Hazlewood will not probably be anxious, Mr. Glossin, to listen to what cannot concern him—and now, when he has left us alone, let me pray you to be short and explicit in what you have to say. I am a soldier, sir, somewhat impatient of forms and introductions." So saying, he drew himself up in his chair, and waited for Mr. Glossin's communication.

Be pleased to look at that letter," said Glossin, putting Protocol's epistle into Mannering's hand, as the shortest way of stating his business.

The Colonel read it, and returned it, after penciling the name of the writer in his memorandum-book. "This, sir, does not seem to require much discussion—I will see that Miss Bertram's interest is attended to.

"But, sir—but, Colonel Mannering," added Glossin, "there is another matter which no one can explain but myself. This lady—this Mrs. Margaret Bertram, to my certain knowledge, made a general settlement of her affairs in Miss Lucy Bertram's favor while she lived with my old friend, Mr. Bertram, at Ellangowan. The Dominie—that was the name by which my deceased friend always called that very respectable man Mr. Sampson—he and I witnessed the deed. And she had full power at that time to make such a settlement, for she was in fee of the estate of Singleside even then, although it was life-rented by an elder sister. It was a whimsical settlement of old Singleside's, sir; he pitted the two cats his daughters against each other—ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, sir," said Mannering, without the slightest smile of sympathy—"but to the purpose. You say that this lady had power to settle her estate on Miss Bertram, and that she did so?"

"Even so, Colonel," replied Glossin. "I think I should understand the law—I have followed it for many years, and though I have given it up to retire upon a handsome competence, I did not throw away that knowledge which is pronounced better than house and land, and which I take to be the knowledge of the law, since, as our common rhyme has it,

> 'Tis most excellent,
> To win the land that's gone and spent.

No, no—I love the smack of the whip—I have a little, a very little law yet, at the service of my friends."

Glossin ran on in this manner, thinking he had made a favorable impression on Mannering. The Colonel indeed reflected that this might be a most important crisis for Miss Bertram's interest, and resolved that his strong inclination to throw Glossin out at window, or at door, should not interfere with it. He put a strong curb on his temper, and resolved to listen with patience at least, if without complacence. He therefore let Mr. Glossin get to the end of his self-congratulations, and then asked him if he knew where the deed was.

"I know—hat is, I think—I believe I can recover it. In such cases custodiers have sometimes made a charge."

"We won't differ as to that, sir," said the Colonel, taking out his pocket-book.

"But, my dear sir, you take me so very short, I said *some persons might* make such a claim—I mean for payment of the expenses of the deed, trouble in the affair, etc. But I, for my own part, only wish Miss Bertram and her friends to be satisfied that I am acting toward her with honor. There's the paper, sir! It would have been a satisfaction to me to have delivered it into Miss Bertram's own hands, and to have wished her joy of the prospects which it opens. But since her prejudices on the subject are invincible, it only remains for me to transmit her my best wishes through you, Colonel Mannering, and to express that I shall willingly give my testimony in support of that deed when I shall be called upon. I have the honor to wish you a good morning, sir."

This parting speech was so well got up, and had so much the tone of conscious integrity unjustly suspected, that even Colonel Mannering was staggered in his bad opinion. He followed him two or three steps, and took leave of him with more politeness (though still cold and formal) than he had paid during his visit. Glossin left the house, half pleased with the impression he had made, half mortified by the stern caution and proud reluctance with which he had been received. "Colonel Mannering might have had more politeness," he said to himself—"it is not every man that can bring a good chance of £400 a-year to a penniless girl. Singleside must be up to £400 a-year now—there's Reilageganbeg, Gillifidget, Loverless, Liealone, and the Spinster's Knowe—good £400 a-year. Some people might have made their own of it in my place—and yet, to own the truth, after much consideration, I don't see how that is possible."

Glossin was no sooner mounted and gone than the Colonel despatched a groom for Mac-Morlan, and putting the deed into his hand, requested to know if it was likely to be available to his friend Lucy Bertram. Mr. Mac-Morlan perused it with eyes that sparkled with delight, snapped his fingers repeatedly, and at length exclaimed, "Available!—it's as tight as a glove—naebody could make better wark than Glossin, when he didna let down a steek on purpose. But" (his countenance falling) "the auld b——, that I should say so, might alter at pleasure?"

"Ah! And how shall we know whether she has done so?"

"Somebody must attend on Miss Bertram's part when the repositories of the deceased, are opened."

"Can you go?" said the Colonel.

"I fear I cannot," replied Mac-Morlan; "I must attend a jury trial before our court."

"Then I will go myself," said the Colonel; "I'll set out to-morrow. Sampson shall go with me—he is witness to this settlement. But I shall want a legal adviser."

"The gentleman that was lately sheriff of this county is high in reputation as a barrister; I will give you a card of introduction to him."

"What I like about you, Mr. Mac-Morlan," said the Colonel, "is, that you always come straight to the point:—let me have it instantly. Shall we tell Miss Lucy her chance of becoming an heiress?"

"Surely, because you must have some powers from her, which I will instantly draw out. Besides, I will be caution for her prudence, and that she will consider it only in the light of a chance."

Mr. Mac-Morlan judged well. It could not be discerned from Miss Bertram's manner that she founded exulting hopes upon the prospect thus unexpectedly opening before her. She did, indeed, in the course of the evening, ask Mr. Mac-Morlan, as if by accident, what might be the annual income of the Hazlewood property; but shall we therefore aver for certain that she was considering whether an heiress of four hundred a-year might be a suitable match for the young Laird?

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red—
For I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.
HENRY IV. *Part I.*

MANNERING, with Sampson for his companion, lost no time in his journey to Edinburgh. They traveled in the Colonel's post-chariot, who, knowing his companion's habits of abstraction, did not choose to lose him out of his own sight, far less to trust him on horseback, where, in all probability, a knavish stable-boy might with little address have contrived to mount him with his face to the tail. Accordingly, with the aid of his valet, who

attended on horseback, he contrived to bring Mr. Sampson safe to an inn in Edinburgh,—for hotels in those days there were none,—without any other accident than arose from his straying twice upon the road. On one occasion he was recovered by Barnes, who understood his humor, when, after engaging in close colloquy with the schoolmaster of Moffat, respecting a disputed quantity in Horace's seventh Ode, Book II., the dispute led on to another controversy, concerning the exact meaning of the word *Malobathro*, in that lyric effusion. His second escapade was made for the purpose of visiting the field of Rullion-green, which was dear to his Presbyterian predilections. Having got out of the carriage for an instant, he saw the sepulchral monument of the slain at the distance of about a mile, and was arrested by Barnes in his progress up the Pentland Hills, having on both occasions forgot his friend, patron, and fellow-traveler, as completely as if he had been in the East Indies. On being reminded that Colonel Mannering was waiting for him, he uttered his usual ejaculation of "Prodigious!—I was oblivious," and then strode back to his post. Barnes was surprised at his master's patience on both occasions, knowing by experience how little he brooked neglect or delay; but the Dominie was in every respect a privileged person. His patron and he were never for a moment in each other's way, and it seemed obvious that they were formed to be companions through life. If Mannering wanted a particular book, the Dominie could bring it; if he wished to have accounts summed up or checked, his assistance was equally ready; if he desired to recall a particular passage in the classics, he could have recourse to the Dominie as to a dictionary; and all the while, this walking statue was neither presuming when noticed, nor sulky when left to himself. To a proud, shy, reserved man, and such in many respects was Mannering, this sort of living catalogue, and animated automaton, had all the advantages of a literary dumb-waiter.

As soon as they arrived in Edinburgh, and were established at the George Inn, near Bristo-Port, then kept by old Cockburn, (I love to be particular), the Colonel desired the waiter to procure him a guide to Mr. Pleydell's the advocate, for whom he had a letter of introduction from Mr. Mac-Morlan. He then commanded Barnes to have an eye to the Dominie, and walked forth with a chairman, who was to usher him to the man of law.

The period was near the end of the American war. The desire of room, of air, and of decent accommodation, had not as yet made very much progress in the capital of Scotland. Some efforts had been made on the south side of the town to-

ward building houses *within themselves*, as they are emphatically termed; and the New Town on the north, since so much extended, was then just commenced. But the great bulk of the better classes, and particularly those connected with the law, still lived in flats or dungeons of the Old Town. The manners also of some of the veterans of the law had not admitted innovation. One or two eminent lawyers still saw their clients in taverns, as was the general custom fifty years before; and although their habits were already considered as old-fashioned by the younger barristers, yet the custom of mixing wine and revelry with serious business was still maintained by those senior counselors, who loved the old road, either because it was such, or because they had got too well used to it to travel any other. Among those praisers of the past time, who with ostentatious obstinacy affected the manners of a former generation, was this same Paulus Pleydell, Esq., otherwise a good scholar, an excellent lawyer, and a worthy man.

Under the guidance of his trusty attendant, Colonel Mannering, after threading a dark lane or two, reached the High-Street, then clanging with the voices of oyster-women and the bells of pie-men; for it had, as his guide assured him, just "chappit eight upon the Tron." It was long since Mannering had been in the street of a crowded metropolis, which, with its noise and clamor, its sounds of trade, of revelry and of license, its variety of lights, and the eternally changing bustle of its hundred groups, offers, by night especially, a spectacle which, though composed of the most vulgar materials when they are separately considered, has, when they are combined, a striking and powerful effect on the imagination. The extraordinary height of the houses was marked by lights, which, glimmering irregularly along the front, ascended so high among the attics, that they seemed at length to twinkle in the middle sky. This *coup d'œil*, which still subsists in a certain degree, was then more imposing, owing to the uninterrupted range of buildings on each side, which, broken only at the space where the North Bridge joins the main street, formed a superb and uniform Place, extending from the front of the Luckenbooths to the head of the Canongate, and corresponding in breadth and length to the uncommon height of the buildings on either side.

Mannering had not much time to look and to admire. His conductor hurried him across this striking scene, and suddenly dived with him into a very steep paved lane. Turning to the right, they entered a scale-staircase, as it is called, the state of which, so far as it could be judged of by one of his senses annoyed Mannering's delicacy not a little. When they had

ascended cautiously to a considerable height, they heard a heavy rap at a door, still two stories above them. The door, opened, and immediately ensued the sharp and worrying bark of a dog, the squalling of a woman, the screams of an assaulted cat, and the hoarse voice of a man, who cried in a most imperative tone, "Will ye, Mustard?—will ye?—down, sir! down!"

"Lord preserve us!" said the female voice, "an he had worried our cat, Mr. Pleydell would ne'er hae forgi'en me!"

"Aweel, my doo, the cat's no a prin the waur—So he's no in, ye say?"

"Na, Mr. Pleydell's ne'er in the house on Saturday at e'en," answered the female voice.

"And the morn's Sabbath too," said the querist; "I dinna ken what will be done."

By this time Mannering appeared, and found a tall strong countryman, clad in a coat of pepper-and-salt colored mixture. with huge metal buttons, a glazed hat and boots, and a large horsewhip beneath his arm, in colloquy with a slip-shod damsel, who had in one hand the lock of the door, and in the other a pail of whiting, or *camstane*, as it is called, mixed with water—a circumstance which indicates Saturday night in Edinburgh.

"So Mr. Pleydell is not at home, my good girl?" said Mannering.

"Ay, sir, he's at hame, but he's no in the house: he's aye out on Saturday at e'en."

"But, my good girl, I am a stranger, and my business express.—Will you tell me where I can find him?"

"His honor," said the chairman, "will be at Clerihugh's about this time—Hersell could hae tell'd ye that, but she thought ye wanted to see his house."

"Well, then, show me to this tavern—I suppose he will see me, as I come on business of some consequence?"

"I dinna ken, sir," said the girl; "he disna like to be disturbed on Saturday wi' business—but he's aye civil to strangers."

"I'll gang to the tavern too," said our friend Dinmont, 'for I am a stranger also, and on business e'en sic like."

"Na," said the handmaiden, "an he see the gentleman he'll see the simple body too—but, Lord's sake, dinna say it was me sent ye there!"

"Aweel, I'm a simple body, that's true, hinney, but I am no come to steal ony o' his skeel for naething," said the farmer in his honest pride, and strutted away down stairs, followed by Mannering and the cadie. Mannering could not help admiring

the determined stride with which the stranger who preceded them divided the press, shouldering from him, by the mere weight and impetus of his motion, both drunk and sober passengers. "He'll be a Teviotdale tup tat ane," said the chairman, "tat's for keeping ta crown o' ta causeway tat gate; he'll no gang far or he'll get somebody to bell ta cat wi' him."

His shrewd augury, however, was not fulfilled. Those who recoiled from the colossal weight of Dinmont, on looking up at his size and strength, apparently judged him too heavy metal to be rashly encountered, and suffered him to persue his course unchallenged. Following in the wake of this first-rate, Mannering proceeded till the farmer made a pause, and, looking back to the chairman, said, "I'm thinking this will be the close, friend?"

"Ay, ay" replied Donald, "tat's ta close."

Dinmont descended confidently, then turned into a dark alley —then up a dark stair—and then into an open door. While he was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collie dogs, Mannering looked round him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession, and good society, should choose such a scene for social indulgence. Besides the miserable entrance, the house itself seemed paltry and half ruinous. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a little light during the day-time, and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more especially toward evening. Corresponding to this window was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communication with the free air, but received in the day-time, at second hand, such straggling and obscure light as found its way from the lane though the window opposite. At present, the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own huge fires—a sort of pandemonium, where men and women, half undressed, were busied in baking, broiling, roasting oysters, and preparing devils on the gridiron; the mistress of the place, with her shoes slip-shod, and her hair straggling like that of Magæra from under a round-eared cap, toiling, scolding, receiving orders, giving them, and obeying them all at once, seemed the presiding enchantress of that gloomy and fiery region.

Loud and repeated bursts of laughter, from different quarters of the house, proved that her labors were acceptable, and not unrewarded by a generous public. With some difficulty a waiter was prevailed upon to show Colonel Mannering and Dinmont the room where their friend, learned in the law, held his hebdomadal carousals. The scene which it exhibited,

and particularly the attitude of the counselor himself, the principal figure therein, struck his two clients with amazement.

Mr. Pleydell was a lively, sharp-looking gentleman, with a professional shrewdness in his eye, and, generally speaking, a professional formality in his manners. But this, like his three-tailed wig and black coat, he could slip off on a Saturday evening, when surrounded by a party of jolly companions, and disposed for what he called his altitudes. On the present occasion, the revel had lasted since four o'clock, and at length, under the direction of a venerable compotator, who had shared the sports and festivity of three generations, the frolicsome company had begun to practice the ancient and now forgotten pastime of *High Jinks.** This game was played in several different ways. Most frequently the dice were thrown by the company, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain for a time, a certain fictitious character, or to repeat a certain number of fescennine verses in a particular order. If they departed from the characters assigned, or if their memory proved treacherous in the repetition, they incurred forfeits, which were either compounded for by swallowing an additional bumper, or by paying a small sum toward the reckoning. At this sport the jovial company were closely engaged, when Mannering entered the room.

Mr. Counselor Pleydell, such as we have described him, was enthroned, as a monarch, in an elbow-chair, placed on the dining-table, his scratch wig on one side, his head crowned with a bottle-slider, his eye leering with an expression betwixt fun and the effects of wine, while his court around him resounded with such crambo scraps of verse as these :—

> Where is Gerunto now! and what's become of him?
> Gerunto's drowned because he could not swim, etc. etc.

Such, O Themis, were anciently the sports of thy Scottish children! Dinmont was first in the room. He stood aghast a moment,—and then exclaimed, "It's him, sure enough—Deil o' the like o' that ever I saw!"

At the sound of "Mr. Dinmont and Colonel Mannering wanting to speak to you, sir," Pleydell turned his head, and blushed a little when he saw the very genteel figure of the English stranger. He was, however, of the opinion of Falstaff, "Out, ye villains, play out the play!" wisely judging it the better way to appear totally unconcerned. "Where be your

* Note G. High Jinks.

guards?" exclaimed this second Justinian; "see ye not a stranger knight from foreign parts arrived at this our court of Holyrood,—with our bold yeoman Andrew Dinmont, who has succeeded to the keeping of our royal flocks within the forest of Jedwood, where, thanks to our royal care in the administration of justice, they feed as safe as if they were within the bounds of Fife? Where be our heralds, our pursuivants, our Lyon, our Marchmount, our Carrick, and our Snowdown? Let the strangers be placed at our board, and regaled as beseemeth their quality, and this our high holiday—to-morrow we will hear their tidings."

"So please you, my liege, to-morrow's Sunday," said one of the company.

"Sunday, is it? then we will give no offence to the assembly of the kirk—on Monday shall be their audience."

Mannering, who had stood at first uncertain whether to advance or retreat, now resolved to enter for the moment into the whim of the scene, though internally fretting at Mac-Morlan for sending him to consult with a cracked-brained humorist. He therefore advanced with three profound congees, and craved permission to lay his credentials at the foot of the Scottish monarch, in order to be perused at his best leisure. The gravity with which he accommodated himself to the humor of the moment, and the deep and humble inclination with which he at first declined, and then accepted, a seat presented by the master of the ceremonies, procured him three rounds of applause.

"Deil hae me, if they arena a' mad thegither!" said Dinmont, occupying with less ceremony a seat at the bottom of the table, "or else they hae taen Yule before it comes, and are gaun aguisarding."

A large glass of claret was offered to Mannering, who drank it to the health of the reigning prince. "You are, I presume to guess," said the monarch, "that celebrated Sir Miles Mannering, so renowned in the French wars, and may well pronounce to us if the wines of Gascony lose their flavor in our more northern realm."

Mannering, agreeably flattered by this allusion to the fame of his celebrated ancestor, replied, by professing himself only a distant relation of the preux chevalier, and added, "that, in his opinion, the wine was superlatively good."

"It's ower cauld for my stamach," said Dinmont, setting down the glass (empty, however).

"We will correct that quality," answered King Paulus, the first of the name; we have not forgotten that the moist and

humid air of our valley of Liddel inclines to stronger potations. —Seneschal, let our faithful yeoman have a cup of brandy; it will be more germain to the matter."

"And now," said Mannering, "since we have unwarily intruded upon your majesty at a moment of mirthful retirement, be pleased to say when you will indulge a stranger with an audience on those affairs of weight which have brought him to your northern capital."

The monarch opened Mac-Morlan's letter, and, running it hastily over, exclaimed with his natural voice and manner, "Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, poor dear lassie!"

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" exclaimed a dozen voices; "his majesty has forgot his kingly character."

"Not a whit! not a whit!" replied the king;—I'll be judged by this courteous knight. May not a monarch love a maid of low degree? Is not King Cophetua and the Beggar maid an adjudged case in point?"

"Professional! professional!—another forfeit!" exclaimed the tumultuary nobility.

"Had not our royal predecessors," continued the monarch, exalting his sovereign voice to drown these disaffected clamors —"had they not their Jean Logies, their Bessie Carmichaels, their Oliphants, their Sandilands, and their Weirs, and shall it be denied to us even to name a maiden whom we delight to honor? Nay, then, sink state, and perish sovereignty! for, like a second Charles V., we will abdicate, and seek in the private shades of life those pleasures which are denied to a throne."

So saying, he flung away his crown, and sprung from his exalted station with more agility than could have been expected from his age, ordered lights and a wash-hand basin and towel, with a cup of green tea, into another room, and made a sign to Mannering to accompany him. In less than two minutes he washed his face and hands, settled his wig in the glass, and, to Mannering's great surprise, looked quite a different man from the childish Bacchanal he had seen a moment before.

"There are folks," he said, "Mr. Mannering, before whom one should take care how they play the fool—because they have either too much malice, or too little wit, as the poet says. The best compliment I can pay Colonel Mannering, is to show I am not ashamed to expose myself before him—and truly I think it is a compliment I have not spared to-night on your good-nature.—But what's that great strong fellow wanting?"

Dinmont, who had pushed after Mannering into the room, began with a scrape of his foot and a scratch of his head in unison. "I am Dandie Dinmont, sir, of the Charlies-hope—

the Liddesdale lad—ye'll mind me? It was for me you won yon grand plea."

"What plea, you loggerhead?" said the lawyer; "d'ye think I can remember all the fools that come to plague me?"

"Lord, sir, it was the grand plea about the grazing o' the Langtae-head," said the farmer.

"Well, curse thee, never mind;—give me the memorial,* and come to me on Monday at ten, replied the learned counsel.

"But, sir, I haena got ony distinct memorial."

"No memorial, man?" said Pleydell.

"Na, sir, nae memorial," answered Dandie; "for your honor said before, Mr. Pleydell, ye'll mind, that ye liked best to hear us hill-folk tell our ane tale by word o' mouth."

"Beshrew my tongue that said so!" answered the counselor; it will cost my ears a dinning.—Well, say in two words what you've got to say—you see the gentleman waits."

"Ou, sir, if the gentleman likes he may play his ain spring first; it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Now, you looby," said the lawyer, cannot you conceive that your business can be nothing to Colonel Mannering, but that he may not choose to have these great ears of thine regaled with his matters?"

"Aweel, sir, just as you and he like, so you see to my business," said Dandie, not a whit disconcerted by the roughness of this reception. "We're at the auld wark o' the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthop-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool, and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cutlugged stane, that they ca' Charlies Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlies-hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears; but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds down by the auld drove-road that gaes awa by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keelder-ward—and that makes an unco difference."

"And what difference does it make, friend?" said Pleydell. "How many sheep will it feed?"

"Ou, no mony," said Dandie, scratching his head; "it's lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year."

"And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shil-

* Scottish memorial corresponds to the English brief.

lings a-year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?"

"Na, sir, it's no for the value of the grass," replied Dinmont, it's for justice."

"My good friend," said Pleydell, "justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter."

Dinmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand—"It's no for that, sir—but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him;—he threeps he'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair—and I'm sure there's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days upon the Charlies-hope, and wadna like to see the land lose its right."

"Zounds, man, if it be a point of honor," said the lawyer, "why don't your landlords take it up?"

"I dinna ken, sir, (scratching his head again); "there's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighborly, and Jock and me cannot get them to yoke thegither about it a' that we can say; but if ye thought we might keep up the rent"——

"No! no! that will never do," said Pleydell;—"confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?"

"Od, sir," answered the farmer, "we tried that three times already—that's twice on the land and ance at Lockerby fair. But I dinna ken—we're baith gey good at single-stick, and it couldna weel be judged."

"Then take broadswords, and be d—d to you, as your fathers did before you," said the counsel learned in the law.

"Aweel, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed Pleydell, "we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake *—Pr'ythee, man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a lawsuit you wish to engage in."

"Ay, sir?" said Dandie, in a disappointed tone. "So ye winna take on wi' me, I'm doubting?"

"Me! not I—Go home, go home, take a pint and agree." Dandie looked but half contented, and still remained stationary. "Anything more, my, friend?"

"Only, sir, about the succession of this leddy that's dead—auld Miss Margaret Bertram o' Singleside."

"Ay, what about her?" said the counselor, rather surprised.

"Ou, we have nae connection at a' wi' the Bertrams," said

* [See *Minstrelsy*, vol. iv. p. 214.—This border tyrant was boiled in his own cauldron at the jocular suggestion of the king.]

Dandie—"they were grand folk by the like o' us.—But Jean Liltup, that was auld Singleside's housekeeper, and the mother of these twa young ladies that are gane—the last o' them's dead at a ripe age, I trow—Jean Liltup came out o' Liddle water, and she was as near our connection as second cousin to my mother's half sister. She drew up wi' Singleside, nae doubt, when she was his housekeeper, and it was a sair vex and grief to a' her kith and kin. But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the kirk—and now I wad ken frae you if we hae not some claim by law?"

"Not the shadow of a claim."

"Aweel, we're nae puirer," said Dandie—"but she may hae thought on us if she was minded to make a testament.—Weel, sir, I've said my say—I'se e'en wish you good night, and "—— putting his hand in his pocket.

"No, no, my friend; I never take fees on Saturday night, or without a memorial—away with you, Dandie." And Dandie made his reverence, and departed accordingly.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN.

But this poor farce has neither truth, nor art,
To please the fancy or to touch the heart,
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene;
Presents no objects tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.
PARISH REGISTER.

"YOUR majesty," said Mannering, laughing, "has solemnized your abdication by an act of mercy and charity.—That fellow will scarce think of going to law."

"Oh, you are quite wrong," said the experienced lawyer. "The only difference is, I have lost my client and my fee. He'll never rest till he finds somebody to encourage him to commit the folly he has predetermined.—No! no! I have only shown you another weakness of my character—I always speak truth of a Saturday night."

"And sometimes through the week, I should think," said Mannering, continuing the same tone.

"Why, yes; as far as my vocation will permit. I am, as Hamlet says, indifferent honest, when my clients and their solicitors do not make me the medium of conveying their

double-distilled lies to the bench. But *oportet vivere!* it is a sad thing.—And now to our business. I am glad my old friend Mac-Morlan has sent you to me; he is an active, honest, and intelligent man, long sheriff-substitute of the county of —— under me, and still holds the office. He knows I have a regard for that unfortunate family of Ellangowan, and for poor Lucy. I have not seen her since she was twelve years old, and she was then a sweet pretty girl under the management of a very silly father. But my interest in her is of an early date. I was called upon, Mr. Mannering, being then sheriff of that county, to investigate the particulars of a murder which had been committed near Ellangowan the day on which this poor child was born; and which, by a strange combination that I was unhappily not able to trace, involved the death or abstraction of her only brother, a boy of about five years old. No, Colonel, I shall never forget the misery of the house of Ellangowan that morning!—the father half-distracted—the mother dead in premature travail—the helpless infant, with scarce any one to attend it, coming wawling and crying into this miserable world at such a moment of unutterable misery. We lawyers are not of iron, sir, or of brass, any more than you soldiers are of steel. We are conversant with the crimes and distresses of civil society, as you are with those that occur in a state of war —and to do our duty in either case, a little apathy is perhaps necessary.—But the devil take a soldier whose heart can be as hard as his sword, and his dam catch the lawyer who bronzes his bosom instead of his forehead!—But come, I am losing my Saturday at e'en—will you have the kindness to trust me with these papers which relate to Miss Bertram's business?—And stay—to-morrow you'll take a bachelor's dinner with an old lawyer,—I insist upon it, at three precisely—and come an hour sooner.—The old lady is to be buried on Monday; it is the orphan's cause, and we'll borrow an hour from the Sunday to talk over this business—although I fear nothing can be done if she has altered her settlement—unless perhaps it occurs within the sixty days, and then if Miss Bertram can show that she possesses the character of heir-at-law, why——

"But, hark! my lieges are impatient of their *interregnum*— I do not invite you to rejoin us, Colonel; it would be a trespass on your complaisance, unless you had begun the day with us, and gradually glided on from wisdom to mirth, and from mirth to—to—to—extravagance.—Good night.—Harry, go home with Mr. Mannering to his lodging.—Colonel, I expect you at a little past two to-morrow."

The Colonel returned to his inn, equally surprised at the

childish frolics in which he had found his learned counselor engaged, at the candor and sound sense which he had in a moment summoned up to meet the exigencies of his profession, and at the tone of feeling which he displayed when he spoke of the friendless orphan.

In the morning, while the Colonel and his most quiet and silent of all retainers, Dominie Sampson, were finishing the breakfast which Barnes had made and poured out, after the Dominie had scalded himself in the attempt, Mr. Pleydell was suddenly ushered in. A nicely-dressed bob-wig, upon every hair of which a zealous and careful barber had bestowed its proper allowance of powder; a well-brushed black suit, with very clean shoes and gold buckles and stock-buckle; a manner rather reserved and formal than intrusive, but, withal, showing only the formality of manner, by no means that of awkwardness; a countenance the expressive and somewhat comic features of which were in complete repose,—all showed a being perfectly different from the choice spirit of the evening before. A glance of shrewd and piercing fire in his eye was the only marked expression which recalled the man of "Saturday at e'en."

"I am come," said he, with a very polite address, "to use my regal authority in your behalf in spirituals as well as temporals—can I accompany you to the Presbyterian kirk, or Episcopal meeting-house? *Tros Tyriusve*—a lawyer, you know, is of both religions, or rather I should say of both forms—or can I assist in passing the forenoon otherwise? You'll excuse my old-fashioned importunity—I was born in a time when a Scotchman was thought inhospitable if he left a guest alone a moment, except when he slept—but I trust you will tell me at once if I intrude."

"Not at all, my dear sir," answered Colonel Mannering—"I am delighted to put myself under your pilotage. I should wish much to hear some of your Scottish preachers whose talents have done such honor to your country—your Blair, your Robertson, or your Henry; and I embrace your kind offer with all my heart.—Only," drawing the lawyer a little aside, and turning his eye toward Sampson, "my worthy friend there in the reverie is a little helpless and abstracted, and my servant, Barnes, who is his pilot in ordinary, cannot well assist him here, especially as he has expressed his determination of going to some of your darker and more remote places of worship."

The lawyer's eye glanced at Dominie Sampson. "A curiosity worth preserving—and I'll find you a fit custodier.—Here you, sir" (to the waiter), "go to Luckie Finlayson's in the Cowgate

* (Anglice, street-porter).

for Miles Macfin the cadie*—he'll be there about this time,—and tell him I wish to speak to him."

The person wanted soon arrived. "I will commit your friend to this man's charge," said Pleydell; "he'll attend him, or conduct him wherever he chooses to go, with a happy indifference as to kirk or market, meeting or court of justice, or—any other place whatever, and bring him safe home at whatever hour you appoint; so that Mr. Barnes there may be left to the freedom of his own will."

This was easily arranged, and the Colonel committed the Dominie to the charge of this man while they should remain in Edinburgh.

"And now, sir, if you please, we shall go to the Greyfriars church, to hear our historian of Scotland, of the Continent, and of America."

They were disappointed—he did not preach that morning.—"Never mind," said the counselor, "have a moment's patience, and we shall do very well."

The colleague of Dr. Robertson ascended the pulpit.* His external appearance was not prepossessing. A remarkably fair complexion, strangely contrasted with a black wig without a grain of powder; a narrow chest and a stooping posture; hands which, placed like props on either side of the pulpit, seemed necessary rather to support the person than to assist the gesticulation of the preacher,—no gown, not even that of Geneva, a tumbled band, and a gesture which seemed scarce voluntary, were the first circumstances which struck a stranger. "The preacher seems a very ungainly person," whispered Mannering to his new friend.

"Never fear; he's the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer† —he'll show blood, I'll warrant him."

The learned counselor predicted truly. A lecture was delivered, fraught with new, striking, and entertaining views of Scripture history—a sermon, in which the Calvinism of the Kirk of Scotland was ably supported, yet made the basis of a sound system of practical morals, which should neither shelter the sinner under the cloak of speculative faith or of peculiarity of opinion, nor leave him loose to the waves of unbelief and schism. Something there was of an antiquated turn of argument and metaphor, but it only served to give zest and pecul

* This was the celebrated Dr. Erskine, a distinguished clergyman, and a most excellent man.

† The father of Dr. Erskine was an eminent lawyer, and his Institutes of the Law of Scotland are to this day the text-book of students of that science.

iarity to the style of elocution. The sermon was not read—a scrap of paper containing the heads of the discourse was occasionally referred to, and the enunciation, which at first seemed imperfect and embarrassed, became, as the preacher warmed in his progress, animated and distinct; and although the discourse could not be quoted as a correct specimen of pulpit eloquence, yet Mannering had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument, brought into the service of Christianity.

"Such," he said, going out of the church, "must have been the preachers to whose unfearing minds, and acute, though sometimes rudely exercised talents, we owe the Reformation."

"And yet that reverend gentleman," said Pleydell, "whom I love for his father's sake and his own, has nothing of the sour or pharisaical pride which has been imputed to some of the early fathers of the Calvinistic Kirk of Scotland. His colleague and he differ, and head different parties in the Kirk, about particular points of church discipline, but without for a moment losing personal regard or respect for each other, or suffering malignity to interfere in an opposition, steady, constant, and apparently conscientious on both sides."

"And you, Mr. Pleydell, what do you think of their points of difference?"

"Why, I hope, Colonel, a plain man may go to heaven without thinking about them at all;—besides, *inter nos*, I am a member of the suffering and Episcopal church of Scotland—the shadow of a shade now, and fortunately so;—but I love to pray where my father prayed before me, without thinking worse of the Presbyterian forms because they do not affect me with the same associations." And with this remark they parted until dinner-time.

From the awkward access to the lawyer's mansion, Mannering was induced to form very moderate expectations of the entertainment which he was to receive. The approach looked even more dismal by day-light than on the preceding evening. The houses on each side of the lane were so close, that the neighbors might have shaken hands with each other from the different sides, and occasionally the space between was traversed by wooden galleries, and thus entirely closed up. The stair, the scale-stair, was not well cleaned; and on entering the house, Mannering was struck with the narrowness and meanness of the wainscoted passage. But the library, into which he was shown by an elderly respectable-looking man-servant, was a complete contrast to these unpromising appearances. It was a well-proportioned room, hung with a portrait or two of Scot-

tish characters of eminence, by Jamieson, the Caledonian Van dyke, and surrounded with books, the best editions of the best authors, and in particular, an admirable collection of classics.

"These," said Pleydell, "are my tools of trade. A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he may venture to call himself an architect."

But Mannering was chiefly delighted with the view from the windows, which commanded that incomparable prospect of the ground between Edinburgh and the sea; the Firth of Forth, with its islands; the embayment which is terminated by the Law of North Berwick; and the varied shores of Fife to the northward, indenting with a hilly outline the clear blue horizon.

When Mr. Pleydell had sufficiently enjoyed the surprise of his guest, he called his attention to Miss Bertram's affairs. "I was in hopes," he said, "though but faint, to have discovered some means of ascertaining her indefeasible right to this property of Singleside; but my researches have been in vain. The old lady was certainly absolute fiar, and might dispose of it in full right of property. All that we have to hope is, that the devil may not have tempted her to alter this very proper settlement. You must attend the old girl's funeral to-morrow, to which you will receive an invitation, for I have acquainted her agent with your being here on Miss Bertram's part; and I will meet you afterward at the house she inhabited, and be present to see fair play at the opening of the settlement. The old cat had a little girl, the orphan of some relation, who lived with her as a kind of slavish companion. I hope she has had the conscience to make her independent, in consideration of the *peine forte et dure* to which she subjected her during her lifetime."

Three gentlemen now appeared, and were introduced to the stranger. They were men of good sense, gayety, and general information, so that the day passed very pleasantly over; and Colonel Mannering assisted, about eight o'clock at night, in discussing the landlord's bottle, which was, of course, a *magnum*. Upon his return to the inn, he found a card inviting him to the funeral of Miss Margaret Bertram, late of Singleside, which was to proceed from her own house to the place of interment in the Greyfriars churchyard, at one o'clock afternoon.

At the appointed hour, Mannering went to a small house in the suburbs to the southward of the city, where he found the place of mourning, indicated as usual in Scotland, by two rueful figures with long black cloaks, white crapes and hat-bands, holding in their hands poles, adorned with melancholy streamers of

the same description. By two other mutes, who, from their visages, seemed suffering under the pressure of some strange calamity, he was ushered into the dining-parlor of the defunct, where the company were assembled for the funeral.

In Scotland, the custom, now disused in England, of inviting the relations of the deceased to the interment, is universally retained. On many occasions this has a singular and striking effect, but it degenerates into mere empty form and grimace, in cases where the defunct has had the misfortune to live unbeloved and die unlamented.—The English service for the dead, one of the most beautiful and impressive parts of the ritual of the church, would have in such cases, the effect of fixing the attention, and uniting the thoughts and feelings of the audience present, in an exercise of devotion so peculiarly adapted to such an occasion. But, according to the Scottish custom, if there be not real feeling among the assistants, there is nothing to supply the deficiency, and exalt or rouse the attention ; so that a sense of tedious form, and almost hypocritical restraint, is too apt to pervade the company assembled for the mournful solemnity. Mrs. Margaret Bertram was unluckily one of those whose good qualities had attached no general friendship. She had no near relations who might have mourned from natural affection, and therefore her funeral exhibited merely the exterior trappings of sorrow.

Mannering, therefore, stood among this lugubrious company of cousins in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth degree, composing his countenance to the decent solemnity of all who were around him, and looking as much concerned on Mrs. Margaret Bertram's account, as if the deceased lady of Singleside had been his own sister or mother. After a deep and awful pause, the company began to talk aside—under their breaths, however, and as if in the chamber of a dying person.

"Our poor friend," said one grave gentleman, scarcely opening his mouth for fear of deranging the necessary solemnity of his features, and sliding his whisper from between his lips, which were as little unclosed as possible—"our poor friend has died well to pass in the world."

"Nae doubt," answered the person addressed, with half-closed eyes ; "poor Mrs. Margaret was aye careful of the gear."

"Any news to-day, Colonel Mannering ?" said one of the gentleman whom he had dined with the day before, but in a tone which might, for its impressive gravity, have communicated the death of his whole generation.

"Nothing particular, I believe, sir," said Mannering, in the

cadence which was, he observed, appropriated to the house of mourning.

"I understand," continued the first speaker, emphatically, and with the air of one who is well informed—"I understand there *is* a settlement."

"And what does little Jenny Gibson get?"

"A hundred and the auld repeater."

"That's but sma' gear, puir thing; she had a sair time o't with the old leddy. But it's ill waiting for dead folk's shoon."

"I am afraid," said the politician, who was close by Mannering, "we have not done with your old friend Tippoo Saib yet—I doubt he'll give the company more plague; and I am told—but you'll know for certain—that East India Stock is not rising."

"I trust it will, sir, soon."

"Mrs. Margaret," said another person, mingling in the conversation, "had some India bonds. I know that, for I drew the interest for her—it would be desirable now for the trustees and legatees to have the Colonel's advice about the time and mode of converting them into money. For my part I think—But there's Mr. Mortcloke to tell us they are gaun to lift."

Mr. Mortcloke the undertaker did accordingly, with a visage of professional length and most grievous solemnity, distribute among the pall-bearers little cards, assigning their respective situations in attendance upon the coffin. As this precedence is supposed to be regulated by propinquity to the defunct, the undertaker, however skilful a master of these lugubrious ceremonies, did not escape giving some offence. To be related to Mrs. Bertram was to be kin to the lands of Singleside, and was a propinquity of which each relative present at that moment was particularly jealous. Some murmurs there were on the occasion, and our friend Dinmont gave more open offence, being unable either to repress his discontent, or to utter it in the key properly modulated to the solemnity. "I think ye might hae at least gi'en me a leg o' her to carry," he exclaimed, in a voice considerably louder than propriety admitted. "God! an it hadna been for the rigs o' land, I would hae gotten her a' to carry mysell, for as mony gentles as are here."

A score of frowning and reproving brows were bent upon the unappalled yeoman, who, having given vent to his displeasure, stalked sturdily down stairs with the rest of the company, totally disregarding the censures of those whom his remarks had scandalized.

And then the funeral pomp set forth; saulies with their batons, and gumphions of tarnished white crape, in honor of

the well-preserved maiden fame of Mrs. Margaret Bertram. Six starved horses, themselves the very emblems of mortality, well cloaked and plumed, lugging along the hearse with its dismal emblazonry, crept in slow state toward the place of interment, preceded by Jamie Duff, an idiot, who with weepers and cravat made of white paper, attended on every funeral, and followed by six mourning coaches, filled with the company.—Many of these now gave more free loose to their tongues, and discussed with unrestrained earnestness the amount of the succession, and the probability of its destination. The principal expectants, however, kept a prudent silence, indeed ashamed to express hopes which might prove fallacious; and the agent, or man of business, who alone knew exactly how matters stood, maintained a countenance of mysterious importance, as if determined to preserve the full interest of anxiety and suspense.

At length they arrived at the churchyard gates, and from thence, amid the gaping of two or three dozen of idle women with infants in their arms, and accompanied by some twenty children, who ran gamboling and screaming alongside of the sable procession, they finally arrived at the burial-place of the Singleside family. This was a square enclosure in the Greyfriars churchyard, guarded on one side by a veteran angel, without a nose, and having only one wing, who had the merit of having maintained his post for a century, while his comrade cherub, who had stood sentinel on the corresponding pedestal, lay a broken trunk among the hemlock, burdock, and nettles, which grew in gigantic luxuriance around the walls of the mausoleum. A moss-grown and broken inscription informed the reader, that in the year 1650 Captain Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, descended of the very ancient and honorable house of Ellangowan, had caused this monument to be erected for himself and his descendants. A reasonable number of scythes and hour-glasses, and death's heads, and cross-bones, garnished the following sprig of sepulchral poetry, to the memory of the founder of the mausoleum :—

> Nathaniel's heart, Bezaleel's hand,
> If ever any had,
> These boldly do I say had he,
> Who lieth in this bed.

Here then, amid the deep black fat loam into which her ancestors were now resolved, they deposited the body of Mrs. Margaret Bertram; and, like soldiers returning from a military funeral, the nearest relations who might be interested in the

settlements of the lady, urged the dog-cattle of the hackney coaches to all the speed of which they were capable, in order to put an end to further suspense on that interesting topic.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHTH.

Die and endow a college or a cat.
POPE.

THERE is a fable told by Lucian, that while a troop of monkeys, well drilled by an intelligent manager, were performing a tragedy with great applause, the decorum of the whole scene was at once destroyed, and the natural passions of the actors called forth in a very indecent and active emulation, by a wag who threw a handful of nuts upon the stage. In like manner, the approaching crisis stirred up among the expectants feelings of a nature very different from those of which, under the superintendence of Mr. Mortcloke, they had but now been endeavoring to imitate the expression. Those eyes which were lately devoutly cast up to heaven, or with greater humility bent solemnly upon earth, were now sharply and alertly darting their glances through shuttles, and trunks, and drawers, and cabinets, and all the odd corners of an old maiden lady's repositories. Nor was their search without interest, though they did not find the will of which they were in quest.

Here was a promissory-note for £20 by the minister of the nonjuring chapel, interest marked as paid to Martinmas last, carefully folded up in a new set of words to the old tune of "Over the Water to Charlie;"—there was a curious love correspondence between the deceased and a certain Lieutenant O'Kean, of a marching regiment of foot; and tied up with the letters was a document, which at once explained to the relatives why a connection that boded them little good had been suddenly broken off, being the Lieutenant's bond for two hundred pounds, upon which *no* interest whatever appeared to have been paid. Other bills and bonds to a larger amount, and signed by better names (I mean commercially) than those of the worthy divine and gallant soldier, also occurred in the course of their researches, besides a hoard of coins of every size and denomination, and scraps of broken gold and silver, old ear-rings, hinges of cracked snuff-boxes, mountings of spectacles, etc. etc. etc. Still no will made its appearance, and Colonel Man-

nering began full well to hope that the settlement which he had obtained from Glossin contained the ultimate arrangement of the old lady's affairs. But his friend Pleydell, who now came into the room, cautioned him against entertaining this belief.

"I am well acquainted with the gentleman," he said, "who is conducting the search, and I guess from his manner that he knows something more of the matter than any of us." Meantime, while the search proceeds, let us take a brief glance at one or two of the company, who seem most interested.

Of Dinmont, who, with his large hunting-whip under his arm, stood poking his great round face over the shoulder of the *homme d' affaires*, it is unnecessary to say anything. That thin-looking oldish person, in a most correct and gentleman-like suit of mourning, is Mac-Casquil, formerly of Drumquag, who was ruined by having a legacy bequeathed to him of two shares in the Ayr bank. His hopes on the present occasion are founded on a very distant relationship, upon his sitting in the same pew with the deceased every Sunday, and upon his playing at cribbage with her regularly on the Saturday evenings—taking great care never to come off a winner. That other coarse-looking man, wearing his own greasy hair tied in a leathern cue more greasy still, is a tobacconist, a relation of Mrs. Bertram's mother, who, having a good stock in trade when the colonial war broke out, trebled the price of his commodity to all the world, Mrs. Bertram alone excepted, whose tortoise-shell snuff-box was weekly filled with the best rappee at the old prices, because the maid brought it to the shop with Mrs. Bertram's respects to her cousin Mr. Quid. That young fellow, who has not had the decency to put off his boots and buck-skins, might have stood as forward as most of them in the graces of the old lady, who loved to look upon a comely young man; but it is thought he has forfeited the moment of fortune, by sometimes neglecting her tea-table when solemnly invited; sometimes appearing there, when he had been dining with blither company; twice treading upon her cat's tail, and once affronting her parrot.

To Mannering, the most interesting of the group was the poor girl, who had been a sort of humble companion of the deceased, as a subject upon whom she could at all times expectorate her bad humor. She was for form's sake dragged into the room by the deceased's favorite female attendant, where, shrinking into a corner as soon as possible, she saw with wonder and affright the intrusive researches of the strangers amongst those recesses to which from childhood she had looked with awful veneration. This girl was regarded with an unfavorable

eye by all the competitors, honest Dinmont only excepted ; the rest conceived they should find in her a formidable competitor, whose claims might at least encumber and diminish their chance of succession. Yet she was the only person present who seemed really to feel sorrow for the deceased. Mrs. Bertram had been her protectress, although from selfish motives,—and her capricious tyranny was forgotten at the moment, while the tears followed each other fast down the cheeks of her frightened and friendless dependent. "There's ower muckle saut water there, Drumquag," said the tobacconist to the ex-proprietor, "to bode ither folk muckle gude. Folk seldom greet that gate but they ken what it's for." Mr. Mac-Casquil only replied with a nod, feeling the propriety of asserting his superior gentry in presence of Mr. Pleydell and Colonel Mannering.

"Very queer if there suld be nae will after a', friend," said Dinmont, who began to grow impatient, to the man of business.

"A moment's patience, if you please—she was a good and prudent woman, Mrs. Margaret Bertram—a good and prudent and well-judging woman, and knew how to choose friends and depositories ; she may have put her last will and testament, or rather her *mortis causa* settlement, as it relates to heritage, into the hands of some safe friend."

"I'll bet a rump and dozen," said Pleydell whispering to the Colonel, "he has got it in his own pocket;"—then addressing the man of law, "Come, sir, we'll cut this short, if you please—here is a settlement of the estate of Singleside, executed several years ago, in favor of Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan,"—— The Company stared fearfully wild. "You, I presume, Mr. Protocol, can inform us if there is a later deed ?"

"Please to favor me, Mr. Pleydell;" and so saying, he took the deed out of the learned counsel's hand, and glanced his eye over the contents.

"Too cool," said Pleydell, "too cool by half—he has another deed in his pocket still."

"Why does he not show it then, and be d——d to him !" said the military gentleman, whose patience began to wax threadbare.

"Why, how should I know?" answered the Barrister—"why does a cat not kill a mouse when she takes him ?—the consciousness of power and the love of teasing, I suppose.—Well, Mr. Protocol, what say you to that deed ?"

"Why, Mr. Pleydell, the deed is a well-drawn deed, properly authenticated and tested in forms of the statute."

"But recalled or superseded by another of posterior date in your possession, eh ?" said the counselor.

"Something of the sort, I confess, Mr. Pleydell," rejoined the man of business, producing a bundle tied with tape, and sealed at each fold and legation with black wax. "That deed, Mr. Pleydell, which you produce and found upon, is dated 1st June 17—; but this"—breaking the seals and unfolding the document slowly—"is dated the 20th—no, I see it is the 21st of April of this present year, being ten years posterior."

"Marry, hang her, brock!" said the counselor, borrowing an exclamation from Sir Toby Belch—"just the month in which Ellangowan's distresses became generally public. But let us hear what she has done."

Mr. Protocol accordingly, having required silence, began to read the settlement aloud in a slow, steady, business-like tone. The group around, in whose eyes hope alternately awakened and faded, and who were straining their apprehensions to get at the drift of the testator's meaning through the mist of technical language in which the conveyance had involved it, might have made a study for Hogarth.

The deed was of an unexpected nature. It set forth with conveying and disponing all and whole the estate and lands of Singleside and others, with the lands of Loverless, Liealone, Spinster's Knowe, and heaven knows what beside, "to and in favor of" (here the reader softened his voice to a gentle and modest piano) "Peter Protocol, clerk to the signet, having the fullest confidence in his capacity and integrity,—(these are the very words which my worthy deceased friend insisted upon my inserting),—But in TRUST always" (here the reader recovered his voice and style, and the visages of several of the hearers, which had attained a longitude that Mr. Mortcloke might have envied, were perceptibly shortened), "in TRUST always, and for the uses, ends, and purposes hereinafter mentioned."

In these "uses, ends, and purposes," lay the cream of the affair. The first was introduced by a preamble setting forth, that the testatrix was lineally descended from the ancient house of Ellangowan, her respected great-grandfather, Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, of happy memory, having been second son to Allan Bertram, fifteenth Baron of Ellangowan. It proceeded to state, that Henry Bertram, son and heir of Godfrey Bertram, now of Ellangowan, had been stolen from his parents in infancy, but that she, the testatrix, *was well assured that he was yet alive in foreign parts, and by the providence of heaven would be restored to the possessions of his ancestors*—in which case the said Peter Protocol was bound and obliged, likeas he bound and obliged himself, by acceptance of these presents, to denude himself of the said lands of Singleside and others, and of all the

other effects thereby conveyed (excepting always a proper gratification for his own trouble), to and in favor of the said Henry Bertram, upon his return to his native country. And during the time of his residing in foreign parts, or in case of his never again returning to Scotland, Mr. Peter Protocol, the trustee, was directed to distribute the rents of the land, and interest of the other funds (deducting always a proper gratification for his trouble in the premises), in equal portions, among four charitable establishments pointed out in the will. The power of management, of letting leases, of raising and lending out money, in short, the full authority of a proprietor, was vested in this confidential trustee, and, in the event of his death, went to certain official persons named in the deed. There were only two legacies,—one of a hundred pounds to a favorite waiting-maid, another of the like sum to Janet Gibson, (whom the deed stated to have been supported by the charity of the testatrix), for the purpose of binding her an apprentice to some honest trade.

A settlement in mortmain is in Scotland termed a *mortification*, and in one great borough (Aberdeen, if I remember rightly) there is a municipal officer who takes care of these public endowments, and is thence called the Master of Mortifications. One would almost presume that the term had its origin in the effect which such settlements usually produce upon the kinsmen of those by whom they are executed. Heavy at least was the mortification which befell the audience, who, in the late Mrs. Margaret Bertram's parlor, had listened to this unexpected destination of the lands of Singleside. There was a profound silence after the deed had been read over.

Mr. Pleydell was the first to speak. He begged to look at the deed, and having satisfied himself that it was correctly drawn and executed, he returned it without any observation, only saying aside to Mannering, "Protocol is not worse than other people, I believe ; but this old lady has determined, that if he do not turn rogue, it shall not be for want of temptation.'

"I really think," said Mr. Mac-Casquil of Drumquag, who, having gulped down one half of his vexation, determined to give vent to the rest—"I really think this is an extraordinary case! I should like now to know from Mr. Protocol, who, being sole and unlimited trustee, must have been consulted upon this occasion—I should like, I say, to know, how Mrs. Bertram could possibly believe in the existence of a boy, that a' the world kens was murdered many a year since ?"

"Really, sir," said Mr. Protocol, "I do not conceive it is possible for me to explain her motives more than she has done

herself. Our excellent deceased friend was a good woman, sir —a pious woman—and might have grounds for confidence in the boy's safety which are not accessible to us, sir."

"Hout," said the tobacconist, "I ken very weel what were her grounds for confidence. There's Mrs. Rebecca (the maid) sitting there, has tell'd me a hundred times in my ain shop, there was nae kenning how her leddy wad settle her affairs, for an auld gipsy witch wife at Gilsland had possessed her with a notion, that the callant—Harry Bertram ca's she him?—would come alive again some day after a'—ye'll no deny that, Mrs. Rebecca?—though I dare to say ye forgot to put your mistress in mind of what ye promised to say when I gied ye mony a half-crown—But ye'll no deny what I'm saying now, lass?"

"I ken naething at a' about it," answered Rebecca doggedly and looking straight forward with the firm countenance of one not disposed to be compelled to remember more than was agreeable to her.

"Weel said, Rebecca! ye're satisfied wi' your ain share, ony way," rejoined the tobacconist.

The buck of the second-head, for a buck of the first-head he was not, had hitherto been slapping his boots with his switch-whip, and looking like a spoiled child that has lost its supper. His murmurs, however, were all vented inwardly, or at most in a soliloquy such as this—"I am sorry, by G—d, I ever plagued myself about her—I came here, by G—d, one night to drink tea, and I left King, and the Duke's rider, Will Hack. They were toasting a round of running horses; by G—d, I might have got leave to wear the jacket as well as other folk, if I had carried it on with them—and she has not so much as left me that hundred!"

"We'll make the payment of the note quite agreeable," said Mr. Protocol, who had no wish to increase at that moment the odium attached to his office—"And now, gentlemen, I fancy we have no more to wait for here, and—I shall put the settlement of my excellent and worthy friend on record to-morrow, that every gentleman may examine the contents, and have free access to take an extract; and"—he proceeded to lock up the repositories of the deceased with more speed than he had opened them—"Mrs. Rebecca, ye'll be so kind as to keep all right here until we can let the house—I had an offer from a tenant this morning, if such a thing should be, and if I was to have any management."

Our friend Dinmont, having had his hopes as well as another, had hitherto sate sulky enough in the arm chair formerly

appropriated to the deceased, and in which she would have been not a little scandalized to have seen this colossal specimen of the masculine gender lolling at length. His employment had been rolling up, into the form of a coiled snake, the long lash of his horse-whip, and then by a jerk causing it to unroll itself into the middle of the floor. The first words he said when he had digested the shock, contained a magnanimous declaration, which he probably was not conscious of having uttered aloud—"Weel—blude's thicker than water—she's welcome to the cheeses and the hams just the same." But when the trustee had made the above-mentioned motion for the mourners to depart, and talked of the house being immediately let, honest Dinmont got upon his feet, and stunned the company with this blunt question, "And what's to come o' this poor lassie then—Jenny Gibson? Sae mony o' us as thought oursells sib to the family when the gear was parting, we may do something for her-amang us surely."

This proposal seemed to dispose most of the assembly instantly to evacuate the premises, although upon Mr. Protocol's motion they had lingered as if around the grave of their disappointed hopes. Drumquad said, or rather muttered, something of having a family of his own, and took precedence in virtue of his gentle blood, to depart as fast as possible. The tobacconist sturdily stood forward and scouted the motion—"A little huzzie like that was weel eneugh provided for already; and Mr. Protocol, at ony rate, was the proper person to take direction of her, as he had charge of her legacy; and after uttering such his opinion in a steady and decisive tone of voice, he also left the place. The buck made a stupid and brutal attempt at a jest upon Mrs. Bertrand's recommendation that the poor girl should be taught some honest trade; but encountered a scowl from Colonel Mannering's darkening eye (to whom, in his ignorance of the tone of good society, he had looked for applause) that made him ache to the very back-bone. He shuffled down stairs, therefore, as fast as possible.

Protocol, who was really a good sort of man, next expressed his intention to take a temporary charge of the young lady, under protest always, that his doing so should be considered as merely eleemosynary; when Dinmont at length got up, and, having shaken his huge dreadnought great-coat as a Newfoundland dog does his shaggy hide when he comes out of the water, ejaculated, "Well, deil hae me then, if ye hae ony fash wi' her; Mr. Protocol—if she likes to gang hame wi' me that is. Ye see, Ailie and me we're weel to pass, and we would like the lassies to hae a wee bit mair lair than oursells, and to be neigh-

bor-like—that wad we.—And ye see Jenny canna miss but to ken manners, and the like o' reading books, and sewing seams —having lived sae lang wi' a grand lady like Lady Singleside, or if she disna ken onything about it, I'm jealous that our bairns will like her a' the better. And I'll take care o' the bits o' claes and what spending siller she maun hae; so the hundred pound may rin on in your hands, Mr. Protocol, and I'll be adding something till't, till she'll maybe get a Liddesdale joe that wants something to help to buy the hirsel.*—What d'ye say to that, hinney? I'll take out a ticket for ye in the fly to Jethart.—Od, but ye maun take a powny after that o'er the Limestanerig—deil a wheeled carriage ever gaed into Liddesdale.†—And I'll be very glad if Mrs. Rebecca comes wi' you, hinney, and stays a month or twa while ye're stranger like."

While Mrs. Rebecca was courtseying, and endeavoring to make the poor orphan girl courtsey instead of crying, and while Dandie, in his rough way, was encouraging them both, old Pleydell had recourse to his snuff-box. "It's meat and drink to me, now, Colonel," he said as he recovered himself, "to see a clown like this—I must gratify him in his own way—must assist him to ruin himself;—there's no help for it. Here, you Liddesdale Dandie—Charlies-hope—what do they call you?"

The farmer turned, infinitely gratified even by this sort of notice; for in his heart, next to his own landlord, he honored a lawyer in high practice.

"So you will not be advised against trying that question about your marches?"

"No—no, sir—naebody likes to lose their right, and to be laughed at down the haill water. But since your honor's no agreeable, and is maybe a friend to the other side like, we maun try some other advocate."

"There—I told you so, Colonel Mannering!—Well, sir, if you must needs be a fool, the business is to give you the luxury of a lawsuit at the least possible expense, and to bring you off conqueror if possible. Let Mr. Protocol send me your papers, and I will advise him how to conduct your cause. I don't see, after all, why you should not have your lawsuits too, and your feuds in the Court of Session, as well as your forefathers had their manslaughters and fire-raisings."

* The stock of sheep.

† The roads of Liddesdale, in Dandie Dinmont's days, could not be said to exist, and the district was only accessible through a succession of tremendous morasses. About thirty years ago, the author himself was the first person who ever drove a little open carriage into these wilds; the excellent roads by which they are now traversed being then in some progress. The people stared with no small wonder at a sight which many of them had never witnessed in their lives before.

"Very natural, to be sure, sir. We wad just take the auld gate as readily, if it werna for the law. And as the law binds us the law should loose us. Besides, a man's aye the better thought o' in our country for having been afore the Feifteen."

"Excellently argued, my friend! Away with you, and send your papers to me.—Come, Colonel, we have no more to do here."

"God, we'll ding Jock o' Dawston Cleugh now, after a'!" said Dinmont, slapping his thigh in great exultation.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

——I am going to the parliament;
You understand this bag. If you have any business
Depending there, be short and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.

LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

"SHALL you be able to carry this honest fellow's cause for him?" said Mannering.

"Why, I don't know; the battle is not to the strong, but he shall come off triumphant over Jock of Dawston if we can make it out. I owe him something. It is the pest of our profession, that we seldom see the best side of human nature. People come to us with every selfish feeling, newly pointed and grinded; they turn down the very caulkers of their animosities and prejudices, as smiths do with horses' shoes in a white frost. Many a man has come to my garret yonder, that I have at first longed to pitch out at the window, and yet, at length, have discovered that he was only doing as I might have done in his case, being very angry, and, of course, very unreasonable. I have now satisfied myself, that if our profession sees more of human folly and human roguery than others, it is because we witness them acting in that channel in which they can most freely vent themselves. In civilized society, law is the chimney through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to circulate through the whole house, and put every one's eyes out—no wonder, therefore, that the vent itself should sometimes get a little sooty. But we will take care our Liddesdale man's cause is well conducted and well argued, so all unnecessary expense will be saved—he shall have his pine-apple at wholesale price."

"Will you do me the pleasure," said Mannering, as they

parted, "to dine with me at my lodgings? my landlord says he has a bit of red-deer venison, and some excellent wine."

"Venison—eh?" answered the counsellor alertly, but presently added—"but no! it's impossible—and I can't ask you home neither. Monday's a sacred day—so's Tuesday—and Wednesday, we are to be heard in the great teind case in presence —But stay—it's frosty weather, and if you don't leave town, and that venison would keep till Thursday"——

"You will dine with me that day?"

"Under certification."

"Well, then, I will indulge a thought I had of spending a week here; and if the venison will not keep, why we will see what else our landlord can do for us."

"Oh, the venison *will* keep," said Pleydell. "And now, good-by;—look at these two or three notes, and deliver them if you like the addresses; I wrote them for you this morning. Farewell; my clerk has been waiting this hour to begin a d—d information."—And away walked Mr. Pleydell with great activity. diving through closes and ascending covered stairs, in order to attain the High Street by an access, which, compared to the common route, was what the Straits of Magellan are to the more open but circuitous passage round Cape Horn.

On looking at the notes of introduction which Pleydell had thrust into his hand, Mannering was gratified with seeing that they were addressed to some of the first literary characters of Scotland—"To David Hume, Esq."—"To John Home, Esq." "To Dr. Ferguson."—"To Dr. Black."—"To Lord Kaimes." "To Mr. Hutton."—"To John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin."—"To Adam Smith, Esq."—"To Dr. Robertson."

"Upon my word, my legal friend has a good selection of acquaintances—these are names pretty widely blown indeed. An East Indian must rub up his faculties a little, and put his mind in order, before he enters this sort of society."

Mannering gladly availed himself of these introductions; and we regret deeply it is not in our power to give the reader an account of the pleasure and information which he received, in admission to a circle never closed against strangers of sense and information, and which has perhaps at no period been equaled, considering the depth and variety of talent which it embraced and concentrated.

Upon the Thursday appointed, Mr. Pleydell made his appearance at the inn where Colonel Mannering lodged. The venison proved in high order, the claret excellent; and the learned counsel, a professed amateur in the affairs of the table, did distinguish honor to both. I am uncertain, however, if

even the good cheer gave him more satisfaction than the presence of Dominie Sampson, from whom in his own juridical style of wit, he contrived to extract great amusement, both for himself and one or two friends, whom the Colonel regaled on the same occasion. The grave and laconic simplicity of Sampson's answers to the insidious questions of the barrister, placed the *bonhommie* of his character in a more luminous point of view than Mannering had yet seen it. Upon the same occasion he drew forth a strange quantity of miscellaneous and abstruse, though, generally speaking, useless learning. The lawyer afterward compared his mind to the magazine of a pawnbroker, stowed with goods of every description, but so cumbrously piled together, and in such total disorganization, that the owner can never lay his hands upon any one article at the moment he has occasion for it.

As for the advocate himself, he afforded at least as much exercise to Sampson as he extracted amusement from him. When the man of law began to get into his altitudes, and his wit naturally shrewd and dry, became more lively and poignant, the Dominie looked upon him with that sort of surprise with which we can conceive a tame bear might regard his future associate, the monkey, on their being first introduced to each other. It was Mr. Pleydell's delight to state in grave and serious argument some position which he knew the Dominie would be inclined to dispute. He then beheld with exquisite pleasure the internal labor with which the honest man arranged his ideas for reply, and tasked his inert and sluggish powers to bring up all the heavy artillery of his learning for demolishing the schismatic or heretical opinion which had been stated—when, behold! before the ordnance could be discharged, the foe had quitted the post, and appeared in a new position of annoyance on the Dominie's flank or rear. Often did he exclaim "Prodigious!" when, marching up to the enemy in full confidence of victory, he found the field evacuated; and it may be supposed that it cost him no little labor to attempt a new formation. "He was like a native Indian army," the Colonel said, "formidable by numerical strength and size of ordnance, but liable to be thrown into irreparable confusion by a movement to take them in flank."—On the whole, however, the Dominie, though somewhat fatigued with these mental exertions, made at unusual speed and upon the pressure of the moment, reckoned this one of the white days of his life, and always mentioned Mr. Pleydell as a very erudite and fa-ce-ti-ous person.

By degrees the rest of the party dropped off, and left these three gentlemen together. Their conversation turned to Mrs.

Bertram's settlements.—"Now what could drive it into the noddle of that old harridan," said Pleydell, "to disinherit poor Lucy Bertram, under pretence of settling her property on a boy who has been so long dead and gone?—I ask your pardon, Mr. Sampson—I forgot what an affecting case this was for you;—I remember taking your examination upon it—and I never had so much trouble to make any one speak three words consecutively.—You may talk of your Pythagoreans,or your silent Brahmins, Colonel—go to, I tell you this learned gentleman beats them all in taciturnity—but the words of the wise are precious, and not to be thrown away lightly."

"Of a surety," said the Dominie, taking his blue-checked handkerchief from his eyes, "that was a bitter day with me indeed; ay, and a day of grief hard to be borne—but He giveth strength who layeth on the load."

Colonel Mannering took this opportunity to request Mr. Pleydell to inform him of the particulars attending the loss of the boy; and the counselor, who was fond of talking upon subjects of criminal jurisprudence, especially when connected with his own experience, went through the circumstances at full length. "And what is your opinion upon the result of the whole?"

"Oh, that Kennedy was murdered: it's an old case which has occurred on that coast before now—the case of Smuggler *versus* Exciseman."

"What, then, is your conjecture concerning the fate of the child?"

"Oh, murdered too, doubtless," answered Pleydell. "He was old enough to tell what he had seen, and these ruthless scoundrels would not scruple committing a second Bethlehem massacre, if they thought their interest required it."

The Dominie groaned deeply, and ejaculated, "Enormous!"

"Yet there was mention of gypsies in the business too, counselor," said Mannering, "and from what that vulgar-looking fellow said after the funeral"——

"Mrs. Margaret Bertram's idea that the child was alive was founded upon the report of a gypsy," said Pleydell, catching at the half-spoken hint—"I envy you the concatenation, Colonel.—it is a shame to me not to have drawn the same conclusion. We'll follow this business up instantly—Here, hark ye, waiter,—go down to Luckie Wood's in the Cowgate; ye'll find my clerk Driver; he'll be set down to High-Jinks by this time (for we and our retainers, Colonel, are exceedingly regular in our irregularities); tell him to come here instantly, and I will pay his forfeits."

"He won't appear in character will he?" said Mannering.

"Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me," said Pleydell. "But we must have some news from the land of Egypt, if possible. O, if I had but hold of the slightest thread of this complicated skein, you should see how I would unravel it! I would work the truth out of your Bohemian, as the French call them, better than a *Monitoire*, or a *Plainte de Tournelle:* I know how to manage a refractory witness."

While Mr. Pleydell was thus vaunting his knowledge of his profession, the waiter re-entered with Mr. Driver, his mouth still greasy with mutton pies, and the frath of the last draught of twopenny yet unsubsided on his upper lip, with such speed had he obeyed the commands of his principal. "Driver you must go instantly and find out the woman who was old Mrs. Margaret Bertram's maid. Inquire for her everywhere; but if you find it necessary to have recourse to Protocol, Quid the tobacconist, or any other of these folks, you will take care not to appear yourself, but send some woman of your acquaintance—I dare say you know enough that may be so condescending as to oblige you. When you have found her out, engage her to come to my chambers to-morrow at eight o'clock precisely."

"What shall I say to make her forthcoming?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"Anything you choose," replied the lawyer. "Is it my business to make lies for you, do you think? But let her be *in præsentia* by eight o'clock, as I have said before." The clerk grinned, made his reverence and exit.

"That's a useful fellow," said the counselor;—"I don't believe his match ever carried a process. He'll write to my dictating three nights in the week without sleep, or, what's the same thing, he writes as well and correctly when he's asleep as when he's awake. Then he's such a steady fellow—some of them are always changing their alehouses, so that they have twenty caddies sweating after them, like the bare-headed captains traversing the taverns of East-Cheap in search of Sir John Falstaff. But this is a complete fixture;—he has his winter seat by the fire, and his summer seat by the window, in Luckie Wood's, betwixt which seats are his only migrations—there he's to be found at all times when he's off duty. It is my opinion he never puts off his clothes or goes to sleep;—sheer ale supports him under everything; it is meat, drink, and clothing, bed, board, and washing."

"And is he always fit for duty upon a sudden turn out? I should distrust it, considering his quarters."

"Oh, drink never disturbs him, Colonel; he can write for

hours after he cannot speak. I remember being called suddenly to draw an appeal case. I had been dining, and it was Saturday night, and I had ill will to begin to it; however, they got me down to Clerihugh's, and there we sat birling till I had a fair tappit hen* under my belt, and then they persuaded me to draw the paper. Then we had to seek Driver, and it was all that two men could do to bear him in; for when found, he was, as it happened, both motionless and speechless. But no sooner was his pen put between his fingers, his paper stretched before him, and he heard my voice, than he began to write like a scrivener—and, excepting that we were obliged to have somebody to dip his pen in the ink, for he could not see the standish, I never saw a thing scrolled more handsomely."

"But how did your joint production look the next morning?" said the Colonel.

"Wheugh! capital—not three words required to be altered;† it was sent off by that day's post. But you'll come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and hear this woman's examination?"

"Why, your hour is rather early."

"Can't make it later. If I were not on the boards of the Outer House precisely as the nine-hours bell rings, there would be a report that I had got an apoplexy, and I should feel the effects of it all the rest of the session."

"Well, I will make an exertion to wait upon you."

Here the company broke up for the evening.

In the morning, Colonel Mannering appeared at the counselor's chambers, although cursing the raw air of a Scottish morning in December. Mr. Pleydell had got Mrs. Rebecca installed on one side of his fire, accommodated her with a cup of chocolate, and was already deeply engaged in a conversation with her. "O no, I assure you, Mrs. Rebecca, there is no intention to challenge your mistress's will; and I give you my word of honor that your legacy is quite safe. You have deserved it by your conduct to your mistress, and I wish it had been twice as much."

"Why, to be sure, sir, it's no right to mention what is said before ane—ye heard how that dirty body Quid cast up to me the bits o' compliments he gied me, and tell'd ower again ony loose cracks I might hae had wi' him;—now if ane was talking loosely to your honor, there's nae saying what might come o't."

"I assure you, my good Rebecca, my character and your

* Note H. Tappit Hen.

† Note I. Convivial Habits of the Scottish Bar.

own age and appearance are your security, if you should talk as loosely as an amatory poet."

"Aweel, if your honor thinks I am safe—the story is just this.—Ye see, about a year ago, or no just sae lang, my leddy was advised to go to Gilsland for a while, for her spirits were distressing her sair. Ellangowan's troubles began to be spoken o' publicly, and sair vexed she was; for she was proud o' her family. For Ellangowan himself and her, they sometimes 'greed, and sometimes no; but at last they didna 'gree at a' for twa or three years—for he was aye wanting to borrow siller, and that was what she couldna bide at no hand, and she was aye wanting it paid back again, and that the Laird he liked as little. So, at last, they were clean aff thegither. And then some of the company at Gilsland tells her that the estate was to be sell'd; and ye wad hae thought she had taen an ill will at Miss Lucy Bertram frae that moment, for mony a time she cried to me, 'O Becky, O Becky, if that useless peenging thing o' a lassie there at Ellangowan, that canna keep her ne'er-do-weel father within bounds—if she had been but a lad-bairn, they couldna hae sell'd the auld inheritance for that fool-body's debts;'—and she would rin on that way till I was just wearie and sick to hear her ban the puir lassie, as if she wadna hae been a lad-bairn, and keepit the land, if it had been in her will to change her seat. And ae day at the 'spaw-well, below the craig at Gilsland, she was seeing a very bonny family o' bairns —they belanged to ane Mac-Crosky—and she broke out—'Is not it an oddlike thing that ilka waff carle * in the country has a son and heir, and that the house of Ellangowan is without male succession?' There was a gypsy wife stood ahint and heard her—a muckle stour fearsome-looking wife she was as ever I set een on. 'Wha is it,' says she, 'that dare say the house of Ellangowan will perish without male succession?' My mistress just turned on her; she was a high-spirited woman, and aye ready wi' an answer to a' body. 'It's me that says it,' says she, 'that may say it with a sad heart.' Wi' that the gypsy wife gripped till her hand: 'I ken you weel eneugh,' says she, 'though you kenna me—But as sure as that sun's in heaven and as sure as that water's rinning to the sea, and as sure as there's an ee that sees, and an ear that hears us baith, —Harry Bertram, that was thought to perish at Warroch Point, never did die there. He was to have a weary weird o't till his ane-and-twentieth year, that was aye said o' him—but if ye live and I live, ye'll hear mair o' him this winter before the snaw

* Every insignificant churl.

lies twa days on the Dun of Singleside. I want nane o' your siller,' she said, 'to make ye think I am blearing your ee. Fare ye weel till after Martinmas.' And there she left us standing."

"Was she a very tall woman?" interrupted Mannering.

"Had she black hair, black eyes, and a cut above the brow?" added the lawyer.

"She was the tallest woman I ever saw, and her hair was as black as midnight, unless where it was gray, and she had a scar abune the brow, that ye might hae laid the lith of your finger in. Naebody that's seen her will ever forget her, and I am morally sure that it was on the ground o' what that gypsy-woman said that my mistress made her will, having taen a dislike at the young leddy o' Ellangowan; and she liked her far waur after she was obliged to send her £20,—for she said Miss Bertram, no content wi' letting the Ellangowan property pass into strange hands owing to her being a lass and no a lad, was coming, by her poverty, to be a burden and disgrace to Singleside too.—But I hope my mistress's is a good will for a' that, for it would be hard on me to lose the wee bit legacy—I served for little fee and bountith, weel I wot."

The counselor relieved her fears on this head, then inquired after Jenny Gibson, and understood she had accepted Mr. Dinmont's offer; and "I have done sae mysell too, since he was sae discreet as to ask me," said Mrs. Rebecca; "they are very decent folk the Dinmonts, though my lady didna dow to hear muckle about the friends on that side the house. But she liked the Charlies-hope hams, and the cheeses, and the muirfowl, that they were aye sending, and the lamb's-wool hose and mittens she liked them weel eneuch."

Mr. Pleydell now dismissed Mrs. Rebecca. When she was gone, "I think I know the gypsy woman," said the lawyer.

"I was just going to say the same," replied Mannering.

"And her name," said Pleydell.

"Is Meg Merrilies," answered the Colonel.

"Are you advised of that?" said the counselor, looking at his military friend with a comic expression of surprise.

Mannering answered, "that he had known such a woman when he was at Ellangowan upward of twenty years before;" and then made his learned friend acquainted with all the remarkable particulars of his first visit there.

Mr. Pleydell listened with great attention, and then replied, "I congratulated myself upon having made the acquaintance of a profound theologian in your chaplain; but I really did not expect to find a pupil of Albumazar or Messahala in his patron.

I have a notion, however, this gypsy could tell us some more of the matter than she derives from astrology or second-sight—I had her through hands once, and could then make little of her; but I must write to Mac-Morlan to stir heaven and earth to find her out. I will gladly come to ——shire myself to assist at her examination. I am still in the commission of the peace there, though I have ceased to be sheriff. I never had anything more at heart in my life than tracing that murder, and the fate of the child. I must write to the sheriff of Roxburghshire too, and to an active justice of peace in Cumberland."

"I hope when you come to the country you will make Woodbourne your head-quarters?"

"Certainly; I was afraid you were going to forbid me—But we must go to breakfast now, or I shall be too late."

On the following day the new friends parted, and the Colonel rejoined his family without any adventure worthy of being detailed in these chapters.

CHAPTER FORTIETH.

Can no rest find me, no private place secure me,
But still my miseries like bloodhounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? The country's laid around for thee.
WOMEN PLEASED.

OUR narrative now recalls us for a moment to the period when young Hazlewood received his wound. That accident had no sooner happened, than the consequences to Miss Mannering and to himself rushed upon Brown's mind. From the manner in which the muzzle of the piece was pointed when it went off, he had no great fear that the consequences would be fatal. But an arrest in a strange country, and while he was unprovided with any means of establishing his rank and character, was at least to be avoided. He therefore resolved to escape for the present to the neighboring coast of England, and to remain concealed there, if possible, until he should receive letters from his regimental friends, and remittances from his agent; and then to resume his own character, and offer to young Hazlewood and his friends any explanation or satisfaction they might desire. With this purpose he walked stoutly forward, after leaving the spot where the accident had happened, and reached

without adventure the village which we have called Portanferry (but which the reader will in vain seek for under that name in the county map). A large open boat was just about to leave the quay, bound for the little seaport of Allonby, in Cumberland. In this vessel Brown embarked, and resolved to make that place his temporary abode, until he should receive letters and money from England.

In the course of their short voyages he entered into some conversation with the steersman, who was also owner of the boat,—a jolly old man who had occasionally been engaged in the smuggling trade, like most fishers on the coast. After talking about objects of less interest, Brown endeavored to turn the discourse toward the Mannering family. The sailor had heard of the attack upon the house at Woodbourne, but disapproved of the smugglers' proceedings.

"Hands off is fair play. Zounds! they'll bring the whole country down upon them. Na, na! when I was in that way, I played at giff-gaff with the officers: here a cargo taen—vera weel, that was their luck;—there another carried clean through, that was mine. Na, na! hawks shouldna pike out hawks' een."

"And this Colonel Mannering," said Brown.

"Troth, he's nae wise man neither, to interfere. No that I blame him for saving the gaugers' lives—that was very right; but it wasna like a gentleman to be fighting about the poor folk's pocks o' tea and brandy kegs; however, he's a grand man and an officer man, and they do what they like wi' the like o' us."

"And his daughter," said Brown with a throbbing heart, "is going to be married into a great family too, as I have heard?"

"What, into the Hazlewood's?" said the pilot. "Na, na, that's but idle clashes—every Sabbath-day, as regularly as it came round, did the young man ride hame wi' the daughter of the late Ellangowan;—and my daughter Peggy's in the service up at Woodbourne, and she says she's sure young Hazlewood thinks nae mair of Miss Mannering than you do."

Bitterly censuring his own precipitate adoption of a contrary belief, Brown yet heard with delight that the suspicions of Julia's fidelity, upon which he had so rashly acted, were probably void of foundation. How must he in the meantime be suffering in her opinion? or what could she suppose of conduct, which must have made him appear to her regardless alike of her peace of mind, and of the interests of their affection? The old man's connection with the family at Wood-

bourne seemed to offer a safe mode of communication, of which he determined to avail himself.

"Your daughter is a maid-servant at Woodbourne?—I knew Miss Mannering in India, and though I am at present in an inferior rank of life, I have great reason to hope she would interest herself in my favor. I had a quarrel unfortunately with her father, who was my commanding-officer, and I am sure the young lady would endeavor to reconcile him to me. Perhaps your daughter could deliver a letter to her upon the subject, without making mischief between her father and her?"

The old man, a friend to smuggling of every kind, readily answered for the letter's being faithfully and secretly delivered; and, accordingly, as soon as they arrived at Allonby, Brown wrote to Miss Mannering, stating the utmost contrition for what had happened through his rashness, and conjuring her to let him have an opportunity of pleading his own cause, and obtaining forgiveness for his indiscretion. He did not judge it safe to go into any detail concerning the circumstances by which he had been misled, and upon the whole endeavored to express himself with such ambiguity, that if the letter should fall into wrong hands, it would be difficult either to understand its real purport, or to trace the writer. This letter the old man undertook faithfully to deliver to his daughter at Woodbourne; and, as his trade would speedily again bring him or his boat to Allonby, he promised further to take charge of any answer with which the young lady might entrust him.

And now our persecuted traveler landed at Allonby, and sought for such accommodations as might at once suit his temporary poverty, and his desire of remaining as much unobserved as possible. With this view he assumed the name and profession of his friend Dudley, having command enough of the pencil to verify his pretended character to his host of Allonby. His baggage he pretended to expect from Wigton; and keeping himself as much within doors as possible, awaited the return of the letters which he had sent to his agent, to Delaserre, and to his Lieutenant-Colonel. From the first he requested a supply of money; he conjured Delaserre, if possible, to join him in Scotland; and from the Lieutenant-Colonel he required such testimony of his rank and conduct in the regiment, as should place his character as a gentleman and officer beyond the power of question. The inconvenience of being run short in his finances struck him so strongly, that he wrote to Dinmont on that subject, requesting a small temporary loan, having no doubt that, being within sixty or seventy

miles of his residence, he should receive a speedy as well as favorable answer to his request of pecuniary accommodation, which was owing, as he stated, to his having been robbed after their parting. And then, with impatience enough, though without any serious apprehension, he waited the answers of these various letters.

It must be observed, in excuse of his correspondents, that the post was then much more tardy than since Mr. Palmer's ingenious invention has taken place; and with respect to honest Dinmont in particular, as he rarely received above one letter a quarter (unless during the time of his being engaged in a lawsuit, when he regularly sent to the post-town), his correspondence usually remained for a month or two sticking in the postmaster's window among pamphlets, gingerbread, rolls, or ballads, according to the trade which the said postmaster exercised. Besides, there was then a custom, not yet wholly obsolete, of causing a letter, from one town to another, perhaps within the distance of thirty miles, perform a circuit of two hundred miles before delivery; which had the combined advantage of airing the epistle thoroughly, of adding some pence to the revenue of the post-office, and of exercising the patience of the correspondents. Owing to these circumstances, Brown remained several days in Allonby without any answers whatever; and his stock of money, though husbanded with the utmost economy, began to wear very low, when he received, by the hands of a young fisherman, the following letter:—

"You have acted with the most cruel indiscretion; you have shown how little I can trust to your declarations that my peace and happiness are dear to you; and your rashness has nearly occasioned the death of a young man of the highest worth and honor. Must I say more?—must I add, that I have been myself very ill in consequence of your violence and its effects? And, alas! need I say still further, that I have thought anxiously upon them as they are likely to affect you, although you have given me such slight cause to do so? The C. is gone from home for several days; Mr. H. is almost quite recovered, and I have reason to think that the blame is laid in a quarter different from that where it is deserved. Yet do not think of venturing here. Our fate has been crossed by accidents of a nature too violent and terrible to permit me to think of renewing a correspondence which has so often threatened the most dreadful catastrophe. Farewell, therefore, and believe that no one can wish your happiness more sincerely than

"J. M."

This letter contained that species of advice which is frequently given for the precise purpose that it may lead to a directly opposite conduct from that which it recommends. At least so thought Brown, who immediately asked the young fisherman if he came from Portanferry.

"Ay," said the lad; "I am auld Willie Johnstone's son, and I got that letter frae my sister Peggy, that's laundry maid at Woodbourne."

"My good friend, when do you sail?"

"With the tide this evening."

"I'll return with you; but as I do not desire to go to Portanferry, I wish you could put me on shore somewhere on the coast."

"We can easily do that," said the lad.

Although the price of provisions, etc., was then very moderate, the discharging his lodgings, and the expense of his living, together with that of a change of dress, which safety as well as a proper regard to his external appearance, rendered necessary, brought Brown's purse to a very low ebb. He left directions at the post-office that his letters should be forwarded to Kippletringan, whither he resolved to proceed, and reclaim the treasure which he had deposited in the hands of Mrs. MacCandlish. He also felt it would be his duty to assume his proper character as soon as he should receive the necessary evidence for supporting it, and, as an officer in the king's service, give and receive every explanation which might be necessary with young Hazlewood. "If he is not very wrong-headed indeed," he thought, "he must allow the manner in which I acted to have been the necessary consequence of his own overbearing conduct."

And now we must suppose him once more embarked on the Solway Firth. The wind was adverse, attended by some rain, and they struggled against it without much assistance from the tide. The boat was heavily laden with goods (part of which were probably contraband), and labored deep in the sea. Brown who had been bred a sailor, and was indeed skilled in most athletic exercises, gave his powerful and effectual assistance in rowing, or occasionally in steering the boat, and his advice in the management, which became the more delicate as the wind increased, and, being opposed to the very rapid tides of that coast, made the voyage perilous. At length, after spending the whole night upon the firth, they were at morning within sight of a beautiful bay upon the Scottish coast. The weather was now more mild. The snow, which had been for some time waning, had given way entirely under the fresh gale

of the preceding night. The more distant hills, indeed retained their snowy mantle, but all the open country was cleared, unless where a few white patches indicated that it had been drifted to an uncommon depth. Even under its wintry appearance, the shore was highly interesting. The line of sea-coast with all its varied curves, indentures, and embayments, swept away from the sight on either hand, in that varied, intricate, yet graceful and easy line, which the eye loves so well to pursue. And it was no less relieved and varied in elevation than in outline, by the different forms of the shore; the beach in some places being edged by steep rocks, and in others rising smoothly from the sands in easy and swelling slopes.—Buildings of different kinds caught and reflected the wintry sunbeams of a December morning, and the woods, though now leafless, gave relief and variety to the landscape. Brown felt that lively and awakening interest which taste and sensibility always derive from the beauties of nature, when opening suddenly to the eye, after the dulness and gloom of a night voyage. Perhaps—for who can presume to analyze that inexplicable feeling which binds the person born in a mountainous country to his native hills?—perhaps some early associations, retaining their effect long after the cause was forgotten, mingled in the feelings of pleasure with which he regarded the scene before him.

"And what," said Brown to the boatman, "is the name of that fine cape, that stretches into the sea with its sloping banks and hillocks of wood, and forms the right side of the bay?"

"Warroch Point," answered the lad.

"And that old castle, my friend, with the modern house situated just beneath it? It seems at this distance a very large building."

"That's the Auld Place, sir; and that's the New Place below it. We'll land you there, if you like."

"I should like it of all things. I must visit that ruin before I continue my journey."

"Ay, it's a queer auld bit," said the fisherman; "and that highest tower is a gude land-mark as far as Ramsey in Man, and the Point of Ayr;—there was muckle fighting about the place langsyne."

Brown would have inquired into further particulars, but a fisherman is seldom an antiquary. His boatman's local knowledge was summed up in the information already given, "that it was a grand land-mark, and that there had been muckle fighting about the bit langsyne."

"I shall learn more of it," said Brown to himself, "when I get ashore."

The boat continued its course close under the point upon which the castle was situated, which frowned from the summit of its rocky site upon the still agitated waves of the bay beneath. "I believe," said the steersman, "ye'll get ashore here as dry as ony gate. There's a place where their berlins and galleys, as they ca'd them, used to lie in langsyne, but it's no used now, because it's ill carrying gudes up the narrow stairs, or ower the rocks. Whiles of a moonlight night I have landed articles there, though."

While he thus spoke, they pulled round a point of rock, and found a very small harbor, partly formed by nature, partly by the indefatigable labor of the ancient inhabitants of the castle, who, as the fisherman observed, had found it essential for the protection of their boats and small craft, though it could not receive vessels of any burden. The two points of rock which formed the access approached each other so nearly, that only one boat could enter at a time. On each side were still remaining two immense iron rings, deeply morticed into the solid rock. Through these, according to tradition, there was nightly drawn a huge chain, secured by an immense padlock, for the protection of the haven, and the armada which it contained. A ledge of rock had, by the assistance of the chisel and pickaxe, been formed into a sort of quay. The rock was of extremely hard consistence, and the task so difficult, that, according to the fisherman, a laborer who wrought at the work might in the evening have carried home in his bonnet all the shivers which he had struck from the mass in the course of the day. This little quay communicated with a rude staircase, already repeatedly mentioned, which descended from the old castle. There was also a communication between the beach and the quay, by scrambling over the rocks.

"Ye had better land here," said the lad, "for the surf's running high at the Shellicoat-stane, and there will no be a dry thread amang us or we get the cargo out.—Na! na!" (in answer to an offer of money), "ye have wrought for your passage, and wrought far better than ony o' us. Gude-day to ye: I wuss ye weel."

So saying, he pushed off in order to land his cargo on the opposite side of the bay; and Brown, with a small bundle in his hand, containing the trifling stock of necessaries which he had been obliged to purchase at Allonby, was left on the rocks beneath the ruin.

And thus, unconscious as the most absolute stranger, and in circumstances which, if not destitute, were for the present highly embarrassing; without the countenance of a friend

within the circle of several hundred miles; accused of a heavy crime, and, what was as bad as all the rest, being nearly penniless, did the harassed wanderer, for the first time after the interval of so many years, approach the remains of the castle where his ancestors had exercised all but regal dominion.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIRST.

—— Yes, ye moss-green walls,
Ye towers defenceless, I revisit ye
Shame-stricken! Where are all your trophies now?
Your thronged courts, the revelry, the tumult,
That spoke the grandeur of my house, the homage
Of neighboring Barons?

MYSTERIOUS MOTHER.

ENTERING the castle of Ellangowan by a postern door-way, which showed symptoms of having been once secured with the most jealous care, Brown (whom, since he has set foot upon the property of his fathers, we shall hereafter call by his father's name of Bertram) wandered from one ruined apartment to another, surprised at the massive strength of some parts of the building, the rude and impressive magnificence of others, and the great extent of the whole. In two of these rooms, close beside each other, he saw signs of recent habitation. In one small apartment were empty bottles, half-gnawed bones, and dried fragments of bread. In the vault which adjoined, and which was defended by a strong door, then left open, he observed a considerable quantity of straw; and in both were the relics of recent fires. How little was it possible for Bertram to conceive, that such trivial circumstances were closely connected with incidents affecting his prosperity, his honor, perhaps his life!

After satisfying his curiosity by a hasty glance through the interior of the castle, Bertram now advanced through the great gateway which opened to the land, and paused to look upon the noble landscape which it commanded. Having in vain endeavored to guess the position of Woodbourne, and having nearly ascertained that of Kippletringan, he turned to take a parting look at the stately ruins which he had just traversed. He admired the massive and picturesque effect of the huge round towers, which, flanking the gateway, gave a double portion of depth and majesty to the high yet gloomy arch

under which it opened. The carved stone escutcheon of the ancient family, bearing for their arms three wolves' heads, was hung diagonally beneath the helmet and crest, the latter being a wolf couchant pierced with an arrow. On either side stood as supporters, in full human size, or larger, a salvage man *proper*, to use the language of heraldry, *wreathed and cinctured*, and holding in his hand an oak-tree *eradicated*, that is, torn up by the roots.

"And the powerful barons who owned this blazonry," thought Bertram, pursuing the usual train of ideas which flows upon the mind at such scenes,—"do their posterity continue to possess the lands which they had labored to fortify so strongly? or are they wanderers, ignorant perhaps even of the fame or power of their forefathers, while their hereditary possessions are held by a race of strangers? Why is it," he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted, —"why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Brahmin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imaginations? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place! It is even so with me while I gaze upon that ruin;—nor can I divest myself of the idea, that these massive towers, and that dark gateway, retiring through its deep-vaulted and ribbed arches, and dimly lighted by the court-yard beyond, are not entirely strange to me. Can it be, that they have been familiar to me in infancy, and that I am to seek in their vicinity those friends of whom my childhood has still a tender though faint remembrance, and whom I early exchanged for such severe taskmasters? Yet Brown, who I think would not have deceived me, always told me I was brought off from the eastern coast, after a skirmish in which my father was killed;—and I do remember enough of a horrid scene of violence to strengthen his account."

It happened that the spot upon which young Bertram chanced to station himself for the better viewing the castle, was nearly the same on which his father had died. It was marked by a large old oak tree, the only one on the esplanade, and which, having been used for executions by the barons of

Ellangowan, was called the Justice-Tree. It chanced, and the coincidence was remarkable, that Glossin was this morning engaged with a person whom he was in the habit of consulting in such matters, concerning some projected repairs, and a large addition to the house of Ellangowan,—and that, having no great pleasure n remains so intimately connected with the grandeur of the former inhabitants, he had resolved to use the stones of the ruinous castle in his new edifice. Accordingly he came up the bank, followed by the land-surveyor mentioned on a former occasion, who was also in the habit of acting as a sort of architect in case of necessity. In drawing the plans, etc., Glossin was in the custom of relying upon his own skill. Bertram's back was toward them as they came up the ascent, and he was quite shrouded by the branches of the large tree, so that Glossin was not aware of the presence of the stranger till he was close upon him.

"Yes, sir, as I have often said before to you, the Old Place is a perfect quarry of hewn stone, and it would be better for the estate if it were all down, since it is only a den for smugglers."

At this instant Bertram turned short round upon Glossin at the distance of two yards only, and said, "Would you destroy this fine old castle, sir?"

His face, person, and voice were so exactly those of his father in his best days, that Glossin, hearing his exclamation, and seeing such a sudden apparition in the shape of his patron, and on nearly the very spot where he had expired, almost thought the grave had given up its dead! He staggered back two or three paces, as if he had received a sudden and deadly wound. He instantly recovered, however, his presence of mind, stimulated by the thrilling reflection that it was no inhabitant of the other world which stood before him, but an injured man, whom the slightest want of dexterity on his part might lead to acquaintance with his rights, and the means of asserting them to his utter destruction. Yet his ideas were so much confused by the shock he had received, that his first question partook of the alarm.

"In the name of God, how came you here?" said Glossin.

"How came I here?" repeated Bertram, surprised at the solemnity of the address. "I landed a quarter of an hour since in the little harbor beneath the castle, and was employing a moment's leisure in viewing these fine ruins. I trust there is no intrusion?"

"Intrusion, sir? No, sir," said Glossin, in some degree recovering his breath, and then whispered a few words into his

companion's ear, who immediately left him and descended toward the house. "Intrusion, sir? No, sir, you or any gentleman are welcome to satisfy your curiosity."

"I thank you, sir," said Bertram. "They call this the Old Place, I am informed?"

"Yes, sir; in distinction to the New Place, my house there, below."

Glossin, it must be remarked, was, during the following dialogue, on the one hand, eager to learn what local recollections young Bertram had retained of the scenes of his infancy, and, on the other, compelled to be extremely cautious in his replies, lest he should awaken or assist, by some name, phrase, or anecdote the slumbering train of association. He suffered, indeed, during the whole scene, the agonies which he so richly deserved; yet his pride and interest, like the fortitude of a North American Indian, manned him to sustain the tortures inflicted at once by the contending stings of a guilty conscience, of hatred, of fear, and of suspicion.

"I wish to ask the name, sir," said Bertram, "of the family to whom this stately ruin belongs?"

"It is my property, sir—my name is Glossin."

"Glossin?—Glossin?" repeated Bertram, as if the answer were somewhat different from what he expected. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Glossin; I am apt to be very absent. May I ask if the castle has been long in your family?"

"It was built, I believe, long ago, by a family called MacDingawaie," answered Glossin; suppressing, for obvious reasons the more familiar sound of Bertram, which might have awakened the recollections which he was anxious to lull to rest, and slurring with an evasive answer the question concerning the endurance of his own possession.

And how do you read the half-defaced motto, sir," said Bertram, "which is upon that scroll above the entablature with the arms?"

"I—I—I—really do not exactly know," replied Glossin.

"I should be apt to make it out, *Our Right makes our Might.*"

"I believe it is something of that kind," said Glossin.

"May I ask, sir," said the stranger, "if it is your family motto?"

"N—n—no—no—not ours. That is, I believe, the motto of the former people—mine is—mine is—in fact I have had some correspodence with Mr. Cumming of the Lyon Office in Edinburgh about mine. He writes me, the Glossins anciently bore for a motto, 'He who takes it, makes it.'"

"If there be any uncertainty, sir, and the case were mine," said Bertram, "I would assume the old motto, which seems to me the better of the two."

Glossin, whose tongue by this time clove to the roof of his mouth, only answered by a nod.

"It is odd enough," said Bertram, fixing his eye upon the arms and gateway, and partly addressing Glossin, partly as it were thinking aloud—"it is odd the tricks which our memory plays us. The remnants of an old prophecy, or song, or rhyme, of some kind or other, return to my recollection on hearing that motto—Stay—it is a strange jingle of sounds:

> The dark shall be light,
> And the wrong made right,
> When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
> Shall meet on ———

I cannot remember the last line—on some particular height—*height* is the rhyme, I am sure; but I cannot hit upon the preceding word."

"Confound your memory," muttered Glossin,—"you remember by far too much of it!"

"There are other rhymes connected with these early recollections," continued the young man:—"Pray, sir, is there any song current in this part of the world respecting a daughter of the King of the Isle of Man eloping with a Scottish knight?"

"I am the worst person in the world to consult upon legendary antiquities," answered Glossin.

"I could sing such a ballad," said Bertram, "from one end to another, when I was a boy.—You must know I left Scotland, which is my native country, very young, and those who brought me up discouraged all my attempts to preserve recollecton of my native land,—on account, I believe, of a boyish wish which I had to escape from their charge."

"Very natural," said Glossin, but speaking as if his utmost efforts were unable to unseal his lips beyond the width of a quarter of an inch, so that his whole utterance was a kind of compressed muttering, very different from the round, bold, bullying voice with which he usually spoke. Indeed his appearance and demeanor during all this conversation seemed to diminish even his strength and stature; so that he appeared to wither into the shadow of himself, now advancing one foot, now the other, now stooping and wriggling his shoulders, now fumbling with the buttons of his waistcoat, now clasping his hands together,—in short, he was the picture of a mean-spirited shuffling rascal in the very agonies of detection. To

these appearances Bertram was totally inattentive, being dragged on as it were by the current of his own associations. Indeed, although he addressed Glossin, he was not so much thinking of him, as arguing upon the embarrassing state of his own feelings and recollection. "Yes," he said, "I preserved my language among the sailors, most of whom spoke English, and when I could get into a corner by myself, I used to sing all that song over from beginning to end.—I have forgot it all now—but I remember the tune well, though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recall it to my memory."

He took his flageolet from his pocket, and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel, who, close beside a fine spring about halfway down the descent, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song:

> "Are these the Links of Forth, she said,
> Or are they the crooks of Dee,
> Or the bonny woods of Warroch-Head
> That I so fain would see?"

"By heaven" said Bertram, "it is the very ballad! I must learn these words from the girl."

"Confusion!" thought Glossin; "if I cannot put a stop to this all will be out. Oh the devil take all ballads, and ballad-makers, and ballad singers! and that d—d jade too, to set up her pipe!——You will have time enough for this on some other occasion," he said aloud; "at present,"—(for now he saw his emissary with two or three men coming up the bank)—"at present we must have some more serious conversation together."

"How do you mean, sir?" said Bertram, turning short upon him, and not liking the tone which he made use of.

"Why, sir, as to that—I believe your name is Brown?" said Glossin.

"And what of that, sir?"

Glossin looked over his shoulder to see how near his party had approached; they were coming fast on. "Vanbeest Brown? if I mistake not."

"And what of that, sir?" said Bertram, with increasing astonishment and displeasure.

"Why, in that case," said Glossin, observing his friends had now got upon the level space close beside them—"in that case you are my prisoner in the king's name!" At the same time he stretched his hand toward Bertram's collar, while two of

the men who had come up seized upon his arms; he shook himself, however, free of their grasp by a violent effort, in which he pitched the most pertinacious down the bank, and, drawing his cutlass, stood on the defensive, while those who had felt his strength recoiled from his presence, and gazed at a safe distance. "Observe," he called out at the same time, "that I have no purpose to resist legal authority; satisfy me that you have a magistrate's warrant, and are authorized to make this arrest, and I will obey it quietly; but let no man who loves his life venture to approach me, till I am satisfied for what crime, and by whose authority, I am apprehended."

Glossin then caused one of the officers to show a warrant for the apprehension of Vanbeest Brown, accused of the crime of wilfully and maliciously shooting at Charles Hazlewood, younger of Hazlewood, with an intent to kill, and also of other crimes and misdemeanors, and which appointed him, having been so apprehended, to be brought before the next magistrate for examination. The warrant being formal, and the fact such as he could not deny, Bertram threw down his weapon, and submitted himself to the officers, who, flying on him with eagerness corresponding to their formal pusillanimity, were about to load him with irons, alleging the strength and activity which he had displayed, as a justification of this severity. But Glossin was ashamed or afraid to permit this unnecessary insult, and directed the prisoner to be treated with all the decency, and even respect, that was consistent with safety. Afraid, however, to introduce him into his own house, where still further subjects of recollection might have been suggested, and anxious at the same time to cover his own proceedings by the sanction of another's authority, he ordered his carriage (for he had lately set up a carriage) to be got ready, and in the meantime directed refreshments to be given to the prisoner and the officers, who were consigned to one of the rooms in the old castle, until the means of conveyance for examination before a magistrate should be provided.

CHAPTER FORTY-SECOND.

——— Bring in the evidence ———
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side—you are of the commission,
Sit you too.

KING LEAR.

WHILE the carriage was getting ready, Glossin had a letter to compose, about which he wasted no small time. It was to his neighbor, as he was fond of calling him, Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, the head of an ancient and powerful interest in the county, which had, in the decadence of the Ellangowan family, gradually succeeded to much of their authority and influence. The present representative of the family was an elderly man, dotingly fond of his own family, which was limited to an only son and daughter, and stoically indifferent to the fate of all mankind besides. For the rest, he was honorable in his general dealings, because he was afraid to suffer the censure of the world, and just from a better motive. He was presumptuously overconceited on the score of family pride and importance—a feeling considerably enhanced by his late succession to the title of a Nova Scotia Baronet ; and he hated the memory of the Ellangowan family, though now a memory only, because a certain baron of that house was traditionally reported to have caused the founder of the Hazlewood famlly hold his stirrup until he mounted into his saddle. In his general deportment he was pompous and important, affecting a species of florid elocution which often became ridiculous from his misarranging the triads and quarternions with which he loaded his sentences.

To this personage Glossin was now to write in such a conciliatory style as might be most acceptable to his vanity and family pride, and the following was the form of his note :—

" Mr. Gilbert Glossin " (he longed to add of Ellangowan, but prudence prevailed, and he suppressed that territorial designation)—" Mr. Gilbert Glossin has the honor to offer his most respectful compliments to Sir Robert Hazlewood, and to inform him, that he has this morning been fortunate enough to secure the person who wounded Mr. C. Hazlewood. As Sir Robert Hazlewood may probably choose to conduct the examination of this criminal himself, Mr. G. Glossin will cause the man to be

carried to the inn at Kippletringan, or to Hazlewood-House, as Sir Robert Hazlewood may be pleased to direct: And with Sir Robert Hazlewood's permission, Mr. G. Glossin will attend him at either of these places with the proofs and declarations which he has been so fortunate as to collect respecting this atrocious business."

Addressed,
"Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, Bart.
"Hazlewood House, &c. &c.

"Elln. Gn.
Tuesday."

This note he despatched by a servant on horseback, and having given the man some time to get ahead, and desired him to ride fast, he ordered two officers of justice to get into the carriage with Bertram; and he himself, mounting his horse, accompanied them at a slow pace to the point where the roads to Kippletringan and Hazlewood-House separated, and there awaited the return of his messenger, in order that his further route might be determined by the answer he should receive from the Baronet. In about half an hour his servant returned with the following answer, handsomely folded and sealed with the Hazlewood arms, having the Nova Scotia badge depending from the shield:—

"Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood returns Mr. G. Glossin's compliments, and thanks him for the trouble he has taken in a matter affecting the safety of Sir Robert's family. Sir R. H. requests Mr. G. G. will have the goodness to bring the prisoner to Hazlewood-House for examination, with the other proofs or declarations which he mentions. And after the business is over, in case Mr. G. G. is not otherwise engaged, Sir R. and Lady Hazlewood request his company to dinner."

Addressed,
"Mr. Gilbert Glossin, &c.

"Hazlewood-House,
Tuesday."

"Soh!" thought Mr. Glossin "here is one finger in at least, and that I will make the means of introducing my whole hand. But I must first get clear of this wretched young fellow.—I think I can manage Sir Robert. He is dull and pompous, and will be alike disposed to listen to my suggestions upon the law of the case, and to assume the credit of acting upon them as his own proper motion. So I shall have the advantage of being the real magistrate, without the odium of responsibility."

As he cherished these hopes and expectations, the carriage approached Hazlewood House through a noble avenue of old oaks, which shrouded the ancient abbey-resembling building so called. It was a large edifice built at different periods, part having actually been a priory, upon the suppression of which, in the time of Queen Mary, the first of the family had obtained a gift of the house and surrounding lands from the crown. It was pleasantly situated in a large deer-park, on the banks of the river we have before mentioned. The scenery around was of a dark, solemn, and somewhat melancholy cast, according well with the architecture of the house. Everything appeared to be kept in the highest possible order, and announced the opulence and rank of the proprietor.

As Mr. Glossin's carriage stopped at the door of the hall, Sir Robert reconnoitred the new vehicle from the windows. According to his aristocratic feelings, there was a degree of presumption in this *novus homo*, this Mr. Gilbert Glossin, late writer in ——, presuming to set up such an accommodation at all; but his wrath was mitigated when he observed that the mantle upon the panels only bore a plain cipher of G. G. This apparent modesty was indeed solely owing to the delay of Mr. Cumming of the Lyon Office, who, being at that time engaged in discovering and matriculating the arms of two commissaries from North America, three English-Irish peers, and two great Jamaica traders, had been more slow than usual in finding an escutcheon for the new laird of Ellangowan. But this delay told to the advantage of Glossin in the opinion of the proud Baronet.

While the officers of justice detained their prisoner in a sort of steward's room, Mr. Glossin was ushered into what was called the great oak-parlor, a long room, paneled with well-varnished wainscot, and adorned with the grim portraits of Sir Robert Hazlewood's ancestry. The visitor, who had no internal consciousness of worth to balance that of meanness of birth, felt his inferiority, and by the depth of his bow and the obsequiousness of his demeanor, showed that the Laird of Ellangowan was sunk for the time in the old and submissive habits of the quondam retainer of the law. He would have persuaded himself, indeed, that he was only humoring the pride of the old Baronet, for the purpose of turning it to his own advantage;— but his feelings were of a mingled nature, and he felt the influence of those very prejudices which he pretended to flatter.

The Baronet received his visitor with that condescending parade which was meant at once to assert his own vast superiority, and to show the generosity and courtesy with which he could waive it, and descend to the level of ordinary conversa-

tion with ordinary men. He thanked Glossin for his attention to a matter in which "young Hazlewood" was so intimately concerned, and, pointing to his family pictures, observed, with a gracious smile, "Indeed these venerable gentlemen, Mr. Glossin, are as much obliged as I am in this case, for the labor, pains, care, and trouble which you have taken in their behalf; and I have no doubt, were they capable of expressing themselves, would join me, sir, in thanking you for the favor you have conferred upon the house of Hazlewood, by taking care, and trouble, sir, and interest, in behalf of the young gentleman who is to continue their name and family."

Thrice bowed Glossin, and each time more profoundly than before; once in honor of the knight who stood upright before him, once in respect to the quiet personages who patiently hung upon the wainscot, and a third time in deference to the young gentleman who was to carry on the name and family, *Roturier* as he was. Sir Robert was gratified by the homage which he rendered, and proceeded, in a tone of gracious familiarity—"And now, Mr. Glossin, my exceeding good friend, you must allow me to avail myself of your knowledge of law in our proceedings in this matter. I am not much in the habit of acting as a justice of the peace; it suits better with other gentlemen, whose domestic and family affairs require less constant superintendence, attention, and management than mine."

Of course, whatever small assistance Mr. Glossin could render was entirely at Sir Robert Hazlewood's service; but as Sir Robert Hazlewood's name stood high in the list of the faculty, the said Mr. Glossin could not presume to hope it could be either necessary or useful.

"Why, my good sir, you will understand me only to mean, that I am something deficient in the practical knowledge of the ordinary details of justice-business. I was indeed educated to the bar, and might boast perhaps at one time that I had made some progress in the speculative, and abstract, and abstruse doctrines of our municipal code; but there is in the present day so little opportunity of a man of family and fortune rising to that eminence at the bar which is attained by adventurers, who are as willing to plead for John-a-Nokes as for the first noble of the land, that I was really early disgusted with practice. The first case, indeed, which was laid on my table quite sickened me; it respected a bargain, sir, of tallow, between a butcher and a candlemaker; and I found it was expected that I should grease my mouth, not only with their vulgar names, but with all the technical terms and phrases, and peculiar language of their dirty arts. Upon my honor, my good sir, I

have never been able to bear the smell of a tallow-candle since."

Pitying, as seemed to be expected, the mean use to which the Baronet's faculties had been degraded on this melancholy occasion, Mr. Glossin offered to officiate as clerk or assessor, or in any way in which he could be most useful. "And with a view to possessing you of the whole business, and in the first place, there will, I believe, be no difficulty in proving the main fact that this was the person who fired the unhappy piece. Should he deny it, it can be proved by Mr. Hazlewood, I presume?"

"Young Hazlewood is not at home to-day, Mr. Glossin."

"But we can have the oath of the servant who attended him," said the ready Mr. Glossin; "indeed I hardly think the fact will be disputed. I am more apprehensive that, from the too favorable and indulgent manner in which I have understood that Mr. Hazlewood has been pleased to represent the business, the assault may be considered as accidental, and the injury as unintentional, so that the fellow may be immediately set at liberty to do more mischief."

"I have not the honor to know the gentleman who now holds the office of king's advocate," replied Sir Robert gravely; "but I presume, sir—nay, I am confident, that he will consider the mere fact of having wounded young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, even by inadvertency, to take the matter in its mildst and gentlest, and in its most favorable and improbable light, as a crime which will be too easily atoned by imprisonment, and as more deserving of deportation."

"Indeed, Sir Robert," said his assenting brother in justice. "I am entirely of your opinion; but I don't know how it is, I have observed the Edinburgh gentlemen of the bar, and even the officers of the crown, pique themselves upon an indifferent administration of justice, without respect to rank and family; and I should fear——"

"How, sir, without respect to rank and family? Will you tell me *that* doctrine can be held by men of birth and legal education? No, sir; if a trifle stolen in the street is termed mere pickery, but is elevated into sacrilege if the crime be committed in a church, so, according to the just gradations of society, the guilt of an injury is enhanced by the rank of the person to whom it is offered, done, or perpetrated, sir."

Glossin bowed low to this declaration *ex cathedra*, but observed, that in case of the very worst, and of such unnatural doctrines being actually held as he had already hinted, "the law had another hold on Mr. Vanbeest Brown."

"Vanbeest Brown! is that the fellow's name? Good God! that young Hazlewood of Hazlewood should have had his life endangered, the clavicle of his right shoulder considerably lacerated and dislodged, several large drops or slugs deposited in the acromion process, as the account of the family surgeon expressly bears—and all by an obscure wretch named Vanbeest Brown!"

"Why, really, Sir Robert, it is a thing which one can hardly bear to think of; but, begging ten thousand pardons for resuming what I was about to say, a person of the same name is, as appears from these papers" (producing Dirk Hatteraick's pocketbook), "mate to the smuggling vessel who offered such violence at Woodbourne, and I have no doubt that this is the same individual; which, however, your acute discrimination will easily be able to ascertain."

"The same, my good sir, he must assuredly be—it would be injustice even to the meanest of the people, to suppose there could be found among them *two* persons doomed to bear a name so shocking to one's ears as this of Vanbeest Brown."

"True, Sir Robert; most unquestionably; there cannot be a shadow of doubt of it. But you see, further, that this circumstance accounts for the man's desperate conduct. You, Sir Robert, will discover the motive for his crime—you, I say, will discover it without difficulty, on your giving your mind to the examination; for my part, I cannot help suspecting the moving spring to have been revenge for the gallantry with which Mr. Hazlewood, with all the spirit of his renowned forefathers, defended the house at Woodbourne against this villain and his lawless companions."

"I will inquire into it, my good sir," said the learned Baronet. "Yet even now I venture to conjecture that I shall adopt the solution or explanation of this riddle, enigma, or mystery, which you have in some degree thus started. Yes! revenge it must be—and, good Heaven! entertained by and against whom?—entertained, fostered, cherished, against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and in part carried into effect, executed, and implemented, by the hand of Vanbeest Brown. These are dreadful days indeed, my worthy neighbor" (this epithet indicated a rapid advance in the Baronet's good graces)—"days when the bulwarks of society are shaken to their mighty base, and that rank which forms, as it were, its highest grace and ornament, is mingled and confused with the viler part of the architecture. Oh my good Mr. Gilbert Glossin, in my time, sir, the use of swords and pistols, and such honorable arms, was reserved by the nobility and gentry to themselves, and the disputes of the

vulgar were decided by the weapons which nature had given them, or by cudgels cut, broken or hewed out of the next wood. But now, sir, the clouted shoe of the peasant galls the kibe of the courtier. The lower ranks have their quarrels, sir, and their points of honor, and their revenges, which they must bring, forsooth, to fatal arbitrament. But well, well! it will last my time—let us have in this fellow, this Vanbeest Brown, and make an end of him at least for the present."

CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.

——— 'Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which returned,
Like a petard ill lighted, into the bosom
Of him gave fire to't. Yet I hope his hurt
Is not so dangerous but he may recover.
FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

THE prisoner was now presented before the two worshipful magistrates. Glossin, partly from some compunctious visitings, and partly out of his cautious resolution to suffer Sir Robert Hazlewood to be the ostensible manager of the whole examination, looked down upon the table, and busied himself with reading and arranging the papers respecting the business, only now and then throwing in a skilful catchword as prompter, when he saw the principal, and apparently most active, magistrate stand in need of a hint. As for Sir Robert Hazlewood, he assumed, on his part, a happy mixture of the austerity of the justice, combined with the display of personal dignity appertaining to the Baronet of ancient family.

"There, constables, let him stand there at the bottom of the table.—Be so good as look me in the face, sir, and raise your voice as you answer the questions which I am going to put to you."

"May I beg, in the first place, to know sir, who it is that takes the trouble to interrogate me?" said the prisoner, "for the honest gentlemen who have brought me here have not been pleased to furnish any information upon that point."

"And pray, sir," answered Sir Robert, "what has my name and quality to do with the questions I am about to ask you?"

"Nothing, perhaps, sir," replied Bertram; "but it may considerably influence my disposition to answer them."

"Why, then, sir, you will please to be informed that you

are in the presence of Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and another justice of peace for this county—that's all."

As this intimation produced a less stunning effect upon the prisoner than he had anticipated, Sir Robert proceeded in his investigation with an increasing dislike to the object of it.

"Is your name Vanbeest Brown, sir?"

"It is," answered the prisoner.

"So far well;—and how are we to design you further, sir?" demanded the Justice.

"Captain in his Majesty's —— regiment of horse," answered Bertram.

The Baronet's ears received this intimation with astonishment; but he was refreshed in courage by an incredulous look from Glossin, and by hearing him gently utter a sort of interjectional whistle, in a note of surprise and contempt. "I believe, my friend," said Sir Robert, "we shall find for you, before we part, a more humble title."

"If you do, sir," replied his prisoner, "I shall willingly submit to any punishment which such an imposture shall be thought to deserve."

"Well, sir, we shall see," continued Sir Robert. "Do you know young Hazlewood of Hazlewood?"

"I never saw the gentleman who I am informed bears that name excepting once, and I regret that it was under very unpleasant circumstances."

"You mean to acknowledge, then," said the Baronet, "that you inflicted upon young Hazlewood of Hazlewood that wound which endangered his life, considerably lacerated the clavicle of his right shoulder, and deposited, as the family surgeon declares, several large drops or slugs in the acromion process?"

"Why, sir," replied Bertram, "I can only say I am equally ignorant of and sorry for the extent of the damage which the young gentleman has sustained. I met him in a narrow path, walking with two ladies and a servant, and before I could either pass them or address them, this young Hazlewood took his gun from his servant, presented it against my body, and commanded me in the most haughty tone to stand back. I was neither inclined to submit to his authority, nor to leave him in possession of the means to injure me, which he seemed disposed to use with such rashness. I therefore closed with him for the purpose of disarming him; and just as I had nearly effected my purpose, the piece went off accidentally, and to my regret then and since inflicted upon the young gentleman a severer chastisement than I desired, though I am glad to understand it is like to prove no more than his unprovoked folly deserved."

"And so, sir," said the Baronet, every feature swollen with offended dignity,—"you, sir, admit, sir, that it was your purpose, sir, and your intention, sir, and the real jet and object of your assault, sir, to disarm young Hazlewood of Hazlewood of his gun, sir, or his fowling-piece, or his fuzee, or whatever you please to call it, sir, upon the king's highway, sir?—I think this will do, my worthy neighbor! I think he should stand committed?"

"You are by far the best judge, Sir Robert," said Glossin, in his most insinuating tone; "but if I might presume to hint, there was something about these smugglers."

"Very true, good sir.—And besides, sir, you, Vanbeest Brown, who call yourself a captain in his Majesty's service, are no better or worse than a rascally mate of a smuggler!"

"Really, sir," said Bertram, "you are an old gentleman, and acting under some strange delusion, otherwise I should be very angry with you."

"Old gentleman, sir, !—strange delusion, sir!" said Sir Robert, coloring with indignation—"I protest and declare—— Why, sir, have you any papers or letters that can establish your pretended rank, and estate, and commission?"

"None at present, sir," answered Bertram;—"but in the return of a post or two"——

"And how do you, sir,"continued the Baronet, "if you are a captain in his Majesty's service, how do you chance to be traveling in Scotland without letters of introduction, credentials, baggage, or anything belonging to your pretended rank, estate, and condition, as I said before?"

"Sir," replied the prisoner, "I had the misfortune to be robbed of my clothes and baggage."

"Oho! then you are the gentleman who took a post-chaise from —— to Kippletringan, gave the boy the slip on the road, and sent two of your accomplices to beat the boy and bring away the baggage?"

"I was, sir, in a carriage as you describe, was obliged to alight in the snow, and lost my way endeavoring to find the road to Kippletringan. The landlady of the inn will inform you that on my arrival there the next day, my first inquiries were after the boy."

"Then give me leave to ask where you spent the night?—not in the snow, I presume? you do not suppose that will pass, or be taken, credited, and received?"

"I beg leave," said Bertram, his recollection turning to the gypsy female, and to the promise he had given her, "I beg leave to decline answering that question."

"I thought as much," said Sir Robert.—"Were you not, during that night, in the ruins of Derncleugh?—in the ruins of Derncleugh, sir?"

"I have told you that I do not intend answering that question," replied Bertram.

"Well, sir, then you will stand committed, sir," said Sir Robert, "and be sent to prison, sir, that's all, sir.—Have the goodness to look at these papers: are you the Vanbeest Brown who is there mentioned?"

"It must be remarked that Glossin had shuffled among the papers some writings which really did belong to Bertram, and which had been found by the officers in the old vault where his portmanteau was ransacked.

"Some of these papers," said Bertram, looking over them, "are mine, and were in my portfolio when it was stolen from the post-chaise. They are memoranda of little value and, I see, have been carefully selected as affording no evidence of my rank or character, which many of the other papers would have established fully. They are mingled with ship-accounts and other papers, belonging apparently to a person of the same name."

"And wilt thou attempt to persuade me, friend," demanded Sir Robert, "That there are *two* persons in this country, at the same time, of the very uncommon and awkwardly sounding name?"

"I really do not see, sir, as there is an old Hazlewood and a young Hazlewood, why there should not be an old and a young Vanbeest Brown. And to speak seriously, I was educated in Holland, and I know that this name, however uncouth it may sound in British ears"——

Glossin, conscious that the prisoner was now about to enter upon dangerous ground, interfered, though the interruption was unnecessary, for the purpose of diverting the attention of Sir Robert Hazlewood, who was speechless and motionless with indignation at the presumptuous comparison implied in Bertram's last speech. In fact, the veins of his throat and of his temples swelled almost to bursting, and he sat with the indignant and disconcerted air of one who has received a mortal insult from a quarter which he holds it unmeet and indecorous to make any reply. While with a bent brow and an angry eye he was drawing in his breath slowly and majestically, and puffing it forth again with deep and solemn exertion, Glossin stepped in to his assistance. "I should think, now, Sir Robert, with great submission, that this matter may be closed. One of the constables, besides the pregnant proof already produced, offers

to make oath, that the sword of which the prisoner was this morning deprived (while using it, by the way, in resistance to a legal warrant) was a cutlass taken from him in a fray between the officers and smugglers, just previous to their attack upon Woodbourne. And yet," he added, "I would not have you form any rash construction upon that subject; perhaps the young man can explain how he came by that weapon."

"That question, sir," said Bertram, "I shall also leave unanswered."

"There is yet another circumstance to be inquired into, always under Sir Robert's leave," insinuated Glossin. "This prisoner put into the hands of Mrs. Mac Candlish of Kipple-tringan, a parcel containing a variety of gold coins and valuable articles of different kinds. Perhaps, Sir Robert, you might think it right to ask, how he came by property of a discription which seldom occurs."

"You, sir—Mr. Vanbeest Brown, sir,—you hear the question, sir, which the gentleman asks you?"

"I have particular reasons for declining to answer that question," answered Bertram.

"Then I am afraid, sir," said Glossin, who had brought matters to the point he desired to reach, "our duty must lay us under the necessity to sign a warrant of committal."

"As you please, sir," answered Bertram: "take care, however, what you do. Observe, that I inform you that I am a captain in his Majesty's —— regiment, and that I am just returned from India, and therefore cannot possibly be connected with any of those contraband traders you talk of; that my Lieutenant-Colonel is now at Nottingham, the Major, with the officers of my corps, at Kingston-upon-Thames. I offer before you both to submit to any degree of ignominy, if, within the return of the Kingston and Nottingham posts, I am not able to establish these points. Or you may write to the agent for the regiment, if you please, and"——

"This is all very well, sir," said Glossin, beginning to fear lest the firm expostulation of Bertram should make some impression on Sir Robert, who would almost have died of shame at comitting such a solecism as sending a captain of horse to jail—"This is all very well, sir; but is there no person nearer whom you could refer to?"

"There are only two persons in this country who know anything of me," replied the prisoner. "One is a plain Liddesdale sheep-farmer, called Dinmont of Charlies-hope; but he knows nothing more of me than what I told him, and what I now tell you."

"Why, this is well enough, Sir Robert!" said Glossin. "I suppose he would bring forward this thick-skulled fellow to give his oath of credulity, Sir Robert, ha! ha! ha!"

"And what is your other witness, pray, sir?" said the Baronet.

"A gentleman whom I have some reluctance to mention, because of certain private reasons; but under whose command I served some time in India, and who is too much a man of honor to refuse his testimony to my character as a soldier and gentleman."

"And who is this doughty witness, pray, sir?" said Sir Robert, — "some half-pay quarter-master or sergeant, I suppose?"

"Colonel Guy Mannering, late of the —— regiment, in which, as I told you, I have a troop."

"Colonel Guy Mannering!" thought Glossin,—"who the devil could have guessed this?"

"Colonel Guy Mannering!" echoed the Baronet, considerably shaken in his opinion.—"My good sir,—apart to Glossin, "the young man with a dreadfully plebeian name, and a good deal of modest assurance, has nevertheless something of the tone, and manners, and feeling of a gentleman, of one at least who has lived in good society;—they do give commissions very loosely, and carelessly, and inaccurately, in India;—I think we had better pause till Colonel Mannering shall return; he is now, I believe, at Edinburgh."

"You are in every respect the best judge, Sir Robert," answered Glossin, "in every possible respect. I would only submit to you, that we are certainly hardly entitled to dismiss this man upon an assertion which cannot be satisfied by proof, and that we shall incur a heavy responsibility by detaining him in private custody, without committing him to a public jail. Undoubtedly, however, you are the best judge, Sir Robert;—and I would only say, for my own part, that I very lately incurred severe censure by detaining a person in a place which I thought perfectly secure, and under the custody of the proper officers. The man made his escape, and I have no doubt my own character for attention and circumspection as a magistrate has in some degree suffered—I only hint this—I will join in any step you, Sir Robert, think most advisable." But Mr. Glossin was well aware that such a hint was of power sufficient to decide the motions of his self-important, but non self-relying colleague. So that Sir Robert Hazlewood summed up the business in the following speech which proceeded partly upon the supposition

of the prisoner being really a gentleman, and partly upon the opposite belief that he was a villain and an assassin.

"Sir Mr. Vanbeest Brown—I would call you Captain Brown if there was the least reason, or cause, or grounds to suppose that you are a captain, or had a troop in the very respectable corps you mention, or indeed in any other corps in his Majesty's service, as to which circumstance I beg to be understood to give no positive, settled, or unalterable judgment, declaration, or opinion. I say therefore, sir, Mr. Brown, we have determined, considering the unpleasant predicament in which you now stand, having been robbed, as you say, an assertion as to which I suspend my opinion, and being possessed of much and valuable treasure, and of a brass-handled cutlass, besides, as to your obtaining which you will favor us with no explanation —I say, sir, we have determined and resolved, and made up our minds, to commit you to jail, or rather to assign you an apartment therein, in order that you may be forthcoming upon Colonel Mannering's return from Edinburgh."

"With humble submission, Sir Robert," said Glossin, "may I inquire if it is your purpose to send this young gentleman to the county jail?—for if that were not your settled intention, I would take the liberty to hint, that there would be less hardship in sending him to the Bridewell at Portanferry, where he can be secured without public exposure,—a circumstance which, on the mere chance of his story being really true, is much to be avoided."

"Why, there is a guard of soldiers at Portanferry, to be sure, for protection of the goods in the Custom-house; and upon the whole, considering everything, and that the place is comfortable for such a place—I say, all things considered, we will commit this person, I would rather say authorize him to be detained, in the workhouse at Portanferry."

The warrant was made out accordingly, and Bertram was informed he was next morning to be removed to his place of confinement, as Sir Robert had determined he should not be taken there under cloud of night, for fear of rescue. He was, during the interval, to be detained at Hazlewood-House.

"It cannot be so hard as my imprisonment by the Looties in India," he thought; "nor can it last so long. But the deuce take the old formal dunderhead, and his more sly associate, who speaks always under his breath,—they cannot understand a plain man's story when it is told them."

In the meanwhile Glossin took leave of the Baronet with a thousand respectful bows and cringing apologies for not accepting his invitation to dinner, and venturing to hope he might be

pardoned in paying his respects to him, Lady Hazlewood, and young Mr. Hazlewood, on some future occasion.

"Certainly, sir," said the Baronet very graciously. "I hope our family was never at any time deficient in civility to our neighbors; and when I ride that way, good Mr. Glossin, I will convince you of this by calling at your house as familiarly as is consistent—that is, as can be hoped or expected."

"And now," said Glossin to himself, "to find Dirk Hatteraick and his people—to get the guard sent off from the Custom-house—and then for the grand cast of the dice. Everything must depend upon speed. How lucky that Mannering has betaken himself to Edinburgh! His knowledge of this young fellow is a most perilous addition to my dangers"—here he suffered his horse to slacken his pace. "What if I should try to compound with the heir? It's likely he might be brought to pay a round sum for restitution, and I could give up Hatteraick. —But no, no, no! there were too many eyes on me—Hatteraick himself, and the gypsy sailor, and that old hag.—No, no! I must stick to my original plan." And with that he struck his spurs against his horse's flanks, and rode forward at a hard trot to put his machines in motion.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOURTH.

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.
INSCRIPTION ON EDINBURGH TOLBOOTH.

EARLY on the following morning, the carriage which had brought Bertram to Hazlewood-House was, with his two silent and surly attendants, appointed to convey him to his place of confinement at Portanferry. This building adjoined to the Custom-house established at that little seaport, and both were situated so close to the sea-beach, that it was necessary to defend the back part with a large and strong rampart or bulwark of huge stones, disposed in a slope toward the surf, which often reached and broke upon them. The front was

surrounded by a high wall, enclosing a small court-yard, within which the miserable inmates of the mansion were occasionally permitted to take exercise and air. The prison was used as a House of Correction, and sometimes as a chapel of ease to the county jail, which was old, and far from being conveniently situated with reference to the Kippletringan district of the county. Mac-Guffog, the officer by whom Bertram had at first been apprehended, and who was now in attendance upon him, was keeper of this palace of little-ease. He caused the carriage to be drawn close up to the outer gate, and got out himself to summon the warders. The noise of his rap alarmed some twenty or thirty ragged boys, who left off sailing their mimic sloops and frigates in the little pools of salt water left by the receding tide, and hastily crowded round the vehicle to see what luckless being was to be delivered to the prison-house out of "Glossin's braw new carriage." The door of the court-yard, after the heavy clanking of many chains and bars, was opened by Mrs. Mac-Guffog—an awful spectacle, being a woman for strength and resolution capable of maintaining order among her riotous inmates, and of administering the discipline of the house, as it was called, during the absence of her husband, or when he chanced to have taken an over-dose of the creature. The growling voice of this Amazon, which rivaled in harshness the crashing music of her own bolts and bars, soon dispersed in every direction the little varlets who had thronged around her threshold, and she next addressed her amiable helpmate:—

"Be sharp, man, and get out the swell, canst thou not?"

"Hold your tongue, and be d——d, you ——!" answered her loving husband, with two additional epithets of great energy, but which we beg to be excused from repeating. Then, addressing Bertram—"Come, will you get out, my handy lad, or must we lend you a lift?"

Bertram came out of the carriage, and, collared by the constable as he put his foot on the ground, was dragged, though he offered no resistance, across the threshold, amid the continued shouts of the little *sans culottes*, who looked on at such distance as their fear of Mrs. Mac-Guffog permitted. The instant his foot had crossed the fatal porch, the portress again dropped her chains, drew her bolts, and turning with both hands an immense key, took it from the lock, and thrust it into a huge side-pocket of red cloth.

Bertram was now in the small court already mentioned. Two or three prisoners were sauntering along the pavement, and deriving, as it were, a feeling of refreshment from the mo-

mentary glimpse with which the opening door had extended their prospect to the other side of a dirty street. Nor can this be thought surprising, when it is considered that, unless on such occasions, their view was confined to the grated front of their prison, the high and sable walls of the court-yard, the heaven above them, and the pavement beneath their feet ; a sameness of landscape, which, to use the poet's expression, "lay like a load on the wearied eye," and had fostered in some a callous and dull misanthropy, in others that sickness of the heart which induces him who is immured already in a living grave to wish for a sepulchre yet more calm and sequestered.

Mac-Guffog, when they entered the court-yard, suffered Bertram to pause for a minute, and look upon his companions in affliction. When he had cast his eye around, on faces on which guilt, and despondence, and low excess had fixed their stigma —upon the spendthrift, and the swindler, and the thief, the bankrupt debtor, the "moping idiot, and the madman gay," whom a paltry spirit of economy congregated to share this dismal habitation, he felt his heart recoil with inexpressible loathing from enduring the contamination of their society even for a moment.

"I hope, sir," he said to the keeper, "you intend to assign me a place of confinement apart?"

"And what should I be the better of that?"

"Why, sir, I can but be detained here a day or two, and it would be very disagreeable to me to mix in the sort of company this place affords."

"And what do I care for that?"

"Why, then, sir, to speak to your feelings," said Bertram, "I should be willing to make you a handsome compliment for this indulgence."

"Ay, but when, Captain? when and how? that's the question, or rather the twa questions," said the jailer.

"When I am delivered, and get my remittances from England," answered the prisoner.

Mac-Guffog shook his head incredulously.

"Why, friend, you do not pretend to believe that I am really a malefactor?" said Bertram.

"Why, I no ken," said the fellow ; "but if you *are* on the account, ye're nae sharp ane, that's the day-light o't."

"And why do you say I am no sharp one?"

"Why, wha but a crack-brained greenhorn wad hae let them keep up the siller that ye left at the Gordon Arms?" said the constable. "Deil fetch me, but I wad have had it out o' their wames! Ye had nae right to be stripped o' your money and

sent to jail without a mark to pay your fees; they might have keepit the rest o' the articles for evidence. But why, for a blind bottle-head, did not ye ask the guineas? and I kept winking and nodding a' the time, and the donnert deevil wad never ance look my way!"

"Well, sir," replied Bertram, "if I have a title to have that property delivered up to me, I shall apply for it; and there is a good deal more than enough to pay any demand you can set up."

"I dinna ken a bit about that," said Mac-Guffog; "ye may be here lang eneugh. And then the gieing credit maun be considered in the fees. But, however, as ye *do* seem to be a chap by common, though my wife says I lose by my good nature, if ye gie me an order for my fees upon that money—I dare say Glossin will make it forthcoming—I ken something about an escape from Ellangowan—ay, ay, he'll be glad to carry me through, and be neighbor-like."

"Well, sir," replied Bertram, "if I am not furnished in a day or two otherwise, you shall have such an order."

"Weel, weel, then ye shall be put up like a prince," said Mac-Guffog. "But mark ye me, friend, that we may have nae colly-shangie afterhend, these are the fees that I always charge a swell that must have his lib-ken to himsell—Thirty shillings a-week for lodgings, and a guinea for garnish; half-a-guinea a-week for a single bed, and I dinna get the whole of it, for I must gie half-a-crown out of it to Donald Laider that's in for sheep-stealing, that should sleep with you by rule, and he'll expect clean strae, and maybe some whisky beside. So I make little upon that."

"Well, sir, go on."

"Then for meat and liquor, ye may have the best, and I never charge abune twenty per cent ower tavern price for pleasing a gentleman that way—and that's little enough for sending in and sending out, and wearing the lassie's shoon out. And then if ye're dowie, I will sit wi' you a gliff in the evening mysell, man, and help ye out wi' your bottle;—I have drank mony a glass wi' Glossin, man, that did you up, though he's a Justice now. And then I'se warrant ye'll be for fire thir cauld nights, or if ye want candle, that's an expensive article, for it s against the rules. And now I've tell'd ye the head articles of the charge, and I dinna think there's muckle mair, though there will aye be some odd expenses ower and abune."

"Well, sir, I must trust to your conscience, if ever you happened to hear of such a thing—I cannot help myself."

"Na, na, sir," answered the cautious jailor, "I'll no permit

you to be saying that—I'm forcing naething upon ye ;—an ye dinna like the price, ye needna take the articles—I force no man ; I was only explaining what civility was : but if ye like to take the common run of the house, it's a' ane to me—I'll be saved trouble, that's a'."

"Nay, my friend, I have, as I suppose you may easily guess, no inclination to dispute your terms upon such a penalty," answered Bertram. "Come, show me where I am to be, for I would fain be alone for a little while."

"Ay, ay, come along then, Captain," said the fellow, with a contortion of visage which he intended to be a smile. "And I'll tell you now,—to show you that I *have* a conscience, as ye ca't, d—n me if I charge ye abune sixpence a-day for the freedom o' the court, and ye may walk in't very near three hours a-day, and play at pitch-and-toss, and handba,' and what not."

With this gracious promise, he ushered Bertram into the house, and showed him up a steep and narrow stone staircase, at the top of which was a strong door, clenched with iron and studded with nails. Beyond this door was a narrow passage or gallery, having three cells on each side, wretched vaults, with iron bed-frames and straw mattresses. But at the further end was a small apartment, of rather a more decent appearance,—that is, having less the air of a place of confinement, since, unless for the large lock and chain upon the door, and the crossed and ponderous stanchions upon the window, it rather assembled the "worst inn's worst room." It was designed as a sort of infirmary for prisoners whose state of health required some indulgence ; and, in fact, Donald Laider, Bertram's destined chum, had been just dragged out of one of the two beds which it contained, to try whether clean straw and whisky might not have a better chance to cure his intermitting fever. This process of ejection had been carried into force by Mrs. Mac-Guffog while her husband parleyed with Bertram in the court-yard, that good lady having a distinct presentiment of the manner in which the treaty must necessarily terminate. Apparently the expulsion had not taken place without some application of the strong hand, for one of the bed-posts of a sort of tent-bed was broken down, so that the tester and curtains hung forward into the middle of the narrow chamber, like the banner of a chieftain, half sinking amid the confusion of a combat.

"Never mind that being out o' sorts, Captain," said Mrs. Mac-Guffog, who now followed them into the room ; then turning her back to the prisoner, with as much delicacy as the action admitted, she whipped from her knee her ferret garter, and

applied it to splicing and fastening the broken bed-post—then used more pins than her apparel could well spare to fasten up the bed-curtains in festoons—then shook the bed-clothes into something like form—then flung over all a tattered patch-work quilt, and pronounced that things were now "something purpose-like." "And there's your bed, Captain," pointing to a massy four-posted hulk, which, owing to the inequality of the floor, that had sunk considerably (the house, though new, having been built by contract), stood on three legs, and held the fourth aloft as if pawing the air, and in the attitude of advancing like an elephant passant upon the panel of a coach —"There's your bed and the blankets; but if ye want sheets, or bowster, or pillow, or ony sort o' napery for the table, or for your hands, ye'll hae to speak to me about it, for that's out o' the gudeman's line" (Mac-Guffog had by this time left the room, to avoid, probably, any appeal which might be made to him upon this new exaction), "and he never engages for onything like that."

"In God's name," said Bertram, "let me have what is decent, and make any charge you please."

"Aweel, aweel, that's sune settled; we'll no excise you neither, though we live sae near the Custom-house. And I maun see to get you some fire and some dinner too, I'se warrant; but your dinner will be but a puir ane the day, no expecting company that would be nice and fashious."—So saying, and in all haste, Mrs. Mac-Guffog fetched a scuttle of live coals, and having replenished "the rusty grate, unconscious of a fire" for months before, she proceeded with unwashed hands to arrange the stipulated bed-linen (alas, how different from Ailie Dinmont's!) and, muttering to herself as she discharged her task, seemed, in inveterate spleen of temper, to grudge even those accommodations for which she was to receive payment. At length, however, she departed, grumbling between her teeth, that "she wad rather lock up a hail ward than be fiking about thae niffnaffy gentles that gae sae muckle fash wi' their fancies."

When she was gone, Bertram found himself reduced to the alternative of pacing his little apartment for exercise, or gazing out upon the sea in such proportions as could be seen from the narrow panes of his window, obscured by dirt and by close iron-bars, or reading over the records of brutal wit and blackguardism which despair had scrawled upon the half-whitened walls. The sounds were as uncomfortable as the objects of sight; the sullen dash of the tide, which was now retreating, and the occasional opening and shutting of a door, with all its accompaniments of jarring bolts and creaking hinges, mingling occasionally with

the dull monotony of the retiring ocean. Sometimes too, he could hear the hoarse growl of the keeper, or the shriller strain of his helpmate, almost always in the tone of discontent, anger, or insolence. At other times the large mastiff, chained in the court-yard, answered with furious bark the insults of the idle loiterers who made a sport of incensing him.

At length the tedium of this weary space was broken by the entrance of a dirty-looking serving wench, who made some preparations for dinner by laying a half-dirty cloth upon a whole-dirty deal table. A knife and fork, which had not been worn out by overcleaning, flanked a cracked delf-plate; a nearly-empty mustard-pot placed on one side of the table, balanced a salt-cellar, containing an article of a grayish, or rather a blackish mixture, upon the other, both of stone-ware, and bearing too obvious marks of recent service. Shortly after, the same Hebe brought up a plate of beef-collops, done in the frying-pan, with a huge allowance of grease floating in an ocean of lukewarm water; and having added a coarse loaf to these savory viands, she requested to know what liquors the gentleman chose to order. The appearance of this fare was not very inviting; but Bertram endeavored to mend his commons by ordering wine, which he found tolerably good, and, with the assistance of some indifferent cheese, made his dinner chiefly off the brown loaf. When his meal was over, the girl presented her master's compliments, and, if agreeable to the gentleman, he would help him to spend the evening. Bertram desired to be excused, and begged, instead of this gracious society, that he might be furnished with paper, pen, ink, and candles. The light appeared in the shape of one long broken tallow-candle, inclining over a tin candlestick coated with grease; as for the writing materials, the prisoner was informed that he might have them the next day if he chose to send out to buy them. Bertram next desired the maid to procure him a book, and enforced his request with a shilling; in consequence of which, after long absence, she reappeared with two odd volumes of the Newgate Calendar, which she had borrowed from Sam Silverquill, an idle apprentice, who was imprisoned under a charge of forgery. Having laid the books on the table, she retired, and left Bertram to studies which were not ill adapted to his present melancholy situation.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIFTH.

But if thou shouldst be dragged in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shall not want one faithful friend
To share the cruel fate's decree.
SHENSTONE.

PLUNGED in the gloomy reflections which were naturally excited by his dismal reading and disconsolate situation, Bertram, for the first time in his life, felt himself affected with a disposition to low spirits. "I have been in worse situations than this too," he said;—"more dangerous, for here is no danger—more dismal in prospect, for my present confinement must necessarily be short—more intolerable for the time, for here at least I have fire, food, and shelter. Yet with reading these bloody tales of crime and misery, in a place so corresponding to the ideas which they excite, and in listening to these sad sounds, I feel a stronger disposition to melancholy than in my life I ever experienced. But I will not give way to it—Begone, thou record of guilt and infamy!" he said, flinging the book upon the spare bed; "a Scottish jail shall not break, on the very first day, the spirits which have resisted climate, and want, and penury, and disease, and imprisonment, in a foreign land. I have fought many a hard battle with dame Fortune, and she shall not beat me now if I can help it."

Then bending his mind to a strong effort, he endeavored to view his situation in the most favorable light. Delaserre must soon be in Scotland; the certificates from his commanding-officer must soon arrive; nay, if Mannering were first applied to, who could say but the effect might be a reconciliation between them? He had often observed, and now remembered, that when his former colonel took the part of any one, it was never by halves, and that he seemed to love those persons most who had lain under obligation to him. In the present case, a favor, which could be asked with honor and granted with readiness, might be the means of reconciling them to each other. From this his feelings naturally turned toward Julia; and without very nicely measuring the distance between a soldier of fortune, who expected that her father's attestation would deliver him from confinement, and the heiress of that father's wealth and expectations, he was building the gayest castle in the clouds, and varnishing it with all the tints of a summer-evening sky,

when his labor was interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer-gate, answered by the barking of the gaunt half-starved mastiff which was quartered in the court-yard as an addition to the garrison. After much scrupulous precaution the gate was opened, and some person admitted. The house-door was next unbarred, unlocked, and unchained, a dog's feet pattered upstairs in great haste, and the animal was heard scratching and whining at the door of the room. Next a heavy step was heard lumbering up, and Mac-Guffog's voice in the character of pilot —"This way, this way; take care of the step;—that's the room." —Bertram's door was then unbolted, and to his great surprise and joy, his terrier Wasp rushed into the apartment, and almost devoured him with caresses, followed by the massy form of his friend from Charlies-hope.

"Eh whow! Eh whow!" ejaculated the honest farmer, as he looked round upon his friend's miserable apartment and wretched accommodation—"What's this o't! what's this o't!"

"Just a trick of fortune, my good friend," said Bertram, rising and shaking him heartily by the hand, "that's all."

"But what will be done about it?—or what *can* be done about it?" said honest Dandie: "is't for debt, or what is't for?"

"Why, it is not for debt," answered Bertram; "and if you have time to sit down, I'll tell you all I know of the matter myself."

"If I hae time?" said Dandie, with an accent on the word that sounded like a howl of derision—"Ou, what the deevil am I come here for, man, but just ance errand to see about it? But ye'll no be the waur o' something to eat, I trow:—it's getting late at e'en—I telled the folk at the Change, where I put up Dumple, to send ower my supper here, and the chield Mac-Guffog is agreeable to let it in—I hae settled a' that.—And now let's hear your story—Whisht, Wasp, man! wow but he's glad to see you, poor thing!"

Bertram's story being confined to the accident of Hazlewood, and the confusion made between his own identity and that of one of the smugglers who had been active in the assault of Woodbourne, and chanced to bear the same name, was soon told. Dinmont listened very attentively. "Aweel," he said, "this suld be nae sic dooms-desperate business surely—the lad's doing weel again that was hurt, and what signifies two or three lead draps in his shouther? if ye had putten out his ee it would hae been another case. But eh, as I wuss auld Sherra Pleydell was to the fore here!—Od, he was the man for sorting them, and the queerest rough-spoken deevil too that ever ye heard!"

"But now tell me, my excellent friend, how did you find out I was here?"

"Od, lad, queerly eneugh," said Dandie; "but I'll tell ye that after we are done wi' our supper, for it will maybe no be sae weel to speak about it while that lang-lugged limmer o' a lass is gaun flisking in and out o' the room."

Bertram's curiosity was in some degree put to rest by the appearance of the supper which his friend had ordered, which, although homely enough, had the appetizing cleanliness in which Mrs. Mac-Guffog's cookery was so eminently deficient. Dinmont also, premising he had ridden the whole day since breakfast-time without tasting anything "to speak of," which qualifying phrase related to about three pounds of cold roast mutton which he had discussed at his mid-day stage—Dinmont, I say, fell stoutly upon the good cheer, and, like one of Homer's heroes, said little, either good or bad, till the rage of thirst and hunger was appeased. At length, after a draught of home-brewed ale, he began by observing, "Aweel, aweel, that hen," looking upon the lamentable relics of what had been once a large fowl, "wasna a bad ane to be bred at a town end, though it's no like our barn-door chuckies at Charlies-hope—and I am glad to see that this vexing job hasna taen awa your appetite, Captain."

"Why really, my dinner was not so excellent, Mr. Dinmont, as to spoil my supper."

"I daur say no—I daur say no," said Dandie.—"But now, hinny, that ye hae brought us the brandy, and the mug wi' the het water, and the sugar, and a' right, ye may steek the door, ye see, for we wad hae some o' our ain cracks." The damsel accordingly retired, and shut the door of the apartment, to which she added the precaution of drawing a large bolt on the outside.

As soon as she was gone, Dandie reconnoitred the premises, listened at the key-hole as if he had been listening for the blowing of an otter,—and having satisfied himself that there were no eavesdroppers, returned to the table; and making himself what he called a gey stiff cheerer, poked the fire, and began his story in an under tone of gravity and importance not very usual with him.

"Ye see, Captain, I had been in Edinbro' for twa or three days, looking after the burial of a friend that we hae lost, and maybe I suld hae had something for my ride; but there's disappointments in a' things, and wha can help the like o' that? And I had a wee bit law business besides, but that's neither here nor there. In short, I had got my matters settled, and hame

I cam; and the morn awa to the muirs to see what the herds had been about, and I thought I might as weel gie a look to the Tout-hope head, where Jock o' Dawston and me has the outcast about a march. Weel, just as I was coming upon the bit, I saw a man afore me that I kenn'd was nane o' our herds, and it's a wild bit to meet ony other body, so when I cam up to him, it was Tod Gabriel the fox-hunter. So I says to him, rather surprised like, 'What are ye doing up amang the craws here, without your hounds, man? are ye seeking the fox without the dogs?' So he said, 'Na, gudeman, but I wanted to see yoursell.'

"'Ay,' said I, 'and ye'll be wanting eilding now, or something to pit ower the winter?'

"'Na, na,' quo' he, it's no that I'm seeking; but ye tak an unco concern in that Captain Brown that was staying wi' you, d'ye no?'

"'Troth do I, Gabriel,' says I; 'and what about him, lad?'

"Says he, 'There's mair tak an interest in him than you, and some that I am bound to obey; and it's no just on my ain will that I'm here to tell you something about him that will no please you.'

"'Faith, naething will please me,' quo' I, 'that's no pleasing to him.'

"'And then, quo' he, ye'll be ill-sorted to hear that he's like to be in the prison at Portanferry, if he disna tak a' the better care o' himsell, for there's been warrants out to tak him as soon as he comes ower the water frae Allonby. And now, gudeman, an ever ye wish him weel, ye maun ride down to Portanferry and let nae grass grow at the nag's heels; and if ye find him in confinement, ye maun stay beside him night and day, for a day or twa, for he'll want friends that hae baith heart and hand; and if ye neglect this, ye'll never rue but ance, for it will be for a' your life.'

"'But, safe us, man,' quo' I, 'how did ye learn a' this?—it's an unco way between this and Portanferry.'

"'Never ye mind that,' quo' he; 'them that brought us the news rade night and day, and ye maun be off instantly if ye wad do ony gude—and sae I have naething mair to tell ye.' Sae he sat himsell doun and hirseled doun into the glen, where it wad hae been ill following him wi' the beast, and I cam back to Charlies-hope to tell the gudewife, for I was uncertain what to do. It wad look unco-like, I thought, just to be sent out on a hunt-the-gowk errand wi' a land-louper like that. But, Lord! as the gudewife set up her throat about it, and said what a shame it wad be if ye was to come to ony wrang, an I could

help ye;—and then in cam your letter that confirmed it. So I took to the kist, and out wi' the pickle notes in case they should be needed, and a' the bairns ran to saddle Dumple. By great luck I had taen the other beast to Edinbro', sae Dumple was as fresh as a rose. Sae aff I set, and Wasp wi' me, for ye wad really hae thought he kenn'd where I was gaun, puir beast; and here I am after a trot o' sixty mile, or near by. But Wasp rade thirty o' them afore me on the saddle, and the puir doggie balanced itsell as ane of the weans wad hae dune, whether I trotted or cantered."

In this strange story Bertram obviously saw, supposing the warning to be true, some intimation of danger more violent and imminent than could be likely to arise from a few days' imprisonment. At the same time it was equally evident that some unknown friend was working in his behalf. "Did you not say," he asked Dinmont, "that this man Gabriel was of gypsy blood?"

"It was e'en judged sae," said Dinmont, "and I think this maks it likely; for they aye ken where the gangs o' ilk ither are to be found, and they can gar news flee like a foot-ba' through the country an they like. An' I forgat to tell ye, there's been an unco inquiry after the auld wife that we saw in Bewcastle; the sheriff's had folk ower the Limestane Edge after her, and down the Hermitage and Liddel, and a' gates, and a reward offered for her to appear, o' fifty pounds sterling, nae less; and Justice Forster, he's had out warrants, as I am tell'd, in Cumberland, and an unco ranging and riping they have had a' gates seeking for her—but she'll no be taen wi' them unless she likes, for a' that.

"And how comes that?" said Bertram.

"Ou I dinna ken; I daur say it's nonsense, but they say she has gathered the fern seed, and can gang ony gate she likes, like Jock-the-Giant-killer in the ballant, wi' his coat o' darkness and his shoon o' swiftness. Ony way she's a kind o' queen amang the gypsies: she is mair than a hundred year auld, folk say, and minds the coming in o' the moss-troopers in the troublesome times when the Stuarts were put awa. Sae, if she canna hide hersell, she kens them that can hide her weel eneugh, ye needna doubt that. Od, an I had kenn'd it had been Meg Merrilies yon night at Tibb Mumps's, I wad taen care how I crossed her."

Bertram listened with great attention to this account, which tallied so well in many points with what he had himself seen of this gypsy sibyl. After a moment's consideration, he concluded it would be no breach of faith to mention what he had

seen at Derncleugh to a person who held Meg in such reverence as Dinmont obviously did. He told his story accordingly, often interrupted by ejaculations, such as, "Weel the like o' that now!" or, "Na, deil an that's no something now!"

When our Liddesdale friend had heard the whole to an end, he shook his great black head—"Weel, I'll uphaud there's baith gude and ill amang the gypsies, and if they deal wi' the Enemy, it's a' their ain business, and no ours. I ken what the streeking the corpse wad be, weel eneugh. Thae smuggler deevils, when ony o' them's killed in a fray, they'll send for a wife like Meg far eneugh to dress the corpse—od, it's a' the burial they ever think o'! and then to be put into the ground without ony decency, just like dogs. But they stick to it that they'll be streekit, and hae an auld wife when they're dying, to rhyme ower prayers and ballants, and charms, as they ca' them, rather than they'll hae a minister to come and pray wi' them —that's an auld threep o' theirs; and I am thinking the man that died will hae been ane o' the folk that was shot when they burnt Woodbourne."

"But my good friend, Woodbourne is not burnt," said Bertram.

"Weel, the better for them that bides in't"—answered the store-farmer. "Od, we had it up the water wi' us, that there wasna a stane on the tap o' anither. But there was fighting, ony way; I daur to say, it would be fine fun! And, as I said, ye may take it on trust, that that's been ane o' the men killed there, and that it's been the gypsies that took your pockmanky when they fand the chaise stickin' in the snaw—they wadna pass the like o' that—it wad just come to their hand like the bowl o' a pint stoup."*

"But if this woman is a sovereign among them, why was she not able to afford me open protection, and to get me back my property?"

"Ou, wha kens? she has muckle to say wi' them, but whiles they'll tak their ain way for a' that, when they're under temptation. And then there's the smugglers that they're aye leagued wi'; she maybe couldna manage them sae weel—they're aye banded thegither. I've heard that the gypsies ken when the smugglers will come aff, and where they're to land, better than the very merchants that deal wi' them. And then, to the boot o' that, she's whiles crack-brained, and has a bee in her head; they say that whether her spaeings and fortune-tellings be true or no, for certain she believes in them a' hersell, and is

* The handle of a stoup of liquor; than which, our proverb seems to infer, there is nothing comes more readily to the grasp.

aye guiding hersell by some queer prophecy or anither. So she disna aye gang the straight road to the well. But deil o' sic a story as yours, wi' glamour and dead folk and losing ane's gate, I ever heard out o' the tale books!—but whisht, I hear the keeper coming."

Mac-Guffog accordingly interrupted their discourse by the harsh harmony of the bolts and bars, and showed his bloated visage at the opening door. "Come, Mr. Dinmont, we have put off locking up for an hour to oblige ye; ye must go to your quarters."

"Quarters, man? I intend to sleep here the night. There's a spare bed in the Captain's room."

"It's impossible!" answered the keeper.

"But I say it *is* possible and that I winna stir—and there's a dram t'ye."

Mac-Guffog drank off the spirits, and resumed his objection. "But it's against rule, sir; ye have committed nae malefaction."

"I'll break your head," said the sturdy Liddesdale man, "if ye say ony mair about it, and that will be malefaction eneugh to entitle me to ae night's lodging wi' you, ony way."

"But I tell ye, Mr. Dinmont," reiterated the keeper, "it's against rule, and I behoved to lose my post."

"Weel, Mac-Guffog," said Dandie, "I hae just twa things to say. Ye ken wha I am weel eneugh, and that I wadna loose a prisoner."

"And how do I ken that?" answered the jailer.

"Weel, if ye dinna ken that," said the resolute farmer, "ye ken this;—ye ken ye're whiles obliged to be up our water in the way o' your business; now, if ye let me stay quietly here the night wi' the Captain, I'se pay ye double fees for the room, and if ye say no, ye shall hae the best sark-fu' o' sair banes that ever ye had in your life, the first time ye set a foot by Liddelmoat!"

"Aweel, aweel, gudeman," said Mac-Guffog, "a wilfu' man maun hae his way; but if I am challenged for it by the justices, I ken wha sall bear the wyte;" and having sealed this observation with a deep oath or two, he retired to bed, after carefully securing all the doors of the Bridewell. The bell from the town steeple tolled nine just as the ceremony was concluded.

"Although it's but early hours," said the farmer, who had observed that his friend looked somewhat pale and fatigued, "I think we had better lie down, Captain, if ye're no agreeable to another cheerer. But troth, ye're nae glass-breaker; and

neither am I, unless it be a screed wi' the neighbors, or when I'm on a ramble."

Bertram readily assented to the motion of his faithful friend, but, looking on at the bed, felt repugnance to trust himself undressed to Mrs. Mac-Guffog's clean sheets,

"I'm muckle o' your opinion, Captain," said Dandie. "Od, this bed looks as if a' the colliers in Sanquhar had been in't thegither. But it'll no win through my muckle coat." So saying, he flung himself upon the frail bed with a force that made all its timbers crack, and in a few moments gave audible signal that he was fast asleep. Bertram slipped off his coat and boots, and occupied the other dormitory. The strangeness of his destiny, and the mysteries which appeared to thicken around him, while he seemed alike to be persecuted and protected by secret enemies and friends, arising out of a class of people with whom he had no previous connection, for some time occupied his thoughts. Fatigue, however, gradually composed his mind, and in a short time he was as fast asleep as his companion. And in this comfortable state of oblivion we must leave them, until we acquaint the reader with some other circumstances which occurred about the same period.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIXTH.

——— Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—
Speak, I charge you.

MACBETH.

UPON the evening of the day when Bertram's examination had taken place, Colonel Mannering arrived at Woodbourne from Edinburgh. He found his family in their usual state, which probably, so far as Julia was concerned, would not have been the case had she learned the news of Bertram's arrest. But as, during the Colonel's absence, the two young ladies lived much retired, this circumstance fortunately had not reached Woodbourne. A letter had already made Miss Bertram acquainted with the downfall of the expectations which had been formed upon the bequest of her kinswoman. Whatever hopes that news might have dispelled, the disappointment did not prevent her from joining her friend in affording a cheer-

ful reception to the Colonel, to whom she thus endeavored to express the deep sense she entertained of his paternal kindness. She touched on her regret, that at such a season of the year he should have made, upon her account, a journey so fruitless.

"That it was fruitless to you, my dear," said the Colonel, "I do most deeply lament; but for my own share, I have made some valuable acquaintances, and have spent the time I have been absent in Edinburgh with peculiar satisfaction; so that, on that score, there is nothing to be regretted. Even our friend the Dominie is returned thrice the man he was, from having sharpened his wits in controversy with the geniuses of the northern metropolis."

"Of a surety," said the Dominie, with great complacency, "I did wrestle, and was not overcome, though my adversary was cunning in his art."

"I presume," said Miss Mannering, "the contest was somewhat fatiguing, Mr. Sampson?"

"Very much, young lady—howbeit, I girded up my loins and strove against him."

"I can bear witness," said the Colonel, "I never saw an affair better contested. The enemy was like the Mahratta cavalry; he assailed on all sides, and presented no fair mark for artillery; but Mr. Sampson stood to his guns, notwithstanding, and fired away, now upon the enemy, and now upon the dust which he had raised. But we must not fight our battles over again to-night—to-morrow we shall have the whole at breakfast."

The next morning at breakfast, however, the Dominie did not make his appearance. He had walked out, a servant said, early in the morning; it was so common for him to forget his meals, that his absence never deranged the family. The housekeeper, a decent old-fashioned Presbyterian matron, having, as such, the highest respect for Sampson's theological acquisitions, had it in charge on these occasions to take care that he was no sufferer by his absence of mind, and therefore usually waylaid him on his return, to remind him of his sublunary wants, and to minister to their relief. It seldom, however, happened that he was absent from two meals together, as was the case in the present instance. We must explain the cause of this unusual occurrence.

The conversation which Mr. Pleydell had held with Mr. Mannering on the subject of the loss of Harry Bertram, had awakened all the painful sensations which that event had inflicted upon Sampson. The affectionate heart of the poor

Dominie had always reproached him, that his negligence in leaving the child in the care of Frank Kennedy had been the proximate cause of the murder of the one, the loss of the other, the death of Mrs. Bertram, and the ruin of the family of his patron. It was a subject which he never conversed upon,—if indeed his mode of speech could be called conversation at any time,—but it was often present to his imagination. The sort of hope so strongly affirmed and asserted in Mrs. Bertram's last settlement, had excited a corresponding feeling in the Dominie's bosom, which was exasperated into a sort of sickening anxiety, by the discredit with which Pleydell had treated it.—"Assuredly," thought Sampson to himself, "he is a man of erudition, and well skilled in the weighty matters of the law; but he is also a man of humorous levity and inconsistency of speech; and wherefore should he pronounce *ex cathedra*, as it were, on the hope expressed by worthy Madam Margaret Bertram of Singleside?"

All this, I say, the Dominie *thought* to himself; for had he uttered half the sentences, his jaws would have ached for a month under the unusual fatigue of such a continued exertion. The result of these cogitations was a resolution to go and visit the scene of the tragedy at Warroch Point, where he had not been for many years—not, indeed, since the fatal accident had happened. The walk was a long one, for the Point of Warroch lay on the further side of the Ellangowan property, which was interposed between it and Woodbourne. Besides, the Dominie went astray more than once, and met with brooks swollen into torrents by the melting of the snow, where he, honest man, had only the summer-recollection of little trickling rills.

At length, however, he reached the woods which he had made the object of his excursion, and traversed them with care, muddling his disturbed brains with vague efforts to recall every circumstance of the catastrophe. It will readily be supposed that the influence of local situation and association was inadequate to produce conclusions different from those which he had formed under the immediate pressure of the occurrences themselves. "With many a weary sigh, therefore, and many a groan," the poor Dominie returned from his hopeless pilgrimage, and weariedly plodded his way toward Woodbourne, debating at times in his altered mind a question which was forced upon him by the cravings of an appetite rather of the keenest, namely, whether he had breakfasted that morning or no?—It was in this twilight humor, now thinking of the loss of the child then involuntarily compelled to meditate upon the

somewhat incongruous subject of hung-beef, rolls, and butter, that his route, which was different from that which he had taken in the morning, conducted him past the small ruined tower, or rather vestige of a tower, called by the country people the Kaim of Derncleugh.

The reader may recollect the description of this ruin in the twenty-seventh chapter of this narrative, as the vault in which young Bertram, under the auspices of Meg Merrilies, witnessed the death of Hatteraick's lieutenant. The tradition of the country added ghostly terrors to the natural awe inspired by the situation of this place—which terrors the gypsies, who so long inhabited the vicinity, had probably invented, or at least propagated, for their own advantage. It was said, that during the times of the Galwegian independence, one Hanlon Mac-Dingawaie, brother to the reigning chief, Knarth Mac-Dingawaie, murdered his brother and sovereign, in order to usurp the principality from his infant nephew, and that being pursued for vengeance by the faithful allies and retainers of the house, who espoused the cause of the lawful heir, he was compelled to retreat with a few followers whom he had involved in his crime, to this impregnable tower called the Kaim of Derncleugh, where he defended himself until nearly reduced by famine, when, setting fire to the place, he and the small remaining garrison desperately perished by their own swords, rather than fall into the hands of their exasperated enemies. This tragedy, which, considering the wild times wherein it was placed, might have some foundation in truth, was larded with many legends of superstition and diablerie, so that most of the peasants of the neighborhood, if benighted, would rather have chosen to make a considerable circuit, than pass these haunted walls. The lights, often seen around the tower when used as the rendezvous of the lawless characters by whom it was occasionally frequented, were accounted for, under authority of these tales of witchery, in a manner at once convenient for the private parties concerned, and satisfactory to the public.

Now it must be confessed that our friend Sampson, although a profound scholar and mathematician, had not traveled so far in philosophy as to doubt the reality of witchcraft or apparitions. Born indeed at a time when a doubt in the existence of witches was interpreted as equivalent to a justification of their infernal practices, a belief of such legends had been impressed upon the Dominie as an article indivisible from his religious faith: and perhaps it would have been equally difficult to have induced him to doubt the one as the other. With these feelings, and in a thick misty day, which was already

drawing to its close, Dominie Sampson did not pass the Kaim of Derncleugh without some feelings of tacit horror.

What, then, was his astonishment, when, on passing the door—that door which was supposed to have been placed there by one of the latter Lairds of Ellangowan to prevent presumptuous strangers from incurring the dangers of the haunted vault—that door, supposed to be always locked, and the key of which was popularly said to be deposited with the presbytery—that door, that very door, opened suddenly, and the figure of Meg Merrilies, well known, though not seen for many a revolving year, was placed at once before the eyes of the startled Dominie! She stood immediately before him in the footpath, confronting him so absolutely, that he could not avoid her except by fairly turning back, which his manhood prevented him from thinking of.

"I kenn'd ye wad be here," she said, with her harsh and hollow voice: "I ken wha ye seek; but ye maun do my bidding."

"Get thee behind me!" said the alarmed Dominie—"Avoid ye!—*Conjuro te, scelestissima—nequissima—spurcissima—iniquissima—atque miserrima—conjuro te!!!*"—

Meg stood her ground against this tremendous volley of superlatives, which Sampson hawked up from the pit of his stomach, and hurled at her in thunder. "Is the carl daft," she said, "wi' his glamour?"

"*Conjuro*," continued the Dominie, "*abjuro, contesto, atque virliter impero tibi!*"—

"What, in the name of Sathan, are ye feared for wi' your French gibberish, that would make a dog sick? Listen, ye stickit stibbler, to what I tell ye, or ye sall rue it while there's a limb o' ye hings to anither! Tell Colonel Mannering that I ken he's seeking me. He kens, and I ken, that the blood will be wiped out, and the lost will be found.

> And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
> Shall meet on Ellangowan height.

Hae, there's a letter to him; I was gaun to send it in another way.—I canna write mysell; but I hae them that will baith write and read, and ride and rin for me. Tell him the time's coming now, and the weird's dreed, and the wheel's turning. Bid him look at the stars as he has looked at them before.—Will ye mind a' this?"

"Assuredly," said the Dominie, "I am dubious—for, woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my flesh quakes to hear thee."

"They'll do you nae ill though, and maybe muckle gude."

"Avoid ye! I desire no good that comes by unlawful means."

"Fule-body that thou art!" said Meg, stepping up to him with a frown of indignation that made her dark eyes flash like lamps from under her bent brows—"Fule-body! if I meant ye wrang, couldna I clod ye ower that craig, and wad man ken how ye cam by your end mair than Frank Kennedy? Hear ye that, ye worricow?"

"In the name of all that is good," said the Dominie, recoiling, and pointing his long pewter-headed walking-cane like a javelin at the supposed sorceress,—"in the name of all that is good, bide off hands! I will not be handled—woman, stand off, upon thine own proper peril!—desist, I say—I am strong—lo, I will resist!" Here his speech was cut short; for Meg, armed with supernatural strength (as the Dominie asserted), broke in upon his guard, put by a thrust which he made at her with his cane, and lifted him into the vault, "as easily," said he, "as I could sway a Kitchen's Atlas."

"Sit down there," she said, pushing the half-throttled preacher with some violence against a broken chair—"sit down there, and gather your wind and your senses, ye black barrow-tram o' the kirk that ye are!—Are ye fou or fasting?"

"Fasting—from all but sin," answered the Dominie, who, recovering his voice, and finding his exorcisms only served to exasperate the intractable sorceress, thought it best to affect complaisance and submission, inwardly conning over, however, the wholesome conjurations which he durst no longer utter aloud. But as the Dominie's brain was by no means equal to carry on two trains of ideas at the same time, a word or two of his mental exercise sometimes escaped, and mingled with his uttered speech in a manner ludicrous enough, especially as the poor man shrunk himself together after every escape of the kind, from terror of the effect it might produce upon the irritable feelings of the witch.

Meg, in the meanwhile, went to a great black cauldron that was boiling on a fire on the floor, and lifting the lid, an odor was diffused through the vault which, if the vapors of a witch's cauldron could in aught be trusted, promised better things than the hell-broth which such vessels are usually supposed to contain. It was in fact the savor of a goodly stew, composed of fowls, hares, partridges, and moorgame, boiled in a large mess with potatoes, onions, and leeks, and from the size of the cauldron, appeared to be prepared for half-a-dozen of people at least.

"So ye hae eat naething a' day?" said Meg, heaving a large portion of this mess into a brown dish, and strewing it savorily with salt and pepper.*

"Nothing," answered the Dominie—"*scelestissima!*—that is—gudewife."

"Hae, then," said she, placing the dish before him, "there's what will warm your heart."

"I do not hunger—*malefica*—that is to say—Mrs. Merrilies!" for he said unto himself, "the savor is sweet, but it hath been cooked by a Canidia or an Ericthoe."

"If ye dinna eat instantly, and put some saul in ye, by the bread and the salt, I'll put it down your throat wi' the cutty spoon, scaulding as it is, and whether ye will or no. Gape, sinner, and swallow!"

Sampson, afraid of eye of newt, and toe of frog, tigers' chaudrons, and so forth, had determined not to venture; but the smell of the stew was fast melting his obstinacy, which flowed from his chops, as it were, in streams of water, and the witch's threats decided him to feed. Hunger and fear are excellent casuists.

"Saul," said Hunger, "feasted with the witch of Endor."—"And," quoth Fear, "the salt which she sprinkled upon the food showeth plainly it is not a necromantic banquet, in which that seasoning never occurs."—"And besides," says Hunger, after the first spoonful, "it is savory and refreshing viands."

"So ye like the meat?" said the hostess.

"Yea," answered the Dominie, "and I give thee thanks—*sceleratissima!*—which means—Mrs. Margaret."

"Aweel, eat your fill; but an ye kenn'd how it was gotten, ye maybe wadna like it sae weel." Sampson's spoon dropped in the act of conveying its load to his mouth. "There's been mony a moonlight watch to bring a' that trade thegither," continued Meg—"the folk that are to eat that dinner thought little o' your game laws."

"Is that all?" thought Sampson, resuming his spoon, and shoveling away manfully; "I will not lack my food upon that argument."

"Now, ye maun tak a dram."

"I will," quoth Sampson—"*conjuro te*—that is, I thank you heartily," for he thought to himself, in for a penny in for a pound; and he fairly drank the witch's health in a cupful of brandy. When he had put this cope-stone upon Meg's good cheer, he felt, as he said, "mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil which could befall unto him."

* Note K. Gypsy Cookery.

"Will ye remember my errand now?" said Meg Merrilies: "I ken by the cast o' your ee that ye're anither man than when you cam in."

"I will, Mrs. Margaret," repeated Sampson stoutly; "I will deliver unto him the sealed yepistle, and will add what you please to send by word of mouth."

"Then I'll make it short," says Meg. "Tell him to look at the stars without fail this night, and to do what I desire him in that letter, as he would wish

> That Bertram's right and Bertram's might
> Should meet on Ellangowan height.

I have seen him twice when he saw na me; I ken when he was in this country first, and I ken what's brought him back again. Up, an' to the gate! ye're ower lang here—follow me."

Sampson followed the sibyl accordingly, who guided him about a quarter of a mile through the woods, by a shorter cut than he could have found for himself; they then entered upon the common, Meg still marching before him at a great pace, until she gained the top of a small hillock which overhung the road.

"Here," she said, "stand still here. Look how the setting sun breaks through yon cloud that's been darkening the lift a' day. See where the first stream o' light fa's—it's upon Donagild's round tower—the auldest tower in the Castle o' Ellangowan—that's no for naething!—See as it's glooming to seaward abune yon sloop in the bay—that's no for naething neither.—Here I stood on this very spot," said she, drawing herself up so as not to lose one hair-breadth of her uncommon height, and stretching out her long sinewy arm and clenched hand—"here I stood when I tauld the last Laird o' Ellangowan what was coming on his house;—and did that fa' to the ground? Na—it hit even ower sair! And here, where I brake the wand of peace ower him—here I stand again—to bid God bless and prosper the just heir of Ellangowan that will sune be brought to his ain; and the best laird he shall be that Ellangowan has seen for three hundred years. I'll no live to see it, maybe; but there will be mony a blithe ee see it though mine be closed. And now, Abel Sampson, as ever ye lo'ed the house of Ellangowan, away wi' my message to the English Colonel, as if life and death were upon your haste!"

So saying, she turned suddenly from the amazed Dominie, and regained with swift and long strides the shelter of the wood from which she had issued, at the point where it most

encroached upon the common. Sampson gazed after her for a moment in utter astonishment, and then obeyed her directions, hurrying to Woodbourne at a pace very unusual for him, exclaiming three times, "Prodigious! prodigious! pro-di-gi-ous!"

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVENTH.

> ———It is not madness
> That I have uttered; bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will re-word; which madness
> Would gambol from.
>
> HAMLET.

As Mr. Sampson crossed the hall with a bewildered look, Mrs. Allan, the good housekeeper, who, with the reverent attention which is usually rendered to the clergy in Scotland, was on the watch for his return, sallied forth to meet him—"What's this o't now, Mr. Sampson; this is waur than ever!—ye'll really do yourself some injury wi' these lang fasts—naething's sae hurtful to the stamach, Mr. Sampson;—if ye would but put some peppermint draps in your pocket, or let Barnes cut ye a sandwich."

"Avoid thee!" quoth the Dominie, his mind running still upon his interview with Meg Merrilies, and making for the dining-parlor.

"Na, ye needna gang in there—the cloth's been removed an hour syne, and the Colonel's at his wine; but just step into my room—I have a nice steak that the cook will do in a moment."

"*Exorciso te!*" said Sampson,—"that is, I have dined."

"Dined! it's impossible—wha can ye hae dined wi', you that gangs out nae gate?"

"With Beelzebub, I believe," said the minister.

"Na, then he's bewitched for certain," said the housekeeper, letting go her hold; "he's bewitched, or he's daft, and ony way the Colonel maun just guide him his ain gate. Wae's me! Hech, sirs! It's a sair thing to see learning bring folk to this!" And with this compassionate ejaculation she retreated into her own premises.

The object of her commiseration had by this time entered the dining-parlor, where his appearance gave great surprise. He was mud up to the shoulders, and the natural paleness of

his hue was twice as cadaverous as usual, through terror, fatigue, and perturbation of mind. "What on earth is the meaning of this, Mr. Sampson?" said Mannering, who observed Miss Bertram looking much alarmed for her simple but attached friend.

"*Exorciso*,"—said the Dominie.

"How, sir?" replied the astonished Colonel.

"I crave pardon, honorable sir! but my wits"—

"Are gone a wool-gathering, I think. Pray, Mr. Sampson, collect yourself, and let me know the meaning of all this."

Sampson was about to reply, but finding his Latin *formula* of exorcism still came most readily to his tongue, he prudently desisted from the attempt, and put the scrap of paper which he had received from the gypsy into Mannering's hand, who broke the seal and read it with surprise. "This seems to be some jest," he said, "and a very dull one."

"It came from no jesting person," said Mr. Sampson.

"From whom then did it come?" demanded Mannering.

The Dominie, who often displayed some delicacy of recollection in cases where Miss Bertram had an interest, remembered the painful circumstances connected with Meg Merrilies, looked at the young ladies, and remained silent. "We will join you at the tea-table in an instant, Julia," said the Colonel; "I see that Mr. Sampson wishes to speak to me alone.—And now they are gone, what, in Heaven's name, Mr. Sampson, is the meaning of all this?"

"It may be a message from Heaven," said the Dominie, "but it came by Beelzebub's postmistress. It was that witch, Meg Merrilies, who should have been burned with a tar-barrel twenty years since, for a harlot, thief, witch, and gypsy,"

"Are you sure it was she?" said the Colonel with great interest.

"Sure, honored sir? Of a truth she is one not to be forgotten—the like o' Meg Merrilies is not to be seen in any land."

The Colonel paced the room rapidly, cogitating with himself. "To send out to apprehend her—but it is too distant to send to Mac-Morlan, and Sir Robert Hazlewood is a pompous coxcomb; besides the chance of not finding her upon the spot, or that the humor of silence that seized her before may again return; no, I will not, to save being thought a fool, neglect the course she points out. Many of her class set out by being impostors, and end by becoming enthusiasts, or hold a kind of darkling conduct between both lines, unconscious almost when they are cheating themselves, or when imposing on others,

Well, my course is a plain one at any rate; and if my efforts are fruitless, it shall not be owing to over-jealousy of my own character for wisdom."

With this he rang the bell, and ordering Barnes into his private sitting-room, gave him some orders, with the result of which the reader may be made hereafter acquainted. We must now take up another adventure, which is also to be woven into the story of this remarkable day.

Charles Hazlewood had not ventured to make a visit at Woodbourne during the absence of the Colonel. Indeed Mannering's whole behavior had impressed upon him an opinion that this would be disagreeable; and such was the ascendency which the successful soldier and accomplished gentleman had attained over the young man's conduct, that in no respect would he have ventured to offend him. He saw, or thought he saw, in Colonel Mannering's general conduct, an approbation of his attachment to Miss Bertram. But then he saw still more plainly the impropriety of any attempt at a private correspondence, of which his parents could not be supposed to approve, and he respected this barrier interposed betwixt them, both on Mannering's account, and as he was the liberal and zealous protector of Miss Bertram. "No," said he to himself, "I will not endanger the comfort of my Lucy's present retreat, until I can offer her a home of her own."

With this valorous resolution, which he maintained, although his horse, from constant habit, turned his head down the avenue of Woodbourne, and although he himself passed the lodge twice every day, Charles Hazlewood withstood a strong inclination to ride down, just to ask how the young ladies were, and whether he could be of any service to them during Colonel Mannering's absence. But on the second occasion he felt the temptation so severe, that he resolved not to expose himself to it a third time; and contenting himself with sending hopes and inquiries, and so forth, to Woodbourne, he resolved to make a visit long-promised to a family at some distance, and to return in such time as to be one of the earliest among Mannering's visitors who should congratulate his safe arrival from his distant and hazardous expedition to Edinburgh. Accordingly, he made out his visit, and having arranged matters so as to be informed within a few hours after Colonel Mannering reached home, he finally resolved to take leave of the friends with whom he had spent the interviewing time, with the intention of dining at Woodbourne, where he was in great measure domesticated; and this (for he thought much more deeply on the subject than was

necessary) would, he flattered himself, appear a simple, natural, and easy mode of conducting himself.

Fate, however, of which lovers make so many complaints, was in this case unfavorable to Charles Hazlewood. His horse's shoes required an alteration, in consequence of the fresh weather having decidedly commenced. The lady of the house where he was a visitor, chose to indulge in her own room till a very late breakfast hour. His friend also insisted on showing him a litter of puppies, which his favorite pointer bitch had produced that morning. The colors had occasioned some doubts about the paternity,—a weighty question of legitimacy, to the decision of which Hazlewood's opinion was called in as arbiter between his friend and his groom, and which inferred in its consequences which of the litter should be drowned, which saved. Besides, the Laird himself delayed our young lover's departure for a considerable time, endeavoring, with long and superfluous rhetoric, to insinuate to Sir Robert Hazlewood, through the medium of his son, his own particular ideas respecting the line of a meditated turnpike road. It is greatly to the shame of our young lover's apprehension, that after the tenth reiterated account of the matter, he could not see the advantage to be obtained by the proposed road passing over the Lang-hirst, Windy-knowe, the Goodhouse-park, Hailziecroft, and then crossing the river at Simon's Pool, and so by the road to Kippletringan—and the less eligible line pointed out by the English surveyor, which would go clear through the main enclosures at Hazlewood, and cut within a mile, or nearly so, of the house itself, destroying the privacy and pleasure, as his informer contended, of the grounds.

In short, the adviser (whose actual interest was to have the bridge built as near as possible to a farm of his own) failed in every effort to attract young Hazlewood's attention, until he mentioned by chance that the proposed line was favored by "that fellow Glossin," who pretended to take a lead in the county. On a sudden, young Hazlewood became attentive and interested; and having satisfied himself which was the line that Glossin patronized, assured his friend it should not be his fault if his father did not countenance any other instead of that. But these various interruptions consumed the morning. Hazlewood got on horseback at least three hours later than he intended, and cursing fine ladies, pointers, puppies, and turnpike acts of parliament, saw himself detained beyond the time when he could, with propriety, intrude upon the family at Woodbourne.

He had passed, therefore, the turn of the road which led to

that mansion, only edified by the distant appearance of the blue smoke curling against the pale sky of the winter evening, when he thought he beheld the Dominie taking a footpath for the house through the woods. He called after him—but in vain; for that honest gentleman, never the most susceptible of extraneous impressions, had just that moment parted from Meg Merrilies, and was too deeply wrapped up in pondering upon her vaccinations to make any answer to Hazlewood's call. He was therefore obliged to let him proceed without inquiry after the health of the young ladies, or any other fishing question, to which he might, by good chance, have had an answer returned wherein Miss Bertram's name might have been mentioned. All cause for haste was now over—and slackening the reins upon his horse's neck, he permitted the animal to ascend at his own leisure the steep sandy track between two high banks, which, rising to a considerable height, commanded, at length, an extensive view of the neighboring country.

Hazlewood was, however, so far from eagerly looking forward to this prospect, though it had the recommendation that great part of the land was his father's, and must necessarily be his own, that his head still turned backward toward the chimneys of Woodbourne, although at every step his horse made the difficulty of employing his eyes in that direction become greater. From the reverie in which he was sunk, he was suddenly roused by a voice too harsh to be called female, yet too shrill for a man:—"What kept you on the road sae lang?—maun ither folk do your wark?"

He looked up; the spokeswoman was very tall, had a voluminous handkerchief rolled round her head, grizzled hair flowing in elf-locks from beneath it, a long red cloak, and a staff in her hand, headed with a sort of spear-point—it was, in short, Meg Merrilies. Hazlewood had never seen this remarkable figure before; he drew up his reins in astonishment at her appearance, and made a full stop. "I think," continued she, "they that hae taen interest in the house of Ellangowan suld sleep nane this night; three men hae been seeking ye, and you are gaun hame to sleep in your bed.—D'ye think if the ladbairn fa's the sister will do weel? Na, na!"

"I don't understand you, good woman," said Hazlewood. "If you speak of Miss ——, I mean of any of the late Ellangowan family, tell me what I can do for them."

"Of the late Ellangowan family!" she answered with great vehemence—"of the *late* Ellangowan family!—and when was there ever, or when will there ever be, a family of Ellangowan but bearing the gallant name of the bauld Bertrams?"

"But what do you mean, good woman?"

"I am nae good woman—a' the country kens I am bad eneugh, and baith they and I may be sorry eneugh that I am nae better. But I can do what good women canna and daurna do—I can do what would freeze the blood o' them that is bred in biggit wa's for naething but to bind bairns' heads, and to hap them in the cradle. Hear me! The guard's drawn off at the Custom-house at Portanferry, and it's brought up to Hazlewood-House by your father's orders, because he thinks his house is to be attacked this night by the smugglers; there's naebody means to touch his house; he has gude blood and gentle blood—I say little o' him for himsell, but there's naebody thinks him worth meddling wi'. Send the horsemen back to their post cannily and quietly—see an they winna hae wark the night—ay will they—the guns will flash and the swords will glitter in the braw moon."

"Good God! what do you mean?" said young Hazlewood; "your words and manner would persuade me you are mad, and yet there is a strange combination in what you say."

"I am not mad!" exclaimed the gypsy; "I have been imprisoned for mad—scourged for mad—banished for mad—but mad I am not. Hear ye, Charles Hazlewood of Hazlewood: d'ye bear malice against him that wounded you?"

"No, dame, God forbid! My arm is quite well, and I have always said the shot was discharged by accident. I should be glad to tell the young man so himself."

"Then do what I bid ye," answered Meg Merrilies, "and ye'll do him mair gude than ever he did you ill; for if he was left to his ill-wishers he would be a bloody corpse ere morn, or a banished man—but there's ane abune a'.—Do as I bid you; send back the soldiers to Portanferry. There's nae mair fear o' Hazlewood-House than there's o' Cruffelfell. And she vanished with her usual celerity of pace.

It would seem that the appearance of this female, and the mixture of frenzy and enthusiasm in her manner, seldom failed to produce the strongest impression upon those whom she addressed. Her words, though wild, were too plain and intelligible for actual madness, and yet too vehement and extravagant for sober-minded communication. She seemed acting under the influence of an imagination rather strongly excited than deranged; and it is wonderful how palpably the difference, in such cases, is impressed upon the mind of the auditor. This may account for the attention with which her strange and mysterious hints were heard and acted upon. It is certain, at least, that young Hazlewood was strongly impressed by her

sudden appearance and imperative tone. He rode to Hazlewood at a brisk pace. It had been dark for some time before he reached the house, and on his arrival there he saw a confirmation of what the sibyl had hinted.

Thirty dragoon horses stood under a shed near the offices with their bridles linked together;—three or four soldiers attended as a guard, while others stamped up and down with their long broadswords and heavy boots in front of the house. Hazlewood asked a non-commissioned officer "from whence they came?"

"From Portanferry."

"Had they left any guard there!'

"No;—they had been drawn off by order of Sir Robert Hazlewood for defence of his house, against an attack which was threatened by the smugglers."

Charles Hazlewood instantly went in quest of his father, and having paid his respects to him upon his return, requested to know upon what account he had thought it necessary to send for a military escort. Sir Robert assured his son in reply, "that from the information, intelligence, and tidings which had been communicated to and laid before him, he had the deepest reason to believe, credit, and be convinced, that a riotous assault would that night be attempted and perpetrated against Hazlewood-House, by a set of smugglers, gypsies, and other desperadoes."

"And what, my dear sir," said his son, "should direct the fury of such persons against ours rather than any other house in the country?"

"I should rather think, suppose, and be of opinion, sir," answered Sir Robert, "with deference to your wisdom and experience, that on these occasions and times, the vengeance of such persons is directed or leveled against the most important and distinguished in point of rank, talent, birth, and situation, who have checked, interfered with, and discountenanced their unlawful and illegal and criminal actions or deeds."

Young Hazlewood, who knew his father's foible, answered, "that the cause of his surprise did not lie where Sir Robert apprehended, but that he only wondered they should think of attacking a house where there were so many servants, and where a signal to the neighboring tenants could call in such strong assistance;" and added, "that he doubted much whether the reputation of the family would not in some degree suffer from calling soldiers from their duty at the Custom house to protect them, as if they were not sufficiently strong to defend themselves upon any ordinary occasion." He even hinted,

"that in case their house's enemies should observe that this precaution had been taken unnecessarily, there would be no end of their sarcasms."

Sir Robert Hazlewood was rather puzzled at this intimation, for like most dull men, he heartily hated and feared ridicule. He gathered himself up, and looked with a sort of pompous embarrassment, as if he wished to be thought to despise the opinion of the public, which in reality he dreaded.

"I really should have thought, "he said, "that the injury which had already been aimed at my house in your person, being the next heir and representative of the Hazlewood family, failing me—I should have thought and believed, I say, that this would have justified me sufficiently in the eyes of the most respectable and the greater part of the people, for taking such precautions as are calculated to prevent and impede a repetition of outrage."

"Really, sir," said Charles, "I must remind you of what I have often said before, that I am positive the discharge of the piece was accidental."

"Sir, it was not accidental," said his father, angrily:—"but you will be wiser than your elders."

"Really, sir," replied Hazlewood, "in what so intimately concerns myself"——

"Sir, it does not concern you but in a very secondary degree—that is, it does not concern you, as a giddy young fellow, who takes pleasure in contradicting his father; but it concerns the country, sir; and the county, sir; and the public, sir; and the kingdom of Scotland, in so far as the interest of the Hazlewood family, sir, is committed, and interested, and put in peril, in, by, and through you, sir. And the fellow is in safe custody, and Mr. Glossin thinks"——

"Mr. Glossin, sir?"

"Yes, sir, the gentleman who has purchased Ellangowan—you know who I mean, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," answered the young man; "but I should hardly have expected to hear you quote such authority. Why, this fellow—all the world knows him to be sordid, mean, tricking; and I suspect him to be worse. And you, yourself, my dear sir, when did you call such a person a gentleman in your life before?"

"Why, Charles, I did not mean gentleman in the precise sense and meaning, and restricted and proper use, to which, no doubt, the phrase ought legitimately to be confined; but I meant to use it relatively, as marking something of that state

to which he has elevated and raised himself—as designing, in short a decent and wealthy and estimable sort of a person."

"Allow me to ask, sir," said Charles, "if it was by this man's orders that the guard was drawn from Portanferry?"

"Sir," replied the Baronet, "I do apprehend that Mr. Glossin would not presume to give orders, or even an opinion, unless asked, in a matter in which Hazlewood-House, and the House of Hazlewood—meaning by the one this mansion-house of my family, and by the other, typically, metaphorically, and parabolically, the family itself—I say, then, where the House of Hazlewood, or Hazlewood-House, was so immediately concerned."

"I presume, however, sir," said the son, "this Glossin approved of the proposal?"

"Sir," replied his father, "I thought it decent and right and proper to consult him as the nearest magistrate, as soon as report of the intended outrage reached my ears; and although he declined, out of deference and respect, as became our relative situations, to concur in the order, yet, he did entirely approve of my arrangement."

At this moment a horse's feet were heard coming very fast up the avenue. In a few minutes the door opened, and Mr. Mac-Morlan presented himself—"I am under great concern to intrude, Sir Robert, but"——

"Give me leave, Mr. Mac-Morlan," said Sir Robert, with a gracious flourish of welcome; "this is no intrusion, sir;—for your situation as Sheriff-substitute calling upon you to attend to the peace of the county (and you, doubtless, feeling yourself particularly called upon to protect Hazlewood-House), you have an acknowledged, and admitted, and undeniable right, sir, to enter the house of the first gentleman in Scotland, uninvited—always presuming you to be called there by the duty of your office."

"It is, indeed, the duty of my office," said Mac-Morlan, who waited with impatience an opportunity to speak, "that makes me an intruder."

"No intrusion!" reiterated the Baronet, gracefully waving his hand.

"But permit me to say, Sir Robert," said the Sheriff-substitute, "I do not come with the purpose of remaining here, but to recall these soldiers to Portanferry, and to assure you that I will answer for the safety of your house."

"To withdraw the guard from Hazlewood-House!" exclaimed the proprietor in mingled displeasure and surprise; and *you* will be answerable for it! And pray, who are you, sir, that

I should take your security, and caution, and pledge, official or personal, for the safety of Hazlewood-House?—I think, sir, and believe, sir, and am of opinion, sir, that if any one of these family pictures were deranged or destroyed, or injured, it would be difficult for me to make up the loss upon the guarantee which *you* so obligingly offer me."

"In that case I shall be sorry for it, Sir Robert," answered the downright Mac-Morlan; "but I presume I may escape the pain of feeling my conduct the cause of such irreparable loss, as I can assure you there will be no attempt upon Hazlewood-House whatever, and I have received information which induces me to suspect that the rumor was put afloat merely in order to occasion the removal of the soldiers from Portanferry. And under this strong belief and conviction, I must exert my authority as sheriff and chief magistrate of police, to order the whole, or greater part of them, back again. I regret much, that by my accidental absence a good deal of delay has already taken place, and we shall not now reach Portanferry until it is late."

As Mr. Mac-Morlan was the superior magistrate, and expressed himself peremptory in the purpose of acting as such, the Baronet, though highly offended, could only say, "Very well, sir, it is very well. Nay, sir, take them all with you—I am far from desiring any to be left here, sir. We, sir, can protect ourselves, sir. But you will have the goodness to observe, sir, that you are acting on your own proper risk, sir, and peril, sir, and responsibility, sir, if anything shall happen or befall to Hazlewood-House, sir, or the inhabitants, sir, or to the furniture and paintings, sir."

"I am acting to the best of my judgment and information, Sir Robert," said Mac-Morlan, "and I must pray of you to believe so, and to pardon me accordingly. I beg you to observe it is no time for ceremony—it is already very late."

But Sir Robert, without deigning to listen to his apologies, immediately employed himself with much parade in arming and arraying his domestics. Charles Hazlewood longed to accompany the military, which were about to depart for Portanferry, and which were now drawn up and mounted by direction, and under the guidance of Mr. Mac-Morlan, as the civil magistrate. But it would have given just pain and offence to his father to have left him at a moment when he conceived himself and his mansion-house in danger. Young Hazlewood therefore gazed from a window with suppressed regret and displeasure, until he heard the officer give the word of command. "From the right to the front, by files, m-a-rch. Leading file, to the right wheel—Trot."—The whole party of

soldiers then getting into a sharp and uniform pace, were soon lost among the trees, and the noise of the hoofs died speedily away in the distance.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHTH.

Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers
We garr'd the bars bang merrily,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.
OLD BORDER BALLAD.

HE returned to Portanferry and to Bertram and his honest-hearted friend, whom we left most innocent inhabitants of a place built for the guilty. The slumbers of the farmer were as sound as it was possible.

But Bertram's first heavy sleep passed away long before midnight, nor could he again recover that state of oblivion. Added to the uncertain and uncomfortable state of his mind, his body felt feverish and oppressed. This was chiefly owing to the close and confined air of the small apartment in which they slept. After enduring for some time, the broiling suffocating feeling attendant upon such an atmosphere, he rose to endeavor to open the window of the apartment, and thus to procure a change of air. Alas! the first trial reminded him that he was in jail, and that the building being contrived for security, not comfort, the means of procuring fresh air were not left at the disposal of the wretched inhabitants.

Disappointed in this attempt, he stood by the unmanageable window for some time. Little Wasp, though oppressed with the fatigue of his journey on the preceding day, crept out of bed after his master, and stood by him rubbing his shaggy coat against his legs, and expressing, by a murmuring sound, the delight which he felt at being restored to him. Thus accompanied, and waiting until the feverish feeling which at present agitated his blood should subside into a desire for warmth and slumber, Bertram remained for some time looking out upon the sea.

The tide was now nearly full, and dashed hoarse and near, below the base of the building. Now and then a large wave reached even the barrier or bulwark which defended the foundation of the house, and was flung upon it with greater force and noise than those which only broke upon the sand. Far in the

distance, under the indistinct light of a hazy and often over clouded moon, the ocean rolled its multitudinous complication of waves, crossing, bursting, and mingling with each other.

"A wild and dim spectacle," said Bertram to himself, "like those crossing tides of fate which have tossed me about the world from my infancy upward! When will this uncertainty cease, and how soon shall I be permitted to look out for a tranquil home, where I may cultivate in quiet, and without dread and perplexity, those arts of peace from which my cares have been hitherto so forcibly diverted? The ear of Fancy, it is said, can discover the voice of sea-nymphs and tritons amid the bursting murmurs of the ocean; would that I could do so, and that some siren or Proteus would arise from these billows, to unriddle for me the strange maze of fate in which I am so deeply entangled!—Happy friend!" he said, looking at the bed where Dinmont had deposited his bulky person, "thy cares are confined to the narrow round of a healthy and thriving occupation!—thou canst lay them aside at pleasure, and enjoy the deep repose of body and mind which wholesome labor has prepared for thee!"

At this moment his reflections were broken by little Wasp, who, attempting to spring up against the window, began to yelp and bark most furiously. The sounds reached Dinmont's ears, but without dissipating the illusion which had transported him from his wretched apartment to the free air of his own green hills. "Hoy, Yarrow, man!—far yaud—far yaud!" he muttered between his teeth, imagining doubtless that he was calling to his sheep-dog, and hounding him in shepherd's phrase against some intruders on the grazing. The continued barking of the terrier within was answered by the angry challenge of the mastiff in the court-yard, which had for a long time been silent, excepting only an occasional short and deep note, uttered when the moon shone suddenly from among the clouds. Now, his clamor was continued and furious, and seemed to be excited by some disturbance distinct from the barking of Wasp, which had first given him the alarm, and which, with much trouble, his master had contrived to still into an angry note of low growling.

At last Bertram, whose attention was now fully awakened, conceived that he saw a boat upon the sea, and heard in good earnest the sound of oars and of human voices mingling with the dash of the billows. "Some benighted fishermen," he thought, "or perhaps some of the desperate traders from the Isle of Man. They are very hardy, however, to approach so near to the Custom-house, where there must be sentinels. It is a large boat, like a long-boat, and full of people; perhaps it

belongs to the revenue service." Bertram was confirmed in this last opinion by observing that the boat made for a little quay which ran into the sea behind the Custom-house, and, jumping ashore one after another, the crew, to the number of twenty hands, glided secretly up a small lane which divided the Custom-house from the Bridewell, and disappeared from his sight, leaving only two persons to take care of the boat.

The dash of these men's oars at first, and latterly the suppressed sounds of their voices, had excited the wrath of the wakeful sentinel in the court-yard. who now exalted his deep voice into such a horrid and continuous din, that it awakened his brute master, as savage a ban-dog as himself. His cry from a window of "How now, Tearum, what's the matter, sir? —down, d—n ye! down!" produced no abatement of Tearum's vociferation, which in part prevented his master from hearing sounds of alarm which his ferocious vigilance was in the act of challenging. But the mate of the two-legged Cerberus was gifted with sharper ears than her husband. She also was now at the window—"B—t ye, gae down and let loose the dog," she said; "they're sporting the door of the Custom-house, and the auld sap at Hazelwood House has ordered off the guard. But ye hae nae mair heart than a cat." And down the amazon sallied to perform the task herself, while her helpmate, more jealous of insurrection within doors, than of storm from without, went from cell to cell to see that the inhabitants of each were carefully secured.

These latter sounds, with which we have made the reader acquainted, had their origin in front of the house, and were consequently imperfectly heard by Bertram, whose apartment, as we have already noticed, looked from the back part of the building upon the sea. He heard, however, a stir and tumult in the house, which did not seem to accord with the stern seclusion of a prison at the hour of midnight, and, connecting them with the arrival of an armed boat at that dead hour, could not but suppose that something extraordinary was about to take place. In this belief he shook Dinmont by the shoulder—"Eh!—Ay!—Oh!—Ailie, woman, it's no time to get up yet," groaned the sleeping man of the mountains. More roughly shaken, however, he gathered himself up, shook his ears, and asked, "In the name of Providence, what's the matter?"

"That I can't tell you," replied Bertram; "but either the place is on fire, or some extraordinary thing is about to happen. Are you not sensible of a smell of fire? Do you not hear what a noise there is of clashing doors within the house, and of

hoarse voices, murmurs, and distant shouts on the outside? Upon my word, I believe something very extraordinary has taken place.—Get up, for the love of Heaven, and let us be on our guard."

Dinmont rose at the idea of danger, as intrepid and undismayed as any of his ancestors when the beacon-light was kindled. "Od, Captain, this is a queer place!—they winna let ye out in the day, and they winna let you sleep in the night. Deil, but it wad break my heart in a fortnight. But, Lordsake, what a racket they're making now!—Od, I wish we had some light.—Wasp—Wasp, whisht, hinny—whisht, my bonnie man, and let's hear what they're doing.—Deil's in ye, will ye whisht?"

They sought in vain among the embers the means of lighting their candle, and the noise without still continued. Dinmont in his turn had recourse to the window—"Lordsake, Captain! come here. Od, they hae broken the Custom-house!"

Bertram hastened to the window, and plainly saw a miscellaneous crowd of smugglers, and blackguards of different descriptions, some carrying lighted torches, others bearing packages and barrels down the lane to the boat that was lying at the quay, to which two or three other fisher-boats were now brought round. They were loading each of these in their turn, and one or two had already put off to seaward. "This speaks for itself," said Bertram; but I fear something worse has happened. Do you perceive a strong smell of smoke, or is it my fancy?"

"Fancy?" answered Dinmont—"there's a reek like a killogie. Od, if they burn the Custom-house, it will catch here, and we'll lunt like a tar-barrel a' thegither.—Eh! it wad be fearsome to be burnt alive for naething, like as if ane had been a warlock!—Mac-Guffog, hear ye!"—roaring at the top of his voice;—"and ye wad ever hae a haill bane in your skin, let's out, man! let's out!"

The fire began now to rise high, and thick clouds of smoke rolled past the window at which Bertram and Dinmont were stationed. Sometimes, as the wind pleased, the dim shroud of vapor hid everything from their sight: sometimes, a red glare illuminated both land and sea, and shone full on the stern and fierce figures, who, wild with ferocious activity, were engaged in loading the boats. The fire was at length triumphant, and spouted in jets of flame out at each window of the burning building, while huge flakes of flaming materials came driving on the wind against the adjoining prison, and rolling a dark canopy of smoke over all the neighborhood. The shouts of a

furious mob resounded far and wide; for the smugglers, in their triumph, were joined by all the rabble of the little town and neighborhood, now aroused, and in complete agitation, nothwithstanding the lateness of the hour;—some from interest in the free-trade, and most from the general love of mischief and tumult, natural to a vulgar populace.

Bertram began to be seriously anxious for their fate. There was no stir in the house; it seemed as if the jailer had deserted his charge, and left the prison with its wretched inhabitants to the mercy of the conflagration which was spreading toward them. In the meantime a new and fierce attack was heard upon the outer gate of the correction-house, which, battered with sledge-hammers and crows, was soon forced. The keeper, as great a coward as a bully, with his more ferocious wife, had fled; their servants readily surrendered the keys. The liberated prisoners, celebrating their deliverance with the wildest yells of joy, mingled among the mob which had given them freedom.

In the midst of the confusion that ensued, three or four of the principal smugglers hurried to the apartment of Bertram with lighted torches, and armed with cutlasses and pistols.—"Der Deyvil," said the leader, "here's our mark!" and two of them seized on Bertram; but one whispered in his ear, "Make no resistance till you are in the street." The same individual found an instant to say to Dinmont—"Follow your friend, and help when you see the time come."

In the hurry of the moment, Dinmont obeyed and followed close. The two smugglers dragged Bertram along the passage, down stairs, through the court-yard, now illuminated by the glare of fire, and into the narrow street to which the gate opened, where, in the confusion, the gang were necessarily in some degree separated from each other. A rapid noise, as of a body of horse advancing, seemed to add to the disturbance. "Hagel and wetter! what is that?" said the leader; "keep together, kinder—look to the prisoner." But in spite of his charge, the two who held Bertram were the last of the party.

The sounds and signs of violence were heard in front. The press became furiously agitated, while some endeavored to defend themselves, others to escape; shots were fired, and the glittering broadswords of the dragoons began to appear flashing above the heads of the rioters. "Now," said the warning whisper of the man who held Bertram's left arm, the same who had spoken before, "shake off that fellow, and follow me."

Bertram, exerting his strength suddenly and effectually, easily burst from the grasp of the man who held his collar on the right side. The fellow attempted to draw a pistol, but was

prostrated by a blow of Dinmont's fist, which an ox could hardly have received without the same humiliation. "Follow me quick," said the friendly partisan, and dived through a very narrow and dirty lane which led from the main street.

No pursuit took place. The attention of the smugglers had been otherwise and very disagreeably engaged by the sudden appearance of Mac-Morlan and the party of horse. The loud manly voice of the provincial magistrate was heard proclaiming the riot act, and charging "all those unlawfully assembled to disperse at their own proper peril." This interruption would indeed have happened in time sufficient to have prevented the attempt, had not the magistrate received upon the road some false information, which led him to think that the smugglers were to land at the Bay of Ellangowan. Nearly two hours were lost in consequence of this false intelligence, which it may be no lack of charity to suppose that Glossin, so deeply interested in the issue of that night's daring attempt, had contrived to throw in Mac-Morlan's way, availing himself of the knowledge that the soldiers had left Hazlewood-House, which would soon reach an ear so anxious as his.

In the mean time, Bertram followed his guide, and was in his turn followed by Dinmont. The shouts of the mob, the trampling of the horses, the dropping pistol-shots, sunk more and more faintly upon their ears; when at the end of the dark lane they found a post-chaise with four horses. "Are you here, in God's name?" said the guide to the postilion who drove the leaders.

"Ay, troth am I," answered Jock Jabos, "and I wish I were ony gate else."

"Open the carriage, then—You gentlemen get into it;—in a short time you'll be in a place of safety—and" (to Bertram) "remember your promise to the gypsy wife!"

Bertram, resolving to be passive in the hands of a person who had just rendered him such a distinguished piece of service, got into the chaise as directed. Dinmont followed; Wasp, who had kept close by them, sprung in at the same time, and the carriage drove off very fast. "Have a care o' me," said Dinmont, "but this is the queerest thing yet!—Od, I trust they'll no coup us—and then what's to come o' Dumple! I would rather be on his back than in the Deuke's coach, God bless him."

Bertram observed, that they could not go at that rapid rate to any very great distance without changing horses, and that they might insist upon remaining till day-light at the first inn they stopped at, or at least upon being made acquainted with the purpose and termination of their journey, and Mr. Dinmont might there give directions about his faithful horse, which would prob

THE ATTACK ON PORTANFERRY.

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ably be safe at the stables where he had left him.—"Aweel, aweel, e'en sae be it for Dandie—Od, if we were ance out o' this trindling kist o' a thing, I am thinking they wad find it hard wark to gar us gang ony gate but where we liked oursells."

While he thus spoke, the carriage making a sudden turn, showed them, through the left window, the village at some distance, still widely beaconed by the fire, which, having reached a storehouse wherein spirits were deposited, now rose high into the air, a wavering column of brilliant light. They had not long time to admire this spectacle, for another turn of the road carried them into a close lane between plantations, through which the chaise proceeded in nearly total darkness, but with unabated speed.

CHAPTER FORTY-NINTH.

> The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter.
> And aye the ale was growing better.
>
> TAM O' SHANTER.

We must now return to Woodbourne, which, it may be remembered, we left just after the Colonel had given some directions to his confidential servant. When he returned, his absence of mind, and an unusual expression of thought and anxiety upon his features, struck the ladies whom he joined in the drawing-room. Mannering was not, however, a man to be questioned, even by those whom he most loved, upon the cause of the mental agitation which these signs expressed. The hour of tea arrived, and the party were partaking of that refreshment in silence, when a carriage drove up to the door, and the bell announced the arrival of a visitor. "Surely," said Mannering, "it is too soon by some hours."—

There was a short pause, when Barnes, opening the door of the saloon, announced Mr. Pleydell. In marched the lawyer, whose well-brushed black coat, and well-powdered wig, together with his point ruffles, brown silk stockings, highly varnished shoes, and gold buckles, exhibited the pains which the old gentleman had taken to prepare his person for the ladies' society. He was welcomed Mannering with a hearty shake by the hand—"The very man I wished to see at this moment!"

"Yes," said the counselor, "I told you I would take the first opportunity; so I have ventured to leave the Court for a week in session time—no common sacrifice—but I had a notion I could

be useful, and I was to attend a proof here about the same time. But will you not introduce me to the young ladies?—Ah! there is one I should have known at once, from her family likeness! Miss Lucy Bertram, my love, I am most happy to see you."—And he folded her in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss on each side of the face, to which Lucy submitted in blushing resignation.

"*On n'arrete pas dans un si beau chemin*," continued the gay old gentleman, and as the Colonel presented him to Julia, took the same liberty with that fair lady's cheek. Julia laughed, colored, and disengaged herself. "I beg a thousand pardons," said the lawyer, with a bow which was not at all professionally awkward;—"age and old fashions give privileges, and I can hardly say whether I am most sorry just now at being too well entitled to claim them at all, or happy in having such an opportunity to exercise them so agreeably."

"Upon my word, sir," said Miss Mannering, laughing, "if you make such flattering apologies, we shall begin to doubt whether we can admit you to shelter yourself under your alleged qualifications.

"I can assure you, Julia," said the Colonel, "you are perfectly right; my friend the counselor is a dangerous person; the last time I had the pleasure of seeing him, he was closeted with a fair lady, who had granted him a *tête-à-tête* at eight in the morning."

"Ay, but Colonel," said the counselor, "you should add, I was more indebted to my chocolate than my charms for so distinguished a favor, from a person of such propriety of demeanor as Mrs. Rebecca."

"And that should remind me, Mr. Pleydell," said Julia, "to offer you tea—that is, supposing you have dined."

"Anything, Miss Mannering, from your hands," answered the gallant jurisconsult; "yes, I have dined—that is to say, as people dine at a Scotch inn."

"And that is indifferently enough," said the Colonel, with his hand upon the bell-handle;—"give me leave to order something."

"Why, to say truth," replied Mr. Pleydell, "I had rather not; I have been inquiring into that matter, for you must know I stopped an instant below to pull off my boot hose, 'a world too wide for my shrunk shanks,'" glancing down with some complacency upon limbs which looked very well for his time of life, "and I had some conversation with your Barnes, and a very intelligent person whom I presume to be the housekeeper; and it was settled among us—*tota re perspecta*—I beg Miss

Mannering's pardon for my Latin—that the lady should add to your light family-supper the more substantial refreshment of a brace of wild-ducks. I told her (always under deep submission) my poor thoughts about the sauce, which concurred exactly with her own ; and, if you please, I would rather wait till they are ready before eating anything solid."

"And we will anticipate our usual hour of supper," said the Colonel.

"With all my heart," said Pleydell, "providing I do not lose the ladies' company a moment the sooner. I am of counsel with my old friend Burnet,* I love the *cœna*, the supper of the ancients, the pleasant meal and social glass that wash out of one's mind the cobwebs that business or gloom have been spinning in our brains all day."

The vivacity of Mr. Pleydell's look and manner, and the quietness with which he made himself at home on the subject of his little epicurean comforts, amused the ladies, but particularly Miss Mannering, who immediately gave the counselor a great deal of flattering attention ; and more pretty things were said on both sides during the service of the tea-table than we have leisure to repeat.

As soon as this was over, Mannering led the counselor by the arm into a small study which opened from the saloon, and where, according to the custom of the family, there were always lights and a good fire in the evening.

"I see," said Mr. Pleydell, you have got something to tell me about the Ellangowan business—Is it terrestrial or celestial? What says my military Albumazar? Have you calculated the course of futurity? have you consulted your Ephemerides, your Almochoden, your Almuten?"

"No, truly, counselor," replied Mannering—"you are the only Ptolemy I intend to resort to upon the present occasion. A second Prospero, I have broken my staff, and drowned my book far beyond plummet depth. But I have great news notwithstanding. Meg Merrilies, our Egyptian sibyl, has appeared to the Dominie this very day, and, as I conjecture, has frightened the honest man not a little."

"Indeed?"

"Ay, and she has done me the honor to open a correspondence with me, supposing me to be as deep in astrological mysteries as when we first met. Here is her scroll, delivered to me by the Dominie."

Pleydell put on his spectacles.—"A vile greasy scrawl, in-

* Note L. Lord Monboddo.

deed—and the letters are uncial or semi-uncial, as somebody calls your large text hand, and in size and perpendicularity resemble the ribs of a roasted pig—I can hardly make it out."

"Read aloud," said Mannering.

"I will try," answered the lawyer. "'*You are a good seeker, but a bad finder; you set yourself to prop a falling house, but had a gey guess it would rise again. Lend your hand to the wark that's near, as you lent your ee to the weird that was far. Have a carriage this night by ten o'clock, at the end of the Crooked Dykes at Portanferry, and let it bring the folk to Woodbourne that shall ask them, if they be there* IN GOD'S NAME.' Stay, here follows some poetry—

> '*Dark shall be light,*
> *And wrong done to right,*
> *When Bertram's right and Bertram's might*
> *Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.*'

A most mystic epistle truly, and closes in a vein of poetry worthy of the Cumæan sibyl.—And what have you done?"

"Why," said Mannering, rather reluctantly, "I was loth to risk any opportunity of throwing light on this business. The woman is perhaps crazed, and these effusions may arise only from visions of her imagination;—but you were of opinion that she knew more of that strange story than she ever told."

"And so," said Pleydell, "you sent a carriage to the place named?"

"You will laugh at me if I own I did," replied the Colonel.

"Who, I?" replied the advocate—"No, truly; I think it was the wisest thing you could do."

"Yes," answered Mannering, well pleased to have escaped the ridicule he apprehended; "you know the worst is paying the chaise-hire;—I sent a post-chaise and four from Kipple-tringan, with instructions corresponding to the letter. The horses will have a long and cold station on the out-posts to-night if our intelligence be false."

"Ay, but I think it will prove otherwise," said the lawyer. "This woman has played a part till she believes it; or, if she be a thorough-paced impostor, without a single grain of self-delusion to qualify her knavery, still she may think herself bound to act in character. This I know, that I could get nothing out of her by the common modes of interrogation, and the wisest thing we can do is to give her an opportunity of making the discovery her own way. And now have you more to say, or shall we go to the ladies?"

"Why, my mind is uncommonly agitated," answered the

Colonel, " and—but I have really no more to say—only I shall count the minutes till the carriage returns ; but you cannot be expected to be so anxious."

" Why, no—use is all in all," said the more experienced lawyer. " I am much interested, certainly, but I think I shall be able to survive the interval, if the ladies will afford us some music."

" And with the assistance of the wild-ducks by and by ? " suggested Mannering.

" True, Colonel ; a lawyer's anxiety about the fate of the most interesting cause has seldom spoiled either his sleep or digestion.* And yet I shall be very eager to hear the rattle of these wheels on their return, notwithstanding."

So saying, he rose and led the way into the next room, where Miss Mannering, at his request, took her seat at the harpsichord. Lucy Bertram, who sung her native melodies very sweetly, was accompanied by her friend upon the instrument, and Julia afterward performed some of Scarlatti's sonatas with great brilliancy. The old lawyer, scraping a little upon the violoncello, and being a member of the gentlemen's concert in Edinburgh, was so greatly delighted with this mode of spending the evening, that I doubt if he once thought of the wild-ducks until Barnes informed the company that supper was ready.

" Tell Mrs. Allen to have something in readiness," said the Colonel—" I expect—that is, I hope—perhaps some company may be here to-night ; and let the men sit up, and do not lock the upper gate on the lawn until I desire you."

" Lord, sir," said Julia, " whom can you possibly expect to-night ? "

" Why, some persons, strangers to me, talked of calling in the evening on business," answered her father, not without embarrassment, for he would little have brooked a disappointment which might have thrown ridicule on his judgment ; " it is quite uncertain."

" Well, we shall not pardon them for disturbing our party," said Julia, " unless they bring as much good humor, and as susceptible hearts, as my friend and admirer—for so he has dubbed himself—Mr. Pleydell."

" Ah, Miss Julia," said Pleydell, offering his arm with an air of gallantry to conduct her into the eating-room, " the time has been—when I returned from Utrecht in the year 1738 "—

" Pray, don't talk of it," answered the young lady—" we like

* Note M. Lawyers' Sleepless Nights.

you much better as you are. Utrecht, in Heaven's name !—I dare say you have spent all the intervening years in getting rid so completely of the effects of your Dutch education."

" O forgive me, Miss Mannering," said the lawyer : the Dutch are a much more accomplished people in point of gallantry than their volatile neighbors are willing to admit. They are constant as clock-work in their attentions."

" I should tire of that," said Julia.

" Imperturbable in their good temper," continued Pleydell.

" Worse and worse," said the young lady.

" And then," said the old *beau-garçon*, " although for six times three hundred and sixty-five days your swain has placed the capuchin round your neck, and the stove under your feet, and driven your little sledge upon the ice in winter, and your cariole through the dust in summer, you may dismiss him at once, without reason or apology, upon the two thousand one hundred and ninetieth day, which, according to my hasty calculation, and without reckoning leap-years, will complete the cycle of the supposed adoration, and that without your amiable feelings having the slightest occasion to be alarmed for the consequences to those of Mynheer.

" Well," replied Julia, " that last is truly a Dutch recommendation, Mr. Pleydell—crystal and hearts would lose all their merit in the world, if it were not for their fragility."

" Why, upon that point of the argument, Miss Mannering, it is as difficult to find a heart that will break, as a glass that will not ; and for that reason I would press the value of mine own—were it not that I see Mr. Sampson's eyes have been closed, and his hands clasped for some time, attending the end of our conference to begin the grace—And, to say the truth, the appearance of the wild-ducks is very appetizing." So saying, the worthy counselor sat himself to table, and laid aside his gallantry for awhile, to do honor to the good things placed before him. Nothing further is recorded of him for some time, excepting an observation that the ducks were roasted to a single turn, and that Mrs. Allan's sauce, of claret, lemon, and cayenne, was beyond praise.

" I see," said Miss Mannering, " I have a formidable rival in Mr. Pleydell's favor, even on the very first night of his avowed admiration."

" Pardon me, my fair lady," answered the counselor,—" your avowed rigor alone has induced me to commit the solecism of eating a good supper in your presence ; how shall I support your frowns without reinforcing my strength ? Upon the same

principle, and no other, I will ask permission to drink wine with you."

"This is the fashion of Utrecht also, I suppose, Mr. Pleydell?"

"Forgive me, madam," answered the counselor; "the French themselves, the patterns of all that is gallant, term their tavernkeepers *restaurateurs*, alluding, doubtless, to the relief they afford to the disconsolate lover, when bowed down to the earth by the mistress's severity. My own case requires so much relief, that I must trouble you for that other wing, Mr. Sampson, without prejudice to my afterward applying to Miss Bertram for a tart;—be pleased to tear the wing, sir, instead of cutting it off—Mr. Barnes will assist you, Mr. Sampson,—thank you, sir,—and, Mr. Barnes, a glass of ale, if you please."

While the old gentleman, pleased with Miss Mannering's liveliness and attention, rattled away for her amusement and his own, the impatience of Colonel Mannering began to exceed all bounds. He declined sitting down at table, under pretence that he never ate supper; and traversed the parlor, in which they were, with hasty and impatient steps, now throwing up the window to gaze upon the dark lawn, now listening for the remote sound of the carriage advancing up the avenue. At length, in a feeling of uncontrolable impatience, he left the room, took his hat and cloak, and pursued his walk up the avenue, as if his so doing would hasten the approach of those whom he desired to see.

"I really wish," said Miss Bertram, "Colonel Mannering would not venture out after night-fall. You must have heard, Mr. Pleydell, what a cruel fright we had?"

"Oh, with the smugglers?" replied the advocate. "They are old friends of mine;—I was the means of bringing some of them to justice a long time since, when sheriff of this county."

"And then the alarm we had immediately afterward," added Miss Bertram, "from the vengeance of one of these wretches."

"When young Hazlewood was hurt—I heard of that too."

"Imagine, my dear Mr. Pleydell," continued Lucy, "how much Miss Mannering and I were alarmed, when a ruffian, equally dreadful for his great strength, and the sternness of his features, rushed out upon us!"

"You must know, Mr. Pleydell," said Julia, unable to suppress her resentment at this undesigned aspersion of her admirer, "that young Hazlewood is so handsome in the eyes

of the young ladies of this country, that they think every person shocking who comes near him."

"Oho!" thought Pleydell, who was by profession an observer of tones and gestures, "there's something wrong here between my young friends.——Well, Miss Mannering, I have not seen young Hazlewood since he was a boy, so the ladies may be perfectly right; but I can assure you, in spite of your scorn, that if you want to see handsome men you must go to Holland; the prettiest fellow I ever saw was a Dutchman, in spite of his being called Vanbost, or Vanbuster, or some such barbarous name. He will not be quite so handsome now, to be sure."

It was now Julia's turn to look a little out of countenance at the chance hit of her learned admirer, but that instant the Colonel entered the room. "I can hear nothing of them yet," he said; "still, however, we will not separate.—Where is Dominie Sampson?"

"Here, honored sir."

"What is that book you hold in your hand, Mr. Sampson?"

"It's even the learned De Lyra, sir—I would crave his honor Mr. Pleydell's judgment, always with his best leisure, to expound a disputed passage."

"I am not in the vein," Mr. Sampson," answered Pleydell; "here's metal more attractive—I do not despair to engage these two young ladies in a glee or a catch, wherein I, even I myself, will adventure myself for the bass part. Hang De Lyra, man; keep him for a fitter season."

The disappointed Dominie shut his ponderous tome, much marveling in his mind how a person possessed of the lawyer's erudition, could give his mind to these frivolous toys. But the counselor, indifferent to the high character for learning which he was trifling away, filled himself a large glass of Burgundy, and after preluding a little with a voice somewhat the worse for the wear, gave the ladies a courageous invitation to join in "We be three poor Mariners," and accomplished his own part therein with great éclat.

"Are you not withering your roses with sitting up so late, my young ladies?" said the Colonel.

"Not a bit, sir," answered Julia; "your friend, Mr. Pleydell, threatens to become a pupil of Mr. Sampson's to-morrow, so we must make the most of our conquest to-night."

This led to another musical trial of skill, and that to lively conversation. At length, when the solitary sound of one o'clock had long since resounded on the ebon ear of night, and the next signal of the advance of time was close approaching,

Mannering, whose impatience had long subsided into disappointment and despair, looked at his watch, and said, "We must now give them up"—when at that instant—But what then befell will require a separate chapter.

CHAPTER FIFTIETH.

JUSTICE. This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gypsy told ————————
No orphan, nor without a friend art thou———
I am thy father, *here's* thy mother, *there*
Thy uncle——— *This* thy first cousin, and *there*
Are all thy near relations!

THE CRITIC.

As Mannering replaced his watch, he heard a distant and hollow sound—"It is a carriage for certain—no, it is but the sound of the wind among the leafless trees. Do come to the window, Mr. Pleydell." The counselor, who, with his large silk handkerchief in his hand, was expatiating away to Julia upon some subject which he thought was interesting, obeyed the summons—first, however, wrapping the handkerchief round his neck by way of precaution against the cold air. The sound of wheels became now very perceptible, and Pleydell, as if he had reserved all his curiosity till that moment, ran out to the hall. The Colonel rang for Barnes to desire that the persons who came in the carriage might be shown into a separate room, being altogether uncertain whom it might contain. It stopped, however, at the door before his purpose could be fully explained. A moment after Mr. Pleydell called out, "Here's our Liddesdale friend, I protest, with a strapping young fellow of the same calibre." His voice arrested Dinmont, who recognized him with equal surprise and pleasure. "Od, if it's your honor, we'll a' be as right and tight as thack and rape can make us."*

But while the farmer stopped to make his bow, Bertram, dizzied with the sudden glare of light, and bewildered with the circumstances of his situation, almost unconsciously entered the open door of the parlor, and confronted the Colonel, who was just advancing toward it. The strong light of the apartment left no doubt of his identity, and he himself was as much confounded with the appearance of those to whom he so unex-

* When a farmer's crop is got safely into the barn-yard, it is said to be made fast with thack and rape—*Anglice*, straw and rope.

pectedly presented himself, as they were by the sight of so utterly unlooked-for an object. It must be remembered that each individual present had their own peculiar reasons for looking with terror upon what seemed at first sight a spectral apparition. Mannering saw before him the man whom he supposed he had killed in India; Julia beheld her lover in a most peculiar and hazardous situation; and Lucy Bertram at once knew the person who had fired upon young Hazlewood. Bertram, who interpreted the fixed and motionless astonishment of the Colonel into displeasure at his intrusion, hastened to say that it was involuntary, since he had been hurried hither without even knowing whither he was to be transported.

"Mr. Brown, I believe?" said Colonel Mannering.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man modestly, but with firmness, "the same you knew in India; and who ventures to hope that what you did then know of him is not such as should prevent his requesting you would favor him with your attestation to his character, as a gentleman and man of honor."

"Mr. Brown—I have been seldom—never—so much surprised—certainly, sir, in whatever passed between us, you have a right to command my favorable testimony."

At this critical moment entered the counselor and Dinmont. The former beheld, to his astonishment, the Colonel but just recovering from his first surprise, Lucy Bertram ready to faint with terror, and Miss Mannering in an agony of doubt and apprehension, which she in vain endeavored to disguise or suppress. "What is the meaning of all this?" said he; "has this young fellow brought the Gorgon's head in his hand?—let me look at him.—By Heaven!" he muttered to himself, "the very image of old Ellangowan!—Yes, the same manly form and handsome features, but with a world of more intelligence in the face—Yes!—the witch has kept her word." Then instantly passing to Lucy, "Look at that man, Miss Bertram, my dear; have you never seen any one like him?"

Lucy had only ventured one glance at this object of terror, by which, however, from his remarkable height and appearance, she at once recognized the supposed assassin of young Hazlewood—a conviction which excluded, of course, the more favorable association of ideas which might have occurred on a closer view.—Don't ask me about him, sir," said she, turning away her eyes; "send him away, for heaven's sake! we shall all be murdered!"

"Murdered! where's the poker?" said the advocate in some alarm. "But nonsense!—we are three men besides the servants, and there is honest Liddesdale, worth half-a-dozen to boot

—we have the *major vis* upon our side. However here, my friend Dandie—Davie—what do they call you?—keep between that fellow and us for the protection of the ladies."

"Lord! Mr. Pleydell," said the astonished farmer, "that's Captain Brown; do ye no ken the Captain?"

"Nay, if he's a friend of yours, we may be safe enough," answered Pleydell; "but keep near him."

All this passed with such rapidity, that it was over before the Dominie had recovered himself from a fit of absence, shut the book which he had been studying in a corner, and advancing to obtain a sight of the strangers, exclaimed at once, upon beholding Bertram, "If the grave can give up the dead, that is my dear and honored master!"

"We're right after all, by Heaven! I was sure I was right,' said the lawyer;—"he is the very image of his father.—Come, Colonel, what do you think of, that you do not bid your guest welcome? I think—I believe—I trust we're right—never saw such a likeness—But patience—Dominie, say not a word.—Sit down, young gentleman."

"I beg pardon, sir;—if I am, as I understand, in Colonel Mannering's house, I should wish first to know if my accidental appearance here gives offence, or if I am welcome?"

Mannering instantly made an effort. "Welcome?—most certainly, especially if you can point out how I can serve you. I believe I may have some wrongs to repair toward you—I have often suspected so; but your sudden and unexpected appearance, connected with painful recollections, prevented my saying at first, as I now say, that whatever has procured me the honor of this visit, it is an acceptable one."

Bertram bowed with an air of distant, yet civil acknowledgment, to the grave courtesy of Mannering.

"Julia, my love, you had better retire.—Mr. Brown, you will excuse my daughter; there are circumstances which I perceive rush upon her recollection."

Miss Mannering rose and retired accordingly; yet, as she passed Bertram, could not suppress the words, "Infatuated! a second time!" but so pronounced as to be heard by him alone. Miss Bertram accompanied her friend, much surprised, but without venturing a second glance at the object of her terror. Some mistake she saw there was, and was unwilling, to increase it by denouncing the stranger as an assassin. He was known, she saw, to the Colonel, and received as a gentleman:—certainly he either was not the person she suspected, or Hazlewood was right in supposing the shot accidental.

The remaining part of the company would have formed no

bad group for a skilful painter. Each was too much embarrassed with his own sensations to observe those of the others. Bertram most unexpectedly found himself in the house of one whom he was alternately disposed to dislike as his personal enemy, and to respect as the father of Julia; Mannering was struggling between his high sense of courtesy and hospitality, his joy at finding himself relieved from the guilt of having shed life in a private quarrel, and the former feelings of dislike and prejudice, which revived in his haughty mind at the sight of the object against whom he had entertained them; Sampson, supporting his shaking limbs by leaning on the back of a chair, fixed his eyes upon Bertram, with a staring expression of nervous anxiety, which convulsed his whole visage; Dinmont, enveloped in his loose shaggy-great-coat, and resembling a huge bear erect upon his hinder legs, stared on the whole scene with great round eyes that witnessed his amazement.

The counselor alone was in his element: shrewd, prompt, and active, he already calculated the prospect of brilliant success in a strange, eventful, and mysterious lawsuit,—and no young monarch, flushed with hopes, and at the head of a gallant army, could experience more glee when taking the field on his first campaign. He bustled about with great energy, and took the arrangement of the whole explanation upon himself.

"Come, come, gentlemen, sit down; this is all in my province—you must let me arrange it for you. Sit down, my dear Colonel, and let me manage; sit down, Mr. Brown, *aut quocunque alio nomine vocaris*—Dominie, take your seat—draw in your chair, honest Liddesdale."

"I dinna ken, Mr. Pleydell," said Dinmont, looking at his dreadnought-coat, then at the handsome furniture of the room, "I had maybe better gang some gate else, and leave ye till your cracks—I'm no just that weel put on."

The Colonel, who by this time recognized Dandie, immediately went up and bid him heartily welcome; assuring him, that from what he had seen of him in Edinburgh, he was sure his rough coat and thick-soled boots would honor a royal drawing-room.

"Na, na, Colonel, we're just plain up-the-country folk; but nae doubt I would fain hear ony pleasure that was gaun to happen the Captain, and I'm sure a' will gae right if Mr. Pleydell will take his bit job in hand."

"You're right, Dandie—spoke like a Hieland * oracle—and

* It may not be unnecessary to tell southern readers, that the mountainous country in the south-western borders of Scotland is called Hieland, though totally different from the much more mountainous and more extensive districts of the north, usually called Hielands.

now be silent. Well, you are all seated at last ; take a glass of wine till I begin my catechism methodically. And now," turning to Bertram, "my dear boy, do you know who or what you are?"

In spite of his perplexity, the catechumen could not help laughing at the commencement, and answered, "Indeed, sir, I formerly thought I did ; but I own late circumstances have made me somewhat uncertain."

"Then tell us what you formerly thought yourself."

"Why, I was in the habit of thinking and calling myself Vanbeest Brown, who served as a cadet or volunteer under Colonel Mannering, when he commanded the —— regiment, in which capacity I was not unknown to him."

"There," said the Colonel, "I can assure Mr. Brown of his identity ; and add, what his modesty may have forgotten, that he was distinguished as a young man of talent and spirit."

"So much the better, my dear sir," said Mr. Pleydell ; "but that is to general character—Mr. Brown must tell us where he was born."

"In Scotland, I believe, but the place uncertain."

"Where educated?"

"In Holland, certainly."

"Do you remember nothing of your early life before you left Scotland?"

"Very imperfectly ;—yet I have a strong idea, perhaps more deeply impressed upon me by subsequent hard usage, that I was during my childhood the object of much solicitude and affection. I have an indistinct remembrance of a good-looking man whom I used to call papa, and of a lady who was infirm in health, and who I think, must have been my mother ; but it is an imperfect and confused recollection. I remember, too, a tall, thin, kind-tempered man in black, who used to teach me my letters and walk out with me ;—and I think the very last time "——

Here the Dominie could contain no longer. While every succeeding word served to prove that the child of his benefactor stood before him, he had struggled with the utmost difficulty to suppress his emotions ; but, when the juvenile recollections of Bertram turned toward his tutor and his precepts, he was compelled to give way to his feelings. He rose hastily from his chair, and with clasped hands, trembling limbs, and streaming eyes called out aloud, "Harry Bertram !—look at me—was I not the man?"

"Yes!" said Bertram, starting from his seat as if a sudden

light had burst in upon his mind,—"Yes—that was my name! —and that is the voice and the figure of my kind old master!"

The Dominie threw himself into his arms, pressed him a thousand times to his bosom in convulsions of transport which shook his whole frame, sobbed hysterically, and at length, in the emphatic language of Scripture, lifted up his voice and wept aloud. Colonel Mannering had recourse to his hankerchief; Pleydell made wry faces and wiped the glasses of his spectacles; and honest Dinmont, after two loud blubbering explosions, exclaimed, "Deil's in the man! he's garr'd me to do that I haena done since my auld mither died."

"Come, come," said the counselor at last, "silence in the court.—We have a clever party to contend with; we must lose no time in gathering our information—for anything I know, there may be something to be done before day-break."

"I will order a horse to be saddled if you please," said the Colonel.

"No, no, time enough—time enough. But come, Dominie; —I have allowed you a competent space to express your feelings—I must circumduce the term; you must let me proceed in my examination."

The Dominie was habitually obedient to any one who chose to impose commands upon him; he sunk back into his chair, spread his checked handkerchief over his face, to serve, as I suppose, for the Grecian painter's veil, and from the action of his folded hands, appeared for a time engaged in the act of mental thanksgiving. He then raised his eyes over the screen, as if to be assured that the pleasing apparition had not melted into air—then again sunk them to resume an internal act of devotion, until he felt himself compelled to give attention to the counselor, from the interest which his questions excited.

"And now," said Mr. Pleydell, after several minute inquiries concerning his recollection of early events—"and now, Mr. Bertram, for I think we ought in future to call you by your own proper name, will you have the goodness to let us know every particular which you can recollect concerning the mode of your leaving Scotland?"

"Indeed, sir, to say the truth, though the terrible outlines of that day are strongly impressed upon my memory, yet somehow the very terror which fixed them there has in a great measure confounded and confused the details. I recollect, however, that I was walking somewhere or other—in a wood, I think"——.

"O, yes, it was in Warroch-wood, my dear," said the Dominie.

"Hush, Mr. Sampson," said the lawyer.

"Yes, it was in a wood," continued Bertram, as long past and confused ideas arranged themselves in his reviving recollection; "and some one was with me—this worthy and affectionate gentleman, I think."

"O, ay, ay, Harry, Lord bless thee—it was even I myself."

"Be silent, Dominie, and don't interrupt the evidence," said Pleydell.—"And so, sir?" to Bertram.

"And so, sir," continued Bertram, "like one of the changes of a dream, I thought I was on horseback before my guide."

"No, no," exclaimed Sampson, "never did I put my own limbs, not to say thine, into such peril."

"On my word, this is intolerable!—Look ye, Dominie, if you speak another word till I give you leave, I will read three sentences out of the Black Acts, whisk my cane round my head three times, undo all the magic of this night's work, and conjure Harry Bertram back again into Vanbeest Brown."

"Honored and worthy sir," groaned out the Dominie; "I humbly crave pardon, it was but *verbum nolens*."

"Well *nolens volens*, you must hold your tongue," said Pleydell.

"Pray, be silent, Mr. Sampson," said the Colonel; "it is of great consequence to your recovered friend, that you permit Mr. Pleydell to proceed in his inquiries."

"I am mute," said the rebuked Dominie.

"On a sudden," continued Bertram, "two or three men sprung out upon us, and we were pulled from horseback. I have little recollection of anything else, but that I tried to escape in the midst of a desperate scuffle, and fell into the arms of a very tall woman who started from the bushes, and protected me for some time; the rest is all confusion and dread—a dim recollection of a sea-beach and a cave, and of some strong potion which lulled me to sleep for a length of time. In short, it is all a blank in my memory, until I recollect myself first an ill-used and half-starved cabin-boy aboard a sloop, and then a schoolboy in Holland, under the protection of an old merchant, who had taken some fancy for me."

"And what account," said Mr. Pleydell, "did your guardian give of your parentage?"

"A very brief one," answered Bertram, "and a charge to inquire no further. I was given to understand, that my father was concerned in the smuggling trade carried on on the eastern coast of Scotland, and was killed in a skirmish with the revenue officers; that his correspondents in Holland had a vessel on the coast at the time, part of the crew of which were engaged in the

affair, and that they brought me off after it was over, from a motive of compassion, as I was left destitute by my father's death. As I grew older, there was much of this story seemed inconsistent with my own recollections. But what could I do? I had no means of ascertaining my doubts, nor a single friend with whom I could communicate or canvass them. The rest of my story is known to Colonel Mannering: I went out to India to be a clerk in a Dutch house; their affairs fell into confusion; I betook myself to the military profession, and, I trust, as yet I have not disgraced it."

"Thou art a fine young fellow, I'll be bound for thee," said Pleydell; "and since you have wanted a father so long, I wish from my heart I could claim the paternity myself. But this affair of young Hazlewood"——

"Was merely accidental," said Bertram. "I was traveling in Scotland for pleasure, and after a week's residence with my friend Mr. Dinmont, with whom I had the good fortune to form an accidental acquaintance"——

"It was my gude fortune that," said Dinmont. "Od, my brains wad hae been knockit out by twa blackguards, if it hadna been for his four quarters."

"Shortly after we parted at the town of ——, I lost my baggage by thieves, and it was while residing at Kippletringan that I accidentally met the young gentleman. As I was approaching to pay my respects to Miss Mannering, whom I had known in India, Mr. Hazlewood, conceiving my appearance none of the most respectable, commanded me rather haughtily to stand back, and so gave occasion to the fray in which I had the misfortune to be the accidental means of wounding him—And now, sir, that I have answered all your questions"——

"No, no, not quite all," said Pleydell, winking sagaciously; "there are some interrogatories which I shall delay till to-morrow, for it is time, I believe, to close the sederunt for this night, or rather morning."

"Well, then, sir," said the young man, "to vary the phrase, since I have answered all the questions which you have chosen to ask to-night, will you be so good as to tell me who you are that take such interest in my affairs, and whom you take me to be, since my arrival has occasioned such commotion?"

"Why, sir, for myself," replied the counselor, "I am Paulus Pleydell, an advocate at the Scottish bar; and for you, it is not easy to say distinctly who you are at present; but I trust in a short time to hail you by the title of Henry Bertram, Esq., representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland, and heir of tailzie and provision to the estate of Ellangowan. "Ay," con-

tinued he, shutting his eyes and speaking to himself, "we must pass over his father, and serve him heir to his grandfather Lewis, the entailer, the only wise man of his family that I ever heard of."

They had now risen to retire to their apartments for the night, when Colonel Mannering walked up to Bertram, as he stood astonished at the counselor's words. "I give you joy," he said, "of the prospects which fate has opened before you. I was an early friend of your father, and chanced to be in the house of Ellangowan as unexpectedly as you are now in mine, upon the very night on which you were born. I little knew this circumstance when—but I trust unkindness will be forgotten between us. Believe me, your appearance here, as Mr. Brown alive and well, has relieved me from most painful sensations; and your right to the name of an old friend renders your presence, as Mr. Bertram, doubly welcome."

"And my parents!" said Bertram.

"Are both no more—and the family property has been sold, but I trust may be recovered. Whatever is wanted to make your right effectual, I shall be most happy to supply."

"Nay, you may leave all that to me," said the counselor; —"'tis my vocation, Hal, I shall make money of it."

"I'm sure it's no for the like o' me," observed Dinmont, "to speak to you gentlefolks; but if siller would help on the Captain's plea, and they say nae plea gangs on weel without it"——

"Except on Saturday night," said Pleydell.

"Ay, but when your honor wadna take your fee, ye wadna hae the cause neither; sae I'll ne'er fash you on a Saturday at e'en again—But I was saying there's some siller in the spleuchan * that's like the Captain's ain, for we've aye counted it such, baith Ailie and me."

"No, no, Liddlesdale—no occasion, no occasion whatever —keep thy cash to stock thy farm.

"To stock my farm? Mr. Pleydell, your honor kens mony things, but ye dinna ken the farm o' Charlies-hope—it's sae weel stockit already, that we sell maybe sax hundred pounds off it ilka year, flesh and fell thegither—na, na."

"Can't you take another, then?"

"I dinna ken—the Deuke's no that fond o' led farms, and he canna bide to put away the auld tenantry; and then I wadna like mysell to gang about whistling † and raising the rent on my neighbors."

* A spleuchan is a tobacco-pouch, occasionally used as a purse.

† Whistling, among the tenantry of a large estate, is when an individual

"What, not upon thy neighbor at Dawston—Devilstone—how d'ye call the place?"

"What, on Jock o' Dawston?—hout na—he's a camsteary* chield, and fasheous† about marches, and we've had some bits o' splores thegither; but deil o' me if I would wrang Jock o' Dawston neither."

"Thou'rt an honest fellow," said the lawyer; "get thee to bed; thou wilt sleep sounder, I warrant thee, than many a man that throws off an embroidered coat, and puts on a laced night-cap. Colonel, I see you are busy with our *Enfant trouvé*. But Barnes must give me a summons of awakening at seven to-morrow morning, for my servant's a sleepy-headed fellow, and I dare say my clerk Driver, has had Clarence's fate, and is drowned by this time in a butt of your ale; for Mrs. Allen promised to make him comfortable, and she'll soon discover what he expects from that engagement. Good-night, Colonel—good-night, Dominie Sampson—good-night, Dinmont the down-right—good-night, last of all, to the new-found representative of the Bertrams, and the Mac-Dingawaies, the Knarths, the Arths, the Godfreys, the Denises, and the Rolands, and, last, and dearest title, heir of tailzie, and provision of the lands and barony of Ellangowan, under the settlement of Lewis Bertram, Esq., whose representative you are."

And so saying, the old gentleman took his candle and left the room; and the company dispersed, after the Dominie had once more hugged and embraced his "little Harry Bertram," as he continued to call the young soldier of six feet high.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIRST.

———My imagination
Carries no favor in it but Bertram's;
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

AT the hour which he had appointed the preceding evening, the indefatigable lawyer was seated by a good fire and a pair of wax candles, with a velvet cap on his head and a quilted silk

gives such information to the proprietor, or his managers, as to occasion the rent of his neighbor's farms being raised, which for obvious reasons is held a very unpopular practice.

* Obstinate and unruly. † Troublesome.

night-gown on his person, busy arranging his *memoranda* of proofs and indications concerning the murder of Frank Kennedy. An express had also been despatched to Mr. Mac-Morlan, requesting his attendance at Woodbourne as soon as possible, on business of importance. Dinmont, fatigued with the events of the evening before, and finding the accommodations of Woodbourne much preferable to those of Mac-Guffog, was in no hurry to rise. The impatience of Bertram might have put him earlier in motion, but Colonel Mannering had intimated an intention to visit him in his apartment in the morning, and he did not choose to leave it. Before this interview he had dressed himself, Barnes having, by his master's orders, supplied him with every accommodation of linen, etc., and he now anxiously waited the promised visit of his landlord.

In a short time a gentle tap announced the Colonel, with whom Bertram held a long and satisfactory conversation. Each, however, concealed from the other one circumstance. Mannering could not bring himself to acknowledge the astrological prediction; and Bertram was, from motives which may be easily conceived, silent respecting his love for Julia. In other respects, their intercourse was frank, and grateful to both, and had latterly, upon the Colonel's part, even an approach to cordiality. Bertram carefully measured his own conduct by that of his host, and seemed rather to receive his offered kindness with gratitude and pleasure, than to press for it with solicitation.

Miss Bertram was in the breakfast parlor when Sampson shuffled in,—his face all radiant with smiles; a circumstance so uncommon, that Lucy's first idea was, that somebody had been bantering him with an imposition which had thrown him into this ectasy. Having sate for some time, rolling his eyes and gaping with his mouth like the great wooden head at Merlin's exhibition, he at length began—"And what do you think of him, Miss Lucy?"

"Think of whom, Mr. Sampson?" asked the young lady.

"Of Har—no—of him that you know about?" again demanded the Dominie.

"That I know about?" replied Lucy, totally at a loss to comprehend his meaning.

"Yes—the stranger, you know, that came last evening in the post vehicle—he who shot young Hazlewood—ha! ha! ho!" burst forth the Dominie, with a laugh that sounded like neighing.

"Indeed, Mr. Sampson," said his pupil, "you have chosen a strange subject for mirth;—I think nothing about the man—

only I hope the outrage was accidental, and that we need not fear a repetition of it."

"Accidental!—ho! ho! ha!" again whinnied Sampson.

"Really, Mr. Sampson," said Lucy, somewhat piqued, "you are unusually gay this morning."

"Yes, of a surety I am! ha! ha! ho! fa-ce-ti-ous—ho! ho! ha!"

"So unusually facetious, my dear sir," pursued the young lady, "that I would wish rather to know the meaning of your mirth, than to be amused with its effects only."

"You shall know it, Miss Lucy," replied poor Abel—"Do you remember your brother?"

"Good God! how can you ask me?—no one knows better than you, he was lost the very day I was born."

"Very true, very true," answered the Dominie, saddening at the recollection; "I was strangely oblivious—ay, ay—too true—But you remember your worthy father?"

"How should you doubt it, Mr. Sampson? it is not so many weeks since"——

"True, true—ay, too true," replied the Dominie, his Houyhnhnm laugh sinking into a hysterical giggle—"I will be facetious no more under these remembrances—But look at that young man!"

Bertram at this instant entered the room. "Yes, look at him well—he is your father's living image; and as God has deprived you of your dear parents—O my children, love one another!"

"It is indeed my father's face and form," said Lucy, turning very pale. Bertram ran to support her—the Dominie to fetch water to throw upon her face—(which in his haste he took from the boiling tea-urn)—when fortunately her color returning rapidly, saved her from the application of this ill-judged remedy. "I conjure you to tell me, Mr. Sampson," she said, in an interrupted yet solemn voice, "is this my brother?"

"It is! it is, Miss Lucy!—it is little Harry Bertram, as sure as God's sun is in that heaven!"

"And this is my sister!" said Bertram, giving way to all that family affection which had so long slumbered in his bosom for want of an object to expand itself upon.

"It is! it is!—it is Miss Lucy Bertram!" ejaculated Sampson, "whom by my poor aid you will find perfect in the tongues of France and Italy, and even of Spain—in reading and writing her vernacular tongue, and in arithmetic and book-keeping by double and single entry. I say nothing of her talents of shaping, and hemming, and governing a household, which, to give every one their due, she acquired not from me, but from

the housekeeper;—nor do I take merit for her performance upon stringed instruments, whereunto the instructions of an honorable young lady of virtue and modesty, and very facetious withal—Miss Julia Mannering—hath not meanly contributed—*Suum cuique tribuito.*"

"You, then," said Bertram to his sister, "are all that remains to me! Last night, but more fully this morning, Colonel Mannering gave me an account of our family misfortunes, though without saying I should find my sister here."

"That," said Lucy, "he left to this gentleman to tell you,—one of the kindest and most faithful of friends, who soothed my father's long sickness, witnessed his dying moments, and amid the heaviest clouds of fortune would not desert his orphan."

"God bless him for it!" said Bertram, shaking the Dominie's hand; "he deserves the love with which I have always regarded even that dim and imperfect shadow of his memory which my childhood retained."

"And God bless you both, my dear children!" said Sampson: "if it had not been for your sake, I would have been contented (had Heaven's pleasure so been) to lay my head upon the turf beside my patron."

"But I trust," said Bertram—"I am encouraged to hope, we shall all see better days. All our wrongs shall be redressed, since heaven has sent me means and friends to assert my right.

"Friends indeed!" echoed the Dominie, "and, sent, as you truly say, by HIM, to whom I early taught you to look up as the source of all that is good. There is the great Colonel Mannering from the Eastern Indies, a man of war from his birth upward, but who is not the less a man of great erudition, considering his imperfect opportunities; and there is, moreover, the great advocate, Mr. Pleydell, who is also a man of great erudition, but who descendeth to trifles unbeseeming thereof; and there is Mr. Andrew Dinmont, whom I do not understand to have possession of much erudition, but who, like the patriarchs of old, is cunning in that which belongs to flocks and herds. Lastly, there is even I myself, whose opportunities of collecting erudition, as they have been greater than those of the aforesaid valuable persons, have not, if it becomes me so to speak, been pretermitted by me, in so far as my poor faculties have enabled me to profit by them. Of a surety, little Harry, we must speedily resume our studies. I will begin from the foundation—yes, I will reform your education upward from the true knowledge of English grammar, even to that of the Hebrew or Chaldaic tongue."

The reader may observe, that upon this occasion Sampson was infinitely more profuse of words than he had hitherto exhibited himself. The reason was, that in recovering his pupil, his mind went instantly back to their original connection and, he had, in his confusion of ideas, the strongest desire in the world to resume spelling lessons and half-text with young Bertram. This was the more ridiculous, as toward Lucy he assumed no such powers of tuition. But she had grown up under his eye, and had been gradually emancipated from his government by increase in years and knowledge, and a latent sense of his own inferior tact in manners, whereas his first ideas went to take up Harry pretty nearly where he had left him. From the same feelings of reviving authority, he indulged himself in what was to him a profusion of language; and as people seldom speak more than usual without exposing themselves, he gave those whom he addressed plainly to understand, that while he deferred implicitly to the opinion and commands, if they chose to impose them, of almost every one whom he met with, it was under an internal conviction, that in the article of e-ru-di-ti-on, as he usually pronounced the word, he was infinitely superior to them all put together. At present, however, this intimation fell upon heedless ears, for the brother and sister were too deeply engaged in asking and receiving intelligence concerning their former fortunes, to attend much to the worthy Dominie.

When Colonel Mannering left Bertram, he went to Julia's dressing-room, and dismissed her attendant. "My dear sir," she said as he entered, "you have forgot our vigils last night, and have hardly allowed me time to comb my hair, although you must be sensible how it stood on end at the various wonders which took place."

"It is with the inside of your head that I have some business at present, Julia; I will return the outside to the care of your Mrs. Mincing in a few minutes."

"Lord, papa," replied Miss Mannering, "think how entangled all my ideas are, and you to propose to comb them out in a few minutes! If Mincing were to do so in her department, she would tear half the hair out of my head."

"Well then, tell me," said the Colonel, "where the entanglement lies, which I will try to extricate with due gentleness."

"Oh, everywhere," said the young lady—"the whole is a wild dream."

"Well then, I will try to unriddle it."—He gave a brief sketch of the fate and prospects of Bertram, to which Julia listened with an interest which she in vain endeavored to dis-

guise—"Well," concluded her father, "are your ideas on the subject more luminous?"

"More confused than ever, my dear sir," said Julia—"Here is this young man come from India, after he had been supposed dead, like Aboulfouaris the great voyager to his sister Canzade and his provident brother Hour. I am wrong in the story, I believe—Canzade was his wife—but Lucy may represent the one, and the Dominie the other. And then this lively crack-brained Scotch lawyer appears like a pantomime at the end of a tragedy—And then how delightful it will be if Lucy gets back her fortune!"

"Now I think," said the Colonel, "that the most mysterious part of the business is, that Miss Julia Mannering, who must have known her father's anxiety about the fate of this young man Brown, or Bertram, as we must now call him, should have met him when Hazlewood's accident took place, and never once mentioned to her father a word of the matter, but suffered the search to proceed against this young gentleman as a suspicious character and assassin."

Julia, much of whose courage had been hastily assumed to meet the interview with her father, was now unable to rally herself; she hung down her head in silence, after in vain attempting to utter a denial that she recollected Brown when she met him.

"No answer!—Well Julia," continued her father, gravely but kindly, "allow me to ask you, Is this the only time you have seen Brown since his return from India?—Still no answer. I must then naturally suppose that it is *not* the first time?—Still no reply. Julia Mannering, will you have the kindness to answer me? Was it this young man who came under your window and conversed with you during your residence at Mervyn-Hall? Julia, I command—I entreat you to be candid."

Miss Mannering raised her head. "I have been, sir—I believe I am still very foolish;—and it is perhaps more hard upon me that I must meet this gentleman, who has been, though not the cause entirely, yet the accomplice of my folly, in your presence."—Here she made a full stop.

"I am to understand, then," said Mannering, "that this was the author of the serenade at Mervyn-Hall?"

There was something in this allusive change of epithet that gave Julia a little more courage—"He was indeed, sir; and if I am very wrong, as I have often thought, I have some apology."

"And what is that?" answered the Colonel, speaking quick, and with something of harshness.

"I will not venture to name it, sir—but"—She opened a

small cabinet, and put some letters into his hands: "I will give you these, that you may see how this intimacy began, and by whom it was encouraged."

Mannering took the packet to the window—his pride forbade a more distant retreat. He glanced at some passages of the letters with an unsteady eye and an agitated mind. His stoicism, however, came in time to his aid—that philosophy, which rooted in pride, yet frequently bears the fruits of virtue. He returned toward his daughter with as firm an air as his feelings permitted him to assume.

"There is great apology for you, Julia, as far as I can judge from a glance at these letters—you have obeyed at least one parent. Let us adopt the Scotch proverb the Dominie quoted the other day—'Let bygones be bygones, and fair play for the future.'—I will never upbraid you with your past want of confidence—do you judge of my future intentions by my actions, of which hitherto you have surely had no reason to complain. Keep these letters—they were never intended for my eye, and I would not willingly read more of them than I have done, at your desire and for your exculpation. And now, are we friends? or rather do you understand me?"

"O my dear generous father," said Julia, throwing herself into his arms, "why have I ever for an instant misunderstood you?"

"No more of that, Julia," said the Colonel: "we have both been to blame. He that is too proud to vindicate the affection and confidence which he conceives should be given without solicitation, must meet much, and perhaps deserve disappointment. It is enough that one dearest and most regretted member of my family has gone to the grave without knowing me; let me not lose the confidence of a child, who ought to love me if she really loves herself."

"Oh! no danger—no fear!" answered Julia—"let me but have your approbation and my own, and there is no rule you can prescribe so severe that I will not follow."

"Well, my love," kissing her forehead, "I trust we shall not call upon you for anything too heroic. With respect to this young gentleman's addresses, I expect in the first place that all clandestine correspondence—which no young woman can entertain for a moment without lessening herself in her own eyes, and in those of her lover—I request, I say, that clandestine correspondence of every kind may be given up, and that you will refer Mr. Bertram to me for the reason. You will naturally wish to know what is to be the issue of such a reference. In the first place, I desire to observe this young gentleman's

character more closely than circumstances, and perhaps my own prejudices, have permitted formerly—I should also be glad to see his birth established. Not that I am anxious about his getting the estate of Ellangowan, though such a subject is held in absolute indifference nowhere except in a novel; but certainly Henry Bertram, heir of Ellangowan, whether possessed of the property of his ancestors or not, is a very different person from Vanbeest Brown, the son of nobody at all. His fathers, Mr. Pleydell tells me, are distinguished in history as following the banners of their native princes, while our own fought at Cressy and Poictiers. In short, I neither give nor withhold my approbation, but I expect you will redeem past errors; and as you can now unfortunately have recourse only to *one* parent, that you will show the duty of a child, by reposing that confidence in me, which I will say my inclination to make you happy renders a filial debt upon your part."

The first part of this speech affected Julia a good deal; the comparative merit of the ancestors of the Bertrams and Manneringss excited a secret smile; but the conclusion was such as to soften a heart peculiarly open to the feelings of generosity. "No, my dear sir," she said, extending her hand, "receive my faith, that from this moment you shall be the first person consulted respecting what shall pass in future between Brown—I mean Bertram—and me; and that no engagement shall be undertaken by me, excepting what you shall immediately know and approve of. May I ask if Mr. Bertram is to continue a guest at Woodbourne?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel, "while his affairs render it advisable."

"Then, sir, you must be sensible, considering what is already past, that he will expect some reason for my withdrawing—I believe I must say the encouragement, which he may think I have given."

"I expect, Julia," answered Mannering, "that he will respect my roof, and entertain some sense perhaps of the services I am desirous to render him, and so will not insist upon any course of conduct of which I might have reason to complain; and I expect of you, that you will make him sensible of what is due to both."

"Then, sir, I understand you, and you shall be implicitly obeyed."

"Thank you, my love; my anxiety"(kissing her) "is on your account.—Now wipe these witnesses from your eyes, and so to breakfast."

CHAPTER FIFTY-SECOND.

> And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to you,
> That I will by to-morrow dinner time,
> Send him to answer thee, or any man,
> For any thing he shall be charged withal.
>
> 1ST PART OF HENRY IV.

WHEN the several by-plays, as they may be termed, had taken place among the individuals of the Woodbourne family, as we have intimated in the preceding chapter, the breakfast party at length assembled, Dandie excepted, who had consulted his taste in viands, and perhaps in society, by partaking of a cup of tea with Mrs. Allan, just laced with two tea-spoonsful of Cogniac, and reinforced with various slices from a huge round of beef. He had a kind of feeling that he could eat twice as much, and speak twice as much, with this good dame and Barnes, as with the grand folk in the parlor. Indeed, the meal of this less distinguished party was much more mirthful than that in the higher circle, where there was an obvious air of constraint on the greater part of the assistants. Julia dared not raise her voice in asking Bertram if he chose another cup of tea. Bertram felt embarrassed while eating his toast and butter under the eye of Mannering. Lucy, while she indulged to the uttermost her affection for her recovered brother, began to think of the quarrel betwixt him and Hazlewood. The Colonel felt the painful anxiety natural to a proud mind, when it deems its slightest action subject for a moment to the watchful construction of others. The lawyer, while sedulously buttering his roll, had an aspect of unwonted gravity, arising, perhaps, from the severity of his morning studies. As for the Dominie, his state of mind was ecstatic !—He looked at Bertram—he looked at Lucy—he whimpered—he sniggled—he grinned—he committed all manner of solecisms in point of form—poured the whole cream (no unlucky mistake) upon the plate of porridge which was his own usual breakfast—threw the slops of what he called his "crowning dish of tea" into the sugar-dish instead of the slop-basin, and concluded with spilling the scalding liquor upon old Plato, the Colonel's favorite spaniel, who received the libation with a howl that did little honor to his philosophy.

The Colonel's equanimity was rather shaken by this last blunder. "Upon my word, my good friend, Mr. Sampson, you forget the difference between Plato and Zenocrates."

"The former was chief of the Academics, the latter of the Stoics," said the Dominie, with some scorn of the supposition.

"Yes, my dear sir, but it was Zenocrates, not Plato, who denied that pain was an evil."

"I should have thought," said Pleydell, "that very respectable quadruped, which is just now limping out of the room upon three of his four legs, was rather of the Cynic school."

"Very well hit off—But here comes an answer from Mac-Morlan."

It was unfavorable. Mrs. Mac-Morlan sent her respectful compliments, and her husband had been, and was, detained by some alarming disturbances which had taken place the preceding night at Portanferry, and the necessary investigation which they had occasioned.

"What's to be done now, counselor?" said the Colonel to Pleydell.

"Why, I wish we could have seen Mac-Morlan," said the counselor, "who is a sensible fellow himself, and would, besides, have acted under my advice. But there is little harm. Our friend here must be made *sui juris;* he is at present an escaped prisoner; the law has an awkward claim upon him—he must be placed *rectus in curia*,—that is the first object. For which purpose, Colonel, I will accompany you in your carriage down to Hazlewood-House :—the distance is not great. We will offer our bail; and I am confident I can easily show Mr.——I beg his pardon—Sir Robert Hazlewood, the necessity of receiving it."

"With all my heart," said the Colonel; and, ringing the bell, gave the necessary orders. "And what is next to be done?"

"We must get hold of Mac-Morlan, and look out for more proof."

"Proof!" said the Colonel; "the thing is as clear as daylight;—here are Mr. Sampson and Miss Bertram, and you yourself, at once recognize the young gentleman as his father's image; and he himself recollects all the very peculiar circumstances preceding his leaving this country—What else is necessary to conviction?"

"To moral conviction nothing more perhaps," said the experienced lawyer, "but for legal proof a great deal. Mr. Bertram's recollections are his own recollections merely; and therefore are not evidence in his own favor; Miss Bertram, the learned Mr. Sampson, and I, can only say, what every one who knew the late Ellangowan will readily agree in, that this gentle-

man in his very picture—But that will not make him Ellangowan's son, and give him the estate."

"And what will do so?" said the Colonel.

"Why, we must have a distinct probation.—There are these gypsies,—but then, alas! they are almost infamous in the eye of law—scarce capable of bearing evidence, and Meg Merrilies utterly so, by the various accounts which she formerly gave of the matter, and her impudent denial of all knowledge of the fact when I myself examined her respecting it."

"What must be done then?" asked Mannering.

"We must try," answered the legal sage, "what proof can be got at in Holland, among the persons by whom our young friend was educated.—But then the fear of being called in question for the murder of the gauger may make them silent; or if they speak, they are either foreigners or outlawed smugglers. In short, I see doubts."

"Under favor, most learned and honored sir," said the Dominie, "I trust He, who hath restored little Harry Bertram to his friends, will not leave his own work imperfect."

"I trust so too, Mr. Sampson," said Pleydell; "but we must use the means; and I am afraid we shall have more difficulty in procuring them than I at first thought—But a faint heart never won a fair lady—And, by the way" (apart to Miss Mannering, while Bertram was engaged with his sister), "there's a vindication of Holland for you!—what smart fellows do you think Leyden and Utrecht must send forth, when such a very genteel and handsome young man comes from the paltry schools of Middleburgh?"

"Of a verity," said the Dominie, jealous of the reputation of the Dutch seminary—"of a verity, Mr. Pleydell, but I make it known to you that I myself laid the foundation of his education."

"True, my dear Dominie," answered the advocate; "that accounts for his proficiency in the graces, without question.—But here comes your carriage, Colonel. Adieu, young folks; Miss Julia, keep your heart till I come back again—let there be nothing done to prejudice my right, whilst I am *non valens agere*."

Their reception at Hazlewood-house was more cold and formal than usual; for in general the Baronet expressed great respect for Colonel Mannering, and Mr. Pleydell, besides being a man of good family and of high general estimation, was Sir Robert's old friend. But now he seemed dry and embarrassed in his manner. "He would willingly," he said, "receive bail notwithstanding that the offence had been directly perpetrated

committed, and done, against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood; but the young man had given himself a fictitious description, and was altogether that sort of person who should not be liberated, discharged, or let loose upon society; and therefore "——

"I hope, Sir Robert Hazlewood," said the Colonel, "you do not mean to doubt my word, when I assure you that he served under me as a cadet in India?"

"By no means or account whatsoever. But you call him a cadet; now he says, avers, and upholds, that he was a captain, or held a troop in your regiment."

"He was promoted since I gave up the command."

"But you must have heard of it?"

"No. I returned on account of family circumstances from India, and have not since been solicitous to hear particular news from the regiment; the name of Brown, too, is so common, that I might have seen his promotion in the Gazette without noticing it. But a day or two will bring letters from his commanding officer."

"But I am told and informed, Mr. Pleydell," answered Sir Robert, still hesitating, "that he does not mean to abide by this name of Brown, but is to set up a claim to the estate of Ellangowan under the name of Bertram."

"Ay? who says that?" said the counselor.

"Or," demanded the soldier, "whoever says so, does that give a right to keep him in prison?"

"Hush, Colonel," said the lawyer; "I am sure you would not, any more than I, countenance him, if he prove an impostor. —And, among friends, who informed you of this, Sir Robert?"

"Why, a person, Mr. Pleydell," answered the Baronet, "who is peculiarly interested in investigating, sifting, and clearing out this business to the bottom—you will excuse my being more particular."

"Oh, certainly," replied Pleydell; "well, and he says?"——

"He says that it is whispered about among tinkers, gypsies, and other idle persons, that there is such a plan as I mentioned to you, and that this young man, who is a bastard or natural son of the late Ellangowan, is pitched upon as the impostor, from his strong family likeness."

"And was there such a natural son, Sir Robert?" demanded the counselor.

"Oh, certainly, to my own positive knowledge. Ellangowan had him placed as cabin-boy or powder-monkey on board an armed sloop or yacht belonging to the revenue, through the

interest of the late Commissioner Bertram, a kinsman of his own."

"Well, Sir Robert," said the lawyer, taking the word out of the mouth of the impatient soldier—"you have told me news; I shall investigate them, and if I find them true, certainly Colonel Mannering and I will not countenance this young man. In the meanwhile, as we are all willing to make him forthcoming, to answer all complaints against him, I do assure you you will act most illegally, and incur heavy responsibility, if you refuse our bail."

"Why, Mr. Pleydell," said Sir Robert, who knew the high authority of the counselor's opinion, "as you know best, and as you promise to give up this young man"——

"If he proves an impostor," replied the lawyer, with some emphasis.

"Ay, certainly—under that condition I will take your bail; though I must say, an obliging, well-disposed, and civil neighbor of mine, who was himself bred to the law, gave me a hint or caution this morning against doing so. It was from him I learned that this youth was liberated, and had come abroad, or rather had broken prison.—But where shall we find one to draw the bail-bond?"

"Here," said the counselor, applying himself to the bell, "send up my clerk, Mr. Driver—it will not do my character harm if I dictate the needful myself." It was written accordingly, and signed; and the Justice having subscribed a regular warrant for Bertram *alias* Brown's discharge, the visitors took their leave.

Each threw himself into his own corner of the post-chariot, and said nothing for some time. The Colonel first broke silence: "So you intend to give up this poor young fellow at the first brush?"

"Who, I?" replied the counselor; "I will not give up one hair of his head, though I should follow them to the court of last resort on his behalf—but what signified mooting points and showing one's hand to that old ass? Much better he should report to his prompter, Glossin, that we are indifferent or lukewarm in the matter. Besides, I wish to have a peep at the enemies' game."

"Indeed!" said the soldier. "Then I see there are stratagems in law as well as war. Well, and how do you like their line of battle!"

"Ingenious," said Mr. Pleydell, "but I think desperate; they are finessing too much—a common fault on such occasions."

During this discourse the carriage rolled rapidly toward Woodbourne without anything occurring worthy of the reader's

notice, excepting their meeting with young Hazlewood, to whom the Colonel told the extraordinary history of Bertram's re-appearance, which he heard with high delight, and then rode on before to pay Miss Bertram his compliments on an event so happy and so unexpected.

We return to the party at Woodbourne. After the departure of Mannering, the conversation related chiefly to the fortunes of the Ellangowan family, their domains, and their former power. "It was, then, under the towers of my fathers," said Bertram, "that I landed some days since, in circumstances much resembling those of a vagabond? Its mouldering turrets and darksome arches even then awakened thoughts of the deepest interest, and recollection which I was unabled to decipher. I will now visit them again with other feelings, and, I trust, other and better hopes."

"Do not go there now," said his sister. "The house of our ancestors is at present the habitation of a wretch as insidious as dangerous, whose arts and villainy accomplished the ruin and broke the heart of our unhappy father."

"You increase my anxiety," replied her brother, "to confront this miscreant, even in the den he has constructed for himself—I think I have seen him."

"But you must consider," said Julia, "that you are now left under Lucy's guard and mine, and are responsible to us for all your motions—consider I have not been a lawyer's mistress twelve hours for nothing, and I assure you it would be madness to attempt to go to Ellangowan just now.—The utmost to which I can consent is, that we shall walk in a body to the head of the Woodbourne avenue, and from that perhaps we may indulge you with our company as far as a rising ground in the common, whence your eyes may be blessed with a distant prospect of those gloomy towers, which struck so strongly your sympathetic imagination."

The party was speedily agreed upon, and the ladies, having taken their cloaks, followed the route proposed, under the escort of Captain Bertram. It was a pleasant winter morning, and the cool breeze served only to freshen, not to chill, the fair walkers. A secret though unacknowledged bond of kindness combined the two ladies; and Bertram, now hearing the interesting accounts of his own family, now communicating his adventures in Europe and in India, repaid the pleasure which he received. Lucy felt proud of her brother, as well from the bold and manly turn of his sentiments, as from the dangers he had encountered, and the spirit with which he had surmounted them. And Julia, while she pondered on her father's words,

could not help entertaining hopes, that the independent spirit which had seemed to her father presumption in the humble and plebeian Brown, would have the grace of courage, noble bearing, and high blood, in the far-descended heir of Ellangowan.

They reached at length the little eminence or knoll upon the highest part of the common, called Gibbie's-knowe—a spot repeatedly mentioned in this history, as being on the skirts of the Ellangowan estate. It commanded a fair variety of hill and dale, bordered with natural woods, whose naked boughs at this season relieved the general color of the landscape with a dark purple hue; while in other places the prospect was more formally intersected by lines of plantation, where the Scotch firs displayed their variety of dusky green. At the distance of two or three miles lay the bay of Ellangowan, its waves rippling under the influence of the western breeze. The towers of the ruined castle, seen high over every object in the neighborhood, received a brighter coloring from the wintry sun.

"There," said Lucy Bertram, pointing them out in the distance, "there is the seat of our ancestors. God knows, my dear brother, I do not covet in your behalf the extensive power which the lords of these ruins are said to have possessed so long, and sometimes to have used so ill. But, O that I might see you in possession of such relics of their fortune as should give you an honorable independence, and enable you to stretch your hand for the protection of the old and destitute dependents of our family, whom our poor father's death "——

"True, my dearest Lucy," answered the young heir of Ellangowan; "and I trust, with the assistance of Heaven, which has so far guided us, and with that of these good friends, whom their own generous hearts have interested in my behalf, such a consummation of my hard adventures is now not unlikely.—But as a soldier, I must look with some interest upon that worm-eaten hold of ragged stone; and if this undermining scoundrel, who is now in possession, dare to displace a pebble of it "——

He was here interrupted by Dinmont, who came hastily after them up the road, unseen till he was near the party:—"Captain, Captain! ye're wanted—Ye're wanted by her ye ken o'."

And immediately Meg Merrilies, as if emerging out of the earth, ascended from the hollow way, and stood before them. "I sought ye at the house," she said, and found but him," (pointing to Dinmont). "But ye are right," and I was wrang, it is *here* we should meet—on this very spot, where my eyes last saw your father. Remember your promise and follow me."

CHAPTER FIFTY-THIRD.

To hail the king in seemly sort
The ladie was full fain,
But King Arthur, all sore amazed,
No answer made again.
"What wight art thou," the ladie said,
"That will not speak to me?
Sir, I may chance to ease thy pain,
Though I be foul to see."
THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

THE fairy bride of Sir Gawaine, while under the influence of the spell of her wicked stepmother, was more decrepit probably, and what is commonly called more ugly, than Meg Merrilies; but I doubt if she possessed that wild sublimity which an excited imagination communicated to features, marked and expressive in their own peculiar character, and to the gestures of a form, which, her sex considered, might be termed gigantic. Accordingly, the Knights of the Round Table did not recoil with more terror from the apparition of the loathly lady placed between "an oak and a green holly," than Lucy Bertram and Julia Mannering did from the appearance of this Galwegian sibyl upon the common of Ellangowan.

"For God's sake," said Julia, pulling out her purse, "give that dreadful woman something and bid her go away."

"I cannot," said Bertram, "I must not offend her."

"What keeps you here?" said Meg, exalting the harsh and rough tones of her hollow voice—"why do you not follow?—Must your hour call you twice? Do you remember your oath?—were it at kirk or market, wedding or burial,"—and she held high her skinny forefinger in a menacing attitude.

Bertram turned round to his terrified companions. "Excuse me for a moment; I am engaged by a promise to follow this woman."

"Good heavens! engaged to a mad woman?" said Julia.

"Or to a gypsy, who has her band in the wood ready to murder you!" said Lucy.

"That was not spoken like a bairn of Ellangowan," said Meg, frowning upon Miss Bertram. "It is the ill-doers are ill-dreaders."

"In short, I must go," said Bertram—"it is absolutely necessary; wait for me five minutes on this spot."

"Five minutes?" said the gipsy,—"five hours may not bring you here again."

"Do you hear that?" said Julia; "for Heaven's sake do not go!"

"I must, I must—Mr. Dinmont will protect you back to the house."

"No," said Meg, "he must come with you—it is for that he is here. He maun take part wi' hand and heart; and weel his part it is, for redding his quarrel might have cost you dear."

"Troth, Luckie, it's very true," said the steady farmer "and ere I turn back frae the Captain's side I'll show that I haena forgotten't."

"O yes!" exclaimed both the ladies at once—"let Mr. Dinmont go with you, if go you must on this strange summons."

"Indeed I must," answered Bertram, "but you see I am safely guarded—Adieu for a short time; go home as fast as you can."

He pressed his sister's hand, and took a yet more affectionate farewell of Julia with his eyes. Almost stupefied with surprise and fear, the young ladies watched with anxious looks the course of Bertram, his companion, and their extraordinary guide. Her tall figure moved across the wintry heath with steps so swift, so long, and so steady, that she appeared rather to glide than to walk. Bertram and Dinmont, both tall men, apparently scarce equaled her in height, owing to her longer dress and high head-gear. She proceeded straight across the common, without turning aside to the winding path, by which passengers avoided the inequalities and little rills that traversed it in different directions. Thus the diminishing figures often disappeared from the eye, as they dived into such broken ground, and again ascended to sight when they were past the hollow. There was something frightful and unearthly, as it were, in the rapid and undeviating course which she pursued, undeterred by any of the impediments which usually incline a traveler from the direct path. Her way was as straight, and nearly as swift, as that of a bird through the air. At length they reached those thickets of natural wood which extended from the skirts of the common toward the glades and brook of Derncleugh, and were there lost to the view.

"This is very extraordinary!" said Lucy after a pause, and turning round to her companion—"What can he have to do with that old hag?"

"It is very frightful," answered Julia, "and almost reminds me of the tales of sorceresses, witches, and evil genii, which I have heard in India. They believe there is a fascination of the

eye, by which those who possess it control the will and dictate the motions of their victims. What can your brother have in common with that fearful woman, that he should leave us, obviously against his will, to attend to her commands?"

"At least," said Lucy, "we may hold him safe from harm; for she would never have summoned that faithful creature Dinmont, of whose strength, courage, and steadiness Henry said so much, to attend upon an expedition where she projected evil to the person of his friend. And now let us go back to the house till the Colonel returns,—perhaps Bertram may be back first; at any rate, the Colonel will judge what is to be done."

Leaving them upon each other's arm, but yet occasionally stumbling between fear and the disorder of their nerves, they at length reached the head of the avenue, when they heard the tread of a horse behind. They started, for their ears were awake to every sound, and beheld to their great pleasure young Hazlewood. "The Colonel will be here immediately," he said; "I galloped on before to pay my respects to Miss Bertram, with the sincerest congratulations upon the joyful event which has taken place in her family. I long to be introduced to Captain Bertram, and to thank him for the well-deserved lesson he gave to my rashness and indiscretion."

"He has left us just now," said Lucy, "and in a manner that has frightened us very much."

Just at that moment the Colonel's carriage drove up, and, on observing the ladies, stopped, while Mannering and his learned counsel alighted and joined them. They instantly communicated the new cause of alarm.

"Meg Merrilies again!" said the Colonel. "She certainly is a most mysterious and unaccountable personage; but I think she must have something to impart to Bertram, to which she does not mean we should be privy."

"The devil take the bedlamite old woman!" said the counselor: "will she not let things take their course, *prout de lege*, but must always be putting in her oar in her own way?—Then I fear, from the direction they took, they are going upon the Ellangowan estate. That rascal Glossin has shown us what ruffians he has at his disposal—I wish honest Liddesdale may be guard sufficient."

"If you please," said Hazlewood, "I should be most happy to ride in the direction which they have taken. I am so well known in the country, that I scarce think any outrage will be offered in my presence, and I shall keep at such a cautious distance as not to appear to watch Meg, or interrupt any communication which she may make."

"Upon my word," said Pleydell (aside), "to be a sprig, whom I remember with a whey face and a satchel not so very many years ago, I think young Hazlewood grows a fine fellow. —I am more afraid of a new attempt at legal oppression than at open violence, and from that this young man's presence would deter both Glossin and his understrappers. Hie away then, my boy—peer out—peer out;—you'll find them somewhere about Derncleugh, or very probably in Warroch-wood."

Hazlewood turned his horse. "Come back to us to dinner, Hazlewood," cried the Colonel. He bowed, spurred his horse, and galloped off.

We now return to Bertram and Dinmont, who continued to follow their mysterious guide through the woods and dingles, between the open common and the ruined hamlet of Derncleugh. As she led the way, she never looked back upon her followers, unless to chide them for loitering, though the sweat, in spite of the season, poured from their brows. At other times she spoke to herself in such broken expressions as these —"It is to rebuild the auld house—it is to lay the corner-stone and did I not warn him?—I tell'd him I was born to do it, if my father's head had been the stepping-stane, let alane his. I was doomed—still I kept my purpose in the cage and in the stocks;—I was banished—I kept it in an unco land;—I was scourged—I was branded—my resolution lay deeper than scourge or red iron could reach—and now the hour is come!"

"Captain," said Dinmont, in a half whisper, "I wish she binna uncanny! her words dinna seem to come in God's name, or like other folk's. Od, they threep in our country that there *are* sic things."

"Don't be afraid, my friend," whispered Bertram in return.

"Fear'd! fient a haet care I," said the dauntless farmer; "be she witch or deevil, it's a' ane to Dandie Dinmont."

"Haud your peace, gudeman," said Meg, looking sternly over her shoulder; "is this a time or place for you to speak, think ye?"

"But my good friend," said Bertram, "as I have no doubt in your good faith or kindness, which I have experienced, you should in return have some confidence in me—I wish to know where you are leading us."

"There's but ae answer to that, Henry Bertram," said the sibyl.—"I swore my tongue should never tell, but I never said my finger should never show. Go on and meet your fortune, or turn back and lose it—that's a' I hae to say."

"Go on then," answered Bertram; "I will ask no more questions."

They descended into the glen about the same place where Meg had formerly parted from Bertram. She paused an instant beneath the tall rock where he had witnessed the burial of a dead body, and stamped upon the ground, which, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken, showed vestiges of having been recently removed. "Here rests ane," she said, he'll maybe hae neibors sune."

She then moved up the brook until she came to the ruined hamlet, where, pausing with a look of peculiar and softened interest before one of the gables which was still standing, she said, in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn as before. "Do you see that blackit and broken end of a sheeling?—There my kettle boiled for forty years—there I bore twelve buirdly sons and daughters—Where are they now?—Where are the leaves that were on that auld ash-tree at Martinmas!—the west wind has made it bare—and I'm stripped too.—Do you see that saugh-tree?—it's but a blackened rotten stump now—I've sat under it mony a bonnie summer afternoon, when it hung its gay garlands ower the poppling water—I've sat there, and" (elevating her voice) "I held you on my knee, Henry Bertram, and sung ye sangs of the auld barons and their bloody wars—It will ne'er be green again, and Meg Merrilies will never sing sangs mair, be they blithe or sad. But ye'll no forget her?—and ye'll gar big up the auld wa's for her sake?—and let somebody live there that's ower guid to fear them of another world—For if ever the dead came back amang the living, I'll be seen in this glen mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould."

The mixture of insanity and wild pathos with which she spoke these last words, with her right arm bare and extended, her left bent and shrouded beneath the dark red drapery of her mantle, might have been a study worthy of our Siddons herself. "And now," she said, resuming at once the short, stern, and hasty tone which was most ordinary to her—"let us to the wark—let us to the wark."

She then led the way to the promontory on which the Kaim of Derncleugh was situated, produced a large key from her pocket, and unlocked the door. The interior of this place was in better order than formerly. "I have made things decent, she said; "I may be streekit here or night. There will be few, few at Meg's lykewake, for mony of our folk will blame what I hae done, and am to do!"

She then pointed to a table, upon which was some cold meat, arranged with more attention to neatness than could have been

expected from Meg's habits. "Eat," she said, "eat;—ye'll need it this night yet."

Bertram, in complaisance, ate a morsel or two; and Dinmont, whose appetite was unabated either by wonder, apprehension, or the meal of the morning, made his usual figure as a trencherman. She then offered each a single glass of spirits, which Bertram drank diluted, and his companion plain.

"Will ye taste naething yoursell, Luckie?" said Dinmont.

"I shall not need it," replied their mysterious hostess. "And now," she said, "ye maun hae arms—ye mauna gang on dry-handed;—but use them not rashly—take captive, but save life—let the law hae its ain—he maun speak ere he die."

"Who is to be taken, who is to speak?" said Bertram in astonishment, receiving a pair of pistols which she offered him, and which, upon examining, he found loaded and locked.

"The flints are gude," she said, "and the powder dry—I ken this wark weel."

Then, without answering his questions, she armed Dinmont also with a large pistol, and desired them to choose sticks for themselves, out of a parcel of very suspicious-looking bludgeons which she brought from a corner. Bertram took a stout sapling, and Dandie selected a club which might have served Hercules himself. They then left the hut together, and, in doing so, Bertram took an opportunity to whisper to Dinmont, "There's something inexplicable in all this—But we need not use these arms unless we see necessity and lawful occasion—take care to do as you see me do."

Dinmont gave a sagacious nod; and they continued to follow, over wet and over dry, through bog and through fallow the footsteps of their conductress. She guided them to the wood of Warroch by the same track which the late Ellangowan had used when riding to Derncleugh in quest of his child, on the miserable evening of Kennedy's murder.

When Meg Merrilies had attained these groves, through which the wintry sea-wind was now whistling hoarse and shrill, she seemed to pause a moment as if to recollect the way. "We maun go the precise track," she said, and continued to go forward, but rather in a zigzag and involved course, than according to her former steady and direct line of motion. At length she guided them through the mazes of the wood to a little open glade of about a quarter of an acre, surrounded by trees and bushes, which made a wild and irregular boundary. Even in the winter it was a sheltered and snugly sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth sending forth all its wild flowers, the shrubs speading their waste

of blossom around it, and the weeping birches, which towered over the underwood, drooping their long and leafy fibres to intercept the sun, it must have seemed a place for a youthful poet to study his earliest sonnet, or a pair of lovers to exchange their first mutual avowal of affection. Apparently it now awakened very different recollections. Bertram's brow, when he had looked round the spot, became gloomy and embarrassed. Meg, after uttering to herself, "This is the very spot!" looked at him with a ghastly side-glance,—"D'ye mind it?"

"Yes!" answered Bertram, "imperfectly I do."

"Ay!" pursued his guide, "on this very spot the man fell from his horse—I was behind that bourtree-bush at the very moment. Sair, sair he strove, and sair he cried for mercy—but he was in the hands of them that never kenn'd the word!—Now will I show you the further track—the last time ye traveled it was in these arms."

She led them accordingly by a long and winding passage almost overgrown with brushwood, until, without any very perceptible descent, they suddenly found themselves by the seaside. Meg then walked very fast on between the surf and the rocks until she came to a remarkable fragment of rock, detached from the rest. "Here," she said, in a low and scarcely audible whisper, "here the corpse was found."

"And the cave," said Bertram, in the same tone, "is close beside it—are you guiding us there?"

"Yes," said the gypsy in a decided tone. "Bend up both your hearts—follow me as I creep in—I have placed the firewood so as to screen you. Bide behind it for a gliff till I say *The hour and the man are baith come!* then rin in on him, take his arms, and bind him till the blood burst frae his finger nails."

"I will, by my soul!" said Henry—"if he is the man I suppose—Jansen?"

"Ay, Jansen, Hatteraick, and twenty mair names are his."

"Dinmont, you must stand by me now,' said Bertram, "for this fellow is a devil."

"Ye needna doubt that," said the stout yeoman—"But I wish I could mind a bit prayer or I creep after the witch into that hole that she's opening—It wad be a sair thing to leave the blessed sun, and the free air, and gang and be killed, like a tod that's run to earth, in a dungeon like that. But, my sooth, they will be hard-bitten terriers will worry Dandie; so, as I said, deil hae me if I baulk you." This was uttered in the lowest tone of voice possible. The entrance was now open. Meg

crept in upon her hands and knees, Bertram followed, and Dinmont, after giving a rueful glance toward the daylight, whose blessings he was abandoning, brought up the rear.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOURTH.

Die, prophet, in thy speech!
For this, among the rest, was I ordained.
HENRY VI., *Part III.*

THE progress of the Borderer, who, as we have said, was the last of the party, was fearfully arrested by a hand, which caught hold of his leg as he dragged his long limbs after him in silence and perturbation through the low and narrow entrance of the subterranean passage. The steel heart of the bold yeoman had well-nigh given way, and he suppressed with difficulty a shout, which, in the defenceless posture and situation which they then occupied, might have cost all their lives. He contented himself, however, with extracting his foot from the grasp of his unexpected follower. "Be still," said a voice behind him, releasing him; "I am a friend—Charles Hazlewood."

These words were uttered in a very low voice, but they produced sound enough to startle Meg Merrilies, who led the van, and who, having already gained the place where the cavern expanded, had risen upon her feet. She began, as if to confound any listening ear, to growl, to mutter, and to sing aloud, and at the same time to make a bustle among some brushwood which was now heaped in the cave.

"Here—beldam—Deyvil's kind," growled the harsh voice of Dirk Hatteraick from the inside of his den; "what makest thou there?"

"Laying the roughies * to keep the cauld wind frae you, ye desperate do-nae-good—Ye're e'en ower weel off, and wots na;—it will be otherwise soon."

"Have you brought me the brandy, and any news of my people?" said Dirk Hatternick.

"There's the flask for ye. Your people—dispersed—broken—gone—or cut to ribbons by the red coats."

"Der Deyvil!—this coast is fatal to me."

"Ye may hae mair reason to say sae."

While this dialogue went forward, Bertram and Dinmont

* Withered boughs.

had both gained the interior of the cave, and assumed an erect position. The only light which illuminated its rugged and sable precincts was a quantity of wood burnt to charcoal in an iron grate, such as they use in spearing salmon by night. On these red embers Hatteraick from time to time threw a handful of twigs or splintered wood ; but these, even when they blazed up, afforded a light much disproportioned to the extent of the cavern ; and, as its principal inhabitant lay upon the side of the grate most remote from the entrance, it was not easy for him to discover distinctly objects which lay in that direction. The intruders, therefore, whose number was now augmented unexpectedly to three, stood behind the loosely piled branches with little risk of discovery. Dinmont had the sense to keep back Hazlewood with one hand till he whispered to Bertram, "A friend—young Hazlewood."

It was no time for following up the introduction, and they all stood as still as the rocks around them, obscured behind the pile of brushwood, which had been probably placed there to break the cold wind from the sea, without totally intercepting the supply of air. The branches were laid so loosely above each other, that, looking through them toward the light of the fire-grate, they could easily discover what passed in its vicinity, although a much stronger degree of illumination than it afforded would not have enabled the persons placed near the bottom of the cave to have descried them in the position which they occupied.

The scene, independent of the peculiar moral interest and personal danger which attended it, had, from the effect of the light and shade on the uncommon objects which it exhibited, an appearance emphatically dismal. The light in the fire-grate was the dark-red glare of charcoal in a state of ignition, relieved from time to time by a transient flame of a more vivid or duskier light, as the fuel with which Dirk Hatteraick fed his fire was better or worse fitted for his purpose. Now a dark cloud of stifling smoke rose up to the roof of the cavern, and then lighted into a reluctant and sullen blaze, which flashed wavering up the pillar of smoke, and was suddenly rendered brighter and more lively by some drier fuel, or perhaps some splintered fir-timber, which at once converted the smoke into flame. By such fitful irradiation, they could see, more or less distinctly, the form of Hatteraick, whose savage and rugged cast of features, now rendered yet more ferocious by the circumstances of his situation, and the deep gloom of his mind, assorted well with the rugged and broken vault which rose in a rude arch over and around him. The form of Meg Merrilies, which

stalked about him, sometimes in the light, sometimes partially obscured in the smoke or darkness, contrasted strongly with the sitting figure of Hatteraick as he bent over the flame, and from his stationary posture was constantly visible to the spectator, while that of the female flitted around, appearing or disappearing like a spectre.

Bertram felt his blood boil at the sight of Hatteraick. He remembered him well under the name of Jansen, which the smuggler had adopted after the death of Kennedy; and he remembered also, that this Jansen, and his mate Brown, the same who was shot at Woodbourne, had been the brutal tyrants of his infancy. Bertram knew further, from piecing his own imperfect recollections with the narratives of Mannering and Pleydell, that this man was the prime agent in the act of violence which tore him from his family and country, and had exposed him to so many distresses and dangers. A thousand exasperating reflections rose within his bosom; and he could hardly refrain from rushing upon Hatteraick and blowing his brains out.

At the same time this would have been no safe adventure. The flame, as it rose and fell, while it displayed the strong, muscular, and broad-chested frame of the ruffian, glanced also upon two brace of pistols in his belt, and upon the hilt of his cutlass: it was not to be doubted that his desperation was commensurate with his personal strength and means of resistance. Both, indeed, were inadequate to encounter the combined power of two such men as Bertram himself and his friend Dinmont, without reckoning their unexpected assistant Hazlewood, who was unarmed, and of a slighter make; but Bertram felt, on a moment's reflection, that there would be neither sense nor valor in anticipating the hangman's office, and he considered the importance of making Hatteraick prisoner alive;—he therefore repressed his indignation, and awaited what should pass between the ruffian and his gypsy guide.

"And how are ye now?" said the harsh and discordant tones of his female attendant: "Said I not it would come upon you—ay, and in this very cave, where ye harbored after the deed?"

"Wetter and sturm, ye hag!" replied Hatteraick, "keep your deyvil's matins till they're wanted.—Have you seen Glossin?"

"No," replied Meg Merrilies; "you've missed your blow, ye blood-spiller! and ye have nothing to expect from the tempter."

"Hagel!" exclaimed the ruffian, "if I had him but by the throat!—And what am I to do then?"

"Do?" answered the gypsy;—"die like a man, or be hanged like a dog!"

"Hanged, ye hag of Satan!—the hemp's not sown that shall hang me."

"It's sown, and its grown, and it's heckled, and it's twisted. Did I not tell ye, when ye wad take away the boy Harry Bertram, in spite of my prayers—did I not say he would come back when he had dree'd his weird in foreign land till his twenty-first year?—did I not say the auld fire would burn down to a spark, but wad kindle again?"

"Well, mother, you did say so," said Hatteraick, in a tone that had something of despair in its accents; "and donner and blitzen! I believe you spoke the truth—that younker of Ellangowan has been a rock a-head to me all my life!—and now, with Glossin's cursed contrivance, my crew have been cut off, my boats destroyed, and I dare say the lugger's taken—there were not men enough left on board to work her, far less to fight her—a dredge-boat might have taken her.—And what will the owners say?—Hagel and sturm! I shall never dare go back again to Flushing."

"You'll never need," said the gypsy.

"What are you doing there?" said her companion: "and that makes you say that?"

During this dialogue, Meg was heaping some flax loosely together. Before answer to this question, she dropped a firebrand upon the flax, which had been previously steeped in some spirituous liquor, for it instantly caught fire, and rose in a vivid pyramid of the most brilliant light up to the very top of the vault. As it ascended, Meg answered the ruffian's question in a firm and steady voice:—"*Because the Hour's come, and the Man.*"

At the appointed signal, Bertram and Dinmont sprung over the brushwood, and rushed upon Hatteraick. Hazlewood, unacquainted with their plan of assault, was a moment later. The ruffian, who instantly saw he was betrayed, turned his first vengeance on Meg Merrilies, at whom he discharged a pistol. She fell, with a piercing and dreadful cry, between the shriek of pain and the sound of laughter, when at its highest and most suffocating height. "I kenn'd it would be this way," she said.

Bertram, in his haste, slipped his foot upon the uneven rock which floored the cave,—a fortunate stumble, for Hatteraick's second bullet whistled over him with so true and steady an aim, that had he been standing upright, it must have lodged in his brain. Ere the smuggler could draw another pistol, Dinmont closed with him, and endeavored by main force to pinion down

his arms. Such, however, was the wretch's personal strength, joined to the efforts of his despair, that, in spite of the gigantic force with which the Borderer grappled him, he dragged Dinmont through the blazing flax, and had almost succeeded in drawing a third pistol, which might have proved fatal to the honest farmer, had not Bertram, as well as Hazlewood, come to his assistance, when, by main force, and no ordinary exertion of it, they threw Hatteraick on the ground, disarmed him, and bound him. This scuffle, though it takes up some time in the narrative, passed in less than a single minute. When he was fairly mastered, after one or two desperate and almost convulsionary struggles, the ruffian lay perfectly still and silent. "He's gaun to die game ony how," said Dinmont: "weel, I like him na the waur for that."

This observation honest Dandie made while he was shaking the blazing flax from his rough coat and shaggy black hair, some of which had been singed in the scuffle. "He is quiet now," said Bertram;—"stay by him, and do not permit him to stir till I see whether the poor woman be alive or dead." With Hazlewood's assistance he raised Meg Merrilies.

"I kenn'd it would be this way," she muttered, "and it's e'en this way that it should be."

The ball had penetrated the breast below the throat. It did not bleed much externally; But Bertram, accustomed to see gun-shot wounds, thought it the more alarming. "Good God! what shall we do for this poor woman?" said he to Hazlewood, —the circumstances superseding the necessity of previous explanation or introduction to each other.

"My horse stands tied above in the wood," said Hazlewood —"I have been watching you these two hours—I will ride off for some assistance that may be trusted. Meanwhile, you had better defend the mouth of the cavern against everyone until I return." He hastened away. Bertram, after binding Meg Merrilies's wound as well as he could, took station near the mouth of the cave with a cocked pistol in his hand; Dinmont continued to watch Hatteraick, keeping a grasp, like that of Hercules, on his breast. There was a dead silence in the cavern, only interrupted by the low and suppressed moaning of the wounded female, and by the hard breathing of the prisoner.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIFTH.

For though seduced and led astray
Thou'st traveled far and wandered long,
Thy God hath seen thee all the way,
And all the turns that led thee wrong.
THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

AFTER the space of about three quarters of an hour, which the uncertainty and danger of their situation made seem almost thrice as long, the voice of young Hazlewood was heard without. "Here I am," he cried, "with a sufficient party."

"Come in then," answered Bertram, not a little pleased to find his guard relieved. Hazlewood then entered, followed by two or three countrymen, one of whom acted as a peace-officer. They lifted Hatteraick up, and carried him in their arms as far as the entrance of the vault was high enough to permit them; then laid him on his back, and dragged him along as well as they could, for no persuasion would induce him to assist the transportation by any exertion of his own. He lay as silent and inactive in their hands as a dead corpse, incapable of opposing, but in no way aiding their operations. When he was dragged into daylight, and placed erect upon his feet among three or four assistants, who had remained without the cave, he seemed stupefied and dazzled by the sudden change from the darkness of his cavern. While others were superintending the removal of Meg Merrilies, those who remained with Hatteraick attempted to make him sit down upon a fragment of rock which lay close upon the high-water mark. A strong shuddering convulsed his iron frame for an instant, as he resisted their purpose. "Not there—Hagel!—you would not make me sit *there?*"

These were the only words he spoke; but their import, and the deep tone of horror in which they were uttered, served to show what was passing in his mind.

When Meg Merrilies had also been removed from the cavern, with all the care for her safety that circumstances admitted, they consulted where she should be carried. Hazlewood had sent for a surgeon, and proposed that she should be lifted in the meantime to the nearest cottage. But the patient exclaimed with great earnestness, "Na, na, na!—to the Kaim o' Derncleugh—the Kaim o' Derncleugh;—the spirit will not free itself o' the flesh but there."

"You must indulge her, I believe," said Bertram;—"her troubled imagination will otherwise aggravate the fever of the wound."

They bore her accordingly to the vault. On the way her mind seemed to run more upon the scene which had just passed, than on her own approaching death. "There were three of them set upon him; I brought the twasome—but wha was the third?—It would be *himsell* returned to work his ain vengeance!"

It was evident that the unexpected appearance of Hazlewood, whose person the outrage of Hatteraick left her no time to recognize, had produced a strong effect on her imagination. She often recurred to it. Hazlewood accounted for his unexpected arrival to Bertram by saying that he had kept them in view for some time by the direction of Mannering; that, observing them disappear into the cave, he had crept after them, meaning to announce himself and his errand, when his hand in the darkness encountering the leg of Dinmont, had nearly produced a catastrophe, which indeed, nothing but the presence of mind and fortitude of the bold yeoman could have averted.

When the gipsy arrived at the hut, she produced the key; and when they entered, and were about to deposit her upon the bed, she said in an anxious tone, "Na, na! not that way—the feet to the east;" and appeared gratified when they reversed her posture accordingly, and placed her in that appropriate to a dead body.

"Is there no clergyman near," said Bertram, "to assist this unhappy woman's devotions?"

A gentleman, the minister of the parish, who had been Charles Hazlewood's tutor, had, with many others, caught the alarm that the murderer of Kennedy was taken on the spot where the deed had been done so many years before, and that a woman was mortally wounded. From curiosity, or rather from the feeling that his duty called him to scenes of distress, this gentleman had come to the Kaim of Derncleugh, and now presented himself. The surgeon arrived at the same time, and was about to probe the wound; but Meg resisted the assistance of either. "It's no what man can do, that will heal my body, or save my spirit. Let me speak what I have to say, and then ye may work your will—I'se be nae hinderance. But where's Henry Bertram?"—The assistants, to whom this name had been long a stranger, gazed upon each other.—"Yes!" she said, in a stronger and harsher tone, "I said *Henry Bertram of Ellangowan.* Stand from the light and let me see him."

All eyes were turned toward Bertram, who approached the wretched couch. The wounded woman took hold of his hand. "Look at him," she said, "all that ever saw his father or his grandfather; and bear witness if he is not their living image?" A murmur went through the crowd—the resemblance was too striking to be denied. "And now hear me—and let that man," pointing to Hatteraick, who was seated with his keepers on a sea-chest at some distance—"let him deny what I say, if he can. That is Henry Bertram, son to Godfrey Bertram, unquhile of Ellangowan; that young man is the very lad-bairn that Dirk Hatteraick carried off from Warroch-wood the day that he murdered the gauger. I was there like a wandering spirit—for I longed to see that wood or we left the country. I saved the bairn's life, and sair, sair I prigged and prayed they would leave him wi' me—But they bore him away, and he's been lang ower the sea, and now he's come for his ain, and what should withstand him? I swore to keep the secret till he was ane-an'-twenty—I kenn'd he behoved to dree his weird till that day cam—I keepit that oath which I took to them—but I made another vow to mysell, and if I lived to see the day of his return, I would set him in his father's seat, if every step was on a dead man. I have keepit that oath too;—I will be a step mysell—he" (pointing to Hatteraick) "will soon be another, and there will be ane mair yet."

The clergyman now interposing, remarked it was a pity this deposition was not regularly taken and written down, and the surgeon urged the necessity of examining the wound, previously to exhausting her by questions. When she saw them removing Hatteraick, in order to clear the room and leave the surgeon to his operations, she called out aloud, raising herself at the same time upon the couch, "Dirk Hatteraick, you and I will never meet again until we are before the judgment-seat—Will ye own to what I have said, or will you dare deny it?"—He turned his hardened brow upon her, with a look of dumb and inflexible defiance. "Dirk Hatteraick, dare ye deny, with my blood upon your hands, one word of what my dying breath is uttering?" He looked at her with the same expression of hardihood and dogged stubbornness, and moved his lips, but uttered no sound. "Then fareweel!" she said, "and God forgive you!—your hand has sealed my evidence. When I was in life, I was the mad randy gipsy, that had been scourged, and banished, and branded—that had begged from door to door, and been hounded like a stray tike from parish to parish—wha would hae minded *her* tale? But now I am a dying woman,

and my words will not fall to the ground, any more than the earth will cover my blood!"

She here paused, and all left the hut except the surgeon and two or three women. After a very short examination, he shook his head, and resigned his post by the dying woman's side to the clergyman.

A chaise returning empty to Kippletringan had been stopped on the high-road by a constable, who foresaw it would be necessary to convey Hatteraick to jail. The driver, understanding what was going on at Derncleugh, left his horses to the care of a blackguard boy, confiding, it is to be supposed, rather in the years and discretion of the cattle, than in those of their keeper, and set off full speed, to see, as he expressed himself, "whaten a sort o' fun was gaun on." He arrived just as the group of tenants and peasants, whose numbers increased every moment, satiated with gazing upon the rugged features of Hatteraick, had turned their attention toward Bertram. Almost all of them, especially the aged men who had seen Ellangowan in his better days, felt and acknowledged the justice of Meg Merrilies's appeal. But the Scotch are a cautious people;—they remembered there was another in possession of the estate, and they as yet only expressed their feelings in low whispers to each other. Our friend Jock Jabos, the postilion, forced his way into the middle of the circle; but no sooner cast his eyes upon Bertram, than he started back in amazement, with a solemn exclamation, "As sure as there's breath in man, it's auld Ellangowan arisen from the dead!"

This public declaration of an unprejudiced witness was just the spark wanted to give fire to the popular feeling, which burst forth in three distinct shouts:—"Bertram forever!"—"Long life to the heir of Ellangowan!"—"God send him his ain, and to live among us as his forbears did of yore!"

"I hae been seventy years on the land," said one person.

"I and mine hae been seventy and seventy to that," said another; "I have a right to ken the glance of a Bertram."

"I and mine hae been three hundred years here," said another old man, "and I sall sell my last cow, but I'll see the young laird placed in his right."

The women, ever delighted with the marvelous, and not less so when a handsome young man is the subject of the tale, added their shrill acclamations to the general all-hail.—"Blessings on him—he's the very picture o' his father!—the Bertrams were aye the wale o' the country side!"

"Eh! that his puir mother, that died in grief and in doubt

about him, had but lived to see this day!" exclaimed some female voices.

"But we'll help him to his ain, kimmers," cried others; "and before Glossin sall keep the Place of Ellangowan, we'll howk him out o't wi' our nails!"

Others crowded around Dinmont, who was nothing loth to tell what he knew of his friend, and to boast the honor which he had in contributing to the discovery. As he was known to several of the principal farmers present, his testimony afforded an additional motive to the general enthusiasm. In short, it was one of those moments of intense feeling, when the frost of the Scottish people melts like a snow-wreath, and the dissolving torrent carries dam and dyke before it.

The sudden shouts interrupted the devotions of the clergyman; and Meg, who was in one of those dozing fits of stupefaction that precede the close of existence, suddenly started—"Dinna ye hear?—dinna ye hear?—he's owned!—he's owned!—I lived but for this.—I am a sinfu' woman; but if my curse brought it down, my blessing has taen it off! And now I wad hae liked to hae said mair. But it canna be. Stay"—she continued, stretching her head toward the gleam of light that shot through the narrow slit which served for a window—"Is he not there?—stand out o' the light, and let me look upon him ance mair. But the darkness is in my ain een," she said, sinking back, after an earnest gaze upon vacuity—"it's a' ended now,

Pass breath,
Come death!"

And, sinking back upon her couch of straw, she expired without a groan. The clergyman and the surgeon carefully noted down all that she had said, now deeply regretting they had not examined her more minutely, but both remaining morally convinced of the truth of her disclosure.

Hazlewood was the first to compliment Bertram upon the near prospect of his being restored to his name and rank in society. The people around, who had learned from Jabos that Bertram was the person who had wounded him, were struck with his generosity, and added his name to Bertram's in their exulting acclamations.

Some, however, demanded of the postilion how he had not recognized Bertram when he saw him some time before at Kippletringan?—to which he gave the very natural answer—"Hout, what was I thinking about Ellangowan then?—It was the cry that was rising e'en now that the young laird was found

that put me on finding out the likeness.—There was nae missing it ance ane was set to look for't."

The obduracy of Hatteraick, during the the latter part of this scene, was in some slight degree shaken. He was observed to twinkle with his eyelids—to attempt to raise his bound hands for the purpose of pulling his hat over his brow—to look angrily and impatiently to the road, as if anxious for the vehicle which was to remove him from the spot.—At length Mr. Hazlewood, apprehensive that the popular ferment might take a direction toward the prisoner, directed he should be taken to the post-chaise, and so removed to the town of Kipple-tringan, to be at Mr. Mac-Morlan's disposal; at the same time he sent an express to warn that gentleman of what had happened. —"And now," he said to Bertram, "I should be happy if you would accompany me to Hazlewood-House; but as that might not be so agreeable just now as I trust it will be in a day or two, you must allow me to return with you to Woodbourne. But you are on foot."—"O, if the young laird would take my horse!"—"Or mine"—"Or mine," said half a dozen voices—"Or mine; he can trot ten mile an hour without whip or spur, and he's the young laird's frae this moment, if he likes to take him for a herezeld,* as they ca'd it lang syne."—Bertram readily accepted the horse as a loan, and poured forth his thanks to the assembled crowd for their good wishes, which they repaid with shouts and vows of attachment.

While the happy owner was directing one lad to "gae down for the new saddle;" another, "just to rin the beast ower wi' a dry wisp o' strae;" a third, "to hie down and borrow Dan Dunkieson's plated stirrups," and expressing his regret "that there was na time to gie the nag a feed, that the young laird might ken his mettle,"—Bertram, taking the clergyman by the arm walked into the vault, and shut the door immediately after them. He gazed in silence for some minutes upon the body of Meg Merrilies, as it lay before him, with the features sharpened by death, yet still retaining the stern and energetic character which had maintained in life her superiority as the wild chieftainess of the lawless people amongst whom she was born. The young soldier dried the tears which involuntarily rose on viewing this wreck of one, who might be said to have died a victim to her fidelity to his person and family. He then

* In the old feudal tenures, the herezeld constituted the best horse or other animal on the vassals' lands, which the law authorized the superior to claim. The only remnant of this custom is what is called the sasine, or a fee of certain estimated value, paid to the sheriff of the county who gives possession to the vassals of the crown.

took the clergyman's hand, and asked solemnly, if she appeared able to give that attention to his devotions which befitted a departing person.

"My dear sir," said the good minister, "I trust this poor woman had remaining sense to feel and join in the import of my prayers. But let us humbly hope we are judged of by our opportunities of religious and moral instruction. In some degree she might be considered as an uninstructed heathen, even in the bosom of a Christian country;—and let us remember, that the errors and vices of an ignorant life were balanced by instances of disinterested attachment amounting almost to heroism. To HIM, who can alone weigh our crimes and errors against our efforts toward virtue, we consign her with awe, but not without hope."

"May I request," said Bertram, "that you will see every decent solemnity attended to in behalf of this poor woman? I have some property belonging to her in my hands—at all events, I will be answerable for the expense—You will hear of me at Woodbourne."

Dinmont who had been furnished with a horse by one of his acquaintance, now loudly called out that all was ready for their return; and Bertram and Hazlewood, after a strict exhortation to the crowd, which was now increased to several hundreds, to preserve good order in their rejoicing, as the least ungoverned zeal might be turned to the disadvantage of the young Laird, as they termed him, took their leave amid the shouts of the multitude.

As they rode past the ruined cottages at Derncleugh, Dinmont said, "I'm sure when ye come to your ain, Captain, ye'll no forget to bigg a bit cot-house there? Deil be in me but I wad do't mysell, an it werena in better hands. I wadna like to live in't though, after what she said. Od, I wad put in auld Elspeth, the bedral's widow—the like o' them's used wi' graves and ghaists, and thae things."

A short but brisk ride brought them to Woodbourne. The news of their exploit had already flown far and wide, and the whole inhabitants of the vicinity met them on the lawn with shouts of congratulation. "That you have seen me alive," said Bertram to Lucy, who first ran up to him, though Julia's eyes even anticipated hers, "you must thank these kind friends."

With a blush expressing at once pleasure, gratitude, and bashfulness, Lucy courtesied to Hazlewood, but to Dinmont she frankly extended her hand. The honest farmer, in the extravagance of his joy, carried his freedom further than the hint

warranted, for he imprinted his thanks on the lady's lips, and was instantly shocked at the rudeness of his own conduct.

"Lord sake, madam, I ask your pardon," he said; "I forgot but ye had been a bairn o' my ain—the Captain's sae hamely, he gars ane forget himsell."

Old Pleydell now advanced: "Nay, if fees like these are going," he said——

"Stop, stop, My. Pleydell," said Julia, "you had your fees beforehand—remember last night."

"Why, I do confess a retainer," said the barrister; "but if I don't deserve double fees from both Miss Bertram and you when I conclude my examination of Dirk Hatteraick to morrow—Gad, I will so supple him!—You shall see, Colonel, and you, my saucy Misses, though you may not see, shall hear."

"Ay, that's if we choose to listen, counselor," replied Julia.

"And you think," said Pleydell, "it's two to one you won't choose that? But you have curiosity that teaches you the use of your ears now and then."

"I declare, counselor," answered the lively damsel, "that such saucy bachelors as you would teach us the use of our fingers now and then."

"Reserve them for the harpsichord, my love," said the counselor—"Better for all parties."

While this idle chat ran on, Colonel Mannering introduced to Bertram a plain good-looking man, in a gray coat and waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and boots. "This, my dear sir, is Mr. Mac-Morlan."

"To whom," said Bertram, embracing him cordially, "my sister was indebted for a home, when deserted by all her natural friends and relations."

The Dominie then pressed forward, grinned, chuckled, made a diabolical sound in attempting to whistle, and finally, unable to stifle his emotions, ran away to empty the feelings of his heart at his eyes.

We shall not attempt to describe the expansion of heart and glee of this happy evening.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIXTH.

———How like a hateful ape.
Detected grinning 'midst his pilfered hoard,
A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds
Are opened to the day !——

COUNT BASIL.

THERE was a great movement at Woodbourne early on the following morning, to attend the examination at Kippletringan. Mr. Pleydell, from the investigation which he had formerly bestowed on the dark affair of Kennedy's death, as well as from the general deference due to his professional abilities, was requested by Mr. Mac-Morlan and Sir Robert Hazlewood, and another justice of peace who attended, to take the situation of chairman, and the lead in the examination. Colonel Mannering was invited to sit down with them. The examination, being previous to trial, was private in other respects.

The counselor resumed and re-interrogated former evidence. He then examined the clergyman and surgeon respecting the dying declaration of Meg Merrilies. They stated, that she distinctly, positively, and repeatedly, declared herself an eye-witness of Kennedy's death by the hands of Hatteraick, and two or three of his crew ; that her presence was accidental ; that she believed their resentment at meeting him, when they were in the act of losing their vessel through the means of his information, led to the commission of the crime ; that she said there was one witness of the murder, but who refused to participate in it, still alive,—her nephew, Gabriel Faa ; and she had hinted at another person who was an accessory after, not before the fact ; but her strength there failed her. They did not forget to mention her declaration, that she had saved the child. and that he was torn from her by the smugglers, for the purpose of carrying him to Holland—All these particulars were carefully reduced to writting.

Dirk Hatteraick was then brought in, heavily ironed ; for he had been strictly secured and guarded, owing to his former escape. He was asked his name ; he made no answer :—His profession ; he was silent :—Several other questions were put ; to none of which he returned any reply. Pleydell wiped the glasses of his spectacles, and considered the prisoner very attentively. " A very truculent-looking fellow," he whispered to Mannering ; " but, as Dogberry says, I'll go cunningly to work

with him.—Here, call in Soles—Soles the shoemaker.—Soles, do you remember measuring some footsteps imprinted on the mud at the wood of Warroch, on —— November 17—, by my orders?" Soles remembered the circumstances perfectly.—"Look at that paper—is that your note of the measurement?" Soles verified the memorandum.—"Now, there stands a pair of shoes on that table; measure them, and see if they correspond with any of the marks you have noted there." The shoemaker obeyed, and declared, "that they answered exactly to the largest of the foot-prints."

"We shall prove," said the counselor, aside to Mannering, "that these shoes, which were found in the ruins at Derncleugh, belonged to Brown, the fellow whom you shot on the lawn at Woodbourne.—Now, Soles, measure that prisoner's feet very accurately."

Mannering observed Hatteraick strictly, and could notice a visible tremor. "Do these measurements correspond with any of the foot-prints?"

The man looked at the note, then at his foot-rule and measure—then verified his former measurement by a second, "They correspond," he said, "within a hair-breadth, to a foot-mark broader and shorter than the former."

Hatteraick's genius here deserted him—"Der deyvil!" he broke out, "how could there be a foot-mark on the ground, when it was a frost as hard as the heart of a Memel log?"

"In the evening, I grant you, Captain Hatteraick," said Pleydell, "but not in the forenoon—Will you favor me with information where you were upon the day you remember so exactly?"

Hatteraick saw his blunder, and again screwed up his hard features for obstinate silence.—"Put down his observation, however," said Pleydell to the clerk.

At this moment the door opened, and, much to the surprise of most present, Mr. Gilbert Glossin made his appearance. That worthy gentleman had, by dint of watching and eavesdropping, ascertained that he was not mentioned by name in Meg Merrilies's dying declaration—a circumstance certainly not owing to any favorable disposition toward him, but to the delay of taking her regular examination, and to the rapid approach of death. He therefore supposed himself safe from all evidence but such as might arise from Hatteraick's confession; to prevent which, he resolved to push a bold face, and join his brethren of the bench during his examination.—"I shall be able," he thought, "to make the rascal sensible his safety lies in keeping his own counsel and mine; and my presence, be-

sides, will be a proof of confidence and innocence. If I must lose the estate, I must—but I trust better things."

He entered with a profound salutation to Sir Robert Hazlewood. Sir Robert, who had rather begun to suspect that his plebeian neighbor had made a cat's paw of him, inclined his head stiffly, took snuff, and looked another way.

"Mr. Corsand," said Glossin to the other yoke-fellow of justice, "your most humble servant."

"Your humble servant, Mr. Glossin," answered Mr. Corsand, dryly, composing his countenance *regis ad exemplar*,—that is to say, after the fashion of the Baronet.

"Mac-Morlan, my worthy friend," continued Glossin, "how d'ye do—always on your duty?"

"Umph," said honest Mac-Morlan, with little respect either to the compliment or salutation—"Colonel Mannering" (a low bow slightly returned), "and Mr. Pleydell" (another low bow), "I dared not have hoped for your assistance to poor country gentlemen at this period of the session."

Pleydell took snuff, and eyed him with a glance equally shrewd and sarcastic—"I'll teach him," he said aside, to Mannering, "the value of the old admonition, *Ne accesseris in consilium antequam voceris*."

"But perhaps I intrude, gentlemen" said Glossin, who could not fail to observe the coldness of his reception—"Is this an open meeting?"

"For my part," said Mr. Pleydell, "so far from considering your attendance as an intrusion, Mr. Glossin, I was never so pleased in my life to meet with you; especially as I think we should, at any rate, have had occasion to request the favor of your company in the course of the day."

"Well, then, gentlemen," said Glossin, drawing his chair to the table, and begin to bustle about among the papers, "where are we?—how far have we got? where are the declarations?"

"Clerk, give me all these papers," said Mr. Pleydell,—"I have an odd way of arranging my documents, Mr. Glossin—another person touching them puts me out; but I shall have occasion for your assistance by and by."

Glossin, thus reduced to inactivity, stole one glance at Dirk Hatteraick, but could read nothing in his dark scowl save malignity and hatred to all around. "But, gentlemen, said Glossin, "is it quite right to keep this poor man so heavily ironed, when he is taken up merely for examination?"

This was hoisting a kind of friendly signal to the prisoner.

" He has escaped once before," said Mac-Morlan dryly, and Glossin was silenced.

Bertram was now introduced, and to Glossin's confusion, was greeted in the most friendly manner by all present, even by Sir Robert Hazlewood himself. He told his recollections of his infancy with that candor and caution of expression which afforded the best warrant for his good faith. " This seems to be rather a civil than a criminal question," said Glossin, rising, " and as you cannot be ignorant, gentlemen, of the effect which this young person's pretended parentage may have on my patrimonial interest, I would rather beg leave to retire."

" No, my good sir," said Mr. Pleydell—" we can by no means spare you. But why do you call this young man's claims pretended ?—I don't mean to fish for your defences against them, if you have any, but "——

" Mr. Pleydell," replied Glossin, " I am always disposed to act above-board, and I think I can explain the matter at once. This young fellow, whom I take to be a natural son of the late Ellangowan, has gone about the country for some weeks under different names, cabaling with a wretched old mad-woman, who, I understand, was shot in a late scuffle, and with other tinkers, gypsies, and persons of that description, and a great brute farmer from Liddesdale, stirring up the tenants against their landlords, which, as Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood knows "——

" Not to interrupt you, Mr. Glossin," said Pleydell, " I ask who you say this young man is ? "

" Why, I say," replied Glossin, " and I believe that gentleman " (looking at Hatteraick) " knows that the young man is a natural son of the late Ellangowan by a girl called Janet Lightoheel, who was afterward married to Hewit, the shipwright, that lived in the neighborhood of Annan. His name is Godfrey Bertram Hewit, by which name he was entered on board the Royal Caroline excise yacht."

" Ay ! " said Pleydell,—" that is a very likely story !—but, not to pause upon some difference of eyes, complexion, and so forth—be pleased to step forward, sir.—A young seafaring man came forward.—" Here," proceeded the counselor, " is the real Simon pure—here's Godfrey Bertram Hewit, arrived last night from Antigua *viâ* Liverpool, mate of a West Indian, and in a fair way of doing well in the world, although he came somewhat irregularly into it."

While some conversation passed between the other justices and this young man, Pleydell lifted from among the papers on the table Hatteraick's old pocket-book. A peculiar glance of

the smuggler's eye induced the shrewd lawyer to think there was something here of interest. He therefore continued the examination of the papers, laying the book on the table, but instantly perceived that the prisoner's interest in the research had cooled.—"It must be in the book still, whatever it is," thought Pleydell; and again applied himself to the pocket-book, until he discovered, on a narrow scrutiny, a slit, between the pasteboard and leather, out of which he drew three small slips of paper. Pleydell now, turning to Glossin, "requested the favor that he would tell them if he had assisted at the search for the body of Kennedy, and the child of his patron, on the day when they disappeared."

"I did not—that is—I did," answered the conscience-struck Glossin.

"It is remarkable, though," said the advocate, "that, "connected as you were with the Ellangowan family, I don't recollect your being examined, or even appearing before me, while that investigation was proceeding?"

"I was called to London," answered Glossin, "on most important business, the morning after that sad affair."

"Clerk," said Pleydell, "minute down that reply.—I presume the business, Mr. Glossin, was to negotiate these three bills, drawn by you on Messrs. Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and accepted by one Dirk Hatteraick in their name, on the very day of the murder. I congratulate you on their being regularly retired, as I perceive they have been. I think the chances were against it." Glossin's countenance fell. "This piece of real evidence," continued Mr. Pleydell, "makes good the account given of your conduct on this occasion by a man called Gabriel Faa, whom we have now in custody, and who witnessed the whole transaction between you and that worthy prisoner—Have you any explanation to give?"

"Mr. Pleydell," said Glossin with great composure, "I presume, if you were my counsel, you would not advise me to answer upon the spur of the moment to a charge, which the basest of mankind seem ready to establish by perjury."

"My advice," said the counselor, "would be regulated by my opinion of your innocence or guilt. In your case, I believe you take the wisest course; but you are aware you must stand committed?"

"Committed?—for what, sir?" replied Glossin; "upon a charge of murder?"

"No; only as art and part of kidnapping the child."

"That is a bailable offence."

"Pardon me," said Pleydell, "it is *plagium*, and *plagium* is felony."

"Forgive me, Mr. Pleydell;—there is only one case upon record, Torrence and Waldie. They were, you remember, resurrection-women, who had promised to procure a child's body for some young surgeons. Being upon honor to their employers, rather than disappoint the evening lecture of the students, they stole a live child, murdered it, and sold the body for three shillings and sixpence.—They were hanged, but for the murder not for the *plagium*.* Your civil law has carried you a little too far."

"Well, sir;—but, in the meantime, Mr. Mac-Morlan must commit you to the county jail, in case this young man repeats the same story.—Officers, remove Mr. Glossin and Hatteraick, and guard them in different apartments."

Gabriel, the gipsy, was then introduced, and gave a distinct account of his deserting from Captain Pritchard's vessel and joining the smugglers in the action; detailed how Dirk Hatteraick set fire to his ship when he found her disabled, and under cover of the smoke escaped with his crew, and as much goods as they could save, into the cavern, where they proposed to lie till night-fall. Hatteraick himself, his mate Vanbeest Brown, and three others, of whom the declarant was one, went into the adjacent woods to communicate with some of their friends in the neighborhood. They fell in with Kennedy unexpectedly, and Hatteraick and Brown, aware that he was the occasion of their disasters, resolved to murder him. He stated that he had seen them lay violent hands on the officer, and drag him through the woods, but had not partaken in the assault, nor witnessed its termination. That he returned to the cavern by a different route, where he again met Hatteraick and his accomplices; and the captain was in the act of giving an account how he and Brown had pushed a huge crag over, as Kennedy lay groaning on the beach, when Glossin suddenly appeared among them. To the whole transaction by which Hatteraick purchased his secrecy he was witness. Respecting young Bertram he could give a distinct account till he went to India, after which he had lost sight of him until he unexpectedly met with him in Liddesdale. Gabriel Faa further stated, that he instantly sent notice to his aunt Meg Merrilies, as well as to Hatteraick, who he knew was then upon the coast; but that he had incurred his aunt's displeasure upon the latter account. He concluded, that his aunt had immediately declared

* This is, in its circumstances and issue, actually a case tried and reported.

that she would do all that lay in her power to help young Ellangowan to his right, even if it should be by informing against Dirk Hatteraick; and that many of her people assisted her besides himself, from a belief that she was gifted with supernatural inspirations. With the same purpose, he understood, his aunt had given to Bertram the treasure of the tribe, of which she had the custody. Three or four gypsies, by the express command of Meg Merrilies, had mingled in the crowd when the custom-house was attacked, for the purpose of liberating Bertram, which he had himself effected. He said, that in obeying Meg's dictates they did not pretend to estimate their propriety or rationality; the respect in which she was held by her tribe precluding all such subjects of speculation. Upon further interrogation, the witness added, that his aunt had always said that Harry Bertram carried that round his neck which would ascertain his birth. It was a spell, she said, that an Oxford scholar had made for him, and she possessed the smugglers with an opinion, that to deprive him of it would occasion the loss of the vessel.

Bertram here produced a small velvet bag, which he said he had worn round his neck from his earliest infancy, and which he had preserved,—first from superstitious reverence,—and latterly, from the hope that it might serve one day to aid in the discovery of his birth. The bag being opened, was found to contain a blue silk case, from which was drawn a scheme of nativity. Upon inspecting this paper, Colonel Mannering instantly admitted it was his own composition, and afforded the strongest and most satisfactory evidence, that the possessor of it must necessarily be the young heir of Ellangowan, by avowing his having first appeared in that country in the character of an astrologer.

"And now," said Pleydell, "make out warrants of commitment for Hatteraick and Glossin until liberated in due course of law. Yet," he said, "I am sorry for Glossin."

"Now, I think," said Mannering, "he's incomparably the least deserving of pity of the two. The other's a bold fellow, though as hard as flint."

"Very natural, Colonel," said the advocate, "that you should be interested in the ruffian, and I in the knave—that's all professional taste; but I can tell you, Glossin would have been a pretty lawyer, had he not had such a turn for the roguish part of the profession."

"Scandal would say," observed Mannering, "he might not be the worse lawyer for that."

"Scandal would tell a lie, then," replied Pleydell, "as she usually does. Law's like laudanum; it's much more easy to use it as a quack does, than to learn to apply it like a physician."

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVENTH.

Unfit to live or die—O marble heart!
After him, fellows, drag him to the block.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THE jail at the county town of the shire of ——— was one of those old fashioned dungeons which disgraced Scotland until of late years. When the prisoners and their guard arrived there, Hatteraick, whose violence and strength were well known, was secured in what is called the condemned ward. This was a large apartment near the top of the prison. A round bar of iron, about the thickness of a man's arm above the elbow, crossed the apartment horizontally at the height of about six inches from the floor; and its extremities were strongly built into the wall at either end.* Hatteraick's ankles were secured within shackles, which were connected by a chain at the distance of about four feet, with a large iron ring, which traveled upon the bar we have described. Thus a prisoner might shuffle along the length of the bar from one side of the room to another, but could not retreat farther from it in any other direction than the brief length of the chain admitted. When his feet had been thus secured, the keeper removed his hand-cuffs, and left his person at liberty in other respects. A pallet-bed was placed close to the bar of iron, so that the shackled prisoner might lie down at pleasure, still fastened to the iron bar in the manner described.

Hatteraick had not been long in this place of confinement, before Glossin arrived at the same prison-house. In respect to his comparative rank and education, he was not ironed, but placed in a decent apartment, under the inspection of Mac-Guffog, who, since the destruction of the bridewell of Portanferry by the mob, had acted here as an under-turnkey. When

* This mode of securing prisoners was universally practiced in Scotland after condemnation. When a man received sentence of death, he was put upon *the Cad*, as it was called, that is, secured to the bar of iron in the manner mentioned in the text. The practice subsisted in Edinburgh till the old jail was taken down some years since, and perhaps may be still in use.

Glossin was enclosed within this room, and had solitude and leisure to calculate all the chances against him and in his favor, he could not prevail upon himself to consider the game as desperate.

"The estate is lost," he said, "that must go;—and, between Pleydell and Mac-Morlan, they'll cut down my claim on it to a trifle. My character—but if I get off with life and liberty, I'll win money yet, and varnish that over again. I knew not the gauger's job until the rascal had done the deed, and though I had some advantage by the contraband, that is no felony. But the kidnapping of the boy—there they touch me closer. Let me see:—This Bertram was a child at the time—his evidence must be imperfect—the other fellow is a deserter, a gipsy, and an outlaw—Meg Merrilies, d—n, her is dead. The infernal bills! Hatteraick brought them with him, I suppose, to have the means of threatening me, or extorting money from me. I must endeavor to see the rascal—must get him to stand steady—must persuade him to put some other color upon the business."

His mind teeming with schemes of future deceit to cover former villany, he spent the time in arranging and combining them until the hour of supper. Mac-Guffog attended as turnkey on this occasion. He was, as we know, the old and especial acquaintance of the prisoner who was now under his charge. After giving the turnkey a glass of brandy, and sounding him with one or two cajoling speeches, Glossin made it his request that he would help him to an interview with Dirk Hatteraick.—"Impossible! utterly impossible!—it's contrary to the express orders of Mr. Mac-Morlan, and the Captain" (as the head jailer of a county jail is called in Scotland) "would never forgie me."

"But why should he know of it?" said Glossin, slipping a couple of guineas into Mac-Guffog's hand.

The turnkey weighed the gold, and looked sharp at Glossin.—"Ay, ay, Mr. Glossin, ye ken the ways o' this place. Lookee, at lock-up hour, I'll return and bring ye up stairs to him—But ye must stay a' night in his cell, for I am under needcessity to carry the keys to the captain for the night, and I cannot let you out again until morning—then I'll visit the wards half an hour earlier than usual, and ye may get out, and be snug in your ain birth when the captain gangs his rounds."

When the hour of ten had pealed from the neighboring steeple, Mac-Guffog came prepared with a small dark lantern. He said softly to Glossin, "Slip your shoes off, and follow me." When Glossin was out of the door, Mac-Guffog, as if in the ex-

ecution of his ordinary duty, and speaking to a prisoner within, called aloud, "Good night to you, sir, and locked the door, clattering the bolts with much ostentatious noise. He then guided Glossin up a steep and narrow stair, at the top of which was the door of the condemned ward; he unbarred and unlocked it, and giving Glossin the lantern, made a sign to him to enter, and locked the door behind him with the same affected accuracy.

In the large dark cell into which he was thus introduced Glossin's feeble light for some time enabled him to discover nothing. At length he could dimly distinguish the pallet-bed stretched on the floor beside the great iron bar which traversed the room, and on that pallet reposed the figure of a man. Glossin approached him—"Dirk Hatteraick!"

"Donner and hagel! it is his voice," said the prisoner, sitting up and clashing his fetters as he rose: "then my dream is true! Begone, and leave me to myself—it will be your best."

"What! my good friend," said Glossin, "will you allow the prospect of a few weeks' confinement to depress your spirit?"

"Yes," answered the ruffian, sullenly—"when I am only to be released by a halter!—Let me alone—go about your business, and turn the lamp from my face."

"Psha! my dear Dirk, don't be afraid," said Glossin; "I have a glorious plan to make all right."

"To the bottomless pit with your plans!" replied his accomplice. "You have planned me out of ship, cargo, and life; and I dreamt this moment that Meg Merrilies dragged you here by the hair, and gave me the long clasped knife she used to wear. You don't know what she said—Sturm wetter! it will be your wisdom not to tempt me!"

"But, Hatteraick, my good friend, do but rise and speak to me," said Glossin.

"I will not!" answered the savage, doggedly—"you have caused all the mischief; you would not let Meg keep the boy—she would have returned him after he had forgot all."

"Why, Hatteraick, you are turned driveler!"

"Wetter! will you deny that all that cursed attempt at Portanferry, which lost both sloop and crew, was your device for your own job?"

"But these goods, you know"——

"Curse the goods!" said the smuggler,—"we could have got plenty more; but, der deyvil! to lose the ship and the fine fellows, and my own life, for a cursed coward villain, that

always works his own mischief with other people's hands! Speak to me no more—I'm dangerous."

"But, Dirk—but, Hatteraick, hear me only a few words."

"Hagel! nein!"

"Only one sentence."

"Tausand curses! nein!"

"At least get up, for an obstinate Dutch brute!" said Glossin, losing his temper, and pushing Hatteraick with his foot.

"Donner and blitzen!" said Hatteraick, springing up and grappling with him—"you *will* have it then?"

Glossin struggled and resisted; but owing to his surprise at the fury of the assault, so ineffectually, that he fell under Hatteraick, the back part of his neck coming full upon the iron bar with stunning violence. The death-grapple continued. The room immediately below the condemned ward, being that of Glossin, was, of course, empty; but the inmates of the second apartment beneath felt the shock of Glossin's heavy fall, and heard a noise as of struggling and of groans. But all sounds of horror were too congenial to this place to excite much curiosity or interest.

In the morning, faithful to his promise, Mac-Guffog came—"Mr. Glossin," said he, in a whispering voice.

"Call louder," answered Dirk Hatteraick.

"Mr Glossin, for God's sake come away!"

"He'll hardly do that without help," said Hatteraick.

"What are you chattering there for, Mac-Guffog?" called out the captain from below.

"Come away, for God's sake, Mr. Glossin!" repeated the turnkey.

At this moment the turnkey made his appearance with a light. Great was his surprise, and even horror, to observe Glossin's body lying doubled across the iron bar, in a posture that excluded all idea of his being alive. Hatteraick was quietly stretched upon his pallet within a yard of his victim. On lifting Glossin, it was found he had been dead for some hours. His body bore uncommon marks of violence. The spine, where it joins the skull, had received severe injury by his first fall. There were distinct marks of strangulation about the throat, which corresponded with the blackened state of his face. The head was turned backward over the shoulder, as if the neck had been wrung round with desperate violence. So that it would seem that his inveterate antagonist had fixed a fatal gripe upon the wretch's throat, and never quitted it while life lasted.

The lantern, crushed and broken to pieces, lay beneath the body.

Mac-Morlan was in the town, and came instantly to examine the corpse.—"What brought Glossin here?" he said to Hatteraick.

"The devil!" answered the ruffian.

"And what did you do to him?"

"Sent him to hell before me," replied the miscreant.

"Wretch!" said Mac-Morlan, "you have crowned a life spent without a single virtue, with the murder of your own [illegible] rable accomplice!"

"Virtue?" exclaimed the prisoner—"Donner! I was always faithful to my shipowners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver. Hark ye! let me have pen and ink, and I'll write an account of the whole to our house; and leave me alone a couple of hours, will ye—and let me take away that piece of carrion, donner wetter!"

Mac-Morlan deemed it the best way to humor the savage; he was furnished with writing materials, and left alone. When they again opened the door, it was found that this determined villain had anticipated justice. He had adjusted a cord taken from the truckle-bed, and attached it to a bone, the relic of his yesterday's dinner, which he had contrived to drive into a crevice between two stones in the wall, at a height as great as he could reach standing upon the bar. Having fastened the noose he had the resolution to drop his body as if to fall on his knees, and to retain that posture until resolution was no longer necessary. The letter he had written to his owners, though chiefly upon the business of their trade, contained many allusions to the younker of Ellangowan, as he called him, and afforded absolute confirmation of all Meg Merrilies and her nephew had told.

To dismiss the catastrophe of these two wretched men, I shall only add, that Mac-Guffog was turned out of office, notwithstanding his declaration (which he offered to attest by oath), that he had locked Glossin safely in his own room upon the night preceding his being found dead in Dirk Hatteraick's cell. His story, however, found faith with the worthy Mr. Skriegh, and other lovers of the marvelous, who still hold that the Enemy of Mankind brought these two wretches together upon that night, by supernatural interference, that they might fill up the cup of their guilt and receive its mead, by murder and suicide.

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHTH.

To sum the whole—the close of all.
DEAN SWIFT.

As Glossin died without heirs, and without payment of the price, the estate of Ellangowan was again thrown upon the hands of Mr. Godfrey Bertram's creditors, the right of most of whom was however defeasible, in case Henry Bertram should establish his character of heir of entail. This young gentleman put his affairs into the hands of Mr. Pleydell and Mr. MacMorlan, with one single proviso, that though he himself should be obliged again to go to India, every debt, justly and honorably due by his father, should be made good to the claimant. Mannering, who heard this declaration, grasped him kindly by the hand, and from that moment might be dated a thorough understanding between them.

The hoards of Miss Margaret Bertram, and the liberal assistance of the Colonel, easily enabled the heir to make provision for payment of the just creditors of his father;—while the ingenuity and research of his law friends detected, especially in the accounts of Glossin, so many overcharges as greatly diminished the total amount. In these circumstances, the creditors did not hesitate to recognize Bertram's right, and to surrender to him the house and property of his ancestors.

All the party repaired from Woodbourne to take possession, amid the shouts of the tenantry and the neighborhood; and so eager was Colonel Mannering to superintend certain improvements which he had recommended to Bertram, that he removed with his family from Woodbourne to Ellangowan, although at present containing much less and much inferior accommodation.

The poor Dominie's brain was almost turned with joy on returning to his old habitation. He posted up stairs, taking three steps at once, to a little shabby attic, his cell and dormitory in former days, and which the possession of his much superior apartment at Woodbourne had never banished from his memory. Here one sad thought suddenly struck the honest man—the books!—no three rooms in Ellangowan were capable to contain them. While this qualifying reflection was passing through his mind, he was suddenly summoned by Mannering

to assist in calculating some proportions relating to a large and splendid house, which was to be built on the site of the New Place of Ellangowan, in a style corresponding to the magnificence of the ruins in its vicinity. Among the various rooms in the plan, the Dominie observed that one of the largest was entitled THE LIBRARY; and close beside was a snug well-proportioned chamber, entitled Mr. SAMPSON'S APARTMENT.—"Prodigious, prodigious, prodigious!" shouted the enraptured Dominie.

Mr. Pleydell had left the party for some time; but he returned, according to promise, during the Christmas recess of the courts. He drove up to Ellangowan when all the family were abroad but the Colonel, who was busy with plans of buildings, and pleasure-grounds, in which he was well skilled, and took great delight.

"Ah ha!" said the counselor,—"so here you are! Where are the ladies? Where is the fair Julia?"

"Walking out with young Hazlewood, Bertram, and Captain Delaserre, a friend of his, who is with us just now. They are gone to plan out a cottage at Derncleugh. Well, have you carried through your law business?"

"With a wet finger," answered the lawyer; "got our youngster's special service retoured into Chancery. We had him served heir before the macers."

"Macers? who are they?"

"Why, it is a kind of judicial Saturnalia. You must know, that one of the requisites to be a macer, or officer in attendance upon our supreme court, is, that they shall be men of no knowledge."

"Very well!"

"Now, our Scottish legislature, for the joke's sake I suppose, have constituted those men of no knowledge into a peculiar court for trying questions of relationship and descent, such as this business of Bertram, which often involve the most nice and complicated questions of evidence."

"The devil they have?—I should think that rather inconvenient," said Mannering.

"O, we have a practical remedy for the theoretical absurdity. One or two of the judges act upon such occasions as prompters and assessors to their own door-keepers. But you know what Cujacius says, *Multa sunt in moribus dissentanea multa, sine ratione.** However, this Saturnalian court has done our business; and a glorious batch of claret we had afterward at Walker's—Mac-Morlan will stare when he sees the bill."

* The singular inconsistency hinted at is now, in a great degree, removed

"Never fear," said the Colonel; "we'll face the shock, and entertain the county at my friend Mrs. Mac-Candish's to boot."

"And choose Jack Jabos for your master of horse?" replied the lawyer.

"Perhaps I may."

"And where is Dandie, the redoubted Lord of Liddesdale?" demanded the advocate.

"Returned to his mountains; but he has promised Julia to make a descent in summer, with the goodwife, as he calls her, and I don't know how many children."

"O the curlie-headed varlets!—I must come to play at Blind Harry and Hy Spy with them.—But what is all this?" added Pleydell, taking up the plans;—"tower in the centre to be an imitation of the Eagle Tower at Caernarvon—*corps de logis*—the devil!—wings—wings? why, the house will take the estate of Ellangowan on its back, and fly away with it!"

"Why then we must ballast it with a few bags of Sicca rupees," replied the Colonel.

"Aha! sits the wind there? Then I suppose the young dog carries off my mistress Julia?"

"Even so, counselor."

"These rascals, the *post-nati*, get the better of us of the old school at every turn," said Mr. Pleydell. "But she must convey and make over her interest in me to Lucy."

"To tell you the truth, I am afraid your flank will be turned there too," replied the Colonel.

"Indeed?"

"Here has been Sir Robert Hazlewood," said Mannering, "upon a visit to Bertram, thinking, and deeming, and opining"——

"O Lord! pray spare me the worthy baronet's triads!"

"Well, sir," continued Mannering; "to make short, he conceived that as the property of Singleside lay like a wedge between two farms of his, and was four or five miles separated from Ellangowan, something like a sale, or exchange, or arrangement might take place, to the mutual convenience of both parties."

"Well, and Bertram"—

"Why, Bertram replied, that he considered the original settlement of Mrs. Margaret Bertram as the arrangement most proper in the circumstances of the family, and that therefore the estate of Singleside was the property of his sister."

"The rascal!" said Pleydell, wiping his spectacles, "he'll steal my heart as well as my mistress—*Et puis?*"

"And then Sir Robert retired, after many gracious speeches; but last week he again took the field in force, with his coach and six horses, his laced scarlet waistcoat, and best bob-wig—all very grand, as the good-boy books say."

"Ah! and what was his overture?"

"Why he talked in great form of an attachment on the part of Charles Hazlewood to Miss Bertram."

"Ay, ay; he respected the little god Cupid when he saw him perched on the Dun of Singleside. And is poor Lucy to keep house with that old fool and his wife, who is just the knight himself in petticoats?"

"No—we parried that. Singleside-House is to be repaired for the young people, and to be called hereafter Mount Hazlewood."

"And do you yourself, Colonel, propose to continue at Woodbourne?"

"Only till we carry these plans into effect. See, here's the plan of my Bungalow, with all convenience for being separate and sulky when I please."

"And being situated, as I see, next door to the old castle, you may repair Donagild's tower for the nocturnal contemplation of the celestial bodies? Bravo, Colonel!"

"No, no, my dear counselor! Here ends THE ASTROLOGER."

NOTES TO GUY MANNERING.

Note A, p. 16.—Groaning Malt and Ken-no.

The *groaning malt* mentioned in the text was the ale brewed for the purpose of being drunk after the lady or goodwife's safe delivery. The *ken-no* has a more ancient source, and perhaps the custom may be derived from the secret rites of the *Bona Dea*. A large and rich cheese was made by the women of the family, with great affectation of secrecy, for the refreshment of the gossips who were to attend at the canny minute. This was the *ken-no*, so called because its existence was secret (that is, presumed to be so) from all the males of the family, but especially from the husband and master. He was, accordingly, expected to conduct himself as if he knew of no such preparation, to act as if desirous to press the female guests to refreshments, and to seem surprised at their obstinate refusal. But the instant his back was turned the *ken-no* was produced; and after all had eaten their fill, with a proper accompaniment of the *groaning malt*, the remainder was divided among the gossips, each carrying a large portion home with the same affectation of great secrecy.

Note B, p. 124.—Mump's Ha'.

It is fitting to explain to the reader the locality described in this chapter. There is, or rather I should say there *was*, a little inn called Mump's Hall, that is, being interpreted, Beggar's Hotel, near to Gilsland, which had not then attained its present fame as a Spa. It was a hedge alehouse, where the Border farmers of either country often stopped to refresh themselves and their nags on their way to and from the fairs and trysts in Cumberland, and especially those who came from or went to Scotland, through a barren and lonely district, without either road or pathway, emphatically called the Waste of Bewcastle. At the period when the adventures described in the novel are supposed to have taken place, there were many instances of attacks by freebooters on those who traveled through this wild district, and Mump's Ha' had a bad reputation for harboring the banditti who committed such depredations.

An old and sturdy yeoman belonging to the Scottish side, by surname an Armstrong or Elliot, but well known by the soubriquet of Fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and still remembered for the courage he displayed in the frequent frays which took place on the Border fifty or sixty years since, had the following adventure in the Waste, which suggested the idea of the scene in the text:—

Charlie had been at Stagshaw-bank fair, had sold his sheep or cattle, or

whatever he had brought to market, and was on his return to Liddesdale. There were then no country banks where cash could be deposited, and bills received instead, which greatly encouraged robbery in that wild country, as the objects of plunder were usually fraught with gold. The robbers had spies in the fair, by means of whom they generally knew whose purse was best stocked, and who took a lonely and desolate road homeward—those, in short, who were best worth robbing, and likely to be most easily robbed.

All this Charlie knew full well; but he had a pair of excellent pistols, and a dauntless heart. He stopped at Mump's Ha', notwithstanding the evil character of the place. His horse was accommodated where it might have the necessary rest and feed of corn; and Charlie himself, a dashing fellow, grew gracious with the landlady, a buxom quean, who used all the influence in her power to induce him to stop all night. The landlord was from home, she said, and it was ill passing the Waste, as twilight must needs descend on him before he gained the Scottish side, which was reckoned the safest. But Fighting Charlie, though he suffered himself to be detained later than was prudent, did not account Mump's Ha' a safe place to quarter in during the night. He tore himself away, therefore, from Meg's good fare and kind words, and mounted his nag, having first examined his pistols, and tried by the ramrod whether the charge remained in them.

He proceeded a mile or two at a round trot, when, as the Waste stretched black before him, apprehensions began to awaken in his mind, partly arising out of Meg's unusual kindness, which he could not help thinking had rather a suspicious appearance. He therefore resolved to reload his pistols, lest the powder had become damp; but what was his surprise, when he drew the charge, to find neither powder nor ball, while each barrel had been carefully filled with *tow* up to the space which the loading had occupied! and the priming of the weapons being left untouched, nothing but actually drawing and examining the charge, could have discovered the inefficiency of his arms till the fatal minute arrived when their services were required. Charlie bestowed a hearty Liddesdale curse on his landlady, and reloaded his pistols with care and accuracy, having now no doubt that he was to be waylaid and assaulted. He was not far engaged in the Waste, which was then, and is now, traversed only by such routes as are described in the text, when two or three fellows, disguised and variously armed, started from a moss-hag, while, by a glance behind him (for, marching, as the Spaniard says, with his beard on his shoulder, he reconnoitred in every direction), Charlie instantly saw retreat was impossible, as other two stout men appeared behind him at some distance. The Borderer lost not a moment in taking his resolution, and boldly trotted against his enemies in front, who called loudly on him to stand and deliver; Charlie spurred on, and presented his pistol. "D—n your pistol," said the foremost robber; whom Charlie to his dying day protested he believed to have been the landlord of Mump's Ha'. "D—n your pistol! I care not a curse for it." —"Ay, lad," said the deep voice of Fighting Charlie, "but the *tow's out now*." He had no occasion to utter another word; the rogues, surprised at finding a man of redoubted courage well armed, instead of being defenceless, took to the moss in every direction, and he passed on his way without further molestation.

The author has heard this story told by persons who received it from Fighting Charlie himself; he has also heard that Mump's Ha' was afterward the scene of some other atrocious villany, for which the people of the house suffered. But these are all tales of at least half-a-century old, and the *Waste* has been for many years as safe as any place in the kingdom.

Note C, p. 134—Dandie Dinmont.

The author may here remark, that the character of Dandie Dinmont was drawn from no individual. A dozen, at least, of stout Liddesdale yeomen with whom he has been acquainted, and whose hospitality he has shared in his rambles through that wild country, at a time when it was totally inaccessible save in the manner described in the text, might lay claim to be the prototype of the rough, but faithful, hospitable, and generous farmer. But one circumstance occasioned the name to be fixed upon a most respectable individual of this class, now no more. Mr. James Davidson of Hindlee, a tenant of Lord Douglas, besides the points of blunt honesty, personal strength, and hardihood, designed to be expressed in the character of Dandie Dinmont, had the humor of naming a celebrated race of terriers which he possessed by the generic names of Mustard and Pepper (according as their color was yellow or grayish-black), without any other individual distinction, except as according to the nomenclature in the text. Mr. Davidson resided at Hindlee, a wild farm on the very edge of the Teviotdale mountains, and bordering close on Liddesdale, where the rivers and brooks divide as they take their course to the Eastern or Western seas. His passion for the chase, in all its forms, but especially for fox-hunting, as followed in the fashion described in the next chapter, in conducting which he was skilful beyond most men in the South Highlands, was the distinguishing point in his character.

When the tale on which these comments are written became rather popular, the name of Dandie Dinmont was generally given to him, which Mr. Davidson received with great good humor, only saying, while he distinguished the author by the name applied to him in the country, where his own is so common—" that the Sheriff had not written about him mair than about other folk, but only about his dogs." An English lady of high rank and fashion being desirous to possess a brace of the celebrated Mustard and Pepper terriers, expressed her wishes in a letter, which was literally addressed to Dandie Dinmont, under which very general direction it reached Mr. Davidson, who was justly proud of the application, and failed not to comply with a request which did him and his favorite attendants so much honor.

I trust I shall not be considered as offending the memory of a kind and worthy man, if I mention a little trait of character which occurred in Mr. Davidson's last illness. I use the words of the excellent clergyman who attended him, who gave the account to a reverend gentleman of the same persuasion:—

" I read to Mr. Davidson the very suitable and interesting truths you addressed to him. He listened to them with great seriousness, and has uniformly displayed a deep concern about his soul's salvation. He died on the first Sabbath of the year (1820); an apoplectic stroke deprived him in an instant of all sensation, but happily his brother was at his bed-side, for he had detained him from the meeting-house that day to be near him, although he felt himself not much worse than usual—So you have got the last little Mustard that the hand of Dandie Dinmont bestowed.

" His ruling passion was strong even on the eve of death. Mr. Baillie's fox-hounds had started a fox opposite to his window a few weeks ago, and as soon as he heard the sound of the dogs, his eyes glistened; he insisted on getting out of bed, and with much difficulty got to the window, and there enjoyed the fun, as he called it. When I came down to ask for him, he said, ' he had seen Reynard, but had not seen his death. If it had been the will of Providence,' he added, ' I would have liked to have been after him; but I am glad that I got to the window, and am thankful for what I

saw, for it has done me a great deal of good.' Notwithstanding these eccentricities (adds the sensible and liberal clergyman), I sincerely hope and believe he has gone to a better world, and better company and enjoyments."

If some part of this little narrative may excite a smile, it is one which is consistent with the most perfect respect for the simple-minded invalid, and his kind and judicious religious instructor, who, we hope, will not be displeased with our giving, we trust, a correct edition of an anecdote which has been pretty generally circulated. The race of Pepper and Mustard are in the highest estimation at this day, not only for vermin-killing, but for intelligence and fidelity. Those who, like the author, possess a brace of them, consider them as very desirable companions.

NOTE D, p. 145.—LUM CLEEKS.

The cleek here intimated is the iron hook, or hooks, depending from the chimney of a Scottish cottage, on which the pot is suspended when boiling. The same appendage is often called the crook. The salmon is usually dried by hanging it up, after being split and rubbed with salt, in the smoke of the turf fire above the cleeks, where it is said to *reist*, that preparation being so termed. The salmon thus preserved is eaten as a delicacy, under the name of kipper, a luxury to which Dr. Redgill has given his sanction as an ingredient of the Scottish breakfast.—See the excellent novel (by Miss Ferrier) entitled "Marriage."

NOTE E, p. 146.—CLAN SURNAMES.

The distinction of individuals by nicknames when they possess no property is still common on the Border, and indeed necessary, from the number of persons having the same name. In the small village of Lustruther, in Roxburghshire, there dwelt, in the memory of man, four inhabitants, called Andrew, or Dandie Oliver. They were distinguished as Dandie Eassil-gate, Dandie Wassil-gate, Dandie Thumbie, and Dandie Dumbie. The two first had their names from living eastward and westward in the street of the village; the third from something peculiar in the conformation of his thumb; the fourth from his taciturn habits.

It is told as a well-known jest, that a beggar-woman, repulsed from door to door as she solicited quarters through a village of Annandale, asked, in her despair, if there were no Christians in the place. To which the hearers concluding that she inquired for some persons so surnamed, answered, "Na, na, there are nae Christians here; we are a' Johnstones and Jardines."

NOTE F, p. 152.—GYPSY SUPERSTITIONS.

The mysterious rites in which Meg Merrilies is described as engaging, belong to her character as queen of her race. All know that gypsies in every country claim acquaintance with the gift of fortune-telling; but, as is often the case, they are liable to the superstitions of which they avail themselves in others. The correspondent of Blackwood, quoted in the Introduction to this Tale, gives us some information on the subject of their credulity.

"I have ever understood," he says, speaking of the Yetholm gypsies, "that they are extremely superstitious—carefully noticing the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds, and the *soughing* of the winds, before attempting any enterprise. They have been known for several successive days to turn back with their loaded carts, asses, and children, on

meeting with persons whom they considered of unlucky aspect; nor do they ever proceed on their summer peregrinations without some propitious omen of their fortunate return. They also burn the clothes of their dead, not so much from any apprehension of infection being communicated by them, as the conviction that the very circumstance of wearing them would shorten the days of their living. They likewise carefully watch the corpse by night and day till the time of interment, and conceive that 'the deil tinkles at the lykewake' of those who felt in their *death-thraw* the agonies and terrors of remorse."

These notions are not peculiar to the gypsies; but having been once generally entertained among the Scottish common people, are now only found among those who are the most rude in their habits, and most devoid of instruction. The popular idea, that the protracted struggle between life and death is painfully prolonged by keeping the door of the apartment shut was received as certain by the superstitious eld of Scotland. But neither was it to be thrown wide open. To leave the door ajar was the plan adopted by the old crones who understood the mysteries of deathbeds and lykewakes. In that case there was room for the imprisoned spirit to escape; and yet an obstacle, we have been assured, was offered to the entrance of any frightful form which might otherwise intrude itself. The threshold of a habitation was in some sort a sacred limit, and the subject of much superstition. A bride, even to this day, is always *lifted* over it, a rule derived apparently from the Romans.

Note G, p. 218.—High Jinks.

I believe this strange species of game or revel to be the same mentioned in old English plays, and which was called "coming from Tripoli." When the supposed king was seated in his post of elevation, the most active fellow in the party came into the presence leaping over as many chairs and stools as he could manage to spring over. He is announced as

A Post—
King. From whence?
Post. From Tripoli, my liege.

He then announces to the mock monarch the destruction of his army and fleet. This species of High Jinks was called "Gerunto," from the name of the luckless general. I have seen many who have played at it.

Among the rest, an excellent friend and relative, now no more (the late Mr. Keith of Dunottar and Ravelstone), gave me a ludicrous account of a country gentleman coming up to Edinburgh rather unexpectedly, and finding his son, whom he had hoped was diligently studying the law in silence and seclusion, busily engaged in personating the king in a full drama of "Gerunto." The monarch, somewhat surprised at first, passed it off with assurance, calling for a seat for his worthy father, and refusing to accost him otherwise than in the slang of the character. This incident—in itself the more comic situation of the two—suggested the scene in the text.

*The old play referred to in this note was probably Fletcher's Comedy of "Monsieur Thomas," Act iv. Sc. 2.

Seb. Get up to that window there, and presently,
Like a most complete gentleman, *come from Tripoly.*
Tho. Good Lord, sir, how are you misled!
What fancies—fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me speak't.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, by Dyce, vol. vii. p. 376

The phrase *To come on high from Tripoly* is also to be found in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," Act v. Sc. 1.]

NOTE H, p. 245.—TAPPIT HEN.

The Tappit Hen contained three quarts of claret—

Weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a Tappit Hen.

I have seen one of these formidable stoups at Provost Haswell's, at Jedburgh in the days of yore. It was a pewter measure, the claret being in ancient days served from the tap, and had the figure of a hen upon the lid. In later times, the name was given to a glass bottle of the same dimensions. These are rare apparitions among the degenerate topers of modern days.

NOTE I, p. 245.—CONVIVIAL HABITS OF THE SCOTTISH BAR.

The account given by Mr. Pleydell of his sitting down in the midst of a revel to draw an appeal case, was taken from a story told me by an aged gentleman, of the elder President Dundas of Arniston (father of the younger President and of Lord Melville.) It had been thought very desirable while that distinguished lawyer was King's counsel, that his assistance should be obtained in drawing an appeal case, which, as occasion for such writings then rarely occurred, was held to be a matter of great nicety. The solicitor employed for the appellant, attended by my informant acting as his clerk, went to the Lord Advocate's chambers in the Fishmarket Close, as I think. It was Saturday at noon, the Court was just dismissed, the Lord Advocate had changed his dress and booted himself, and his servant and horses were at the foot of the close to carry him to Arniston. It was scarcely possible to get him to listen to a word respecting business. The wily agent, however, on pretence of asking one or two questions, which would not detain him half-an-hour, drew his Lordship, who was no less an eminent *bon vivant* than a lawyer of unequaled talent, to take a whet at a celebrated tavern, when the learned counsel became gradually involved in a spirited discussion of the law points of the case. At length it occurred to him that he might as well ride to Arniston in the cool of the evening. The horses were directed to be put in the stable, but not to be unsaddled. Dinner was ordered, the law was laid aside for a time, and the bottle circulated very freely. At nine o'clock at night, after he had been honoring Bacchus for so many hours, the Lord Advocate ordered his horses to be unsaddled—paper, pen, and ink were brought—he began to dictate the appeal case—and continued at his task till four o'clock next morning. By next day's post, the solicitor sent the case to London, a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind; and in which my informant assured me, it was not necessary on revisal to correct five words. I am not, therefore, conscious of having overstepped accuracy in describing the manner in which Scottish lawyers of the old time occasionally united the worship of Bacchus with that of Themis. My informant was Alexander Keith, Esq., grandfather to my friend, the present Sir Alexander Keith of Ravelstone, and apprentice at the time to the writer who conducted the cause.

[It may not be out of place here to add an extract from Lockhart's *Memoirs* respecting a circumstance in the Author's career of much suggestive interest.

"In March 1793, when the Court of Sessions rose, Scott proceeded into

Galloway, where he had not before been, in order, to make himself acquainted with the persons and localities mixed up with the case of a certain Rev. Mr. M'Naught, minister of Girthon, in Kirkcudbright, whose trial, on charges of habitual drunkenness, and other improper conduct, was about to take place before the 'General Assembly' of the Kirk.

"The argument of the cause (for which he received five guineas) was sustained by Scott in a speech of considerable length at the bar of the Assembly. It was far the most important business in which any solicitor had as yet employed him, and *The Club* mustered strong in the gallery. He began in a low voice, but by degrees gathered more confidence; and when it became necessary for him to analyze the evidence touching a certain penny-wedding, repeated some very course specimens of his client's alleged conversation, in a tone so bold and free, that he was called to order with great austerity by one of the leading members of the Venerable Court. This seemed to confuse him not a little; so when, by and by, he had to recite a stanza of one of M'Naught's convivial ditties, he breathed it out in a faint and hesitating style; whereupon, thinking he needed encouragement, the allies in the gallery astounded the Assembly by cordial shouts of *Hear! hear!—encore! encore!* They were immediately turned out, and Scott got through the rest of his harangue very little to his own satisfaction.

"He believed, in a word, that he had made a complete failure, and issued from the Court in a melancholy mood. At the door he found Adam Fergusson waiting to inform him that the brethren so unceremoniously extruded from the gallery had sought shelter in a neighboring tavern, where they hoped he would join them. He complied with the invitation, but seemed for a long while incapable of enjoying the merriment of his friends. 'Come, *Duns*,' cried Fergusson;—'cheer up, man, and fill another tumbler; here's * * * * * going to give us *The Tailor*.'—'Ah!' he answered with a groan—'the tailor was a better man than me, sirs; for he *didna* venture *ben* until he *kenned the way*.' A certain comical old song, which had, perhaps, been a favorite with the minister of Girthon—

> 'The tailor he came here to sew,
> And weel he kenned the way o't,'

was, however, sung and chorussed; and the evening ended in the full jollity of *High Jinks*.

"Mr. M'Naught was deposed from the ministry * * * * *

"It is to be observed, that the research he had made with a view to pleading this man's cause, carried him for the first, and I believe for the last time, into the scenery of his Guy Mannering; and I may add, that several of the names of the minor characters of the novel (that of *M'Guffog*, for example) appear in the list of witnesses for and against his client."—J. G. Lockhart.]

Note K, p. 295.—Gypsy Cookery.

We must again have recourse to the contribution to Blackwood's Magazine, April 1817 :—

"To the admirers of good eating, gypsy cookery seems to have little to recommend it. I can assure you however, that the cook of a nobleman of high distinction, a person who never reads even a novel without an eye to the enlargement of the culinary science, has added to the Almanach des Gourmands a certain *Potage à la Meg Merrilies de Derncleugh*, consisting of game and poultry of all kinds, stewed with vegetables into a soup, which rivals in savor and richness the gallant messes of Camacho's wedding; and

which the Baron of Bradwardine would certainly have reckoned among the *Epulæ lautiores.*"

The artist alluded to in this passage is Mons. Florence, cook to Henry and Charles, late Dukes of Buccleuch and of high distinction in his profession.

Note L, p. 315.—Lord Monboddo.

The Burnet, whose taste for the evening meal of the ancients is quoted by Mr. Pleydell, was the celebrated metaphysician and excellent man Lord Monboddo, whose *cœnæ* will not be soon forgorgotten by those who have shared his classic hospitality. As a Scottish Judge, he took the designation of his family estate. His philosophy, as is well known, was of a fanciful and somewhat fantastic character; but his learning was deep, and he was possessed of a singular power of eloquence, which reminded the hearer of the *os rotundum* of the Grove or Academe. Enthusiastically partial to classic habits, his entertainments were always given in the evening, when there was a circulation of excellent Bourdeaux, in flasks garlanded with roses, which were also strewed over the table after the manner of Horace. The best society, whether in respect of rank or literary distinction, was always to be found in St. John's Street, Canongate. The conversation of the excellent old man, his high gentleman-like and chivalrous spirit, the learning and wit with which he defended his fanciful paradoxes, and the kind and liberal spirit of his hospitality, must render these *noctes cœnæque* dear to all who, like the author (though then young) had the honor of sitting at his board.

Note M, p. 317.—Lawyers' Sleepless Nights.

It is probably true, as observed by Counselor Pleydell, that a lawyer's anxiety about his case, supposing him to have been some time in practice, will seldom disturb his rest or digestion. Clients will, however, sometimes fondly entertain a different opinion. I was told by an excellent judge, now no more, of a country gentleman, who, addressing his leading counsel, my informer, then an advocate in great practice, on the morning of the day on which the case was to be pleaded, said, with singular *bonhommie*, "Weel, my lord (the counsel was Lord Advocate), the awful day has come at last. I have nae been able to sleep a wink for thinking of it—nor, I daresay, your lordship either."

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

GALWEGIAN LOCALITIES AND PERSONAGES WHICH HAVE BEEN SUPPOSED TO BE ALLUDED TO IN THE NOVEL.

An old English proverb says, that more know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows; and the influence of the adage seems to extend to works composed under the influence of an idle or foolish planet. Many corresponding circumstances are detected by readers, of which the author did not suspect the existence. He must, however, regard it as a great compliment, that, in detailing incidents purely imaginary, he has been so fortunate in approxi-

mating reality, as to remind his readers of actual occurrences. It is therefore with pleasure he notices some pieces of local history and tradition, which have been supposed to coincide with the fictitious persons, incidents, and scenery of Guy Mannering.

The prototype of Dirk Hatteraick is considered as having been a Dutch skipper called Yawkins. This man was well known on the coast of Galloway and Dumfriesshire, as sole proprietor and master of a *Buckkar*, or smuggling lugger, called The Black Prince. Being distinguished by his nautical skill and intrepidity, his vessel was frequently freighted, and his own services employed, by French, Dutch, Manx, and Scottish smuggling companies.

A person well known by the name of Buckkar-Tea, from having been a noted smuggler of that article, and also by that of Bogle-Bush, the place of his residence, assured my kind informant, Mr. Train, that he had frequently seen upward of two hundred Lingtowmen assemble at one time, and go off into the interior of the country, fully laden with contraband goods.

In those halycon days of the free trade, the fixed price for carrying a box of tea, or bale of tobacco, from the coast of Galloway to Edinburgh, was fifteen shillings, and a man with two horses carried four such packages. The trade was entirely destroyed by Mr. Pitt's celebrated commutation law, which, by reducing the duties upon excisable articles, enabled the lawful dealer to compete with the smuggler. The statute was called in Galloway and Dumfriesshire, by those who had thriven upon the contraband trade, " the burning and starving act."

Sure of such active assistance on shore, Yawkins demeaned himself so boldly, that his mere name was a terror to the officers of the revenue. He availed himself of the fears which his presence inspired on one particular night, when, happening to be ashore with a considerable quantity of goods in his sole custody, a strong party of excisemen came down on him. Far from shunning the attack, Yawkins sprung forward, shouting, " Come on, my lads ! Yawkins is before you." The revenue officers were intimidated and relinquished their prize, though defended only by the courage and address of a single man. On his proper element, Yawkins was equally successful. On one occasion, he was landing his cargo at the Manxman's Lake, near Kirkcudbright, when two revenue cutters (the Pigmy and the Dwarf) hove in sight at once on different tacks, the one coming round by the Isles of Fleet, the other between the Point of Rueberry and the Muckle Ron. The dauntless free-trader instantly weighed anchor, and bore down right between the luggers, so close that he tossed his hat on the deck of the one, and his wig on that of the other, hoisted a cask to his maintop, to show his occupation, and bore away under an extraordinary pressure of canvas, without receiving injury. To account for these and other hair-breadth escapes, popular superstition alleged that Yawkins insured his celebrated buckkar by compounding with the devil for one-tenth of his crew every voyage. How they arranged the separation of the stock and tithes, is left to our conjecture. The buckkar was perhaps called The Black Prince in honor of the formidable insurer.

The Black Prince used to discharge her cargo at Luce, Balcarry, and elsewhere on the coast; but her owner's favorite landing-places were at the entrance of the Dee and the Cree, near the old castle of Rueberry, about six miles below Kirkcudbright. There is a cave of large dimensions in the vicinity of Rueberry, which, from its being frequently used by Yawkins, and his supposed connection with the smugglers on the shore, is now called Dirk Hatteraick's cave. Strangers who visit this place, the scenery of which is highly romantic, are also shown under the name of the Gauger's

Loup, a tremendous precipice, being the same, it is asserted, from which Kennedy was precipitated.

Meg Merrilies is in Galloway considered as having had her origin in the traditions concerning the celebrated Flora Marshal, one of the royal consorts of Willie Marshal, more commonly called the *Caird* of Barullion, King of the Gypsies of the Western Lowlands. That potentate was himself deserving of notice, from the following peculiarities. He was born in the parish of Kirkmichael, about the year 1671; and as he died at Kirkcudbright 23d November 1792, he must then have been in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. It cannot be said that this unusually long lease of existence was noted by any peculiar excellence of conduct or habits of life. Willie had been pressed and enlisted seven times, and had deserted as often; besides three times running away from the naval service. He had been seventeen times lawfully married; and besides such a reasonably large share of matrimonial comforts, was, after his hundredth year, the avowed father of four children, by less legitimate affections. He subsisted in his extreme old age, by a pension from the present Earl of Selkirk's grandfather. Will Marshal is buried in Kirkcudbright church, where his monument is still shown, decorated with a scutcheon suitably blazoned with two tups' horns and two *cutty* spoons.

In his youth he occasionally took an evening walk on the highway, with the purpose of assisting travelers by relieving them of the weight of their purses. On one occasion, the Caird of Barullion robbed the Laird of Bargally, at a place between Carsphairn and Dalmellington. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the gypsy lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passenger, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant, Bargally came up with some assistants, and recognizing the bonnet, charged the farmer of Bantoberick with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, Bargally persisted in his charge, and though the respectability of the farmer's character was proved or admitted, his trial before the Circuit Court came on accordingly. The fatal bonnet lay on the table of the Court; Bargally swore that it was the identical article worn by the man who robbed him; and he and others likewise deponed that they had found the accused on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head. The case looked gloomily for the prisoner, and the opinion of the judge seemed unfavorable. But there was a person in Court who knew well both who did and who did not commit the crime. This was the Caird of Barullion, who, thrusting himself up to the bar, near the place where Bargally was standing, suddenly seized on the bonnet, put it on his head, and looking the Laird full in the face, asked him, with a voice which attracted the attention of the Court and crowded audience—"Look at me, sir, and tell me, by the oath you have sworn—Am not *I* the man who robbed you between Carsphairn and Dalmellington?" Bargally replied, in great astonishment, "By Heaven! you are the very man."—"You see what sort of memory this gentleman has," said the volunteer pleader: "he swears to the bonnet, whatever features are under it. If you, yourself my Lord, will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that your Lordship was the party who robbed him between Carsphairn and Dalmellington." The tenant of Bantoberick was unanimously acquitted, and thus Willie Marshal ingeniously contrived to save an innocent man from danger without incurring any himself, since Bargally's evidence must have seemed to everyone too fluctuating to be relied upon.

While the King of the Gypsies was thus laudibly occupied, his royal

consort, Flora, contrived, it is said, to steal the hood from the Judge's gown; for which offence, combined with her presumptive guilt as a gypsy, she was banished to New England, whence she never returned.

Now, I cannot grant that the idea of Meg Merrilies was, in the first concoction of the character, derived from Flora Marshal, seeing I have already said she was identified with Jean Gordon, and as I have not the Laird of Bargally's apology for charging the same fact on two several individuals. Yet I am quite content that Meg should be considered as a representative of her sect and class in general—Flora, as well as others.

The other instances in which my Gallovidian readers have obliged me by assigning to

——————airy nothings
A local habitation and a name,

shall also be sanctioned so far as the Author may be entitled to do so. I think the facetious Joe Miller records a case pretty much in point; where the keeper of a Museum, while showing, as he said, the very sword with which Balaam was about to kill his ass, was interrupted by one of the visitors, who reminded him that Balaam was not possessed of a sword, but only wished for one. "True, sir," replied the ready-witted cicerone; "but this is the very sword he wished for." The Author in application of this story has only to add, that, though ignorant of the coincidence between the fictions of the tale and some real circumstances, he is contented to believe he must unconsciously have thought or dreamed of the last while engaged in the composition of Guy Mannering.

GLOSSARY TO GUY MANNERING.

ABUNE, above.
AGAIN-E'EN, about evening.
AIBLINS, perhaps.
AIK, oak.
AIL, prevent.
AWMOUS, alms.

BAIRN, a child.
BALLANT, a ballad, fable.
BARROW-TRAM, shaft of a wheelbarrow.
BAULK, plot of ground.
BEDRAL, a sexton.
BIGGIT, built.
BIRK, birch twig.
BITTOCK, more than a bit.
BLATE, bashful.
BLUNKER, bungler.
BLYTHE, merry.
BODDLE, a small copper coin.
BOGLE, ghost, scarecrow.
BONNIE, pretty.
BOUNTITH, a bounty.
BRAT, a peevish child.
BRAW, fine, brave.
BROCK, a badger.
BROD, a plate.

CADIE, a street-porter.
CANNY, quiet.
CAST, fate.
CHIELD, a fellow.
CHUMLAY, chimney.
CLANJAMFRAY, rabble.
CLAVER, gossip.
CLOD, to thud.
CLOUR, to smash or thump.
COFT, bought.
COLLIE-SHANGIE, quarrel.
COUP, upset.
CREEL, basket for the back.
CUDDY, a donkey.

DAFT, crazy.
DEIL, devil.
DUNNART, stupid.
DOO, a pigeon.
DOOMS, absolutely.
DOWIE, sad.
DOWSE THE GLIM, put out the light.
DUB, a pool.
DUDS, clothes.

EASSEL, eastward.
EEN, eyes.
EILDING, fuel.
EVENING TILL, likening to, making equal.

FAIR STRAE DEATH, a natural death.
FAR-YAUD, a cry of encouragement to a shepherd's dog.
FASH, trouble.
FECK, a part.
FECKLESS, feeble.
FELL, the skin.
FELL, terrible.
FIE, mad.
FIENT A HAET, the deuce!
FILE, fidget.
FLIT remove.
FORBYE, besides.
FOUMART, a pole-cat.

GAE-DOUN, a bout.
GANGREL, vagrant.
GANG-THERE-OUT, wandering.
GAR'D, ordered, forced.
GATE, way or direction.
GAUGER, exciseman.
GAUN, going.
GAY or GEY, good, considerably.
GEAR, property.
GIEN, given.
GIFF GAFF, mutual obligation.
GLIFFING, an instant.
GLOWER, stare.
GOUD, gold.
GOWAN, a daisy.
GRUE, a greyhound.
GUDEMAN, husband.
GUISARD, a mummer.
GUMPHION, a funeral banner.
GYRE CARLING, a witch.

HADDEN, held.
HAFFLIN, half-grown.
HALLAN, partition at the doorway.
HANSEL, a present.
HANTLE, a number of.

HAUD, hold.
HEEZIE, hoist.
HEUCH, a dell.
HIRSEL, to edge down.
HORSE-COUPER, horse-dealer.
HOUDIE, midwife.
HOUT FIE ! tut fie !
HOWK, dig.
HOWM, hollow.
HUM DUDGEON, the pet.
HUNT THE GOWK, go on a fool's errand.

ILKA, each.

KAIM, a camp, a rising ground.
KILLOGIE, the fireplace of a lime-kiln.
KIMMER, a gossip.
KIPPER, salt preserve.
KIST, a chest.
KITTLE, ticklish, slippery.
KNEVELL, to beat or knead.

LAIR, learning.
LANGSYNE, long ago.
LIE-KEN, a cell.
LIKEWAKE, ceremony of watching the dead.
LIMMER, jade.
LIPPEN, trust.
LOANING, meadow.
LOUP, leap.
LOW, blaze.
LUG, the ear.
LUNT, to blaze up.

MUTCHKIN, Scotch measure equal to a pint.

NIFF-NAFFY, precise and troublesome about trifles.

ORRA, odd.
OWER, over.

PAIKS, punishment.
PEENGING, whining.
PIRN, a reel.
POW, the head.
PRIG, beg or beat down.
PRIN, a pin.

RAMPAUGING, roaring, scolding.
RANDLE-TREE, wild one.
RANDY, wild.
REDDING, clearing up.
RIPE, to rake.
ROTTEN, a rat.
ROUP, to auction.
RUCKLE, rattle.

SAIN, bless.
SARK, a shirt.
SAUGH, a willow.
SAULIE, a mute.
SCART, scratch.
SCREED, a yarn.
SECT, sex.
SIB, related to.
SIC, such.
SILLER, money.
SHIELING, a cot.
SHERRA, sheriff.
SHOON, shoes.
SLAP, a breach.
SLACK, a hollow.
SLOWHOUND, sleuthhound.
SMAIK, a poor wretch.
SOUPLE, a switch.
SPAE, to foretell.
SPEIR, to ask, inquire.
SPLORES, quarrels.
SPRUG, a sparrow.
SPUNK, a match.
STIBBLER, a probationer, a novice.
STICKIT, stuck.
STIRK, a heifer.
STIRRED, disturbed or harmed.
STREAK, to stretch.
SUNKIE, a stool.
SWEAR, difficult.

TAEN, taken.
TASS, a glass.
TENT, care.
THACK, thatch.
THAE, these.
THRAPPLE, the throat.
TIPP, a mouthful, a glass.
TOD, a fox.
TULZIE, a scuffle.
TWASOME, second.

UNCO, very particularly.

WALE, choice.
WARE, beware.
WARLOCK, witch, wizard.
WASTER, a trident.
WAUR, worse.
WEAN, an infant.
WEIRD IS DREED, the destiny is fulfilled
WESSEL, westward.
WHEEN, a few.
WHIGGING, jogging.
WHITTRET, a weasel.
WORRICOW, hobgoblin, scarecrow.
WOT, knew.
WUDDIE, a rope, the gallows.

YAFFING, chatter.

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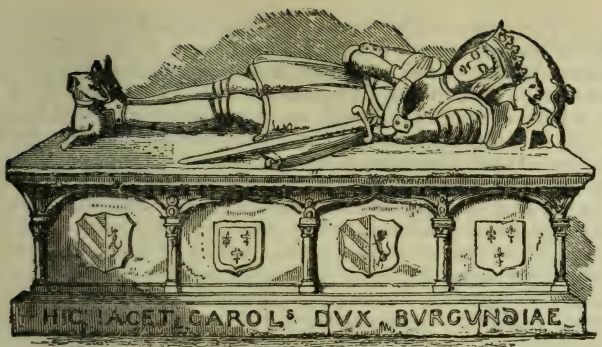
ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN

ANNE OF OBERSTEIN



18 INTRODUCTION 31.

THIS novel was written at a time when circumstances did not place within my reach the stories of a library tolerably rich in historical works, and especially the memoirs of the middle ages, amidst which I had been accustomed to pursue the composition of my fictitious narratives. In other words, it was chiefly the work of leisure hours in Edinburgh, not of quiet mornings in the country. In consequence of trusting to a memory, strongly tenacious certainly, but not less capricious in its efforts, I have to confess on this occasion more violations of accuracy in historical details than can perhaps be alleged against others of my novels. In truth, often as I have been complimented on the strength of my memory, I have through life been entitled to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer to his parish minister when eulogizing him with respect to the same faculty : " No, doctor," said the honest border laird, " I have no command of my memory, it only retains what happens to hit my fancy, and like enough, sir, if you were to preach to me for a couple of hours on end, I might be unable at the close of the discourse to remember one word of it." Perhaps there are few men whose memory serves them with equal fidelity as to many different classes of subjects ; but I am sorry to say, that while mine has rarely failed me as to any snatch of verse or trait of character that had once interested my fancy, it has generally been a frail support, not only as to names, and dates and other minute technicalities of history, but as to many more important things.

I hope this apology will suffice for one mistake which has been pointed out to me by the descendant of one of the persons introduced in this story, and who complains with reason that I have made a peasant deputy of the ancestor of a distinguished and noble family, none of whom ever declined from the high rank to which, as far as my pen trenched on it, I now beg leave to restore

them. The name of the person who figures as deputy of Soleure in these pages was always, it seems, as it is now, that of a patrician house. I am reminded by the same correspondent of another slip, probably of less consequence. The Emperor of the days my novel refers to, though the representative of that Leopold who fell in the great battle of Sempach, never set up any pretensions against the liberties of the gallant Swiss, but, on the contrary, treated with uniform prudence and forbearance such of that nation as had established their independence, and with wise, as well as generous kindness, others who still continue to acknowledge fealty to the imperial crown. Errors of this sort, however trivial, ought never, in my opinion, to be pointed out to an author, without meeting with a candid and respectful acknowledgment.

With regard to a general subject of great curiosity and interest in the eyes at least of all antiquarian students, upon which I have touched at some length in this narrative, I mean the *Vehmic* tribunals of Westphalia, a name so awful in men's ears during many centuries, and which, through the genius of Goethe, has again been revived in public fancy with a full share of its ancient terrors, I am bound to state my opinion, that a wholly new and most important light has been thrown upon this matter since Anne of Geierstein first appeared, by the elaborate researches of my ingenious friend, Mr. Francis Palgrave,* whose proof-sheets, containing the passages I alluded to, have been kindly forwarded to me, and whose complete work will be before the public ere this Introduction can pass through the press.

"In Germany," says this very learned writer, "there existed a singular jurisdiction, which claimed a *direct descent from the Pagan policy and mystic ritual of the earliest Teutons.*

"We learn from the historians of Saxony, that the 'Frey Feld gricht,' or Free Field Court of Corbey, was, in Pagan times under the supremacy of the Priests of the Eresburgh, the Temple which contained the Irminsule, or pillar of Irmin. After the conversion of the people, the possessions of the temple were conferred by Louis the Pious upon the Abbey which arose upon its site. The court was composed of sixteen persons, who held their offices for life. The senior member presided as the Gerefa or Graff; the junior performed the humbler duties of 'Frohner,' or summoner; the remaining fourteen acted as the Echevins, and by them all judgments were pronounced or declared. When any one of these died, a new member was elected by the Priests, from amongst the twenty-two septs or families inhabiting the Gau or district, and who included all the hereditary occupants of the soil. Afterward, the selection was made by the Monks, but always with the assent of the Graff and of the 'Frohner.'

"The seat of judgment, the King's seat, or 'König-stuhl,' was always established on the greensward; and we collect from the context, that the tribunal was also raised or appointed in the common fields of the Gau, for the purpose of deciding disputes

* Now Sir Francis Palgrave.

relating to the land within its precinct. Such a 'King's seat' was a plot sixteen feet in length, and sixteen feet in breadth; and when the ground was first consecrated, the Frohner dug a grave in the centre, into which each of the Free Echevins threw a handful of ashes, a coal, and a tile. If any doubt arose whether a place of judgment had been duly hallowed, the Judges sought for the tokens. If they were not found, then all the judgments which had been given became null and void. It was also of the very essence of the Court that it should be held beneath the sky and by the light of the sun. All the ancient Teutonic judicial assemblies were held in the open air; but some relics of solar worship may, perhaps, be traced in the usage and in the language of this tribunal. The forms adopted in the Free Field Court also betray a singular affinity to the doctrines of the British Bards respecting their Gorseddau, or Conventions, which were always held in the open air in the eye of the light and in face of the sun.*

"When a criminal was to be judged, or a cause to be decided, the Graff and the Free Echevins assembled around the 'Königstuhl;' and the 'Frohner,' having proclaimed silence, opened the proceedings by reciting the following rhymes:

> "Sir Graff, with permission,
> I beg you to say,
> According to law, and without delay,
> If I, your Knave,
> Who judgment crave,
> With your good grace,
> Upon the King's seat this seat may place?

"To this address the Graff replied:

> "While the sun shines with even light
> Upon Masters and Knaves, I shall declare
> The law of might, according to right.
> Place the King's seat true and square;
> Let even measure, for justice' sake,
> Be given in sight of God and man,
> That the plaintiff his complaint may make,
> And the defendant answer—if he can.

"In conformity to this permission, the 'Frohner' placed the seat of judgment in the middle of the plot, and then he spake for the second time:

> "Sir Graff, Master brave,
> I remind you of your honor, here,
> And moreover that I am your Knave;
> Tell me, therefore, for law sincere,
> If these mete-wands are even and sure,
> Fit for the rich and fit for the poor,
> Both to measure land and condition;
> Tell me as you would eschew perdition.

*Owen Pugh's Elegies of Lewarch Hen, Pref., p. 46.—The Place of these meetings was set apart by forming a circle of stones around the *Maen Gorsedd*, or stone of the Gorsedd.

And so speaking, he laid the mete-wand on the ground. The Graff then began to try the measure, by placing his right foot against the wand, and he was followed by the other Free Echevins in rank and order, according to seniority. The length of the mete-wand being thus proved, the Frohner spake for the third time :

> " Sir Graff, I ask by permission,
> If I with your mete-wand may mete
> Openly, and without displeasure,
> Here the king's free judgment seat ?

" And the Graff replied :

> " I permit right,
> And I forbid wrong,
> Under the pains and penalties
> That to the old known laws belong.

" Now was the time of measuring the mystic plot ; it was measured by the mete-wand along and athwart, and when the dimensions were found to be true, the Graff placed himself in the seat of judgment, and gave the charge to the assembled Free Echevins, warning them to pronounce judgment according to right and justice.

> " On this day, with common consent,
> And under the clear firmament
> A free field court is established here,
> In the open eye of day ;
> Enter soberly, ye who may.
> The seat in its place is pight.
> The mete-wand is found to be right ;
> Declare your judgments without delay ;
> And let the doom be truly given,
> Whilst yet the Sun shines bright in heaven.

" Judgment was given by the Free Echevins according to plurality of voices."

After observing that the Author of Anne of Geierstein had, by what he calls a " very excusable poetical license," transferred something of these judicial rhymes from the Free Field Court of the Abbey of Corbey to the Free Vehmic Tribunals of Westphalia, Mr. Palgrave proceeds to correct many vulgar errors, in which the novel he remarks on no doubt had shared, with respect to the actual constitution of those last-named courts. " The protocols of their proceedings," he says, " do not altogether realize the popular idea of their terrors and tyranny." It may be allowed to me to question whether the mere protocols of such tribunals are quite enough to annul all the import of tradition respecting them ; but in the following details there is no doubt much that will instruct the antiquarian, as well as amuse the popular reader.

" The Court," says Mr. Palgrave, " was held with known and notorious publicity beneath the ' eye of light ; ' and the sentences,

though speedy and severe, were founded upon a regular system of established jurisprudence, not so strange, even to England, as it may at first sight appear.

"Westphalia, according to its ancient constitution, was divided into districts called 'Freygraffschafften,' each of which usually contained one, and sometimes many, Vehmic tribunals, whose boundaries were accurately defined. The right of the 'Stuhlherr,' or Lord, was of a feudal nature, and could be transferred by the ordinary modes of alienation; and if the Lord did not choose to act in his own person, he nominated a 'Freigraff' to execute the office in his stead. The court itself was composed of 'Freyschöppfen,' Scabini, or Echevins, nominated by the Graff, and who were divided into two classes; the ordinary, and the 'Wissenden' or 'Witan,' who were admitted under a strict and singular bond of secrecy.

"The initiation of these, the participators in all the mysteries of the tribunal, could only take place upon the 'red earth,' or within the limits of the ancient Duchy of Westphalia. Bareheaded and ungirt, the candidate is conducted before the dread tribunal. He is interrogated as to his qualifications, or rather as to the absence of any disqualification. He must be freeborn, a Teuton, and clear of any accusation cognizable by the tribunal, of which he is to become a member. If the answers are satisfactory, he then takes the oath, swearing by the Holy Law that he will conceal the secrets of the Holy Vehme from wife and child—from father and mother—from sister and brother—from fire and water—from every creature upon which the sun shines, or upon which the rain falls—from every being between earth and heaven.

"Another clause relates to his active duties. He further swears that he will 'say forth' to the tribunal all crimes or offences which fall beneath the secret ban of the Emperor, which he knows to be true, or which he has heard from trustworthy report; and that he will not forbear to do so, for love nor for loathing, for gold nor for silver nor precious stones. This oath being imposed upon him, the new Freischöpff was then intrusted with the secrets of the Vehmic tribunal. He received the password by which he was to know his fellows, and the grip or sign by which they recognized each other in silence; and he was warned of the terrible punishment awaiting the perjured brother. If he discloses the secrets of the Court, he is to expect that he will be suddenly seized by the ministers of vengeance. His eyes are bound, he is cast down on the soil, his tongue is torn out through the back of his neck—and he is then to be hanged seven times higher than any other criminal. And whether restrained by the fear of punishment or by the stronger ties of mystery, no instance was ever known of any violation of the secrets of the tribunal.

"Thus connected by an invisible bond, the members of the 'Holy Vehme' became extremely numerous. In the fourteenth century, the league contained upward of one hundred thousand members. Persons of every rank sought to be associated to this powerful community, and to participate in the immunities which

the brethren possessed. Princes were eager to allow their ministers to become the members of this mysterious and holy alliance; and the cities of the Empire were equally anxious to enroll their magistrates in the Vehmic union.

"The supreme government of the Vehmic tribunals was vested in the great or general Chapter, composed of the Freegraves and all the other initiated members, high and low. Over this assembly the Emperor might preside in person, but more usually by his deputy, the Stadtholder of the ancient Duchy of Westphalia; an office which, after the fall of Henry the Lion, Duke of Brunswick, was annexed to the Archbishopric of Cologne.

"Before the general Chapter all the members were liable to account for their acts. And it appears that the 'Freegraves' reported the proceedings which had taken place within their jurisdictions in the course of the year. Unworthy members were expelled or sustained a severe punishment. Statutes, or 'Reformations,' as they were called, were here enacted for the regulation of the Courts and the amendment of any abuses; and new and unforeseen cases for which the existing laws did not provide a remedy received their determination in the Vehmic Parliament.

"As the Echevins were of two classes, uninitiated and initiated, so the Vehmic Court had also a twofold character. The 'Offenbare Ding' was an Open Court or Folkmoot; but the 'Heimliche Acht' was the far-famed Secret Tribunal.

"The first was held three times in each year. According to the ancient Teutonic usage, it usually assembled on Thursday, anciently called 'Dingstag,' or court-day, as well as 'Dienstag,' or serving day, the first open or working-day after the two great weekly festivals of Sun-day and Moon-day. Here all the householders of the district, whether free or bond, attended as suitors. The 'Offenbare Ding' exercised a civil jurisdiction; and in this Folkmoot appeared any complainant or appellant who sought to obtain the aid of the Vehmic tribunal, in those cases when it did not possess that summary jurisdiction from which it has obtained such fearful celebrity. Here also the suitors of the district made presentments or 'wroge,' as they are termed, of any offences committed within their knowledge, and which were to be punished by the Graff and Echevins.

"The criminal jurisdiction of the Vehmic Tribunal took the widest range. The 'Vehme' could punish mere slander and contumely. Any violation of the Ten Commandments was to be restained by the Echevins. Secret crimes, not to be proved by the ordinary testimony of witnesses, such as magic, witchcraft, and poison, were particularly to be restrained by the Vehmic Judges; and they sometimes designated their jurisdiction as comprehending every offence against the honor of man or the precepts of religion. Such a definition, if definition it can be called, evidently allowed them to bring every action of which an individual might complain within the scope of their tribunals. The forcible usurpation of land became an offence against the 'Vehme.' And if the property of an humble individual was occupied by the proud Burgh-

ers of the Hanse, the power of the Defendants might afford a reasonable excuse for the interference of the Vehmic power.

"The Echevins, as Conservators of the Ban of the Empire, were bound to make constant circuits within their districts, by night and by day. If they could apprehend a thief, a murderer, or the perpetrator of any other heinous crime, in possession of the 'mainour,' or in the very act—or if his own mouth confessed the deed, they hung him upon the next tree. But to render this execution legal, the following requisites were necessary: Fresh suit, or the apprehension and execution of the offender before daybreak or nightfall; the visible evidence of the crime; and lastly, that three Echevins, at least, should seize the offender, testify against him, and judge of the recent deed.

"If, without any certain accuser, and without the indication of crime, an individual was strongly and vehemently suspected; or when the nature of the offence was such as that its proof could only rest upon opinion and presumption, the offender then became subject to what the German jurists term the inquisitorial proceeding; it became the duty of the Echevin to denounce the 'Leumund,' or manifest evil fame, to the secret tribunal. If the Echevins and the Freygraff were satisfied with the presentment, either from their own knowledge or from the information of their compeer, the offender was said to be 'verfämbt'—his life was forfeited; and wherever he was found by the brethren of the tribunal, they executed him without the slightest delay or mercy. An offender who had escaped from the Echevins was liable to the same punishment; and such also was the doom of the party who, after having been summoned pursuant to an appeal preferred in open court, made default in appearing. But one of the 'Wissenden' was in no respect liable to the summary process, or to the inquisitorial proceeding, unless he had revealed the secrets of the Court. He was presumed to be a true man; and if accused upon vehement suspicion, or 'Leumund,' the same presumption or evil repute which was fatal to the uninitiated, might be entirely rebutted by the compurgatory oath of the free Echevin. If a party, accused by appeal, did not shun investigation, he appeared in the open court, and defended himself according to the ordinary rules of law. If he absconded, or if the evidence or presumptions were against him, the accusations then came before the Judges of the Secret Court, who pronounced the doom. The accusatorial process, as it was termed, was also, in many cases, brought in the first instance before the 'Heimliche Acht.' Proceeding upon the examination of witnesses, it possessed no peculiar character, and its forms were those of the ordinary courts of justice. It was only in this manner that one of the 'Wissenden' or Witan could be tried; and the privilege of being exempted from the summary process, or from the effects of the 'Leumund,' appears to have been one of the reasons which induced so many of those who did not tread the 'red earth' to seek to be included in the Vehmic bond.

"There was no mystery in the assembly of the Heimliche Acht. Under the oak, or under the lime-tree, the Judges as-

sembled in broad daylight and before the eye of heaven ; but the tribunal derived its name from the precautions which were taken for the purpose of preventing any disclosure of its proceedings which might enable the offender to escape the vengeance of the Vehme. Hence the fearful oath of secrecy which bound the Echevins. And if any stranger was found present in the Court, the unlucky intruder instantly forfeited his life as a punishment of his temerity. If the presentment or denunciation did chance to become known to the offender, the law allowed him a right to appeal. But the permission was of very little utility ; it was a profitless boon, for the Vehmic Judges always labored to conceal the judgment from the hapless criminal, who seldom was aware of his sentence until his neck was encircled by the halter.

" Charlemagne, according to the traditions of Westphalia, was the founder of the Vehmic tribunal ; and it was supposed that he instituted the Court for the purpose of coercing the Saxons, ever ready to relapse into the idolatry from which they had been reclaimed, not by persuasion, but by the sword. This opinion, however, is not confirmed either by documentary evidence or by contemporary historians. And if we examine the proceedings of the Vehmic tribunal, we shall see that, in principle, it differs in no essential character from the summary jurisdiction exercised in the townships and Hundreds of Anglo-Saxon England. Amongst us, the thief or the robber was equally liable to summary punishment, if apprehended by the men of the township ; and the same rules disqualified them from proceeding to summary execution. An English outlaw was exactly in the situation of him who had escaped from the hands of the Echevins, or who had failed to appear before the Vehmic Court—he was condemned unheard, nor was he confronted with his accusers. The inquisitorial proceedings, as they are termed by the German jurists, are identical with our ancient presentments. Presumptions are substituted for proofs, and general opinion holds the place of a responsible accuser. He who was untrue to all the people in the Saxon age, or liable to the malcredence of the inquest at a subsequent period, was scarcely more fortunate than he who was branded as 'Leumund' by the Vehmic law.

" In cases of open delict and of outlawry there was substantially no difference whatever between the English and the Vehmic proceedings. But in the inquisitorial process, the delinquent was allowed, according to our older code, to run the risk of the ordeal. He was accused by or before the Hundred, or the Thanes of the Wapentake ; and his own oath cleared him, if a true man : but he 'bore the iron' if unable to avail himself of the credit derived from a good and fair reputation. The same course may have been originally adopted in Westphalia ; for the 'Wissend,' when accused, could exculpate himself by his compurgatory oath, being presumed to be of good fame ; and it is therefore probable that an uninitiated offender, standing a stage lower in character and credibility, was allowed the last resort of the ordeal. But when the 'Judgment of God' was abolished by the decrees of the

Church, it did not occur to the Vehmic Judges to put the offender upon his second trial by the visne, which now forms the distinguishing characteristie of the English law, and he was at once considered as condemned. The Heimliche Acht is a presentment not traversable by the offender.

"*The Vehmic Tribunals can only be considered as the original jurisdictions of the 'Old Saxons,' which survived the subjugation of their country. The singular and mystic forms of initiation, the system of enigmatical phrases, the use of the signs and symbols of recognition may probably be ascribed to the period when the whole system was united to the worship of the Deities of Vengeance, and when the sentence was promulgated by the Doomsmen, assembled, like the Asi of old, before the altars of Thor or Woden.* Of this connection with ancient pagan policy, so clearly to be traced in the Icelandic Courts, the English territorial jurisdictions offer some very faint vestiges ; but the mystery had long been dispersed, and the whole system passed into the ordinary machinery of the law.

"As to the Vehmic Tribunals, it is acknowledged that, in a truly barbarous age and country, their proceedings, however violent, were not without utility. Their severe and secret vengeance often deterred the rapacity of the noble robber, and protected the humble suppliant ; the extent, and even the abuse, of their authority was in some measure justified in an Empire divided into numerous independent jurisdictions, and not subjected to any paramount tribunal able to administer impartial justice to the oppressed. But as the times improved, the Vehmic tribunals degenerated. The Echevins, chosen from the inferior ranks, did not possess any personal consideration. Opposed by the opulent cities of the Hanse, and objects of the suspicion and the enmity of the powerful aristocracy, the tribunals of some districts were abolished by law, and others took the form of ordinary territorial jurisdictions ; the greater number fell into desuetude. Yet, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, a few Vehmic tribunals existed in name, though, as it may be easily supposed, without possessing any remnant of their pristine power."—PALGRAVE on the Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth. Proofs and Illustrations, p. 157.

I have marked *by Roman letters* the most important passage of the above quotation. The view it contains seems to me to have every appearance of truth and justice—and if such should, on maturer investigation, turn out to be the fact, it will certainly confer no small honor on an English scholar to have discovered the key to a mystery which had long exercised in vain the laborious and profound students of German antiquity.

There are probably several other points on which I ought to have embraced this opportunity of enlarging ; but the necessity of preparing for an excursion to foreign countries, in quest of health and strength, that have been for some time sinking, makes me cut short my address upon the present occasion.

Although I had never been in Switzerland, and numerous mis-

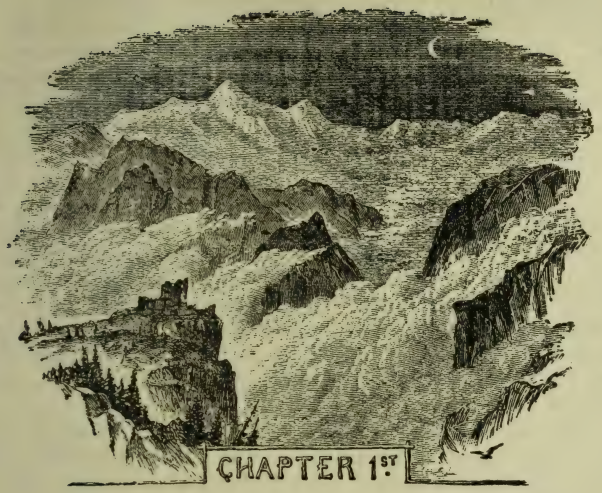
takes must of course have occurred in my attempts to describe the local scenery of that romantic region, I must not conclude without a statement highly gratifying to myself, that the work met with a reception of more than usual cordiality among the descendants of the Alpine heroes whose manners I have ventured to treat of; and I have in particular to express my thanks to the several Swiss gentlemen who have, since the novel was published, enriched my little collection of armor with specimens of the huge weapon that sheared the lances of the Austrian chivalry at Sempach, and was employed with equal success on the bloody days of Granson and Morat. Of the ancient doublehanded *espadons* of the Switzer, I have, in this way, received, I think, not less than six, in excellent preservation, from as many different individuals, who thus testified their general approbation of these pages. They are not the less interesting, that gigantic swords, of nearly the same pattern and dimensions, were employed in their conflicts with the bold knights and men-at-arms of England, by Wallace and the sturdy foot-soldiers who, under his guidance, laid the foundations of Scottish independence.

The reader who wishes to examine with attention the historical events of the period which the novel embraces, will find ample means of doing so in the valuable works of Zschokké and M. de Barante—which last author's account of the Dukes of Burgundy is among the most valuable of recent accessions of European literature—and in the new Parisian edition of Froissart, which has not as yet attracted so much attention in this country as it well deserves to do.*

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, Sept. 17, 1831.

* [Note A. Remarks on the Novel.]



The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean— * *
* * * * I am giddy.

MANFRED.

THE course of four centuries has well-nigh elapsed since the series of events which are related in the following chapters took place on the Continent. The records which contained the outlines of the history, and might be referred to as proof of its veracity, were long preserved in the superb library of the Monastery of Saint Gall, but perished, with many of the literary treasures of that establishment, when the convent was plundered by the French Revolutionary armies. The events are fixed by historical date to the middle of the fifteenth century—that important period, when chivalry still shone with a setting ray, soon about to be totally obscured ; in some countries, by the establishment of free institutions, in others, by that of arbitrary power, which alike rendered useless the interference of those self-endowed redressers of wrongs, whose only warrant of authority was the sword.

Amid the general light which had recently shone upon Europe, France, Burgundy and Italy, but more especially Austria, had been made acquainted with the character of a people, of

whose very existence they had before been scarcely conscious. It is true, that the inhabitants of those countries which lie in the vicinity of the Alps, that immense barrier, were not ignorant, that, notwithstanding their rugged and desolate appearance, the secluded valleys which winded among those gigantic mountains nourished a race of hunters and shepherds; men, who, living in a state of primeval simplicity, compelled from the soil a subsistence gained by severe labor, followed the chase over the most savage precipices and through the darkest pine forests, or drove their cattle to spots which afforded them a scanty pasturage, even in the vicinage of eternal snows. But the existence of such a people, or rather of a number of small communities who followed nearly the same poor and hardy course of life, had seemed to the rich and powerful princes in the neighborhood a matter of as little consequence, as it is to the stately herds which repose in a fertile meadow, that a few half-starved goats find their scanty food among the rocks which overlook their rich domain.

But wonder and attention began to be attracted toward these mountaineers, about the middle of the fourteenth century, when reports were spread abroad of severe contests, in which the German chivalry, endeavoring to suppress insurrections among their Alpine vassals, had sustained repeated and bloody defeats, although having on their side numbers and discipline, and the advantage of the most perfect military equipment then known and confided in. Great was the wonder that cavalry, which made the only efficient part of the feudal armies of these ages, should be routed by men on foot; that warriors sheathed in complete steel should be overpowered by naked peasants who wore no defensive armor, and were irregularly provided with pikes, halberds, and clubs, for the purpose of attack; above all, it seemed a species of miracle, that knights and nobles of the highest birth should be defeated by mountaineers and shepherds. But the repeated victories of the Swiss at Laupen, Sempach, and on other less distinguished occasions, plainly intimated that a new principle of civil organization, as well as of military movements, had arisen amid the stormy regions of Helvetia.

Still, although the decisive victories which obtained liberty for the Swiss Cantons, as well as the spirit of resolution and wisdom with which the members of the little confederation had maintained themselves against the utmost exertions of Austria, had spread their fame abroad through all the neighboring countries; and although they themselves were conscious of the character and actual power which repeated victories had acquired for themselves and their country, yet down to the

middle of the fifteenth century, and at a later date the Swiss retained in a great measure the wisdom, moderation, and simplicity of their ancient manners; so much so, that those who were intrusted with the command of the troops of the Republic in battle, were wont to resume the shepherd's staff when they laid down the truncheon, and, like the Roman dictators, to retire to complete equality with their fellow-citizens from the eminence of military command to which their talents, and the call of their country, had raised them.

It is, then, in the Forest Cantons of Switzerland, in the autumn of 1474, while these districts were in the rude and simple state we have described, that our tale opens.

Two travelers, one considerably past the prime of life, the other probably two or three and twenty years old, had passed the night at the little town of Lucerne, the capital of the Swiss state of the same name, and beautifully situated on the lake of the Four Cantons. Their dress and character seemed those of merchants of a higher class, and while they themselves journeyed on foot, the character of the country rendering that by far the most easy mode of pursuing their route a young peasant lad, from the Italian side of the Alps, followed them with a sumpter mule, laden apparently with men's wares and baggage, which he sometimes mounted, but more frequently led by the bridle.

The travelers were uncommonly fine-looking men, and seemed connected by some very near relationship,—probably that of father and son; for at the little inn where they lodged on the preceding evening, the great deference and respect paid by the younger to the elder had not escaped the observation of the natives, who, like other sequestered beings, were curious in proportion to the limited means of information which they possessed. They observed also, that the merchants, under pretence of haste, declined opening their bales, or proposing traffic to the inhabitants of Lucerne, alleging in excuse that they had no commodities fitted for the market. The females of the town were the more displeased with the reserve of the mercantile travelers, because they were given to understand that it was occasioned by the wares in which they dealt being too costly to find customers among the Helvetian mountains; for it had transpired, by means of their attendant, that the strangers had visited Venice, and had there made many purchases of rich commodities, which were brought from India and Egypt to that celebrated emporium, as to the common mart of the Western World, and thence dispersed into all quarters of Europe. Now the Swiss maidens had of late made the discovery that gauds and gems were fair to look upon, and though without the hope of being able to possess

themselves of such ornaments, they felt a natural desire to review and handle the rich stores of the merchants, and some displeasure at being prevented from doing so.

It was also observed, that though the strangers were sufficiently courteous in their demeanor, they did not evince that studious anxiety to please, displayed by the traveling pedlers or merchants of Lombardy or Savoy, by whom the inhabitants of the mountains were occasionally visited; and who had been more frequent in their rounds of late years, since the spoils of victory had invested the Swiss with some wealth, and had taught many of them new wants. Those peripatetic traders were civil and assiduous, as their calling required; but the new visitors seemed men who were indifferent to traffic, or at least to such slender gains as could be gathered in Switzerland.

Curiosity was further excited by the circumstance, that they spoke to each other in a language which was certainly neither German, Italian, nor French, but from which an old man serving in the cabaret, who had once been as far as Paris, supposed they might be English; a people of whom it was only known in these mountains, that they were a fierce insular race, at war with the French for many years, and a large body of whom had long since invaded the Forest Cantons, and sustained such a defeat in the valley of Reussweil, as was well remembered by the gray-haired men of Lucerne, who received the tale from their fathers.

The lad who attended the strangers was soon ascertained to be a youth from the Grisons country, who acted as their guide, so far as his knowledge of the mountains permitted. He said they designed to go to Bâle, but seemed desirous to travel by circuitous and unfrequented routes. The circumstances just mentioned increased the general desire to know more of the travelers and of their merchandise. Not a bale, however, was unpacked, and the merchants, leaving Lucerne next morning, resumed their toilsome journey, preferring a circuitous route and bad roads, through the peaceful cantons of Switzerland, to encountering the exactions and rapine of the robber chivalry of Germany, who, like so many sovereigns, made war each at his own pleasure, and levied tolls and taxes on every one who passed their domains of a mile's breadth, with all the insolence of petty tyranny.

For several hours after leaving Lucerne, the journey of our travelers was successfully prosecuted. The road, though precipitous and difficult, was rendered interesting by those splendid phenomena, which no country exhibits in a more astonishing manner than the mountains of Switzerland, where the rocky

pass, the verdant valley, the broad lake, and the rushing torrent, the attributes of other hills as well as these, are interspersed with the magnificent and yet fearful horrors of the glaciers, a feature peculiar to themselves.

It was not an age in which the beauties or grandeur of a landscape made much impression either on the minds of those who traveled through the country, or who resided in it. To the latter, the objects, however dignified, were familiar, and associated with daily habits and with daily toil; and the former saw, perhaps, more terror than beauty in the wild region through which they passed, and were rather solicitous to get safe to their night's quarters, than to comment on the grandeur of the scenes which lay between them and their place of rest. Yet our merchants, as they proceeded on their journey, could not help being strongly impressed by the character of the scenery around them. Their road lay along the side of the lake, at times level and close on its very margin, at times rising to a great height on the side of the mountain, and winding along the verge of precipices which sunk down to the water as sharp and sheer as the wall of a castle descending upon the ditch which defends it. At other times it traversed spots of a milder character,—delightful green slopes, and lowly retired valleys, affording both pasturage and arable ground, sometimes watered by small streams, which winded by the hamlet of wooden huts with their fantastic little church and steeple, meandered round the orchard and the mount of vines, and, murmuring gently as they flowed, found a quiet passage into the lake.

"That stream, Arthur," said the elder traveler, as with one consent they stopped to gaze on such a scene as I have described, "resembles the life of a good and a happy man."

"And the brook, which hurries itself headlong down yon distant hill, marking its course by a streak of white foam," answered Arthur,—"what does that resemble?"

"That of a brave and unfortunate one," replied his father.

"The torrent for me," said Arthur; "a headlong course which no human force can oppose, and then let it be as brief as it is glorious."

"It is a young man's thought," replied his father; "but I am well aware that it is so rooted in thy heart that nothing but the rude hand of adversity can pluck it up."

"As yet the root clings fast to my heart's strings," said the young man; "and methinks adversity's hand hath had a fair grasp of it."

"You speak, my son, of what you little understand," said his father. "Know, that till the middle of life be passed, men

scarce distinguish true prosperity from adversity, or rather they court as the favors of fortune what they should more justly regard as the marks of her displeasure. Look at yonder mountain, which wears on its shaggy brow a diadem of clouds, now raised and now depressed, while the sun glances upon, but is unable to dispel it;—a child might believe it to be a crown of glory—a man knows it to be the signal of tempest."

Arthur followed the direction of his father's eye to the dark and shadowy eminence of Mount Pilatus.

"Is the mist on yonder wild mountain so ominous then?" asked the young man.

"Demand of Antonio," said his father; "he will tell you the legend."

The young merchant addressed himself to the Swiss lad who acted as their attendant, desiring to know the name of the gloomy height, which, in that quarter, seems the leviathan of the huge congregation of mountains assembled about Lucerne.

The lad crossed himself devoutly, as he recounted the popular legend, that the wicked Pontius Pilate, Proconsul of Judea, had here found the termination of his impious life; having, after spending years in the recesses of that mountain which bears his name, at length, in remorse and despair, rather than in penitence, plunged into the dismal lake which occupies the summit. Whether water refused to do the executioner's duty upon such a wretch, or whether, his body being drowned, his vexed spirit continued to haunt the place where he committed suicide, Antonio did not pretend to explain. But a form was often, he said, seen to emerge from the gloomy waters, and go through the action of one washing his hands; and when he did so, dark clouds of mist gathered first round the bosom of the Infernal Lake (such it had been styled of old), and then wrapping the whole upper part of the mountain in darkness, presaged a tempest or hurricane, which was sure to follow in a short space. He added, that the evil spirit was peculiarly exasperated at the audacity of such strangers as ascended the mountain to gaze at his place of punishment, and that, in consequence, the magistrates of Lucerne had prohibited any one from approaching Mount Pilatus, under severe penalties. Antonio once more crossed himself as he finished his legend; in which act of devotion he was imitated by his hearers, too good Catholics to entertain any doubt of the truth of the story.

"How the accursed heathen scowls upon us!" said the younger of the merchants, while the cloud darkened and seemed to settle on the brow of Mount Pilatus. "*Vade retro*;—be thou defied, sinner!"

A rising wind, rather heard than felt, seemed to groan forth, in the tone of a dying lion, the acceptance of the suffering spirit to the rash challenge of the young Englishman. The mountain was seen to send down its rugged sides thick wreaths of heaving mist, which, rolling through the rugged chasms that seamed the grisly hill, resembled torrents of rushing lava pouring down from a volcano. The ridgy precipices, which formed the sides of these huge ravines, showed their splintery and rugged edges over the vapor, as if dividing from each other the descending streams of mist which rolled around them. As a strong contrast to this gloomy and threatening scene, the more distant mountain range of Rigi shone brilliant with all the hues of an autumnal sun.

While the travelers watched this striking and varied contrast, which resembled an approaching combat betwixt the powers of Light and Darkness, their guide, in his mixed jargon of Italian and German, exhorted them to make haste on their journey. The village to which he proposed to conduct them, he said, was yet distant, the road bad, and difficult to find, and if the Evil One " (looking to Mount Pilatus, and crossing himself) " should send his darkness upon the valley, the path would be both doubtful and dangerous. The travelers, thus admonished, gathered the capes of their cloaks close round their throats, pulled their bonnets resolvedly over their brows, drew the buckle of the broad belts which fastened their mantles, and each with a mountain staff in his hand, well shod with an iron spike, they pursued their journey with unabated strength and undaunted spirit.

With every step the scenes around them appeared to change. Each mountain, as if its firm and immutable form were flexible and varying, altered in appearance, like that of a shadowy apparition, as the position of the strangers relative to them changed with their motions, and as the mist, which continued slowly though constantly to descend, influenced the rugged aspect of the hills and valleys which it shrouded with its vapory mantle. The nature of their progress, too, never direct, but winding by a narrow path along the sinuosities of the valley, and making many a circuit round precipices and other obstacles which it was impossible to surmount, added to the wild variety of a journey, in which, at last, the travelers totally lost any vague idea which they had previously entertained concerning the direction in which the road led them.

" I would," said the elder, " we had that mystical needle which mariners talk of, that points ever to the north, and enables them to keep their way on the waters, when there is

neither cape nor headland, sun, moon, nor stars, nor any mark in heaven or earth, to tell them how to steer."

"It would scarce avail us among these mountains," answered the youth; "for though that wonderful needle may keep its point to the northern Pole-star, when it is on a flat surface like the sea, it is not to be thought it would do so when these huge mountains arise like walls, betwixt the steel and the object of its sympathy."

"I fear me," replied the father, "we shall find our guide, who has been growing hourly more stupid since he left his own valley, as useless as you suppose the compass would be among the hills of this wild country.—Canst tell, my boy," said he, addressing Antonio in bad Italian, "if we be in the road we purposed?"

"If it please Saint Antonio"—said the guide, who was obviously too much confused to answer the question directly.

"And that water, half covered with mist, which glimmers through the fog, at the foot of this huge black precipice—is it still a part of the Lake of Lucerne, or have we lighted upon another since we ascended that last hill?"

Antonio could only answer that they ought to be on the Lake of Lucerne still, and that he hoped that what they saw below them was only a winding branch of the same sheet of water. But he could say nothing with certainty.

"Dog of an Italian!" exclaimed the younger traveler, "thou deservest to have thy bones broken, for undertaking a charge which thou art as incapable to perform as thou art to guide us to heaven!"

"Peace, Arthur," said his father; "if you frighten the lad, he runs off, and we lose the small advantage we might have by his knowledge; if you use your baton, he rewards you with the stab of a knife,—for such is the humor of a revengeful Lombard. Either way, you are marred instead of helped.—Hark thee hither, my boy," he continued, in his indifferent Italian; "be not afraid of that hot youngster, whom I will not permit to injure thee; but tell me, if thou canst, the names of the villages by which we are to make our journey to-day."

The gentle mode in which the elder traveler spoke reassured the lad, who had been somewhat alarmed at the harsh tone and menacing expressions of his younger companion; and he poured forth, in his patois, a flood of names, in which the German guttural sounds were strangely intermixed with the soft accents of the Italian, but which carried to the hearer no intelligible information concerning the object of his question; so that at length he was forced to conclude, "Even lead on, in

Our Lady's name, or in Saint Antonio's if you like it better; we shall but lose time, I see, in trying to understand each other."

They moved on as before, with this difference, that the guide, leading the mule, now went first, and was followed by the other two, whose motions he had formerly directed by calling to them from behind. The clouds meantime became thicker and thicker, and the mist, which had at first been a thin vapor, began now to descend in the form of a small thick rain, which gathered like dew upon the capotes of the travelers. Distant rustling and groaning sounds were heard among the remote mountains, similar to those by which the Evil Spirit of Mount Pilatus had seemed to announce the storm. The boy again pressed his companions to advance, but at the same time threw impediments in the way of their doing so, by the slowness and indecision which he showed in leading them on.

Having proceeded in this manner for three or four miles, which uncertainty rendered doubly tedious, the travelers were at length engaged in a narrow path, running along the verge of a precipice. Beneath was water, but of what description they could not ascertain. The wind, indeed, which began to be felt in sudden gusts, sometimes swept aside the mist so completely as to show the waves glimmering below; but whether they were those of the same lake on which their morning journey had commenced, whether it was another and separate sheet of water of a similar character, or whether it was a river or large brook, the view afforded was too indistinct to determine. Thus far was certain, that they were not on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, where it displays its usual expanse of waters; for the same hurricane gusts which showed them water in the bottom of the glen, gave them a transient view of the opposite side, at what exact distance they could not well discern, but near enough to show tall abrupt rocks and shaggy pine-trees, here united in groups, and there singly anchored among the cliffs which overhung the water. This was a more distinct landscape than the further side of the lake would have offered, had they been on the right road.

Hitherto the path, though steep and rugged, was plainly enough indicated, and showed traces of having been used both by riders and foot passengers. But suddenly, as Antonio with the loaded mule had reached a projecting eminence, around the peak of which the path made a sharp turn, he stopped short, with his usual exclamation, addressed to his patron saint. It appeared to Arthur that the mule shared the terrors of the guide; for it started back, put forward its fore-feet

separate from each other, and seemed, by the attitude which it assumed, to intimate a determination to resist every proposal to advance, at the same time expressing horror and fear at the prospect which lay before it.

Arthur pressed forward, not only from curiosity, but that he might if possible bear the brunt of any danger before his father came up to share it. In less time than we have taken to tell the story, the young man stood beside Antonio and the mule, upon a platform of rock on which the road seemed absolutely to terminate, and from the further side of which a precipice sunk sheer down, to what depth the mist did not permit him to discern, but certainly uninterrupted for more than three hundred feet.

The blank expression which overcast the visage of the younger traveler, and traces of which might be discerned in the physiognomy of the beast of burden, announced alarm and mortification at this unexpected, and, as it seemed, insurmountable obstacle. Nor did the looks of the father, who presently after came up to the same spot, convey either hope or comfort. He stood with the others gazing on the misty gulf beneath them, and looking all around, but in vain, for some continuation of the path, which certainly had never been originally designed to terminate in this summary manner. As they stood uncertain what to do next, the son in vain attempting to discover some mode of passing onward, and the father about to propose that they should return by the road which had brought them hither, a loud howl of the wind, more wild than they had yet heard, swept down the valley. All being aware of the danger of being hurled from the precarious station which they occupied, snatched at bushes and rocks by which to secure themselves, and even the poor mule seemed to steady itself in order to withstand the approaching hurricane. The gust came with such unexpected fury that it appeared to the travelers to shake the very rock on which they stood, and would have swept them from its surface like so many dry leaves, had it not been for the momentary precautions which they had taken for their safety. But as the wind rushed down the glen, it completely removed for the space of three or four minutes the veil of mist which former gusts had only served to agitate or discompose, and showed them the nature and cause of the interruption which they had met with so unexpectedly.

The rapid but correct eye of Arthur was then able to ascertain that the path, after leaving the platform of rock on which they stood, had originally passed upward in the same direction along the edge of a steep bank of earth, which had then

formed the upper covering of a stratum of precipitous rocks. But it had chanced in some of the convulsions of nature which take place in those wild regions, where she works upon a scale so formidable, that the earth had made a slip, or almost a precipitous descent, from the rock, and been hurled downward with the path, which was traced along the top, and with bushes, trees, or whatever grew upon it, into the channel of the stream ; for such they could now discern the water beneath them to be, and not a lake or an arm of a lake, as they had hitherto supposed.

The immediate cause of this phenomenon might probably have been an earthquake, not unfrequent in that country. The bank of earth, now a confused mass of ruins inverted in its fall, showed some trees growing in a horizontal position, and others, which, having pitched on their heads in their descent, were at once inverted and shattered to pieces, and lay a sport to the streams of the river which they had heretofore covered with gloomy shadow. The gaunt precipice which remained behind, like the skeleton of some huge monster divested of its flesh, formed the wall of a fearful abyss, resembling the face of a newly wrought quarry, more dismal of aspect from the rawness of its recent formation, and from its being as yet uncovered with any of the vegetation with which nature speedily mantles over the bare surface even of her sternest crags and precipices.

Besides remarking these appearances, which tended to show that this interruption of the road had been of recent occurrence, Arthur was able to observe, on the further side of the river, higher up the valley, and rising out of the pine forest, interspersed with rocks, a square building of considerable height, like the ruins of a Gothic tower. He pointed out this remarkable object to Antonio, and demanded if he knew it ; justly conjecturing that, from the peculiarity of the site, it was a landmark not easily to be forgotten by any who had seen it before. Accordingly, it was gladly and promptly recognized by the lad, who called cheerfully out, that the place was Geierstein, that is, as he explained it, the Rock of the Vultures. He knew it, he said, by the old tower, as well as by a huge pinnacle of rock which arose near it, almost in the form of a steeple, to the top of which the lammer-geier (one of the largest birds of prey known to exist) had in former days transported the child of an ancient lord of the castle. He proceeded to recount the vow which was made by the Knight of Geierstein to our Lady of Einsiedlen ; and, while he spoke, the castle, rocks, woods, and precipices, again faded in mist. But as he concluded his wonderful narrative with the miracle which restored the infant again to its father's

arms, he cried out suddenly, "Look to yourselves—the storm! —the storm!" It came accordingly, and sweeping the mist before it, again bestowed on the travelers a view of the horrors around them.

"Ay!" quoth Antonio, triumphantly, as the gust abated, "old Pontius loves little to hear of Our Lady of Einsiedlen; but she will keep her own with him—Ave Maria!"

"That tower," said the young traveler, "seems uninhabited. I can descry no smoke, and the battlement appears ruinous."

"It has not been inhabited for many a day," answered the guide. "But I would I were at it, for all that. Honest Arnold Biederman, the Landamman" (chief magistrate) "of the Canton of Unterwalden, dwells near, and, I warrant you, distressed strangers will not want the best that cupboard and cellar can find them, wherever he holds rule."

"I have heard of him," said the elder traveler, whom Antonio had been taught to call Seignor Philipson; "a good and hospitable man, and one who enjoys deserved weight with his countrymen."

"You have spoken him right, Seignor," answered the guide; "and I would we could reach his house, where you should be sure of hospitable treatment, and a good direction for your next day's journey. But how we are to get to the Vulture's Castle, unless we had wings like the vulture, is a question hard to answer."

Arthur replied by a daring proposal, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER SECOND.

——Away with me—
The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me—
Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand.
* * * *
The chalet will be gain'd within an hour.

MANFRED.

AFTER surveying the desolate scene as accurately as the stormy state of the atmosphere would permit, the younger of the travelers observed, "In any other country, I should say the tempest begins to abate; but what to expect in this land of desolation, it were rash to decide. If the apostate spirit of Pilate

be actually on the blast, these lingering and more distant howls seem to intimate that he is returning to his place of punishment. The pathway hath sunk with the ground on which it was traced —I can see part of it lying down in the abyss, marking, as with a streak of clay, yonder mass of earth and stone. But I think it possible, with your permission, my father, that I could still scramble forward along the edge of the precipice till I come in sight of the habitation which the lad tells us of. If there be actually such a one, there must be an access to it somewhere; and if I cannot find the path out, I can at least make a signal to those who dwell near the Vulture's Nest yonder, and obtain some friendly guidance."

"I cannot consent to your incurring such a risk," said his father; "let the lad go forward, if he can and will. He is mountain bred, and I will reward him richly."

But Antonio declined the proposal absolutely and decidedly. "I am mountain bred," he said, "but I am no chamois-hunter; and I have no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff, like a raven—gold is not worth life."

"And God forbid," said Seignor Philipson, "that I should tempt thee to weigh them against each other!—Go on, then, my son,—I follow thee."

"Under your favor, dearest sir, no," replied the young man; "it is enough to endanger the life of one—and mine, far the most worthless, should, by all the rules of wisdom as well as nature, be put first in hazard."

"No, Arthur," replied his father in a determined voice; "no, my son—I have survived much, but I will not survive thee."

"I fear not for the issue, father, if you permit me to go alone; but I cannot—dare not—undertake a task so perilous, if you persist in attempting to share it, with no better aid than mine. While I endeavored to make a new advance, I should be ever looking back to see how you might attain the station which I was about to leave—And bethink you, dearest father, that if I fall, I fall an unregarded thing, of as little moment as the stone or tree which has toppled headlong down before me. But you —should your foot slip, or your hand fail, bethink you what and how much must needs fall with you!"

"Thou art right, my child," said the father, "I still have that which binds me to life, even though I were to lose in thee all that is dear to me.—Our Lady and our Lady's Knight bless thee and prosper thee, my child! Thy foot is young, thy hand, is strong—thou hast not climbed Plynlimmon in vain. Be bold, but be wary—remember there is a man who, failing thee,

has but one act of duty to bind him to the earth, and, that discharged, will soon follow thee."

The young man accordingly prepared for his journey, and, stripping himself of his cumbrous cloak, showed his well-proportioned limbs in a jerkin of gray cloth, which sat close to his person. The father's resolution gave way when his son turned round to bid him farewell. He recalled his permission, and in a peremptory tone forbade him to proceed. But, without listening to the prohibition, Arthur had commenced his perilous adventure. Descending from the platform on which he stood, by the boughs of an old ash-tree, which thrust itself out of the cleft of a rock, the youth was enabled to gain, though at great risk, a narrow ledge, the very brink of the precipice, by creeping along which he hoped to pass on till he made himself heard or seen from the habitation, of whose existence the guide had informed him. His situation, as he pursued this bold purpose, appeared so precarious, that even the hired attendant hardly dared to draw breath as he gazed on him. The ledge which supported him seemed to grow so narrow as he passed along it, as to become altogether invisible, while, sometimes with his face to the precipice, sometimes looking forward, sometimes glancing his eyes upward, but never venturing to cast a look below, lest his brain should grow giddy at a sight so appalling, he wound his way onward. To his father and the attendant, who beheld his progress, it was less that of a man advancing in the ordinary manner, and resting by aught connected with the firm earth, than that of an insect crawling along the face of a perpendicular wall, of whose progressive movement we are indeed sensible, but cannot perceive the means of its support. And bitterly, most bitterly, did the miserable parent now lament, that he had not persisted in his purpose to encounter the baffling and even perilous measure of retracing his steps to the habitation of the preceding night. He should then, at least, have partaken the fate of the son of his love.

Meanwhile, the young man's spirits were strongly braced for the performance of his perilous task. He laid a powerful restraint on his imagination, which in general was sufficiently active, and refused to listen, even for an instant, to any of the horrible insinuations by which fancy augments actual danger. He endeavored manfully to reduce all around him to the scale of right reason, as the best support of true courage. "This ledge of rock," he urged to himself, "is but narrow, yet it has breadth enough to support me; these cliffs and crevices in the surface are small and distant, but the one affords as secure a resting-place to my feet, the other as available a grasp to my hands, as

if I stood on a platform of a cubit broad, and rested my arm on a balustrade of marble. My safety, therefore, depends on myself. If I move with decision, step firmly, and hold fast, what signifies how near I am to the mouth of an abyss ?"

Thus estimating the extent of his danger by the measure of sound sense and reality, and supported by some degree of practice in such exercise, the brave youth went forward on his awful journey, step by step, winning his way with a caution, and fortitude, and presence of mind, which alone could have saved him from instant destruction. At length he gained a point where a projecting rock formed the angle of the precipice, so far as it had been visible to him from the platform. This, therefore, was the critical point of his undertaking ; but it was also the most perilous part of it. The rock projected more than six feet forward over the torrent, which he heard raging at the depth of a hundred yards beneath, with a noise like subterranean thunder. He examined the spot with the utmost care, and was led by the existence of shrubs, grass and even stunted trees to believe that this rock marked the furthest extent of the slip or slide of earth, and that, could he but turn round the angle of which it was the termination, he might hope to attain the continuation of the path which had been so strangely interrupted by this convulsion of nature. But the crag jutted out so much as to afford no possibility of passing either under or around it ; and as it rose several feet above the position which Arthur had attained, it was no easy matter to climb over it. This was, however, the course which he chose, as the only mode of surmounting what he hoped might prove the last obstacle to his voyage of discovery. A projecting tree afforded him the means of raising and swinging himself up to the top of the crag. But he had scarcely planted himself on it, had scarcely a moment to congratulate himself, on seeing, amid a wild chaos of cliffs and wood, the gloomy ruins of Geierstein, with smoke arising, and indicating something like a human habitation beside them, when, to his extreme terror, he felt the huge cliff on which he stood tremble, stoop slowly forward, and gradually sink from its position. Projecting as it was, and shaken as its equilibrium had been by the most recent earthquake, it lay now so insecurely poised, that its balance was entirely destroyed, even by the addition of the young man's weight.

Aroused by the imminence of the danger, Arthur, by an instinctive attempt at self-preservation, drew cautiously back from the falling crag into the tree by which he had ascended, and turned his bead back as if spell-bound, to watch the descent

of the fatal rock from which he had just retreated. It tottered for two or three seconds, as if uncertain which way to fall; and had it taken a sidelong direction, must have dashed the adventurer from his place of refuge, or borne both the tree and him down headlong into the river. After a moment of horrible uncertainty, the power of gravitation determined a direct and forward descent. Down went the huge fragment, which must have weighed at least twenty tons, rending and splintering in its precipitate course the trees and bushes which it encountered, and settling at length in the channel of the torrent with a din equal to the discharge of a hundred pieces of artillery. The sound was re-echoed from bank to bank, from precipice to precipice, with emulative thunders; nor was the tumult silent till it rose into the region of eternal snows, which, equally insensible to terrestrial sounds, and unfavorable to animal life, heard the roar in their majestic solitude, but suffered it to die away without a responsive voice.

What, in the meanwhile, were the thoughts of the distracted father, who saw the ponderous rock descend, but could not mark whether his only son had borne it company in its dreadful fall! His first impulse was to rush forward along the face of the precipice, which he had seen Arthur so lately traverse; and when the lad Antonio withheld him, by throwing his arms around him, he turned on the guide with the fury of a bear which had been robbed of her cubs.

"Unhand me, base peasant," he exclaimed, "or thou diest on the spot!"

"Alas!" said the poor boy, dropping on his knees before him, "I, too, have a father!"

The appeal went to the heart of the traveler, who instantly let the lad go, and holding up his hands and lifting his eyes toward heaven, said, in accents of the deepest agony, mingled with devout resignation, "*Fiat voluntas tua!*—he was my last, and loveliest, and best beloved, and most worthy of my love; and yonder," he added, "yonder over the glen soar the birds of prey, who are to feast on his young blood.—But I will see him once more," exclaimed the miserable parent, as the huge carrion vulture floated past him on the thick air,—"I will see my Arthur once more, ere the wolf and the eagle mangle him—I will see all of him that earth still holds. Detain me not—but abide here, and watch me as I advance. If I fall, as is most likely, I charge you to take the sealed papers, which you will find in the valise, and carry them to the person to whom they are addressed, with the least possible delay. There is money enough in the purse to bury me with my poor boy, and to cause

masses be said for our souls, and yet leave you a rich recompense for your journey."

The honest Swiss lad, obtuse in his understanding, but kind and faithful in his disposition, blubbered as his employer spoke, and, afraid to offer further remonstrance or opposition, saw his temporary master prepare himself to traverse the same fatal precipice, over the verge of which his ill-fated son had seemed to pass to the fate which, with all the wildness of a parent's anguish, his father was hastening to share.

Suddenly there was heard from beyond the fatal angle from which the mass of stone had been displaced by Arthur's rash ascent, the loud, hoarse sound of one of those huge horns, made out of the spoils of the urus, or wild bull, of Switzerland, which in ancient times announced the terrors of the charge of these mountaineers, and, indeed, served them in war instead of all musical instruments.

"Hold, sir, hold!" exclaimed the Grison; "yonder is a signal from Geierstein. Some one will presently come to our assistance, and show us the safer way to seek for your son.—And, look you—at yon green bush that is glimmering through the mist, Saint Antonio preserve me, as I see a white cloth displayed there—it is just beyond the point where the rock fell."

The father endeavored to fix his eyes on the spot, but they filled so fast with tears, that they could not discern the object which the guide pointed out.—"It is all in vain," he said, dashing the tears from his eyes—"I shall never see more of him than his lifeless remains!"

"You will—you will see him in life!" said the Grison; "Saint Antonio wills it so—See, the white cloth waves again!"

"Some remnant of his garments," said the despairing father,—"some wretched memorial of his fate.—No, my eyes see it not—I have beheld the fall of my house—would that the vultures of these crags had rather torn them from their sockets!"

"Yet look again," said the Swiss; "the cloth hangs not loose upon a bough—I can see that it is raised on the end of a staff, and is distinctly waved to and fro. Your son makes a signal that he is safe."

"And if it be so," said the traveler, clasping his hands together, "blessed be the eyes that see it, and the tongue that tells it! If we find my son, and find him alive, this day shall be a lucky one for thee too."

"Nay," answered the lad, "I only ask that you will abide still, and act by counsel, and I will hold myself quit for my services. Only it is not creditable to an honest lad to have

people lose themselves by their own wilfulness; for the blame, after all, is sure to fall upon the guide, as if he could prevent old Pontius from shaking the mist from his brow, or banks of earth from slipping down into the valley at a time, or young harebrained gallants from walking upon precipices as narrow as the edge of a knife, or madmen, whose gray hairs might make them wiser, from drawing daggers like bravoes in Lombardy."

Thus the guide ran on, and in that vein he might have long continued, for Seignor Philipson heard him not. Each throb of his pulse, each thought of his heart, was directed toward the object which the lad referred to as a signal of his son's safety. He became at length satisfied that the signal was actually waved by a human hand; and, as eager in the glow of reviving hope, as he had of late been under the influence of desperate grief, he again prepared for the attempt of advancing toward his son, and assisting him, if possible, in regaining a place of safety. But the entreaties and reiterated assurances of his guide induced him to pause.

"Are you fit," he said, "to go on the crag? Can you repeat your Credo and Ave without missing or misplacing a word? for without that, our old men say your neck, had you a score of them, would be in danger.—Is your eye clear and your feet firm? —I trow the one streams like a fountain, and the other shakes like the aspen which overhangs it! Rest here till those arrive who are far more able to give your son help than either you or I are. I judge by the fashion of his blowing, that yonder is the horn of the Goodman of Geierstein, Arnold Biederman. He hath seen your son's danger, and is even now providing for his safety and ours. There are cases in which the aid of one stranger, well acquainted with the country, is worth that of three brothers, who know not the crags."

"But if yonder horn really sounded a signal," said the traveler, "how chanced it that my son replied not?"

"And if he did so, as is most likely he did," rejoined the Grison, "how should we have heard him? The bugle of Uri itself sounded amid these horrible dins of water and tempest like the reed of a shepherd boy; and how think you we should hear the holloa of a man?"

"Yet, methinks," said Seignor Philipson, "I do hear something amid this roar of elements which is like a human voice —but it is not Arthur's."

"I wot well, no," answered the Grison; "that is a woman's voice. The maidens will converse with each other in that manner, from cliff to cliff, through storm and tempest, were there a mile between."

"Now, heaven be praised for this providential relief!" said Seignor Philipson; "I trust we shall yet see this dreadful day safely ended. I will holloa in answer."

He attempted to do so, but, inexperienced in the art of making himself heard in such a country, he pitched his voice in the same key with that of the roar of wave and wind; so that, even at twenty yards from the place where he was speaking, it must have been totally indistinguishable from that of the elemental war around them. The lad smiled at his patron's ineffectual attempts, and then raised his voice himself in a high, wild, and prolonged scream, which, while produced with apparently much less effort than that of the the Englishman, was nevertheless a distinct sound, separated from others by the key to which it was pitched, and was probably audible to a very considerable distance. It was presently answered by distant cries of the same nature, which gradually approached the platform, bringing renovated hope to the anxious traveler.

If the distress of the father rendered his condition an object of deep compassion, that of the son, at the same moment, was sufficiently perilous. We have already stated, that Arthur Philipson had commenced his precarious journey along the precipice, with all the coolness, resolution, and unshaken determination of mind, which was most essential to a task where all must depend upon firmness of nerve. But the formidable accident which checked his onward progress, was of a character so dreadful, as made him feel all the bitterness of a death, instant, horrible, and, as it seemed, inevitable. The solid rock had trembled and rent beneath his footsteps, and although, by an effort rather mechanical than voluntary, he had withdrawn himself from the instant ruin attending its descent, he felt as if the better part of him, his firmness of mind and strength of body, had been rent away with the descending rock, as it fell thundering, with clouds of dust and smoke, into the torrents and whirlpools of the vexed gulf beneath. In fact, the seaman swept from the deck of a wrecked vessel, drenched in the waves, and battered against the rocks on the shore, does not differ more from the same mariner, when, at the commencement of the gale, he stood upon the deck of his favorite ship, proud of her strength and his own dexterity, than Arthur when commencing his journey, from the same Arthur, while clinging to the decayed trunk of an old tree, from which, suspended between heaven and earth, he saw the fall of the crag which he had so nearly accompanied. The effects of his terror, indeed, were physical as well as moral, for a thousand colors played before his eyes; he was attacked

by a sick dizziness, and deprived at once of the obedience of those limbs which had hitherto served him so admirably ; his arms and hands, as if no longer at his own command, now clung to the branches of the tree, with a cramp-like tenacity over which he seemed to possess no power, and now trembled in a state of such complete nervous relaxation, as led him to fear that they were becoming unable to support him longer in his position.

An incident, in itself trifling, added to the distress occasioned by this alienation of his powers. All living things in the neighborhood had, as might be supposed, been startled by the tremendous fall to which his progress had given occasion. Flights of owls, bats, and other birds of darkness, compelled to betake themselves to the air, had lost no time in returning into their bowers of ivy, or the harbor afforded them by the rifts and holes of the neighboring rocks. One of this ill-omened flight chanced to be a lammer-geier, or Alpine vulture, a bird larger and more voracious than the eagle himself, and which Arthur had not been accustomed to see, or at least to look upon closely, With the instinct of most birds of prey, it is the custom of this creature, when gorged with food, to assume some station of inaccessible security, and there remain stationary and motionless for days together, till the work of digestion has been accomplished, and activity returns with the pressure of appetite. Disturbed from such a state of repose, one of these terrific birds had risen from the ravine to which the species gives its name, and having circled unwillingly round, with a ghastly scream and a flagging wing, it had sunk down upon the pinnacle of a crag, not four yards from the tree in which Arthur held his precarious station. Although still in some degree stupefied by torpor, it seemed encouraged by the motionless state of the young man to suppose him dead, or dying, and sat there and gazed at him, without displaying any of that apprehension which the fiercest animals usually entertained from the vicinity of man.

As Arthur, endeavoring to shake off the incapacitating effects of his panic fear, raised his eyes to look gradually and cautiously around, he encountered those of the voracious and obscene bird, whose head and neck denuded of feathers, her eyes surrounded by an iris of an orange tawny color, and a position more horizontal than erect, distinguished her as much from the noble carriage and graceful proportions of the eagle, as those of the lion place him in the ranks of creation above the gaunt, ravenous, grisly, yet dastard wolf.

As if arrested by a charm, the eyes of young Philipson remained bent on this ill-omened and ill-favored bird, without his

having the power to remove them. The apprehensions of dangers ideal, as well as real, weighed upon his weakened mind, disabled as it was by the circumstances of his situation. The near approach of a creature, not more loathsome to the human race, than averse to come within their reach, seemed as ominous as it was unusual. Why did it gaze on him with such glaring earnestness, projecting its disgusting form, as if presently to alight upon his person? The foul bird, was she the demon of the place to which her name referred; and did she come to exult, that an intruder on her haunts seemed involved amid their perils, with little hope or chance of deliverance? Or was it a native vulture of the rocks, whose sagacity foresaw that the rash traveler was soon destined to become its victim? Could the creature, whose senses are said to be so acute, argue from circumstances the stranger's approaching death, and wait, like a raven or hooded crow by a dying sheep, for the earliest opportunity to commence her ravenous banquet? Was he doomed to feel its beak and talons before his heart's blood should cease to beat? Had he already lost the dignity of humanity, the awe which the being formed in the image of his Maker inspires into all inferior creatures?

Apprehensions so painful served more than all that reason could suggest, to renew in some degree the elasticity of the young man's mind. By waving his handkerchief, using, however, the greatest precaution in his movements, he succeeded in scaring the vulture from his vicinity. It rose from its resting-place, screaming harshly and dolefully, and sailed on its expanded pinions to seek a place of more undisturbed repose, while the adventurous traveler felt a sensible pleasure at being relieved of its disgusting presence.

With more collected ideas, the young man, who could obtain, from his position, a partial view of the platform he had left, endeavored to testify his safety to his father, by displaying, as high as he could, the banner by which he had chased off the vulture. Like them, too, he heard, but at a less distance, the burst of the great Swiss horn, which seemed to announce some near succor. He replied by shouting and waving his flag, to direct assistance to the spot where it was so much required; and, recalling his faculties, which had almost deserted him, he labored mentally to recover hope, and with hope the means and motive for exertion.

A faithful Catholic, he eagerly recommended himself in prayer to Our Lady of Einsiedlen, and, making vows of propitiation, besought her intercession, that he might be delivered from his dreadful condition. "Or, gracious Lady!" he concluded his

orison, "if it is my doom to lose my life like a hunted fox amidst this savage wilderness of tottering crags, restore at least my natural sense of patience and courage, and let not one who has lived like a man, though a sinful one, meet death like a timid hare!"

Having devoutly recommended himself to that Protectress of whom the legends of the Catholic Church form a picture so amiable, Arthur, though every nerve still shook with his late agitation, and his heart throbbed with a violence that threatened to suffocate him, turned his thoughts and observation to the means of effecting his escape. But, as he looked around him, be became more and more sensible how much he was enervated by the bodily injuries and the mental agony which he had sustained during his late peril. He could not, by any effort of which he was capable, fix his giddy and bewildered eyes on the scene around him;—they seemed to reel till the landscape danced along with them, and a motley chaos of thickets and tall cliffs, which interposed between him and the ruinous Castle of Geierstein, mixed and whirled round in such confusion, that nothing, save the consciousness that such an idea was the suggestion of partial insanity, prevented him from throwing himself from the tree, as if to join the wild dance to which his disturbed brain had given motion.

"Heaven be my protection!" said the unfortunate young man, closing his eyes, in hopes, by abstracting himself from the terrors of his situation, to compose his too active imagination; "my senses are abandoning me!"

He became still more convinced that this was the case, when a female voice, in a high-pitched but eminently musical accent, was heard at no great distance, as if calling to him. He opened his eyes once more, raised his head, and looked toward the place from whence the sounds seemed to come, though far from being certain that they existed saving in his own disordered imagination. The vision which appeared had almost confirmed him in the opinion that his mind was unsettled, and his senses in no state to serve him accurately.

Upon the very summit of a pyramidical rock that rose out of the depth of the valley, was seen a female figure, so obscured by mist, that only the outline could be traced. The form, reflected against the sky, appeared rather the undefined lineaments of a spirit than of a mortal maiden; for her person seemed as light, and scarcely more opaque, than the thin cloud that surrounded her pedestal. Arthur's first belief was, that the Virgin had heard his vows, and had descended in person to his rescue; and he was about to recite his Ave Maria, when the voice again called to him with the singular shrill modu-

lation of the mountain halloo, by which the natives of the Alps can hold conference with each other from one mountain range to another, across ravines of great depth and width.

While he debated how to address this unexpected apparition, it disappeared from the point which it at first occupied, and presently after became again visible, perched on the cliff out of which projected the tree in which Arthur had taken refuge. Her personal appearance, as well as her dress, made it then apparent that she was a maiden of those mountains, familiar with their dangerous paths. He saw that a beautiful young woman stood before him, who regarded him with a mixture of pity and wonder.

"Stranger," she at length said, "who are you, and whence come you?"

"I am a stranger, maiden, as you justly term me," answered the young man, raising himself as well as he could. "I left Lucerne this morning, with my father and a guide. I parted with them not three furlongs from hence. May it please you, gentle maiden, to warn them of my safety, for I know my father will be in despair upon my account?"

"Willingly," said the maiden; "but I think my uncle, or some one of my kinsmen, must have already found them, and will prove faithful guides. Can I not aid you?—are you wounded?—are you hurt? We were alarmed by the fall of a rock—ay, and yonder it lies, a mass of no ordinary size."

As the Swiss maiden spoke thus, she approached so close to the verge of the precipice, and looked with such indifference into the gulf, that the sympathy which connects the actor and spectator upon such occasions brought back the sickness and vertigo from which Arthur had just recovered, and he sunk back into his former more recumbent posture with something like a faint groan.

"You are then ill?" said the maiden, who observed him turn pale—"Where and what is the harm you have received?"

"None, gentle maiden, saving some bruises of little import; but my head turns, and my heart grows sick, when I see you so near the verge of the cliff."

"Is that all?" replied the Swiss maiden.—"Know, stranger, that I do not stand on my uncle's hearth with more security than I have stood upon precipices, compared to which this is a child's leap. You, too, stranger, if, as I judge from the traces, you have come along the edge of the precipice which the earth-slide hath laid bare, ought to be far beyond such weakness, since surely you must be well entitled to call yourself a crags-man."

"I might have called myself so half-an-hour since," answered Arthur; "but I think I shall hardly venture to assume the name in future."

"Be not downcast," said his kind adviser, "for a passing qualm, which will at times cloud the spirit and dazzle the eyesight of the bravest and most experienced. Raise yourself upon the trunk of the tree, and advance closer to the rock out of which it grows. Observe the place well. It is easy for you, when you have attained the lower part of the projecting stem, to gain by one bold step the solid rock upon which I stand; after which there is no danger or difficulty worthy of mention to a young man, whose limbs are whole, and whose courage is active."

"My limbs are indeed sound," replied the youth; "but I am ashamed to think how much my courage is broken. Yet I will not disgrace the interest you have taken in an unhappy wanderer, by listening longer to the dastardly suggestions of a feeling, which till to-day has been a stranger to my bosom."

The maiden looked on him anxiously, and with much interest, as, raising himself cautiously, and moving along the trunk of the tree, which lay nearly horizontal from the rock, and seemed to bend as he changed his posture, the youth at length stood upright, within what, on level ground, had been but an extended stride to the cliff on which the Swiss maiden stood. But instead of being a step to be taken on the level and firm earth, it was one which must cross a dark abyss, at the bottom of which a torrent surged and boiled with incredible fury. Arthur's knees knocked against each other, his feet became of lead, and seemed no longer at his command; and he experienced, in a stronger degree than ever, that unnerving influence, which those who have been overwhelmed by it in a situation of like peril never can forget, and which others, happily strangers to its power, may have difficulty even in comprehending.

The young woman discerned his emotion, and foresaw its probable consequences. As the only mode in her power to restore his confidence, she sprung lightly from the rock to the stem of the tree, on which she alighted with the ease and security of a bird, and in the same instant back to the cliff; and extending her hand to the stranger, "My arm," she said, "is but a slight balustrade; yet do but step forward with resolution, and you will find it as secure as the battlement of Berne." But shame now overcame terror so much, that Arthur, declining assistance which he could not have accepted without feeling lowered in his own eyes, took heart of grace, and successfully achieved

the formidable step which placed him upon the same cliff with his kind assistant.

To seize her hand and raise it to his lips, in affectionate token of gratitude and respect, was naturally the youth's first action; nor was it possible for the maiden to have prevented him from doing so, without assuming a degree of prudery foreign to her character, and occasioning a ceremonious debate upon a matter of no great consequence, where the scene of action was a rock scarce five feet long by three in width, and which looked down upon a torrent roaring some hundred feet below.

CHAPTER THIRD.

> Cursed be the gold and silver, which persuade
> Weak man to follow far fatiguing trade.
> The lily, peace, outshines the silver store,
> And life is dearer than the golden ore;
> Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
> To every distant mart and wealthy town.
>
> HASSAN, OR THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

ARTHUR PHILIPSON, and Anne of Geierstein, thus placed together in a situation which brought them into the closest possible contiguity, felt a slight degree of embarrassment; the young man, doubtless, from the fear of being judged a poltroon in the eyes of the maiden by whom he had been rescued, and the young woman, perhaps, in consequence of the exertion she had made, or a sense of being placed suddenly in a situation of such proximity to the youth whose life she had probably saved.

"And now, maiden," said Arthur, "I must repair to my father. The life which I owe to your assistance can scarce be called welcome to me, unless I am permitted to hasten to his rescue."

He was here interrupted by another bugle-blast, which seemed to come from the quarter in which the elder Philipson and his guide had been left by their young and daring companion. Arthur looked in that direction; but the platform, which he had seen but imperfectly from the tree, when he was perched in that place of refuge, was invisible from the rock on which they now stood.

"It would cost me nothing to step back on yonder root," said the young woman, "to spy from thence whether I could see aught of your friends. But I am convinced they are under safer guidance than either yours or mine; for the horn announces that my uncle, or some of my young kinsmen, have reached them. They are by this time on their way to the Geierstein, to which, with your permission, I will become your guide; for you may be assured that my uncle Arnold will not allow you to pass further to-day; and we shall but lose time by endeavoring to find your friends, who, situated where you say you left them, will reach the Geierstein sooner than we shall. Follow me, then, or I must suppose you weary of my guidance."

"Sooner suppose me weary of the life which your guidance has in all probability saved," replied Arthur, and prepared to attend her; at the same time taking a view of her dress and person, which confirmed the satisfaction he had in following such a conductor, and which we shall take the liberty to detail somewhat more minutely than he could do at that time.

An upper vest, neither so close as to display the person, a habit forbidden by the sumptuary laws of the canton, nor so loose as to be an encumbrance in walking or climbing, covered a close tunic of a different color, and came down beneath the middle of the leg, but suffered the ankle, in all its fine proportions, to be completely visible. The foot was defended by a sandal, the point of which was turned upward, and the crossings and knots of the strings, which secured it on the front of the leg, were garnished with silver rings. The upper vest was gathered round the middle by a sash of party-colored silk, ornamented with twisted threads of gold; while the tunic, open at the throat, permitted the shape and exquisite whiteness of a well-formed neck to be visible at the collar, and for an inch or two beneath. The small portion of the throat and bosom thus exposed, was even more brilliantly fair than was promised by the countenance, which last bore some marks of having been freely exposed to the sun and air, by no means in a degree to diminish its beauty, but just so far as to show that the maiden possessed the health which is purchased by habits of rural exercise. Her long fair hair fell down in a profusion of curls, on each side of a face, whose blue eyes, lovely features, and dignified simplicity of expression, implied at once a character of gentleness, and the self-relying resolution of a mind too virtuous to suspect evil, and too noble to fear it. Above these locks, beauty's natural and most beseeming ornament—or rather, I should say, amongst them—was placed the small bonnet, which, from its

size, little answered the purpose of protecting the head, but served to exercise the ingenuity of the fair wearer, who had not failed, according to the prevailing custom of the mountain maidens, to decorate the tiny cap with a heron's feather, and the then unusual luxury of a small and thin chain of gold, long enough to encircle the cap four or five times, and having the ends secured under a broad medal of the same costly metal.

I have only to add, that the stature of the young person was something above the common size, and that the whole contour of her form, without being in the slightest degree masculine, resembled that of Minerva, rather than the proud beauties of Juno, or the yielding graces of Venus. The noble brow, the well-formed and active limbs, the firm and yet light step—above all, the total absence of anything resembling the consciousness of personal beauty, and the open and candid look, which seemed desirous of knowing nothing that was hidden, and conscious that she herself had nothing to hide, were traits not unworthy of the goddess of wisdom and of chastity.

The road which the young Englishman pursued, under the guidance of this beautiful young woman, was difficult and unequal, but could not be termed dangerous, at least in comparison to those precipices over which Arthur had recently passed. It was, in fact, a continuation of the path which the slip or slide of earth, so often mentioned, had interrupted; and although it had sustained damage in several places at the period of the same earthquake, yet there were marks of these having been already repaired in such a rude manner as made the way sufficient for the necessary intercourse of a people so indifferent as the Swiss to smooth or level paths. The maiden also gave Arthur to understand, that the present road took a circuit for the purpose of gaining that on which he was lately traveling, and that if he and his companions had turned off at the place where this new track united with the old pathway, they would have escaped the danger which had attended their keeping the road by the verge of the precipice.

The path which they now pursued was rather averted from the torrent, though still within hearing of its sullen thunders, which seemed to increase as they ascended parallel to its course, till suddenly, the road, turning short, and directing itself straight upon the old castle, brought them within sight of one of the most splendid and awful scenes of that mountainous region.

The ancient tower of Geierstein, though neither extensive, nor distinguished by architectural ornament, possessed an air of terrible dignity by its position on the very verge of the opposite bank of the torrent, which, just at the angle of the rock

on which the ruins are situated, falls sheer over a cascade of nearly a hundred feet in height, and then rushes down the defile, through a trough of living rock, which perhaps its waves have been deepening since time itself had a commencement. Facing, and at the same time looking down upon this eternal roar of waters, stood the old tower, built so close to the verge of the precipice, that the buttresses with which the architect had strengthened the foundation, seemed a part of the solid rock itself, and a continuation of its perpendicular ascent. As usual throughout Europe in the feudal times, the principal part of the building was a massive square pile, the decayed summit of which, was rendered picturesque by flanking turrets of different sizes and heights, some round, some angular, some ruinous, some tolerably entire, varying the outline of the building as seen against the stormy sky.

A projecting sallyport, descending by a flight of steps from the tower, had in former times given access to a bridge connecting the castle with that side of the stream on which Arthur Philipson and his fair guide now stood. A single arch, or rather one rib of an arch, consisting of single stones, still remained, and spanned the river immediately in front of the waterfall. In former times this arch had served for the support of a wooden drawbridge, of more convenient breadth, and of such length and weight as must have been rather unmanageable, had it not been lowered on some solid resting-place. It is true the device was attended with this inconvenience, that even when the drawbridge was up, there remained a possibility of approaching the castle gate by means of this narrow rib of stone. But as it was not above eighteen inches broad, and could only admit the daring foe who should traverse it, to a doorway regularly defended by gate and portcullis, and having flanking turrets and projections, from which stones, darts, melted lead, and scalding water, might be poured down on the soldiery who should venture to approach Geierstein by this precarious access, the possibility of such an attempt was not considered as diminishing the security of the garrison.

In the time we treat of, the castle being entirely ruined and dismantled, and the door, drawbridge, and portcullis gone, the dilapidated gateway, and the slender arch which connected the two sides of the stream, were used as a means of communication between the banks of the river, by the inhabitants of the neighborhood, whom habit had familiarized with the dangerous nature of the passage.

Arthur Philipson had, in the meantime, like a good bow when new strung, regained the elasticity of feeling and char-

acter which was natural to him. It was not, indeed, with perfect composure that he followed his guide, as she tripped lightly over the narrow arch, composed of rugged stones, and rendered wet and slippery with the perpetual drizzle of the mist issuing from the neighboring cascade. Nor was it without apprehension that he found himself performing this perilous feat in the neighborhood of the waterfall itself, whose deafening roar he could not exclude from his ears, though he took care not to turn his head toward its terrors, lest his brain should again be dizzied by the tumult of the waters as they shot forward from the precipice above, and plunged themselves into what seemed the fathomless gulf below. But notwithstanding these feelings of agitation, the natural shame to show cowardice where a beautiful young female exhibited so much indifference, and the desire to regain his character in the eyes of his guide, prevented Arthur from again giving way to the appalling feelings by which he had been overwhelmed a short time before. Stepping firmly on, yet cautiously supporting himself with his piked staff, he traced the light footsteps of his guide along the bridge of dread, and followed her through the ruined sallyport, to which they ascended by stairs which were equally dilapidated.

The gateway admitted them into a mass of ruins, formerly a sort of courtyard to the donjon, which rose in gloomy dignity above the wreck of what had been works destined for external defence, or buildings for internal accommodation. They quickly passed through these ruins, over which vegetation had thrown a wild mantle of ivy, and other creeping shrubs, and issued from them through the main gate of the castle into one of those spots in which Nature often embosoms her sweetest charms, in the midst of districts chiefly characterized by waste and desolation.

The Castle, in this aspect also, rose considerably above the neighboring ground, but the elevation of the site, which toward the torrent was an abrupt rock, was on this side a steep eminence, which had been scarped like a modern glacis, to render the building more secure. It was now covered with young trees and bushes, out of which the tower itself seemed to rise in ruined dignity. Beyond this hanging thicket the view was of a very different character. A piece of ground, amounting to more than a hundred acres, seemed scooped out of the rocks and mountains, which retaining the same savage character with the tract in which the travelers had been that morning bewildered, enclosed, and as it were defended, a limited space of a mild and fertile character. The surface of this little

domain was considerably varied, but its general aspect was a gentle slope to the south-west.

The principal object which it presented was a large house composed of huge logs, without any pretence to form or symmetry, but indicating, by the smoke which arose from it, as well as the extent of the neighboring offices, and the improved and cultivated character of the fields around, that it was the abode, not of splendor certainly, but of ease and competence. An orchard of thriving fruit-trees extended to the southward of the dwelling. Groves of walnut and chestnut grew in stately array, and even a vineyard, of three or four acres, showed that the cultivation of the grape was understood and practiced. It is now universal in Switzerland, but was, in those early days, almost exclusively confined to a few more fortunate proprietors, who had the rare advantage of uniting intelligence with opulent, or at least easy circumstances.

There were fair ranges of pasture fields, into which the fine race of cattle which constitute the pride and wealth of the Swiss mountaineers had been brought down from the more Alpine grazings where they had fed during the summer, to be near shelter and protection when the autumnal storms might be expected. On some selected spots, the lambs of the last season fed in plenty and security, and in others, huge trees, the natural growth of the soil, were suffered to remain, from motives of convenience probably, that they might be at hand when timber was required for domestic use, but giving, at the same time, a woodland character to a scene otherwise agricultural. Through this mountain-paradise the course of a small brook might be traced, now showing itself to the sun, which had by this time dispelled the fogs, now intimating its course, by its gently sloping banks, clothed in some places with lofty trees, or concealing itself under thickets of hawthorn and nut bushes. This stream, by a devious and gentle course, which seemed to indicate a reluctance to leave this quiet region, found its way at length out of the sequestered domain, and, like a youth hurrying from the gay and tranquil sports of boyhood, into the wild career of active life, finally united itself with the boisterous torrent, which, breaking down tumultuously from the mountains, shook the ancient Tower of Geierstein, as it rolled down the adjacent rock, and then rushed howling through the defile in which our youthful traveler had well-nigh lost his life.

Eager as the younger Philipson was to rejoin his father, he could not help pausing for a moment to wonder how so much beauty should be found amid such scenes of horror, and to

look back on the Tower of Geierstein, and on the huge cliff from which it derived its name, as if to ascertain, by the sight of these distinguished landmarks, that he was actually in the neighborhood of the savage wild where he had encountered so much danger and terror. Yet so narrow were the limits of this cultivated farm, that it hardly required such a retrospect to satisfy the spectator that the spot susceptible of human industry, and on which it seemed that a considerable degree of labor had been bestowed, bore a very small proportion to the wilderness in which it was situated. It was on all sides surrounded by lofty hills, in some places rising into walls of rock, in others clothed with dark and savage forests of the pine and the larch, of primeval antiquity. Above these, from the eminence on which the tower was situated, could be seen the almost rosy hue in which an immense glacier threw back the sun; and, still higher over the frozen surface of that icy sea, arose, in silent dignity, the pale peaks of those countless mountains, on which the snow eternally rests.

What we have taken some time to describe, occupied young Philipson only for one or two hurried minutes; for on a sloping lawn, which was in front of the farm-house, as the mansion might be properly styled, he saw five or six persons, the foremost of whom, from his gait, his dress, and the form of his cap, he could easily distinguish as the parent whom he hardly expected at one time to have again beheld.

He followed, therefore, his conductress with a glad step, as she led the way down the steep ascent on which the ruined tower was situated. They approached the group whom Arthur had noticed, the foremost of which was his father, who hastily came forward to meet him, in company with another person, of advanced age, and stature well nigh gigantic, and who, from his simple yet majestic bearing, seemed the worthy countryman of William Tell, Stauffacher, Winkelried, and other Swiss worthies, whose stout hearts and hardy arms had, in the preceding age, vindicated against countless hosts their personal liberty, and the independence of their country.

With a natural courtesy, as if to spare the father and son many witnesses to a meeting which must be attended with emotion the Landamman himself, in walking forward with the elder Philipson, signed to those by whom he was attended, all of whom seemed young men, to remain behind:—they remained accordingly, examining, as it seemed, the guide Antonio, upon the adventures of the strangers. Anne, the conductress of Arthur Philipson, had but time to say to him, "Yonder old man is my uncle, Arnold Biederman, and these

young men are my kinsmen," when the former, with the elder traveler, was close before them. The Landamman, with the same propriety of feeling which he had before displayed, signed to his niece to move a little aside; yet while requiring from her an account of her morning's expedition, he watched the interview of the father and son with as much curiosity as his natural sense of complaisance permitted him to testify. It was of a character different from what he had expected.

We have already described the elder Philipson as a father devotedly attached to his son, ready to rush on death when he had expected to lose him, and equally overjoyed at heart, doubtless, to see him again restored to his affections. It might have been therefore expected that the father and son would have rushed into each other's arms, and such probably was the scene which Arnold Biederman expected to have witnessed.

But the English traveler, in common with many of his countrymen, covered keen and quick feelings with much appearance of coldness and reserve, and thought it a weakness to give unlimited sway even to the influence of the most amiable and most natural emotions. Eminently handsome in youth, his countenance, still fine in his more advanced years, had an expression which intimated an unwillingness either to yield to passion or encourage confidence. His pace, when he first beheld his son, had been quickened, by the natural wish to meet him; but he slackened it as they drew near to each other, and when they met, said in a tone rather of censure and admonition than affection,—"Arthur, may the Saints forgive the pain thou hast this day given me."

"Amen," said the youth. "I must need pardon since I have given you pain. Believe, however, that I acted for the best."

"It is well, Arthur, that in acting for the best, according to your forward will, you have not encountered the worst."

"That I have not," answered the son, with the same devoted and patient submission, "is owing to this maiden," pointing to Anne, who stood at a few paces' distance, desirous perhaps of avoiding to witness the reproof of the father, which might seem to her rather ill-timed and unreasonable.

"To the maiden my thanks shall be rendered," said his father, "when I can study how to pay them in an adequate manner; but is it well or comely, think you, that you should receive from a maiden the succor which it is your duty as a man to extend to the weaker sex?"

Arthur held down his head and blushed deeply, while

Arnold Biederman, sympathizing with his feelings, stepped forward and mingled in the conversation.

"Never be abashed, my young guest, that you have been indebted for aught of counsel or assistance to a maiden of Unterwalden. Know that the freedom of their country owes no less to the firmness and wisdom of her daughters than to that of her sons.—And you, my elder guest, who have, I judge, seen many years, and various lands, must have often known examples how the strong are saved by the help of the weak, the proud by the aid of the humble."

"I have at least learned," said the Englishman, "to debate no point unnecessarily with the host who has kindly harbored me;" and after one glance at his son, which seemed to kindle with the fondest affection, he resumed, as the party turned back toward the house, a conversation which he had been maintaining with his new acquaintance before Arthur and the maiden had joined them.

Arthur had in the meantime an opportunity of observing the figure and features of their Swiss landlord, which, I have already hinted, exhibited a primeval simplicity mixed with a certain rude dignity, arising out of its masculine and unaffected character.

The dress did not greatly differ in form from the habit of the female which we have described. It consisted of an upper frock, shaped like the modern shirt, and only open at the bosom, worn above a tunic or under doublet. But the man's vest was considerably shorter in the skirts, which did not come lower down than the kilt of the Scottish Highlander; a species of boots or buskins rose above the knee, and the person was thus entirely clothed. A bonnet made of the fur of the marten, and garnished with a silver medal, was the only part of the dress which displayed anything like ornament; the broad belt which gathered the garment together was of buff leather, secured by a large brass buckle.

But the figure of him who wore this homely attire, which seemed almost wholly composed of the fleeces of the mountain sheep, and the spoils of animals of the chase, would have commanded respect wherever the wearer had presented himself, especially in those warlike days, when men were judged of according to the promising or unpromising qualities of their thews and sinews. To those who looked at Arnold Biederman in this point of view, he displayed the size and form, the broad shoulders, and prominent muscles, of a Hercules. But to such as looked rather at his countenance, the steady sagacious features, open front, large blue eyes, and deliberate resolution

which it expressed, more resembled the character of the fabled King of Gods and Men. He was attended by several sons and relatives, young men, among whom he walked, receiving, as his undeniable due, respect and obedience, similar to that which a herd of deer are observed to render to the monarch stag.

While Arnold Biederman walked and spoke with the elder stranger, the young men seemed closely to scrutinize Arthur, and occasionally interrogated in whispers their relation Anne, receiving from her brief and impatient answers, which rather excited than appeased the vein of merriment in which the mountaineers indulged, very much, as it seemed to the young Englishman, at the expense of their guest. To feel himself exposed to derision was not softened by the reflection, that in such a society it would probably be attached to all who could not tread on the edge of a precipice with a step as firm and undismayed as if they walked the street of a city. However unreasonable ridicule may be, it is always unpleasing to be subjected to it, but more particularly is it distressing to a young man, where beauty is a listener. It was some consolation to Arthur that he thought the maiden certainly did not enjoy the jest, and seemed by word and look to reprove the rudeness of her companions ; but this he feared was only from a sense of humanity.

"She, too, must despise me," he thought, "though civility, unknown to these ill-taught boors, has enabled her to conceal contempt under the guise of pity. She can but judge of me from that which she has seen—if she could know me better," (such was his proud thought), "she might perhaps rank me more highly."

As the travelers entered the habitation of Arnold Biederman they found preparations made in a large apartment, which served the purpose of general accommodation, for a homely but plentiful meal. A glance round the walls showed the implements of agriculture and the chase ; but the eyes of the elder Philipson rested upon a leathern corselet, a long heavy halberd, and a two-handed sword, which were displayed as a sort of trophy. Near these, but covered with dust, unfurbished and neglected, hung a helmet, with a visor, such as was used by knights and men-at-arms. The golden garland, or coronal twisted around it, though sorely tarnished, indicated noble birth and rank ; and the crest, which was a vulture of the species which gave name to the old castle and its adjacent cliff, suggested various conjectures to the English guest, who, acquainted in a great measure with the history of the Swiss revolution, made little doubt that in this relic he saw some

trophy of the ancient warfare between the inhabitants of these mountains and the feudal lord to whom they had of yore appertained.

A summons to the hospitable board disturbed the train of the English merchant's reflections, and a large company, comprising the whole inhabitants of every description that lived under Biederman's roof, sat down to a plentiful repast of goat's flesh, fish, preparations of milk of various kinds, cheese, and, for the upper mess, the venison of a young chamois. The Landamman himself did the honors of the table with great kindness and simplicity, and urged the strangers to show, by their appetite, that they thought themselves as welcome as he desired to make them. During the repast, he carried on a conversation with his elder guest, while the younger people at table, as well as the menials, ate in modesty and silence. Ere the dinner was finished, a figure crossed on the outside of the large window which lighted the eating-hall, the sight of which seemed to occasion a lively sensation among such as observed it.

"Who passed?" said old Biederman to those seated opposite to the window.

"It is our cousin, Rudolph of Donnerhugel," answered one of Arnold's sons eagerly.

The annunciation seemed to give great pleasure to the younger part of the company, especially the sons of the Landamman; while the head of the family only said with a grave, calm voice,—"Your kinsman is welcome—tell him so, and let him come hither."

Two or three arose for this purpose, as if there had been a contention among them who should do the honors of the house to the new guest. He entered presently; a young man, unusually tall, well-proportioned, and active, with a quantity of dark-brown locks curling around his face, together with mustaches of the same, or rather a still darker hue. His cap was small, considering the quantity of his thickly clustering hair, and rather might be said to hang upon one side of his head than to cover it. His clothes were of the same form and general fashion as those of Arnold, but made of much finer cloth, the manufacture of the German loom, and ornamented in a rich and fanciful manner. One sleeve of his vest was dark green, curiously laced and embroidered with devices in silver, while the rest of the garment was scarlet. His sash was twisted and netted with gold, and besides answering the purpose of a belt, by securing the upper garment round his waist, sustained a silver-hilted poniard. His finery was completed by boots, the tips of which were so long as to turn upward with a peak,

after a prevailing fashion in the Middle Ages. A golden chain hung round his neck, and sustained a large medallion of the same metal.

This young gallant was instantly surrounded by the race of Biederman, among whom he appeared to be considered as the model upon which the Swiss youth ought to build themselves, and whose gait, opinions, dress, and manners, all ought to follow who would keep pace with the fashion of the day, in which he reigned an acknowledged and unrivaled example.

By two persons in the company, however, it seemed to Arthur Philipson that this young man was received with less distinguished marks of regard than those with which he was hailed by the general voice of the youths present. Arnold Biederman himself was at least no way warm in welcoming the young Bernese, for such was Rudolph's country. The young man drew from his bosom a sealed packet, which he delivered to the Landamman with demonstrations of great respect, and seemed to expect that Arnold, when he had broken the seal and perused the contents, would say something to him on the subject. But the patriarch only bade him be seated, and partake of their meal, and Rudolph found a place accordingly next to Anne of Geierstein, which was yielded to him by one of the sons of Arnold with ready courtesy.

It seemed also to the observant young Englishman, that the new-comer was received with marked coldness by the maiden, to whom he appeared eager and solicitous to pay his compliments, by whose side he had contrived to seat himself at the well furnished board, and to whom he seemed more anxious to recommend himself, than to partake of the food which it offered. He observed the gallant whisper her, and look toward him. Anne gave a very brief reply, but one of the young Biedermans, who sat on his other hand, was probably more communicative, as the youths both laughed, and the maiden again seemed disconcerted, and blushed with displeasure.

"Had I either of these sons of the mountain," thought young Philipson, "upon six yards of level greensward, if there be so much flat ground in this country, methinks I were more likely to spoil their mirth than to furnish food for it. It is as marvelous to see such conceited boors under the same roof with so courteous and amiable a damsel, as it would be to see one of their shaggy bears dance a rigadoon with a maiden like the daughter of our host. Well, I need not concern myself more than I can help about her beauty or their breeding, since morning will separate me from them forever."

As these reflections passed through the young guest's mind

the father of the family called for a cup of wine, and having required the two strangers to pledge him in a maple cup of considerable size, he sent a similar goblet to Rudolph Donnerhugel. "Yet you," he said, "kinsman, are used to more highly-flavored wine than the half-ripened grapes of Geierstein can supply.—Would you think it, sir merchant," he continued, addressing Philipson, "there are burghers of Berne who send for wine, for their own drinking, both to France and Germany?"

"My kinsman disapproves of that," replied Rudolph; "yet every place is not blessed with vineyards like Geierstein, which produces all that heart and eye can desire." This was said with a glance at his fair companion, who did not appear to take the compliment, while the envoy of Berne proceeded:—"But our wealthier burghers, having some superfluous crowns, think it no extravagance to barter them for a goblet of better wine than our own mountains can produce. But we will be more frugal when we have at our disposal tuns of the wine of Burgundy, for the mere trouble of transporting them."

"How mean you by that, cousin Rudolph?" said Arnold Biederman.

"Methinks, respected kinsman," answered the Bernese, "your letters must have told you that our Diet is likely to declare war against Burgundy?"

"Ah! and you know, then, the contents of my letters?" said Arnold; "another mark how times are changed at Berne, and with the Diet of Switzerland. When did all her gray-haired statesmen die, that our allies should have brought beardless boys into their councils?"

"The Senate of Berne, and the Diet of the Confederacy," said the young man, partly abashed, partly in vindication of what he had before spoken, "allow the young men to know their purposes, since it is they by whom they must be executed. The head which thinks, may well confide in the hand that strikes."

"Not till the moment of dealing the blow, young man," said Arnold Biederman, sternly. "What kind of counselor is he who talks loosely the secrets of state affairs before women and strangers? Go, Rudolph, and all of ye, and try by manly exercises which is best fitted to serve your country, rather than give your judgment upon her measures.—Hold, young man," he continued, addressing Arthur, who had arisen, "this does not apply to you, who are unused to mountain travel, and require rest after it."

"Under your favor, sir, not so," said the elder stranger. "We hold in England, that the best refreshment after we have

been exhausted by one species of exercise, is to betake ourselves to another; as riding, for example, affords more relief to one fatigued by walking, than a bed of down would. So, if your young men will permit, my son will join their exercises."

"He will find them rough playmates," answered the Switzer; "but be it at your pleasure."

The young men went out accordingly to the open lawn in front of the house. Anne of Geierstein, and some females of the household, sat down on a bank to judge which performed best, and shouts, loud laughing, and all that announces the riot of juvenile spirits occupied by manly sports, was soon after heard by the two seniors, as they sat together in the hall. The master of the house resumed the wine-flask, and having filled the cup of his guest, poured the remainder into his own.

"At an age, worthy stranger," he said, "when the blood grows colder, and the feelings heavier, a moderate cup of wine brings back light thoughts, and makes the limbs supple. Yet, I almost wish that Noah had never planted the grape, when of late years I have seen with my own eyes my countrymen swill wine like very Germans, till they were like gorged swine, incapable of sense, thought, or motion."

"It is a vice," said the Englishman, "which I have observed gains ground in your country, where within a century I have heard it was totally unknown."

"It was so," said the Swiss, "for wine was seldom made at home and never imported from abroad; for indeed none possessed the means of purchasing that, or aught else, which our valleys produce not. But our wars and our victories have gained us wealth as well as fame; and in the poor thoughts of one Switzer at least, we had been better without both, had we not also gained liberty by the same exertion. It is something, however, that commerce may occasionally send into our remote mountains a sensible visitor like yourself, worthy guest, whose discourse shows him to be a man of sagacity and discernment; for though I love not the increasing taste for trinkets and gewgaws which you merchants introduce, yet I acknowledge that we simple mountaineers learn from men like you more of the world around us than we could acquire by our own exertions. You are bound, you say, to Bâle, and thence to the Duke of Burgundy's leaguer?"

"I am so, my worthy host"—said the merchant, "that is, providing I can perform my journey with safety."

"Your safety, good friend, may be assured, if you list to tarry for two or three days; for in that space I shall myself take the journey, and with such an escort as will prevent any risk of

danger. You will find in me a sure and faithful guide, and I shall learn from you much of other countries, which it concerns me to know better than I do. Is it a bargain?"

"The proposal is too much to my advantage to be refused," said the Englishman; "but may I ask the purpose of your journey?"

"I chid yonder boy but now," answered Biederman, "for speaking on public affairs without reflection, and before the whole family; but our tidings and my errand need not be concealed from a considerate person like you, who must indeed soon learn it from public rumor. You know doubtless the mutual hatred which subsists between Louis XI. of France and Charles of Burgundy, whom men call the Bold; and having seen these countries, as I understand from your former discourse, you are probably well aware of the various contending interests, which besides the personal hatred of the sovereigns, make them irreconcilable enemies. Now Louis, whom the world cannot match for craft and subtlety, is using all his influence, by distributions of large sums amongst some of the counselors of our neighbors of Berne, by pouring treasures into the exchequer of that state itself, by holding out the bait of emolument to the old men, and encouraging the violence of the young, to urge the Bernese into a war with the Duke. Charles, on the other hand, is acting, as he frequently does, exactly as Louis could have wished. Our neighbors and allies of Berne do not, like us of the Forest Cantons, confine themselves to pasture or agriculture, but carry on considerable commerce; which the Duke of Burgundy has in various instances interrupted, by the exactions and violence of his officers in the frontier towns, as doubtless well known to you."

"Unquestionably," answered the merchant; they are universally regarded as vexatious."

"You will not then be surprised, that, solicited by the one sovereign, and aggrieved by the other, proud of past victories, and ambitious of additional power, Berne and the City Cantons of our Confederacy, whose representatives, from their superior wealth and better education, have more to say in our Diet than we of the Forests, should be bent upon war, from which it has hitherto happened that the Republic has always derived victory, wealth, and increase of territory."

"Ay, worthy host, and of glory," said Philipson, interrupting him with some enthusiasm; "I wonder not that the brave youths of your states are willing to thrust themselves upon new wars, since their past victories have been so brilliant and so far-famed."

"You are no wise merchant, kind guest," answered the host, "if you regard success in former desperate undertakings as an encouragement to future rashness. Let us make a better use of past victories. When we fought for our liberties God blessed our arms; but will he do so if we fight either for aggrandizement or for the gold of France?"

"Your doubt is just," said the merchant, more sedately; "but suppose you draw the sword to put an end to the vexatious exactions of Burgundy?"

"Hear me, good friend," answered the Switzer; "it may be that we of the Forest Cantons think too little of those matters of trade, which so much engross the attention of the burghers of Berne. Yet we will not desert our neighbors and allies in a just quarrel; and it is well-nigh settled that a deputation shall be sent to the Duke of Burgundy to request redress. In this embassy the General Diet now assembled at Berne have requested that I should take some share; and hence the journey in which I propose that you should accompany me."

"It will be much to my satisfaction to travel in your company, worthy host," said the Englishman. "But, as I am a true man, methinks your port and figure resemble an envoy of defiance rather than a messenger of peace."

"And I too might say," replied the Switzer, "that your language and sentiments, my honored guest, rather belong to the sword than the measuring wand."

"I was bred to the sword, worthy sir, before I took the cloth-yard in my hand," replied Philipson, smiling, "and it may be I am still more partial to my old trade than wisdom would altogether recommend."

"I thought so," said Arnold; "but then you fought most likely under your country's banners against a foreign and national enemy, and in that case I will admit that war has something in it which elevates the heart above the due sense it should entertain of the calamity inflicted and endured by God's creatures on each side. But the warfare in which I was engaged had no such gilding. It was the miserable war of Zurich, where Switzers leveled their pikes against the bosoms of their own countrymen; and quarter was asked and refused in the same kindly mountain language. From such remembrances your warlike recollections are probably free."

The merchant hung down his head and pressed his forehead with his hand, as one to whom the most painful thoughts were suddenly recalled.

"Alas!" he said, "I deserve to feel the pain which your words inflict. What nation can know the woes of England

that has not felt them—what eye can estimate them which had not seen a land torn and bleeding with the strife of two desperate factions; battles fought in every province; plains heaped with slain, and scaffolds drenched in blood! Even in your quiet valleys, methinks, you may have heard of the Civil Wars of England?"

"I do indeed bethink me," said the Switzer, "that England had lost her possessions in France during many years of bloody internal wars concerning the color of a rose—was it not?—But these are ended."

"For the present," answered Philipson, "it would seem so."

As he spoke, there was a knock at the door; the master of the house said, "Come in;" the door opened, and, with the reverence which was expected from young persons toward their elders in those pastoral regions, the fine form of Anne of Geierstein presented itself.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

> And now the well-known bow the master bore,
> Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;
> Whilst some deriding, "How he turns the bow!
> Some other like it sure the man must know:
> Or else would copy—or in bows he deals;
> Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals."
>
> POPE'S HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

THE fair maiden approached with the half-bashful half-important look which sits so well on a young housekeeper, when she is at once proud and ashamed of the matronly duties she is called upon to discharge, and whispered something in her uncle's ear.

"And could not the idle-pated boys have brought their own errand—what is it they want that they cannot ask themselves, but must send thee to beg it for them? Had it been anything reasonable, I should have heard it dinned into my ears by forty voices, so modest are our Swiss youths become now-a-days." She stooped forward, and again whispered in his ear, as he fondly stroked her curling tresses with his ample hand, and replied, "The bow of Buttisholz, my dear? why the youths surely are not grown stronger since last year, when none of them could bend it? But yonder it hangs with its three arrows.

Who is the wise champion that is challenger at a game where he is sure to be foiled ? "

" It is this gentleman's son, sir," said the maiden, " who, not being able to contend with my cousins in running, leaping, hurling the bar, or pitching the stone, has challenged them to ride, or to shoot with the English long-bow."

" To ride," said the venerable Swiss, " were difficult, where there are no horses, and no level ground to career upon if there were. But an English bow he shall have, since we happen to possess one. Take it to the young men, my niece, with the three arrows, and say to them from me, that he who bends it will do more than William Tell, or the renowned Stauffacher, could have done."

As the maiden went to take the weapon from the place where it hung amid the group of arms which Philipson had formerly remarked, the English merchant observed, " that were the minstrels of his land to assign her occupation, so fair a maiden should be bow-bearer to none but the little blind god Cupid."

" I will have nothing of the blind god Cupid," said Arnold, hastily, yet half laughing at the same time ; " we have been deafened with the foolery of minstrels and strolling minnesingers, ever since the wandering knaves have found there were pence to be gathered among us. A Swiss maiden should only sing Albert Ischudi's ballads, or the merry lay of the going out and return of the cows to and from the mountain pastures."

While he spoke, the damsel had selected from the arms a bow of extraordinary strength, considerable above six feet in length, with three shafts of a cloth-yard long. Philipson asked to look at the weapons, and examined them closely. " It is a tough piece of yew," he said. " I should know it, since I have dealt in such commodities in my time ; but when I was of Arthur's age I could have bent it as easily as a boy bends a willow."

" We are too old to boast like boys," said Arnold Biederman, with something of a reproving glance at his companion. " Carry the bow to thy kinsmen, Anne, and let him who can bend it say he beat Arnold Biederman." As he spoke, he turned his eyes on the spare, yet muscular figure of the Englishman, then again glanced down on his own stately person.

" You must remember, good my host," said Philipson, " that weapons are wielded not by strength, but by art and sleight of hand. What most I wonder at, is to see in this place a bow made by Matthew of Doncaster, a bowyer who lived at least a hundred years ago, remarkable for the great toughness and strength of the weapons which he made, and which are now

become somewhat unmanageable, even by an English yeoman."

"How are you assured of the maker's name, worthy guest?" replied the Swiss.

"By old Matthew's mark," answered the Englishman "and his initials cut upon the bow. I wonder not a little to find such a weapon here, and in such good preservation."

"It has been regularly waxed, oiled, and kept in good order," said the Landamman, "being preserved as a trophy of a memorable day. It would but grieve you to recount its early history, since it was taken in a day fatal to your country."

"My country," said the Englishman composedly, "has gained so many victories, that her children may well afford to hear of a single defeat. But I knew not that the English ever warred in Switzerland."

"Not precisely as a nation," answered Biederman; "but it was in my grandsire's days, that a large body of roving soldiers, composed of men from almost all countries, but especially Englishmen, Normans, and Gascons, poured down on the Argau, and the districts adjacent. They were headed by a great warrior called Ingelram de Couci, who pretended some claims upon the Duke of Austria; to satisfy which he ravaged indifferently the Austrian territory and that of our confederacy, His soldiers were hired warriors—Free Companions they called themselves—that seemed to belong to no country, and were as brave in the fight as they were cruel in their depredations. Some pause in the constant wars betwixt France and England had deprived many of those bands of their ordinary employment, and battle being their element, they came to seek it among our valleys. The air seemed on fire with the blaze of their armor, and the very sun was darkened at the flight of their arrows. They did us much evil, and we sustained the loss of more than one battle. But we met them at Buttisholz, and mingled the blood of many a rider (noble as they were called and esteemed) with that of their horses. The huge mound that covers the bones of man and steed is still called the English Barrow."

Philipson was silent for a minute or two, and then replied, "Then let them sleep in peace. If they did wrong, they paid for it with their lives; and that is all the ransom that mortal man can render for his transgressions.—Heaven pardon their souls!"

"Amen," replied the Landamman, "and those of all brave men!—My grandsire was at the battle, and was held to have demeaned himself like a good soldier; and this bow has been

ever since carefully preserved in our family. There is a prophecy about it, but I hold it not worthy of remark."

Philipson was about to inquire further, but was interrupted by a loud cry of surprise and astonishment from without.

"I must out," said Biederman, "and see what these wild lads are doing. It is not now as formerly in this land, when the young dared not judge for themselves, till the old man's voice had been heard."

He went forth from the lodge, followed by his guest. The company who had witnessed the games were all talking, shouting, and disputing in the same breath; while Arthur Philipson stood a little apart from the rest, leaning on the unbent bow with apparent indifference. At the sight of the Landamman all were silent.

"What means this unwonted clamor?" he said, raising a voice to which all were accustomed to listen with reverence.—"Rudiger," addressing the eldest of his sons, "has the young stranger bent the bow?"

"He has, father," said Rudiger; "and he has hit the mark. Three such shots were never shot by William Tell."

"It was chance—pure chance," said the young Swiss from Berne. "No human skill could have done it, much less a puny lad, baffled in all besides that he attempted among us."

"But what *has* been done?" said the Landamman.—"Nay, speak not all at once!—Anne of Geierstein, thou hast more sense and breeding than these boys—tell me how the game has gone." The maiden seemed a little confused at this appeal, but answered with a composed and downcast look—

"The mark was, as usual, a pigeon to a pole. All the young men, except the stranger, had practiced at it with the cross-bow and long-bow without hitting it. When I brought out the bow of Buttisholz, I offered it first to my kinsmen. None would accept of it, saying, respected uncle, that a task too great for you, must be far too difficult for them."

"They said well," answered Arnold Biederman; "and the stranger, did he string the bow?"

"He did, my uncle; but first he wrote something on a piece of paper, and placed it in my hands."

"And did he shoot and hit the mark?" continued the surprised Switzer.

"He first," said the maiden, "removed the pole a hundred yards further than the post where it stood."

"Singular!" said the Landamman, "that is double the usual distance."

"He then drew the bow," continued the maiden, "and shot

off, one after another, with incredible rapidity, the three arrows which he had stuck into his belt. The first cleft the pole, the second cut the string, the third killed the poor bird as it rose into the air."

"By Saint Mary of Einsiedlen," said the old man, looking up in amaze, "if your eyes really saw this, they saw such archery as was never before witnessed in the Forest States!"

"I say nay to that, my revered kinsman," replied Rudolph Donnerhugel, whose vexation was apparent; "it was mere chance, if not illusion or witchery."

"What say'st thou of it thyself, Arthur?" said his father, half smiling; "was thy success by chance or skill?"

"My father," said the young man, "I need not tell you that I have done but an ordinary feat for an English bowman. Nor do I speak to gratify that misproud and ignorant young man. But to our worthy host and his family I make answer. This youth charges me with having deluded men's eyes, or hit the mark by chance. For illusion, yonder is the pierced pole, the severed string, and the slain bird, they will endure sight and handling; and, besides, if that fair maiden will open the note which I put into her hand, she will find evidence to assure you, that even before I drew the bow, I had fixed upon the three marks which I designed to aim at."

"Produce the scroll, good niece," said her uncle, "and end the controversy."

"Nay, under your favor, my worthy host," said Arthur, "it is but some foolish rhymes addressed to the maiden's own eye."

"And under your favor, sir," said the Landamman, "whatsoever is fit for my niece's eyes may greet my ears."

He took the scroll from the maiden, who blushed deeply when she resigned it. The character in which it was written was so fine, that the Landamman in surprise exclaimed, "No clerk of Saint Gall could have written more fairly.—Strange," he again repeated, "that a hand which could draw so true a bow, should have the cunning to form characters so fair." He then exclaimed anew, "Ha! verses, by Our Lady! What, have we minstrels disguised as traders?" He then opened the scroll, and read the following lines:—

> If I hit mast, and line, and bird,
> An English archer keeps his word.
> Ah! maiden, didst thou aim at me,
> A single glance were worth the three.

"Here is rare rhyming, my worthy guest," said the Landam-

man, shaking his head; "fine words to make foolish maidens fain. But do not excuse it; it is your country fashion, and we know how to treat it as such." And without further allusion to the concluding couplet, the reading of which threw the poet, as well as the object of the verses, into some discomposure, he added gravely, "You must now allow, Rudolph Donnerhugel, that the stranger has fairly attained the three marks which he proposed to himself."

"That he has attained them is plain," answered the party to whom the appeal was made; "but that he has done this fairly may be doubted, if there are such things as witchery and magic in this world."

"Shame, shame, Rudolph!" said the Landamman; "can spleen and envy have weight with so brave a man as you, from whom my sons ought to learn temperance, forbearance, and candor, as well as manly courage and dexterity?"

The Bernese colored high under this rebuke, to which he ventured not to attempt a reply.

"To your sports till sunset, my children," continued Arnold; "while I and my worthy friend occupy our time with a walk, for which the evening is now favorable."

"Methinks," said the English merchant, "I should like to visit the ruins of yonder castle, situated by the waterfall. There is something of melancholy dignity in such a scene which reconciles us to the misfortunes of our own time, by showing that our ancestors, who were perhaps more intelligent or more powerful, have nevertheless, in their days, encountered cares and distresses similar to those which we now groan under."

"Have with you, my worthy sir," replied his host; "there will be time also upon the road to talk of things that you should know."

The slow step of the two elderly men carried them by degrees from the limits of the lawn, where shout, and laugh, and halloo, were again revived. Young Philipson, whose success as an archer had obliterated all recollection of former failure, made other attempts to mingle in the manly pastimes of the country, and gained a considerable portion of applause. The young men who had but lately been so ready to join in ridiculing him, now began to consider him as a person to be looked up and appealed to; while Rudolph Donnerhugel saw with resentment that he was no longer without a rival in the opinion of his male cousins, perhaps of his kinswoman also. The proud young Swiss reflected with bitterness that he had fallen under the Landamman's displeasure, declined in reputation with his companions, of whom he had been hitherto the leader, and even hazarded a more

mortifying disappointment, all, as his swelling heart expressed it, through the means of a stranger stripling, of neither blood nor fame, who could not step from one rock to another without the encouragement of a girl.

In this irritated mood, he drew near the young Englishman, and while he seemed to address him on the chances of the sports which were still proceeding, he conveyed, in a whisper, matter of a far different tendency. Striking Arthur's shoulder with the frank bluntness of a mountaineer, he said aloud: "Yonder bolt of Ernest whistled through the air like a falcon when she stoops down the wind!" And then proceeded in a deep low voice, "You merchants sell gloves—do you ever deal in single gauntlets, or only in pairs?"

"I *sell* no single glove," said Arthur, instantly apprehending him, and sufficiently disposed to resent the scornful looks of the Bernese champion during the time of their meal, and his having but lately imputed his successful shooting to chance or sorcery,—"I *sell* no single glove, sir, but never refuse to exchange one."

"You are apt, I see," said Rudolph; "look at the players while I speak, or our purpose will be suspected—You are quicker, I say, of apprehension than I expected. If we exchange our gloves, how shall each redeem his own?"

"With our good swords," said Arthur Philipson.

"In armor, or as we stand."

"Even as we stand," said Arthur. "I have no better garment of proof than this doublet—no other weapon than my sword; and these, Sir Switzer, I hold enough for the purpose. —Name time and place."

"The old castle-court at Geierstein," replied Rudolph; "the time sunrise;—but we are watched.—I have lost my wager, stranger," he added, speaking aloud, and in an indifferent tone of voice, "since Ulrick has made a cast beyond Ernest.—There is my glove, in token I shall not forget the flask of wine."

"And there is mine," said Arthur, "in token I will drink it with you merrily."

Thus, amid the peaceful though rough sports of their companions, did these two hot-headed youths contrive to indulge their hostile inclinations toward each other, by settling a meeting of deadly purpose.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

——— I was one
Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing herd,
The russet prize, the lowly peasant's life,
Season'd with sweet content, more than the halls
Where revelers feast to fever-height. Believe me,
There ne'er was poison mix'd in maple bowl.

ANONYMOUS.

LEAVING the young persons engaged with their sports, the Landamman of Unterwalden and the elder Philipson walked on in company, conversing chiefly on the political relations of France, England, and Burgundy, until the conversation was changed as they entered the gate of the old castle-yard of Geierstein, where arose the lonely and dismantled keep, surrounded by the ruins of other buildings.

"This has been a proud and a strong habitation in its time," said Philipson.

"They were a proud and powerful race who held it," replied the Landamman. "The Counts of Geierstein have a history which runs back to the times of the old Helvetians, and their deeds are reported to have matched their antiquity. But all earthly grandeur has an end, and free men tread the ruins of their feudal castle, at the most distant sight of whose turrets serfs were formerly obliged to vail their bonnets, if they would escape the chastisement of contumacious rebels."

"I observe," said the merchant, "engraved on a stone under yonder turret, the crest, I conceive, of the last family, a vulture perched on a rock, descriptive, doubtless, of the word Geierstein."

"It is the ancient cognizance of the family," replied Arnold Biederman, "and, as you say, expresses the name of the castle, being the same with that of the knights who so long held it."

"I also remarked in your hall," continued the merchant, "a helmit bearing the same crest or cognizance. It is, I suppose, a trophy of the triumph of the Swiss peasants over the nobles of Geierstein, as the English bow is preserved in remembrance of the battle of Buttisholz?"

"And you, fair sir," replied the Landamman, "would, I perceive, from the prejudices of your education, regard the one victory with as unpleasant feelings as the other?—Strange, that the veneration for rank should be rooted even in the minds of

those who have no claim to share it! But clear up your downcast brows, my worthy guest, and be assured, that though many a proud baron's castle, when Switzerland threw off the bonds of feudal slavery, was plundered and destroyed by the just vengeance of an incensed people, such was not the lot of Geierstein. The blood of the old possessors of these towers still flows in the veins of him by whom these lands are occupied."

"What am I to understand by that, Sir Landamman?" said Philipson. "Are not you yourself the occupant of this place?"

"And you think, probably," answered Arnold, "because I live like the other shepherds, wear homespun gray, and hold the plough with my own hands, I cannot be descended from a line of ancient nobility? This land holds many such gentle peasants, Sir Merchant; nor is there a more ancient nobility than that of which the remains are to be found in my native country. But they have voluntarily resigned the oppressive part of their feudal power, and are no longer regarded as wolves amongst the flock, but as sagacious mastiffs, who attend the sheep in time of peace, and are prompt in their defence when war threatens our community."

"But," repeated the merchant, who could not yet reconcile himself to the idea that his plain and peasant-seeming host was a man of distinguished birth, you bear not the name, worthy sir, of your fathers—They were, you say, the Counts of Geierstein, and you are"——

"Arnold Biederman, at your command," answered the magistrate. "But know,—if the knowledge can make you sup with more sense of dignity or comfort,—I need but put on yonder old helmet, or, if that were too much trouble, I have only to stick a falcon's feather into my cap, and call myself Arnold, Count of Geierstein. No man could gainsay me—though whether it would become my Lord Count to drive his bullocks to the pasture, and whether his Excellency the High and Well-born, could, without derogation, sow a field or reap it, are questions which should be settled beforehand. I see you are confounded, my respected guest, at my degeneracy; but the state of my family is very soon explained.

"My lordly fathers ruled this same domain of Geierstein, which in their time was very extensive, much after the mode of feudal barons—that is, they were sometimes the protectors and patrons, but oftener the oppressors, of their subjects. But when my grandfather, Heinrich of Geierstein, flourished, he not only joined the Confederates to repel Ingleram de Couci, and his roving bands, as I already told you, but, when the wars with Austria were renewed, and many of his degree joined with

the host of the Emperor Leopold, my ancestor adopted the opposite side, fought in front of the Confederates, and contributed by his skill and valor to the decisive victory at Sempach, in which Leopold lost his life, and the flower of Austrian chivalry fell around him. My father, Count Williewald, followed the same course, both from inclination and policy. He united himself closely with the state of Unterwalden, became a citizen of the Confederacy, and distinguished himself so much, that he was chosen Landamman of the Republic. He had two sons,—myself, and a younger brother, Albert; and possessed, as he felt himself, of a species of double character, he was desirous, perhaps unwisely (if I may censure the purpose of a deceased parent), that one of his sons should succeed him in his Lordship of Geierstein, and the other support the less ostentatious, though not in my thought the less honorable condition, of a free citizen of Unterwalden, possessing such influence among his equals in the Canton as might be acquired by his father's merits and his own. When Albert was twelve years old, our father took us on a short excursion to Germany, where the form, pomp, and magnificence which we witnessed, made a very different impression on the mind of my brother and on my own. What appeared to Albert the consummation of earthly splendor, seemed to me a weary display of tiresome and useless ceremonials. Our father explained his purpose, and offered to me, as his eldest son, the large estate belonging to Geierstein, reserving such a portion of the most fertile ground as might make my brother one of the wealthiest citizens, in a district where competence is esteemed wealth. The tears gushed from Albert's eyes—'And must my brother,' he said, 'be a noble Count, honored and followed by vassals and attendants, and I a homespun peasant among the gray-bearded shepherds of Unterwalden? —No, father—I respect your will—but I will not sacrifice my own rights. Geierstein is a fief held of the empire, and the laws entitle me to my equal half of the lands. If my brother be Count of Geierstein, I am not the less Count Albert of Geierstein; and I will appeal to the Emperor, rather than that the arbitrary will of one ancestor, though he be my father, shall cancel in me the rank and rights which I have derived from a hundred.' My father was greatly incensed. 'Go,' he said, 'proud boy, give the enemy of thy country a pretext to interfere in her affairs—appeal to the will of a foreign prince from the pleasure of thy father. Go, but never again look me in the face, and dread my eternal malediction!' Albert was about to reply with vehemence, when I entreated him to be silent, and hear me speak. I had, I said, all my life loved the mountain better

than the plain ; had been more pleased to walk than to ride ; more proud to contend with shepherds in their sports, than with nobles in the lists ; and happier in the village dance than among the feasts of the German nobles. 'Let me, therefore,' I said, 'be a citizen of the republic of Unterwalden ; you will relieve me of a thousand cares ; and let my brother Albert wear the coronet and bear the honors of Geierstein.' After some further discussion, my father was at length contented to adopt my proposal, in order to attain the object which he had so much at heart. Albert was declared heir of his castle and his rank, by the title of Count Albert of Geierstein ; and I was placed in possession of these fields and fertile meadows amidst which my house is situated, and my neighbors called me Arnold Biederman."

"And if Biederman," said the merchant, "means, as I understand the word, a man of worth, candor, and generosity, I know none on whom the epithet could be so justly conferred. Yet let me observe, that I praise the conduct, which, in your circumstances, I could not have bowed my spirit to practice. Proceed, I pray you, with the history of your house, if the recital be not painful to you."

"I have little more to say," replied the Landamman. "My father died soon after the settlement of his estate in the manner I have told you. My brother had other possessions in Swabia and Westphalia, and seldom visited his paternal castle, which was chiefly occupied by a seneschal, a man so obnoxious to the vassals of the family, that but for the protection afforded by my near residence, and relationship with his lord, he would have been plucked out of the Vulture's Nest, and treated with as little ceremony as if he had been the vulture himself. Neither, to say the truth, did my brother's occasional visits to Geierstein afford his vassals much relief, or acquire any popularity for himself. He heard with the ears and saw with the eyes of his cruel and interested steward, Ital Schreckenwald, and would not listen even to my interference and admonition. Indeed, though he always demeaned himself with personal kindness toward me, I believe he considered me as a dull and poor-spirited clown, who had disgraced my noble blood by my mean propensities. He showed contempt on every occasion for the prejudices of his countrymen, and particularly by wearing a peacock's feather in public, and causing his followers to display the same badge, though the cognizance of the house of Austria, and so unpopular in this country, that men have been put to death for no better reason than for carrying it in their caps. In the meantime I was married to my Bertha, now a saint in Heaven, by whom I had

six stately sons, five of whom you saw surrounding my table this day. Albert also married. His wife was a lady of rank in Westphalia, but his bridal-bed was less fruitful; he had only one daughter, Anne of Geierstein. Then came on the wars between the city of Zurich and our Forest Cantons, in which so much blood was shed, and when our brethren of Zurich were so ill advised as to embrace the alliance of Austria. Their Emperor strained every nerve to avail himself of the favorable opportunity afforded by the disunion of the Swiss; and engaged all with whom he had influence to second his efforts. With my brother he was but too successful; for Albert not only took arms in the Emperor's cause, but admitted into the strong fortress of Geierstein a band of Austrian soldiers, with whom the wicked Ital Schreckenwald laid waste the whole country, excepting my little patrimony."

"It came to a severe pass with you, my worthy host," said the merchant, "since you were to decide against the cause of your country or that of your brother."

"I did not hesitate," continued Arnold Biederman. "My brother was in the Emperor's army, and I was not therefore reduced to act personally against him; but I denounced war against the robbers and thieves with whom Schreckenwald had filled my father's house. It was waged with various fortune. The seneschal, during my absence, burnt down my house, and slew my youngest son, who died, alas! in defence of his father's hearth. It is little to add that my lands were wasted and my flocks destroyed. On the other hand, I succeeded, with help of a body of the peasants of Unterwalden, in storming the Castle of Geierstein. It was offered back to me by the Confederates; but I had no desire to sully the fair cause in which I had assumed arms, by enriching myself at the expense of my brother; and besides, to have dwelt in that guarded hold would have been a penance to one, the sole protectors of whose house of late years had been a latch and a shepherd's cur. The castle was therefore dismantled, as you see, by order of the elders of the Canton; and I even think, that considering the uses it was too often put to, I look with more pleasure on the rugged remains of Geierstein, than I ever did when it was entire, and apparently impregnable."

"I can understand your feelings," said the Englishman, "though I repeat, my virtue would not perhaps have extended so far beyond the circle of my family affections. Your brother, what said he to your patriotic exertions?"

"He was, as I learnt," answered the Landamman, "dreadfully incensed, having no doubt been informed that I had taken

his castle with a view to my own aggrandizement. He even swore he would renounce my kindred, seek me through the battle, and slay me with his own hand. We were, in fact, both at the battle of Freyenbach, but my brother was prevented from attempting the execution of his vindictive purpose by a wound from an arrow, which occasioned his being carried out of the mêlée. I was afterward in the bloody and melancholy fight at Mount Herzel, and that other onslaught at the Chapel of St. Jacob, which brought our brethren of Zurich to terms, and reduced Austria once more to the necessity of making peace with us. After this war of thirteen years, the Diet passed sentence of banishment for life on my brother Albert, and would have deprived him of his possessions, but forbore in consideration of what they thought my good service. When the sentence was intimated to the Count of Geierstein, he returned an answer of defiance; yet a singular circumstance showed us not long afterward that he retained an attachment to his country, and amidst his resentment against me, his brother, did justice to my unaltered affection for him."

"I would pledge my credit," said the merchant, "that what follows relates to yonder fair maiden, your niece?"

"You guess rightly," said the Landamman. "For some time we heard, though indistinctly (for we have, as you know, but little communication with foreign countries), that my brother was high in favor at the court of the Emperor, but latterly that he had fallen under suspicion, and, in the course of some of those revolutions common at the courts of princes, had been driven into exile. It was shortly after this news, and, as I think, more than seven years ago, that I was returning from hunting on the further side of the river, had passed the narrow bridge as usual, and was walking through the courtyard which we have lately left" (for their walk was now turned homeward), "when a voice said in the German language, 'Uncle, have compassion upon me!' As I looked around, I beheld a girl of ten years old approach timidly from the shelter of the ruins, and kneel down at my feet. 'Uncle, spare my life,' she said, holding up her little hands in the act of supplication, while mortal terror was painted upon her countenance.—'Am I your uncle, little maiden?' said I; 'and if I am, why should you fear me?'—'Because you are the head of the wicked and base clowns who delight to spill noble blood,' replied the girl, with a courage which surprised me.—'What is your name, my little maiden? said I; 'and who, having planted in your mind opinions so unfavorable to your kinsman, has brought you hither, to see if he resembles the picture you have received of him?'—'It was

Ital Schreckenwald that brought me hither,' said the girl, only half comprehending the nature of my question.—'Ital Schreckenwald?' I repeated, shocked at the name of a wretch I have so much reason to hate. A voice from the ruins, like that of a sullen echo fron the grave, answered, 'Ital Schreckenwald!' and the caitiff issued from his place of concealment, and stood before me with that singular indifference to danger which he unites so his atrocity of character. I had my spiked mountain-staff in my hand—What should I have done—or what would you have done, under like circumstances?"

"I would have laid him on the earth, with his skull shivered like an icicle!" said the Englishman, fiercely.

"I had well-nigh done so," replied the Swiss, "but he was unarmed, a messenger from my brother, and therefore no object of revenge. His own undismayed and audacious conduct contributed to save him. 'Let the vassal of the noble and high-born Count of Geierstein hear the words of his master, and let him look that they are obeyed,' said the insolent ruffian. 'Doff thy cap, and listen; for though the voice is mine, the words are those of the noble Count.'—'God and man know,' replied I, 'if I owe my brother respect or homage—it is much if, in respect for him, I defer paying to his messenger the mead I dearly owe him. Proceed with thy tale, and rid me of thy hateful presence.'—'Albert, Count of Geierstein, thy lord and my lord,' proceeded Schreckenwald, 'having on his hand wars, and other affairs of weight sends his daughter the Countess Anne, to thy charge, and graces thee so far as to intrust to thee her support and nurture, until it shall suit his purposes to require her back from thee; and he desires that thou apply to her maintenance the rents and profits of the lands of Geierstein, which thou hast usurped from him.'—'Ital Schreckenwald,' I replied, 'I will not stop to ask if this mode of addressing me be according to my brother's directions, or thine own insolent pleasure. If circumstances have, as thou sayest, deprived my niece of her natural protector, I will be to her as a father, nor shall she want aught which I have to give her. The lands of Geierstein are forfeited to the state, the castle is ruinous, as thou seest, and it is much of thy crimes that the house of my fathers is desolate. But where I dwell Anne of Geierstein shall dwell, as my children fare shall she fare, and she shall be to me as a daughter. And now thou hast thine errand—Go hence, if thou lovest thy life; for it is unsafe parleying with the father, when thy hands are stained with the blood of the son.' The wretch retired as I spoke, but took his leave with his usual determined insolence of manner.—'Farewell,' he said, 'Count of the Plough

and Harrow—farewell, noble champion of paltry burghers!' He disappeared, and released me from the strong temptation under which I labored, and which urged me to stain with his blood the place which had witnessed his cruelty and his crimes. I conveyed my niece to my house, and soon convinced her that I was her sincere friend. I inured her, as if she had been my daughter, to all our mountain exercises; and while she excels in these the damsels of the district, there burst from her such sparkles of sense and courage, mingled with delicacy, as belong not—I must needs own the truth—to the simple maidens of these wild hills, but relish of a nobler stem and higher breeding. Yet they are so happily mixed with simplicity and courtesy, that Anne of Geierstein is justly considered as the pride of the district; nor do I doubt but that, if she should make a worthy choice of a husband, the state would assign her a large dower out of her father's possessions, since it is not our maxim to punish the child for the faults of the parent."

"It will naturally be your anxious desire, my worthy host," replied the Englishman, "to secure to your niece, in whose praises I have deep cause to join with a grateful voice, such a suitable match as her birth and expectations, but above all her merit, demand."

"It is, my good guest," said the Landamman, "that which hath often occupied my thoughts. The over-near relationship prohibits what would have been my most earnest desire, the hope of seeing her wedded to one of my own sons. This young man Rudolph Donnerhugel, is brave, and highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens; but more ambitious, and more desirous of distinction, than I would desire for my niece's companion through life. His temper is violent, though his heart, I trust, is good. But I am like to be unpleasantly released from all care on this score, since my brother, having, as it seemed, forgotten Anne for seven years and upward, has, by a letter, which I have lately received, demanded that she shall be restored to him.—You can read, my worthy sir, for your profession requires it. See, here is the scroll, coldly worded, but far less unkindly than his unbrotherly message by Ital Schreckenwald—Read it, I pray you, aloud."

The merchant read accordingly.

"Brother—I thank you for the care you have taken of my daughter, for she has been in safety when she would otherwise have been in peril, and kindly used when she would have been in hardship. I now entreat you to restore her to me, and trust that she will come with the virtues which become a woman in

every station, and a disposition to lay aside the habits of a Swiss villager, for the graces of a high-born maiden.—Adieu. I thank you once more for your care, and would repay it were it in my power; but you need nothing I can give, having renounced the rank to which you were born, and made your nest on the ground where the storm passes over you. I rest your brother,

"GEIERSTEIN."

"It is addressed 'to Count Arnold of Geierstein, called Arnold Biederman.' A postscript requires you to send the maiden to the court of the Duke of Burgundy.—This, good sir, appears to me the language of a haughty man, divided betwixt the recollection of old offence and recent obligation. The speech of his messenger was that of a malicious vassal, desirous of venting his own spite under pretence of doing his lord's errand."

"I so receive both," replied Arnold Biederman.

"And do you intend," continued the merchant, "to resign this beautiful and interesting creature to the conduct of her father, wilful as he seems to be, without knowing what his condition is, or what his power of protecting her?"

The Landamman hastened to reply. "The tie which unites the parent to the child, is the earliest and the most hallowed that binds the human race. The difficulty of her traveling in safety has hitherto prevented my attempting to carry my brother's instructions into execution. But as I am now likely to journey in person toward the court of Charles, I have determined that Anne shall accompany me; and as I will myself converse with my brother, whom I have not seen for many years, I shall learn his purpose respecting his daughter, and it may be I may prevail on Albert to suffer her to remain under my charge.—And now, sir, having told you of my family affairs at some greater length than was necessary, I must crave your attention as a wise man, to what further I have to say. You know the disposition which young men and women naturally have to talk, jest, and sport with each other, out of which practice arise often more serious attachments, which they call loving *par amours*. I trust, if we are to travel together, you will so school your young man as to make him aware that Anne of Geierstein cannot with propriety on her part, be made the object of his thoughts or attentions."

The merchant colored with resentment, or something like it. "I asked not to join your company, Sir Landamman—it was you who requested mine," he said; "if my son and I have since

become in any respect the objects of your suspicion, we will gladly pursue our way separately."

"Nay, be not angry, worthy guest," said the Landamman; "we Switzers do not rashly harbor suspicions; and, that we may not harbor them, we speak respecting the circumstances out of which they might arise, more plainly than is the wont of more civilized countries. When I proposed to you to be my companion on the journey, to speak the truth, though it may displease a father's ear, I regarded your son as a soft, faint-hearted youth, who was, as yet at least, too timid and milky-blooded to attract either respect or regard from the maidens. But a few hours have presented him to us in the character of such a one as is sure to interest them. He has accomplished the emprise of the bow, long thought unattainable, and with which a popular report connects an idle prophecy. He has wit to make verses, and knows doubtless how to recommend himself by other accomplishments which bind young persons to each other, though they are lightly esteemed by men whose beards are mixed with gray, like yours, friend merchant, and mine own. Now you must be aware, that since my brother broke terms with me, simply for preferring the freedom of a Swiss citizen to the tawdry and servile condition of a German courtier, he will not approve of any one looking toward his daughter who hath not the advantage of noble blood, or who hath, what he would call, debased himself by attention to merchandise, to the cultivation of land—in a word, to any art that is useful. Should your son love Anne of Geierstein, he prepares for himself danger and disappointment. And, now you know the whole,—I ask you, Do we travel together or apart?"

"Even as you list, my worthy host," said Philipson, in an indifferent tone; "for me, I can but say that such an attachment as you speak of would be as contrary to my wishes as to those of your brother, or what I suppose are your own. Arthur Philipson has duties to perform totally inconsistent with his playing the gentle bachelor to any maiden in Switzerland, take Germany to boot, whether of high or low degree. He is an obedient son, besides—hath never seriously disobeyed my commands, and I will have an eye upon his motions."

Enough, my friend," said the Landamman; "we travel together, then, and I willingly keep my original purpose, being both pleased and instructed by your discourse."

Then, changing the conversation, he began to ask whether his aquaintance thought that the league entered into by the King of England and the Duke of Burgundy would continue

stable. "We hear much," continued the Swiss, "of the immense army with which King Edward proposes the recovery of the English dominions in France."

"I am well aware," said Philipson, "that nothing can be so popular in my country as the invasion of France, and the attempt to reconquer Normandy, Maine, and Gascony, the ancient appanages of our English crown. But I greatly doubt whether the voluptuous usurper, who now calls himself king, will be graced by Heaven with success in such an adventure. This Fourth Edward is brave indeed, and has gained every battle in which he drew his sword, and they have been many in number. But since he reached, through a bloody path, to the summit of his ambition, he has shown himself rather a sensual debauchee than a valiant knight; and it is my firm belief, that not even the chance of recovering all the fair dominions which were lost during the civil wars excited by his ambitious house, will tempt him to exchange the soft beds of London, with sheets of silk and pillows of down, and the music of a dying lute to lull him to rest, for the turf of France and the réveille of an alarm trumpet."

"It is the better for us should it prove so," said the Landamman; "for if England and Burgundy were to dismember France, as in our fathers' days was nearly accomplished, Duke Charles would then have leisure to exhaust his long-hoarded vengeance against our Confederacy."

As they conversed thus, they attained once more the lawn in front of Arnold Biederman's mansion, where the contention of the young men had given place to the dance performed by the young persons of both sexes. The dance was led by Anne of Geierstein and the youthful stranger; which, although it was the most natural arrangement, where the one was a guest, and the other represented the mistress of the family, occasioned the Landamman's exchanging a glance with the elder Philipson, as if it had held some relation to the suspicions he had recently expressed.

"But so soon as her uncle and his elder guest appeared, Anne of Geierstein took the earliest opportunity of a pause to break off the dance, and to enter into conversation with her kinsman, as if on the domestic affairs under her attendance. Philipson observed, that his host listened seriously to his niece's communication; and, nodding in his frank manner, seemed to intimate that her request should receive a favorable consideration.

The family were presently afterward summoned to attend the evening meal, which consisted chiefly of the excellent fish

afforded by the neighboring streams and lakes. A large cup, containing what was called the *schlaf-trunk*, or sleeping-drink, then went round, which was first quaffed by the master of the household, then modestly tasted by the maiden, next pledged by the two strangers, and finally emptied by the rest of the company. Such were then the sober manners of the Swiss, afterward much corrupted by their intercourse with more luxurious regions. The guests were conducted to the sleeping apartments, where Philipson and young Arthur occupied the same couch, and shortly after the whole inhabitants of the household were locked in sound repose.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

> When we two meet, we meet like rushing torrents ;
> Like warring winds, like flames from various points,
> That mate each other's fury—there is nought
> Of elemental strife, were fiends to guide it,
> Can match the wrath of man.
>
> FRENAUD.

THE elder of our two travelers, though a strong man and familiar with fatigue, slept sounder and longer than usual on the morning which was now beginning to dawn, but his son Arthur had that upon his mind which early interrupted his repose.

The encounter with the bold Switzer, a chosen man of a renowned race of warriors, was an engagement, which, in the opinion of the period in which he lived, was not to be delayed or broken. He left his father's side, avoiding as much as possible the risk of disturbing him, though even in that case the circumstance would not have excited any attention, as he was in the habit of rising early, in order to make preparations for the day's journey, to see that the guide was on his duty, and that the mule had his provender, and to discharge similar offices which might otherwise have given trouble to his father. The old man, however, fatigued with the exertions of the preceding day, slept, as we have said, more soundly than his wont, and Arthur, arming himself with his good sword, sallied out to the lawn in front of the Landamman's dwelling, amid the magic dawn of a beautiful harvest morning in the Swiss mountains.

The sun was just about to kiss the top of the most gigantic

of that race of Titans, though the long shadows still lay on the rough grass, which crisped under the young man's feet, with a strong intimation of frost. But Arthur looked not round on the landscape, however lovely, which lay waiting one flash from the orb of day to start into brilliant existence. He drew the belt of his trusty sword which he was in the act of fastening when he left the house, and ere he had secured the buckle, he was many paces on his way toward the place where he was to use it.

It was still the custom of that military period, to regard a summons to combat as a sacred engagement, preferable to all others which could be formed; and stifling whatever inward feelings of reluctance Nature might oppose to the dictates of fashion, the step of a gallant to the place of encounter was required to be as free and ready as if he had been going to a bridal. I do not know whether this alacrity was altogether real on the part of Arthur Philipson; but, if it were otherwise, neither his look nor pace betrayed the secret.

Having hastily traversed the fields and groves which separated the Landamman's residence from the old castle of Geierstein, he entered the courtyard from the side where the castle overlooked the land; and nearly in the same instant his almost gigantic antagonist, who looked yet more tall and burly by the pale morning light than he had seemed the preceding evening, appeared ascending from the precarious bridge beside the torrent, having reached Geierstein by a different route from that pursued by the Englishman.

The young champion of Berne had hanging along his back one of those huge two-handed swords, the blade of which measured five feet, and which were wielded with both hands. These were almost universally used by the Swiss; for, besides the impression which such weapons were calculated to make upon the array of the German men-at-arms, whose armor was impenetrable to lighter swords, they were also well calculated to defend mountain passes, where the great bodily strength and agility of those who bore them enabled the combatants, in spite of their weight and length, to use them with much address and effect. One of these gigantic swords hung round Rudolph Donnerhugel's neck, the point rattling against his heel, and the handle extending itself over his left shoulder, considerably above his head. He carried another in his hand.

"Thou art punctual," he called out to Arthur Philipson in a voice which was distinctly heard above the roar of the waterfall, which it seemed to rival in sullen force. "But I judged thou wouldst come without a two-handed sword. There is my

kinsman Ernest's," he said, throwing on the ground the weapon which he carried, with the hilt toward the young Englishman. "Look, stranger, that thou disgrace it not, for my kinsman will never forgive me if thou dost. Or thou mayst have mine if thou likest it better."

The Englishman looked at the weapon with some surprise, to the use of which he was totally unaccustomed.

"The challenger," he said, "in all countries where honor is known, accepts the arms of the challenged."

"He who fights on a Swiss mountain, fights with a Swiss brand," answered Rudolph. "Think you our hands are made to handle penknives?"

"Nor are ours made to wield scythes," said Arthur; and muttered betwixt his teeth, as he looked at the sword, which the Swiss continued to offer him—"*Usum non habeo*, I have not proved the weapon."

"Do you repent the bargain you have made?" said the Swiss; "if so, cry craven, and return in safety. Speak plainly, instead of prattling Latin like a clerk or a shaven monk."

"No, proud man," replied the Englishman, "I ask thee no forbearance. I thought but of a combat between a shepherd and a giant, in which God gave the victory to him who had worse odds of weapons than falls to my lot to-day. I will fight as I stand; my own good sword shall serve my need now, as it has done before."

"Content!—But blame not me who offered the equality of weapons," said the mountaineer. "And now hear me. This is a fight for life or death—yon waterfall sounds the alarum for our conflict.—Yes, old bellower," he continued, looking back, "it is long since thou hast heard the noise of battle;—and look at it ere we begin, stranger, for if you fall, I will commit your body to its waters."

"And if thou fall'st, proud Swiss," answered Arthur, "as well I trust thy presumption leads to destruction, I will have thee buried in the church at Einsiedlen, where the priests shall sing masses for thy soul—thy two-handed sword shall be displayed above thy grave, and a scroll shall tell the passenger, Here lies a bear's cub of Berne, slain by Arthur the Englishman."

"The stone is not in Switzerland, rocky as it is," said Rudolph, scornfully, "that shall bear that inscription. Prepare thyself for battle."

The Englishman cast a calm and deliberate glance around the scene of action—a courtyard, partly open, partly encumbered with ruins, in less and larger masses.

"Methinks," said he to himself, "a master of his weapon, with the instruction of Bottaferma of Florence in his remembrance, a light heart, a good blade, a firm hand, and a just cause, might make up a worse odds than two feet of steel."

Thinking thus, and imprinting on his mind, as much as the time would permit, every circumstance of the locality around him which promised advantage in the combat, and taking his station in the middle of the courtyard where the ground was entirely clear, he flung his cloak from him, and drew his sword.

Rudolph had first believed that his foreign antagonist was an effeminate youth, who would be swept from before him at the first flourish of a tremendous weapon. But the firm and watchful attitude assumed by the young man, reminded the Swiss of the deficiences of his own unwieldy implement, and made him determined to avoid any precipitation which might give advantage to an enemy who seemed both daring and vigilant. He unsheathed his huge sword, by drawing it over the left shoulder, an operation which required some little time, and might have offered formidable advantage to his antagonist had Arthur's sense of honor permitted him to begin the attack ere it was completed. The Englishman remained firm, however, until the Swiss, displaying his bright brand to the morning sun, made three or four flourishes as if to prove its weight, and the facility with which he wielded it—then stood firm within sword-stroke of his adversary, grasping his weapon with both hands, and advancing it a little before his body, with the blade pointed straight upward. The Englishman, on the contrary, carried his sword in one hand, holding it across his face in a horizontal position, so as to be at once ready to strike, thrust or parry.

"Strike, Englishman!" said the Switzer, after they had confronted each other in this manner for about a minute.

"The longest sword should strike first," said Arthur; and the words had not left his mouth when the Swiss sword rose, and descended with a rapidity which, the weight and size of the weapon considered, appeared portentous. No parry, however dexterously interposed, could have baffled the ruinous descent of that dreadful weapon, by which the champion of Berne had hoped at once to begin the battle and end it. But young Philipson had not over-estimated the justice of his own eye, or the activity of his limbs. Ere the blade descended, a sudden spring to one side carried him from beneath its heavy sway, and before the Swiss could again raise his sword aloft, he received a wound, though a slight one, upon the left arm. Irritated at the failure and at the wound, the Switzer heaved

DUEL BETW N DONNERHUGEL AND ARTHUR.

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up his sword once more, and availing himself of a strength corresponding to his size, he discharged toward his adversary a succession of blows, downright, athwart, horizontal, and from left to right, with such surprising strength and velocity, that it required all the address of the young Englishman, by parrying, shifting, eluding, or retreating, to evade a storm, of which every individual blow seemed sufficient to cleave a solid rock. The Englishman was compelled to give ground, now backward, now swerving to the one side or the other, now availing himself of the fragments of the ruins, but watching all the while, with the utmost composure, the moment when the strength of his enraged enemy might become somewhat exhausted, or when by some improvident or furious blow he might again lay himself open to a close attack. The latter of these advantages had nearly occurred, for in the middle of his headlong charge, the Switzer stumbled over a large stone concealed among the long grass, and ere he could recover himself, received a severe blow across the head from his antagonist. It lighted upon his bonnet, the lining of which enclosed a small steel cap, so that he escaped unwounded, and springing up, renewed the battle with unabated fury, though it seemed to the young Englishman with breath somewhat short, and blows dealt with more caution.

They were still contending with equal fortune, when a stern voice, rising over the clash of swords, as well as the roar of waters, called out in a commanding tone, "On your lives, forbear!"

The two combatants sunk the points of their swords, not very sorry perhaps for the interruption of a strife which must otherwise have had a deadly termination. They looked round, and the Landamman stood before them, with anger frowning on his broad and expressive forehead.

"How now, boys?" he said; "are you guests of Arnold Biederman, and do you dishonor his house by acts of violence more becoming the wolves of the mountains, than beings to whom the great Creator has given a form after his own likeness, and an immortal soul to be saved by penance and repentance?"

"Arthur," said the elder Philipson, who had come up at the same time with their host, "what frenzy is this? Are your duties of so light and heedless a nature, as to give time and place for quarrels and combats with every idle boor who chances to be boastful at once and bull-headed?"

The young men, whose strife had ceased at the entrance of these unexpected spectators, stood looking at each other, and resting on their swords.

"Rudolph Donnerhugel," said the Landamman, "give thy sword to me—to me, the owner of this ground, the master of this family, and magistrate of the canton."

"And which is more," answered Rudolph, submissively, "to you who are Arnold Biederman, at whose command every native of these mountains draws his sword or sheathes it."

He gave his two-handed sword-to the Landamman.

"Now, by my honest word," said Biederman, "it is the same with which thy father Stephen fought so gloriously at Sempach, abreast with the famous De Winkelried! Shame, it is, that it should be drawn on a helpless stranger.—And you, young sir," continued the Swiss, addressing Arthur, while his father said at the same time, "Young man, yield up your sword to the Landamman."

"It shall not need, sir," replied the young Englishman, "since, for my part, I hold our strife at an end. This gallant gentleman called me hither, on a trial as I conceive, of courage; I can give my unqualified testimony to his gallantry and sword-manship; "and as I trust he will say nothing to the shame of my manhood, I think our strife has lasted long enough for the purpose which gave rise to it."

"Too long for me," said Rudolph, frankly; "the green sleeve of my doublet, which I wore of that color out of my love to the Forest Cantons, is now stained into as dirty a crimson as could have been done by any dyer in Ypres or Ghent. But I heartily forgive the brave stranger who has spoiled my jerkin, and given its master a lesson he will not soon forget. Had all Englishmen been like your guest, worthy kinsman, methinks the mound at Buttisholz had hardly risen so high."

"Cousin Rudolph," said the Landamman, smoothing his brow as his kinsman spoke, "I have ever thought thee as generous as thou art harebrained and quarrelsome; and you, my young guest, may rely, that when a Swiss says the quarrel is over, there is no chance of its being renewed. We are not like the men of the valleys to the eastward, who nurse revenge as if it were a favorite child. And now, join hands, my children, and let us forget this foolish feud."

"Here is my hand, brave stranger," said Donnerhugel; "thou hast taught me a trick of fence, and when we have broken our fast, we will, by your leave, to the forest, where I will teach you a trick of woodcraft in return. When your foot hath half the experience of your hand, and your eye hath gained a portion of the steadiness of your heart, you will not find many hunters to match you."

Arthur, will all the ready confidence of youth, readily em-

braced a proposition so frankly made, and before they reached the house, various subjects of sport were eagerly discussed between them, with as much cordiality as if no disturbance of their concord had taken place.

"Now this," said the Landamman, "is as it should be. I am ever ready to forgive the headlong impetuosity of our youth, if they will be but manly and open in their reconciliation, and bear their heart on their tongue, as a true Swiss should."

"These two youths had made but wild work of it, however," said Philipson, "had not your care, my worthy host, learned of their rendezvous, and called me to assist in breaking their purpose. May I ask how it came to your knowledge so opportunely?"

"It was e'en through means of my domestic fairy," answered Arnold Biederman, "who seems born for the good luck of my family,—I mean my niece Anne, who had observed a glove exchanged betwixt the two young braggadocios, and heard them mention Geierstein and break of day. O sir, it is much to see a woman's sharpness of wit! it would have been long enough ere any of my thick-headed sons had shown themselves so apprehensive."

"I think I see our propitious protectress peeping at us from yonder high ground," said Philipson; "but it seems as if she would willingly observe us without being seen in return."

"Ay," said the Landamman, "she has been looking out to see that there has been no hurt done; and now, I warrant me, the foolish girl is ashamed of having shown such a laudable degree of interest in a matter of the kind."

"Methinks," said the Englishman, "I would willingly return my thanks, in your presence, to the fair maiden to whom I have been so highly indebted."

"There can be no better time than the present," said the Landamman; and he sent through the groves the maiden's name, in one of those shrilly accented tones which we have already noticed.

Anne of Geierstein, as Philipson had before observed, was stationed upon a knoll at some distance, and concealed, as she thought, from notice, by a screen of brushwood. She started at her uncle's summons, therefore, but presently obeyed it; and avoiding the young men, who passed on foremost, she joined the Landamman and Philipson by a circuitous path through the woods.

"My worthy friend and guest would speak with you, Anne," said the Landamman, so soon as the morning greeting had been exchanged. The Swiss maiden colored over brow as well as

cheek, when Philipson, with a grace which seemed beyond his calling, addressed her in these words:—

"It happens sometimes to us merchants, my fair young friend, that we are unlucky enough not to possess means for the instant defraying of our debts; but he is justly held amongst us as the meanest of mankind who does not acknowledge them. Accept, therefore, the thanks of a father, whose son your courage, only yesterday, saved from destruction, and whom your prudence has, this very morning, rescued from a great danger. And grieve me not, by refusing to wear these ear-rings," he added, producing a small jewel-case, which he opened as he spoke; "they are, it is true, only of pearls, but they have not been thought unworthy the ears of a countess"——

"And must, therefore," said the old Landamman, "show misplaced on the person of a Swiss maiden of Unterwalden; for such and no more is my niece Anne while she resides in my solitude. Methinks, good Master Philipson, you display less than your usual judgment in matching the quality of your gifts with the rank of her on whom they are bestowed—as a merchant, too, you should remember that large guerdons will lighten your gains."

"Let me crave your pardon, my good host," answered the Englishman, "while I reply, that at least I have consulted my own sense of the obligation under which I labor, and have chosen, out of what I have at my free disposal, that which I thought might best express it. I trust the host whom I have found hitherto so kind, will not prevent this young maiden from accepting what is at least not unbecoming the rank she is born to; and you will judge me unjustly if you think me capable of doing either myself or you the wrong of offering any token of a value beyond what I can well spare." The Landamman took the jewel-case into his own hand.

"I have ever set my countenance," he said, "against gaudy gems, which are leading us daily further astray from the simplicity of our fathers and mothers.—And yet," he added with a good-humored smile, and holding one of the ear-rings close to his relation's face, "the ornaments do set off the wench rarely, and they say girls have more pleasure in wearing such toys than gray-haired men can comprehend. Wherefore, dear Anne, as thou hast deserved a dearer trust in a greater matter, I refer thee entirely to thine own wisdom, to accept of our good friend's costly present, and wear it or not as thou thinkest fit."

"Since such is your pleasure, my best friend and kinsman," said the young maiden, blushing as she spoke, "I will not give pain to our valued guest, by refusing what he desires so earnestly

that I should accept; but, by his leave, good uncle, and yours, I will bestow these splendid ear-rings on the shrine of Our Lady of Einsiedlen, to express our general gratitude to her protecting favor, which has been around us in the terrors of yesterday's storm, and the alarms of this morning's discord."

"By Our Lady, the wench speaks sensibly!" said the Landamman; "and her wisdom has applied the bounty well, my good guest, to bespeak prayers for thy family and mine, and for the general peace of Unterwalden.—Go to, Anne, thou shalt have a necklace of jet at next shearing feast, if our fleeces bear any price in the market."

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

> Let him who will not proffer'd peace receive,
> Be sated with the plagues which war can give;
> And well thy hatred of the peace is known,
> If now thy soul reject the friendship shown.
>
> HOOLE'S TASSO.

THE confidence betwixt the Landamman and the English merchant appeared to increase during the course of a few busy days, which occurred before that appointed for the commencement of their journey to the Court of Charles of Burgundy. The state of Europe, and of the Helvetian Confederacy, has been already alluded to; but, for the distinct explanation of our story, may be here briefly recapitulated.

In the interval of a week, whilst the English travelers remained at Geierstein, meetings or diets were held, as well of the City Cantons of the Confederacy, as of those of the Forest. The former, aggrieved by the taxes imposed on their commerce by the Duke of Burgundy, rendered yet more intolerable by the violence of the agents whom he employed in such oppression, were eager for war, in which they had hitherto uniformly found victory and wealth. Many of them were also privately instigated to arms by the largesses of Louis XI., who spared neither intrigues nor gold to effect a breach betwixt these dauntless Confederates and his formidable enemy, Charles the Bold.

On the other hand, there were many reasons which appeared to render it impolitic for the Switzers to engage in war with one of the most wealthy, most obstinate, and most powerful princes in Europe,—for such unquestionably was Charles of Burgundy,—without the existence of some strong reason affecting their

own honor and independence. Every day brought fresh intelligence from the interior, that Edward the Fourth of England had entered into a strict and intimate alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Duke of Burgundy, and that it was the purpose of the English King, renowned for his numerous victories over the rival House of Lancaster, by which, after various reverses, he had obtained undisputed possession of the throne, to re-assert his claims to those provinces of France, so long held by his ancestors. It seemed as if this alone were wanting to his fame; and that, having subdued his internal enemies, he now turned his eyes to the regaining of those rich and valuable foreign possessions which had been lost during the administration of the feeble Henry VI., and the civil discords so dreadfully prosecuted in the wars of the White and Red Roses. It was universally known, that throughout England generally the loss of the French provinces was felt as a national degradation; and that not only the nobility, who had in consequence been deprived of the large fiefs which they had held in Normandy, Gascony, Maine, and Anjou, but the warlike gentry, accustomed to gain both fame and wealth at the expense of France, and the fiery yeomanry, whose bows had decided so many fatal battles, were as eager to renew the conflict, as their ancestors of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, had been to follow their sovereign to the fields of victory, on which their deeds had conferred deathless renown.

The latest and most authentic intelligence bore, that the King of England was on the point of passing to France in person (an invasion rendered easy by his possession of Calais), with an army superior in numbers and discipline to any with which an English monarch had ever before entered that kingdom; that all the hostile preparations were completed, and that the arrival of Edward might instantly be expected; whilst the powerful co-operation of the Duke of Burgundy, and the assistance of numerous disaffected French noblemen in the provinces which had been so long under the English dominion, threatened a fearful issue of the war to Louis XI., sagacious, wise, and powerful, as that prince unquestionably was.

It would no doubt have been the wisest policy of Charles of Burgundy, when thus engaging in an alliance against his most formidable neighbor, and hereditary as well as personal enemy, to have avoided all cause of quarrel with the Helvetian Confederacy, a poor but most warlike people, who already had been taught by repeated successes to feel that their hardy infantry could, if necessary, engage on terms of equality, or even of advantage, the flower of that chivalry, which had hitherto been

considered as forming the strength of European battle. But the measures of Charles, whom fortune had opposed to the most astucious and politic monarch of his time, were always dictated by passionate feeling and impulse, rather than by a judicious consideration of the circumstances in which he stood. Haughty, proud, and uncompromising, though neither destitute of honor nor generosity, he despised and hated what he termed the paltry associations of herdsmen and shepherds, united with a few towns which subsisted chiefly by commerce; and instead of courting the Helvetian Cantons, like his crafty enemy, or at least affording them no ostensible pretence of quarrel, he omitted no opportunity of showing the disregard and contempt in which he held their upstart consequence, and of evincing the secret longing which he entertained to take vengeance upon them for the quantity of noble blood which they had shed, and to compensate the repeated successes they had gained over the feudal lords of whom he imagined himself the destined avenger.

The Duke of Burgundy's possessions in the Alsatian territory afforded him many opportunities of wreaking his displeasure upon the Swiss League. The little castle and town of Ferette, lying within ten or eleven miles of Bâle, served as a thoroughfare to the traffic of Berne and Soleure, the two principal towns of the Confederation. In this place the Duke posted a governor, or seneschal, who was also an administrator of the revenue, and seemed born on purpose to be the plague and scourge of his republican neighbors.

Archibald von Hagenbach was a German noble, whose possessions lay in Swabia, and was universally esteemed one of the fiercest and most lawless of that frontier nobility, known by the name of Robber-knights and Robber-counts. These dignitaries, because they held their fiefs of the Holy Roman Empire, claimed as complete sovereignty within their territories of a mile square, as any reigning prince of Germany in his more extended dominions. They levied tolls and taxes on strangers, and imprisoned, tried, and executed those who, as they alleged, had committed offences within their petty domains. But especially, and in further exercise of their seignorial privileges, they made war on each other, and on the Free Cities of the Empire, attacking and plundering without mercy the caravans, or large trains of waggons, by which the internal commerce of Germany was carried on.

A succession of injuries done and received by Archibald of Hagenbach, who had been one of the fiercest sticklers for this privilege of *faustrecht*, or club-law, as it may be termed, had ended in his being obliged, though somewhat advanced in

life, to leave a country where his tenure of existence was become extremely precarious, and to engage in the service of the Duke of Burgundy, who willingly employed him, as he was a man of high descent and proved valor, and not the less, perhaps, that he was sure to find in a man of Hagenbach's fierce, rapacious, and haughty disposition, the unscrupulous executioner of whatsoever severities it might be his master's pleasure to enjoin.

The traders of Berne and Soleure, accordingly, made loud and violent complaints of Hagenbach's exactions. The impositions laid on commodities which passed through his district of La Ferette, to whatever place they might be ultimately bound, were arbitrarily increased, and the merchants and traders who hesitated to make instant payment of what was demanded, were exposed to imprisonment and personal punishment. The commercial towns of Germany appealed to the Duke against this iniquitous conduct on the part of the Governor of La Ferrette, and requested of his Grace's goodness that he would withdraw Von Hagenbach from their neighborhood ; but the Duke treated their complaint with contempt. The Swiss League carried their remonstrances higher, and required that justice should be done on the Governor of La Ferette, as having offended against the law of nations ; but they were equally unable to attact attention or obtain redress.

At length the Diet of the Confederation determined to send the solemn deputation which has been repeatedly mentioned. One or two of these envoys joined with the calm and prudent Arnold Biederman, in the hope that so solemn a measure might open the eyes of the Duke to the wicked injustice of his representative ; others among the deputies, having no such peaceful views, were determined, by this resolute remonstrance, to pave the way for hostilities.

Arnold Biederman was an especial advocate for peace, while its preservation was compatible with national independence, and the honor of the Confederacy ; but the younger Philipson soon discovered that the Landamman alone, of all his family cherished these moderate views. The opinion of his sons had been swayed and seduced by the impetuous eloquence and overbearing influence of Rudolph of Donnerhugel, who, by some feats of peculiar gallantry, and the consideration due to the merits of his ancestors, had acquired an influence in the councils of his native canton, and with the youth of the League in general, beyond what was usually yielded by these wise republicans to men of his early age. Arthur, who was now an acceptable and welcome companion of all their hunting parties and other sports, heard nothing among the young men but anticipations of war, rendered

delightful by the hopes of booty and of distinction, which were to be obtained by the Switzers. The feats of their ancestors against the Germans had been so wonderful as to realize the fabulous victories of romance; and while the present race possessed the same hardy limbs, and the same inflexible courage, they eagerly anticipated the same distinguished success. When the Governor of La Ferette was mentioned in the conversation, he was usually spoken of as the bandog of Burgundy, or the Alsatian mastiff; and intimations were openly given, that if his course were not instantly checked by his master, and he himself withdrawn from the frontiers of Switzerland, Archibald of Hagenbach would find his fortress no protection from the awakened indignation of the wronged inhabitants of Soleure, and particularly of those of Berne.

This general disposition to war among the young Switzers was reported to the elder Philipson by his son, and led him at one time to hesitate whether he ought not rather to resume all the inconveniences and dangers of a journey, accompanied only by Arthur, than run the risk of the quarrels in which he might be involved by the unruly conduct of these fierce mountain youths, after they should have left their own frontiers. Such an event would have had, in a peculiar degree, the effect of destroying every purpose of his journey; but respected as Arnold Biederman was by his family and countrymen the English merchant concluded, upon the whole, that his influence would be able to restrain his companions until the great question of peace or war should be determined, and especially until they should have discharged their commission by obtaining an audience of the Duke of Burgundy, and after this he should be separated from their society, and not liable to be engaged in any responsibility for their ulterior measures.

After a delay of about ten days, the deputation commissioned to remonstrate with the Duke on the aggressions and exactions of Archibald of Hagenbach, at length assembled at Geirstein, from whence the members were to journey forth together. They were three in number, besides the young Bernese, and the Landamman of Unterwalden. One was, like Arnold, a proprietor from the Forest Cantons, wearing a dress scarcely handsomer than that of a common herdsman, but distinguished by the beauty and size of his long silvery beard. His name was Nicholas Bonstetten. Melchior Sturmthal, banner-bearer of Berne, a man of middle age, and a soldier of distinguished courage, with Adam Zimmerman, a burgess of Soleure, who was considerably older, completed the number of the envoys.

Each was dressed after his best fashion; but notwithstanding

that the severe eye of Arnold Biederman censured one or two silver belt-buckles, as well as a chain of the same metal, which decorated the portly person of the burgess of soleure, it seemed that a powerful and victorious people, for such the Swiss were now to be esteemed, were never represented by an embassy of such patriarchal simplicity. The deputies traveled on foot, with their piked staves in their hands, like pilgrims bound for some place of devotion. Two mules, which bore their little stock of baggage, were led by young lads, sons or cousins of members of the embassy, who had obtained permission, in this manner, to get such a glance of the world beyond the mountains as this journey promised to afford.

But although their retinue was small, so far as respected either state or personal attendance and accommodation, the dangerous circumstances of the times, and the very unsettled state of the country beyond their own territories, did not permit men charged with affairs of such importance to travel without a guard. Even the danger arising from the wolves, which when pinched by the approach of winter, have been known to descend from their mountain fastnesses into open villages, such as those the travelers might choose to quarter in, rendered the presence of some escort necessary; and the bands of deserters from various services, who formed parties of banditti on the frontiers of Alsatia and Germany, combined to recommend such a precaution.

Accordingly, about twenty of the selected youth from the various Swiss cantons, including Rudiger, Ernest, and Sigismund, Arnold's three eldest sons, attended upon the deputation; they did not, however observe any military order, or march close or near to the patriarchal train. On the contrary, they formed hunting parties of five or six together, who explored the rocks, woods, and passes of the mountains, through which the envoys journeyed. Their slower pace allowed the active young men, who were accompanied by their large shaggy dogs, full time to destroy wolves and bears, or occasionally to surprise a chamois among the cliffs; while the hunters, even while in pursuit of their sport, were careful to examine such places as might afford opportunity for ambush, and thus ascertained the safety of the party whom they escorted more securely than if they had attended close on their train. A peculiar note on the huge Swiss bugle, before described, formed of the horn of the mountain-bull, was the signal agreed upon for collecting in a body should danger occur. Rudolph Donnerhugel, so much younger than his brethren in the same important commission, took the command of this mountain body-

guard, whom he usually accompanied in their sportive excursions. In point of arms they were well provided, bearing two-handed swords, long partisans and spears, as well as both cross and long bows, short cutlasses, and huntsmen's knives. The heavier weapons, as impeding their activity, were carried with the baggage, but were ready to be assumed on the slightest alarm.

Arthur Philipson, like his late antagonist, naturally preferred the company and sports of the young men, to the grave conversation and slow pace of the fathers of the mountain commonwealth. There was, however, one temptation to loiter with the baggage, which, had other circumstances permitted, might have reconciled the young Englishman to forego the opportunities of sport which the Swiss youth so eagerly sought after, and endure the slow pace and grave conversation of the elders of the party. In a word, Anne of Geierstein, accompanied by a Swiss girl her attendant, traveled in the rear of the deputation.

The two females were mounted upon asses, whose slow step hardly kept pace with the baggage mules ; and it may be fairly suspected that Arthur Philipson, in requital of the important services which he had received from that beautiful and interesting young woman, would have deemed it no extreme hardship to have afforded her occasionally his assistance on the journey, and the advantage of his conversation to relieve the tediousness of the way. But he dared not presume to offer attentions which the customs of the country did not seem to permit, since they were not attempted by any of the maiden's cousins, or even by Rudolph Donnerhugel, who certainly had hitherto appeared to neglect no opportunity to recommend himself to his fair cousin. Besides, Arthur had reflection enough to be convinced, that in yielding to the feelings which impelled him to cultivate the acquaintance of this amiable young person, he would certainly incur the serious displeasure of his father, and probably also that of her uncle, by whose hospitality they had profited, and whose safe-conduct they were in the act of enjoying.

The young Englishman, therefore, pursued the same amusements which interested the other young men of the party, managing only, as frequently as their halts permitted, to venture upon offering to the maiden such marks of courtesy as could afford no room for remark or censure. And his character as a sportsman being now well established, he sometimes permitted himself, even when the game was afoot, to loiter in the vicinity of the path on which he could at least mark the

flutter of the gray wimple of Anne of Geierstein, and the outline of the form which it shrouded. This indolence, as it seemed, was not unfavorably construed by his companions, being only accounted an indifference to the less noble or less dangerous game; for when the object was a bear, wolf, or other animal of prey, no spear, cutlass, or bow of the party, not even those of Rudolph Donnerhugel, were so prompt in the chase as those of the young Englishman.

Meantime, the elder Philipson had other and more serious subjects of consideration. He was a man, as the reader must have already seen, of much acquaintance with the world, in which he had acted parts different from that which he now sustained. Former feelings were recalled and awakened, by the view of sports familiar to his early years. The clamor of the hounds, echoing from the wild hills and dark forests through which they traveled; the sight of the gallant young huntsmen, appearing, as they brought the object of their chase to bay, amid airy cliffs and profound precipices, which seemed impervious to the human foot; the sounds of halloo and horn reverberating from hill to hill, had more than once well-nigh impelled him to take a share in the hazardous but animating amusement, which, next to war was then in most parts of Europe the most serious occupation of life. But the feeling was transient, and he became yet more deeply interested in studying the manners and opinions of the persons with whom he was traveling.

They seemed to be all colored with the same downright and blunt simplicity which characterized Arnold Biederman, although it was in none of them elevated by the same dignity of thought or profound sagacity. In speaking of the political state of their country, they affected no secrecy; and although, with the exception of Rudolph, their own young men were not admitted into their councils, the exclusion seemed only adopted with a view to the necessary subordination of youth to age, and not for the purpose of observing any mystery. In the presence of the elder Philipson, they freely discussed the pretensions of the Duke of Burgundy, the means which their country possessed of maintaining her independence, and the firm resolution of the Helvetian League to bid defiance to the utmost force the world could bring against it, rather than submit to the slightest insult. In other respects, their views appeared wise and moderate, although the Bannaret of Berne, and the consequential Burgher of Soleure, seemed to hold the consequences of war more lightly than they were viewed by the cautious Landamman of Unterwalden, and his venerable com-

panion, Nicholas Bonstetten, who subscribed to all his opinions.

It frequently happened, that, quitting these subjects, the conversation turned on such as were less attractive to their fellow-traveler. The signs of the weather, the comparative fertility of recent seasons, the most advantageous mode of managing their orchards and rearing their crops, though interesting to the mountaineers themselves, gave Philipson slender amusement; and notwithstanding that the excellent Meinherr Zimmerman of Soleure would fain have joined with him in conversation respecting trade and merchandise, yet the Englishman, who dealt in articles of small bulk and considerable value, and traversed sea and land to carry on his traffic, could find few mutual topics to discuss with the Swiss trader, whose commerce only extended into the neighboring districts of Burgundy and Germany, and whose goods consisted of coarse woolen cloths, fustian, hides, peltry, and such ordinary articles.

But, ever and anon, while the Switzers were discussing some paltry interests of trade, or describing some process of rude cultivation, or speaking of blights in grain, and the murrain amongst the cattle, with all the dull minuteness of petty farmers and traders met at a country fair, a well-known spot would recall the name and story of a battle in which some of them had served (for there were none of the party who had not been repeatedly in arms), and the military details, which in other countries were only the theme of knights and squires who had acted their part in them, or of learned clerks who labored to record them, were, in this singular region, the familiar and intimate subjects of discussion with men whose peaceful occupations seemed to place them at an immeasurable distance from the profession of a soldier. This led the Englishman to think of the ancient inhabitants of Rome, where the plough was so readily exchanged for the sword, and the cultivation of a rude farm for the management of public affairs. He hinted this resemblance to the Landamman, who was naturally gratified with the compliment to his country, but presently replied, —"May Heaven continue among us the homebred virtues of the Romans, and preserve us from their lust of conquest and love of foreign luxuries!"

The slow pace of the travelers, with various causes of delay which it is unnecessary to dwell upon, occasioned the deputation spending two nights on the road before they reached Bâle. The small towns or villages in which they quartered, received them with such marks of respectful hospitality as they had the means to bestow, and their arrival was a signal for a little feast,

with which the heads of the community uniformly regaled them.

On such occasions, while the elders of the village entertained the deputies of the Confederation, the young men of the escort were provided for by those of their own age, several of whom, usually aware of their approach, were accustomed to join in the chase of the day, and made the strangers acquainted with the spots where game was most plenty.

These feasts were never prolonged to excess, and the most special dainties which composed them were kids, lambs, and game, the produce of the mountains. Yet it seemed both to Arthur Philipson and his father, that the advantages of good cheer were more prized by the Banneret of Berne and the Burgess of Soleure, than by their host the Landamman, and the Deputy of Schwytz. There was no excess committed, as we have already said; but the deputies first mentioned, obviously understood the art of selecting the choicest morsels, and were connoisseurs in the good wine, chiefly of foreign growth, with which they freely washed it down. Arnold was too wise to censure what he had no means of amending; he contented himself by observing in his own person a rigorous diet, living indeed almost entirely upon vegetables and fair water, in which he was closely imitated by the old gray-bearded Nicholas Bonstetten, who seemed to make it his principal object to follow the Landamman's example in everything.

It was, as we have already said, the third day after the commencement of their journey, before the Swiss deputation reached the vicinity of Bâle, in which city, then one of the largest in the south-western extremity of Germany, they proposed taking up their abode for the evening, nothing doubting a friendly reception. The town, it is true, was not then, nor till about thirty years afterward, a part of the Swiss Confederation, to which it was only joined in 1501; but it was a Free Imperial City, connected with Berne, Soleure, Lucerne, and other towns of Switzerland, by mutual interests and constant intercourse. It was the object of the deputation to negotiate, if possible, a peace, which could not be more useful to themselves than to the city of Bâle, considering the interruptions of commerce which must be occasioned by a rupture between the Duke of Burgundy and the Cantons, and the great advantage which that city would derive by preserving a neutrality, situated as it was betwixt these two hostile powers.

They anticipated, therefore, as welcome a reception from the authorities of Bâle, as they had received while in the bounds of their own Confederation, since the interests of that city

were so deeply concerned in the objects of their mission.—The next chapter will show how far these expectations were realized.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

> They saw that city, welcoming the Rhine,
> As from his mountain heritage he bursts,
> As purposed proud Orgetorix of yore,
> Leaving the desert region of the hills,
> To lord it o'er the fertile plains of Gaul.
>
> HELVETIA.

THE eyes of the English travelers, wearied with a succession of wild mountainous scenery, now gazed with pleasure upon a country still indeed irregular and hilly in its surface, but capable of high cultivation, and adorned with corn-fields and vineyards. The Rhine a broad and large river, poured its gray stream in a huge sweep through the landscape, and divided into two portions the city of Bâle, which is situated on its banks. The southern part, to which the path of the Swiss deputies conducted them, displayed the celebrated cathedral, and the lofty terrace which runs in front of it, and seemed to remind the travelers that they now approached a country in which the operations of man could make themselves distinguished even among the works of nature, instead of being lost, as the fate of the most splendid efforts of human labor must have been, among those tremendous mountains which they had so lately traversed.

They were yet a mile from the entrance of the city, when the party was met by one of the magistrates, attended by two or three citizens mounted on mules, the velvet housings of which expressed wealth and quality. They greeted the Landamman of Unterwalden and his party in a respectful manner, and the latter prepared themselves to hear, and make a suitable reply to, the hospitable invitation which they naturally expected to receive.

The message of the community of Bâle was, however, diametrically opposite to what they had anticipated. It was delivered with a good deal of diffidence and hesitation by the functionary who met them, and who certainly, while discharging his commission, did not appear to consider it as the most respectable which he might have borne. There were many professions of the most profound and fraternal regard for the cities of the Helvetian League, with whom the orator of Bâle

declared his own State to be united in friendship and interests. But he ended by intimating, that, on account of certain cogent and weighty reasons, which should be satisfactorily explained at more leisure, the free city of Bale could not, this evening, receive within its walls the highly respected deputies, who where traveling at the command of the Helvetian Diet, to the court of the Duke of Burgundy.

Philipson marked with much interest the effect which this most unexpected intimation produced on the members of the embassage. Rudolph Donnerhugel, who had joined their company as they approached Bâle, appeared less surprised than his associates, and, while he remained perfectly silent, seemed rather anxious to penetrate their sentiments, than disposed to express his own. It was not the first time the sagacious merchant had observed that this bold and fiery young man could, when his purposes required it, place a strong constraint upon the natural impetuosity of his temper. For the others, the Banneret's brow darkened; the face of the Burgess of Soleure became flushed like the moon when rising in the north-west; the grey-bearded deputy of Schwytz looked anxiously on Arnold Biederman; and the Landamman himself seemed more moved than was usual in a person of his equanimity. At length, he replied to the functionary of Bâle, in a voice somewhat altered by his feelings:—

"This is a singular message to the Deputies of the Swiss Confederacy, bound as we are upon an amicable mission, on which depends the interest of the good citizens of Bâle, whom we have always treated as our good friends, and who still profess to b[illegible] o. The shelter of their roofs, the protection of their walls, the wonted intercourse of hospitality, is what no friendly State hath a right to refuse to the inhabitants of another."

"Nor is it with their will that the community of Bâle refuse it, worthy Landamman," replied the magistrate. "Not you alone, and your worthy associates, but your escort, and your very beasts of burden, should be entertained with all the kindness which the citizens of Bâle could bestow—But we act under constraint."

"And by whom exercised?" said the Banneret, bursting out into passion. "Has the Emperor Sigismund profited so little by the example of his predecessors"——

"The Emperor," replied the delegate of Bâle, interrupting the Banneret, "is a well-intentioned and peaceful monarch, as he has been ever; but—there are Burgundian troops, of late,

marched into the Sundgaw, and messages have been sent to our State from Count Archibald of Hagenbach."

"Enough said," replied the Landamman. "Draw not further the veil from a weakness for which you blush. I comprehend you entirely. Bâle lies too near the citadel of La Ferette to permit its citizens to consult their own inclinations. — Brother, we see where your difficulty lies—we pity you—and we forgive your inhospitality."

"Nay, but hear me to an end, worthy Landamman," answered the magistrate. "There is here in the vicinity an old hunting-seat of the Counts of Falkenstein, called Graffs-lust,* which, though ruinous, yet may afford better lodgings than the open air, and is capable of some defence—though Heaven forbid that any one should dare to intrude upon your repose! And hark ye hither, my worthy friends;—if you find in the old place some refreshment, as wine, beer, and the like, use them without scruple, for they are there for your accommodation."

"I do not refuse to occupy a place of security," said the Landamman; "for although the causing us to be excluded from Bâle may be only done in the spirit of petty insolence and malice, yet it may also, for what we can tell, be connected with some purpose of violence. Your provisions we thank you for; but we will not, with my consent, feed at the cost of friends who are ashamed to own us unless by stealth."

"One thing more, my worthy sir," said the official of Bâle —"You have a maiden in company, who, I presume to think, is your daughter. There is but rough accommodation where you are going, even for men;—for women there is little better, though what we could we have done to arrange matters as well as may be. But rather let your daughter go with us back to Bâle, where my dame will be a mother to her till next morning, when I will bring her to your camp in safety. We promised to shut our gates against the men of the Confederacy, but the women were not mentioned."

"You are subtle casuists, you men of Bâle," answered the Landamman; "but know, that from the time in which the Helvetians sallied forth to encounter Cæsar down to the present hour, the women of Switzerland, in the press of danger, have had their abode in the camp of their fathers, brothers, and husbands, and sought no further safety than they might find in the courage of their relations. We have enough of men to protect our women, and my niece shall remain with us, and take the fate which Heaven may send us."

* Graffs-lust—*i.e.*, Count's-delight.

"Adieu, then, worthy friend," said the magistrate of Bêle; "it grieves me to part with you thus, but evil fate will have it so. Yonder grassy avenue will conduct you to the old hunting-seat, where Heaven send that you may pass a quiet night; for, apart from other risks, men say that these ruins have no good name. Will you yet permit your niece, since such the young person is, to pass to Bâle for the night in my company?"

"If we are disturbed by beings like ourselves," said Arnold Beiderman, "we have strong arms, and heavy partisans; if we should be visited, as your words would imply, by those of a different description, we have, or should have, good consciences, and confidence in Heaven.—Good friends, my brethren on this embassy, have I spoken your sentiments as well as mine own?"

The other deputies intimated their assent to what their companion had said, and the citizens of Bâle took a courteous farewell of their guests, endeavoring, by the excess of civility, to atone for their deficiency in effective hospitality. After their departure, Rudolph was the first to express his sense of their pusillanimous behavior, on which he had been silent during their presence. "Coward dogs!" he said; "may the Butcher of Burgundy flay the very skins from them with his exactions, to teach them to disown old friendships, rather than abide the lightest blast of a tyrant's anger!"

"And not even their own tyrant either," said another of the group,—for several of the young men had gathered round their seniors, to hear the welcome which they expected from the magistrates of Bâle.

"No," replied Ernest, one of Arnold Biederman's sons, "they do not pretend that their own prince the Emperor hath interfered with them; but a word of the Duke of Burgundy, which should be no more to them than a breath of wind from the west, is sufficient to stir them to such brutal inhospitality. It were well to march to the city, and compel them at the sword's point to give us shelter."

A murmur of applause arose amongst the youth around, which awakened the displeasure of Arnold Biederman.

"Did I hear," he said, "the tongue of a son of mine, or was it that of a brutish Lanz-knecht,* who has no pleasure but in battle or violence? Where is the modesty of the youth of Switzerland, who were wont to wait the signal for action till it pleased the elders of the canton to give it, and were as gentle

* A private soldier of the German infantry.

as maidens till the voice of their patriarchs bade them be bold as lions?"

"I meant no harm, father," said Ernest, abashed with this rebuke, "far less any slight toward you; but I must needs say"——

"Say not a word, my son," replied Arnold, "but leave our camp to-morrow by break of day; and, as thou takest thy way back to Geierstein, to which I command thine instant return, remember, that he is not fit to visit strange countries, who cannot rule his tongue before his own countrymen, and to his own father."

The Banneret of Berne, the Burgess of Soleure, even the long-bearded Deputy from Schwytz, endeavored to intercede for the offender, and obtain a remission of his banishment; but it was in vain."

"No, my good friends and brethren, no," replied Arnold. "These young men require an example; and though I am grieved in one sense that the offence has chanced within my own family, yet I am pleased in another light, that the delinquent should be one over whom I can exercise full authority, without suspicion or partiality.—Ernest, my son, thou hast heard my commands: Return to Geierstein with the morning's light, and let me find thee an altered man when I return thither."

The young Swiss, who was evidently much hurt and shocked at this public affront, placed one knee on the ground, and kissed his father's right hand, while Arnold, without the slightest sign of anger, bestowed his blessing upon him; and Ernest, without a word of remonstrance, fell into the rear of the party. The deputation then proceeded down the avenue which had been pointed out to them, and at the bottom of which arose the massy ruins of Graffs-lust; but there was not enough of daylight remaining to discern their exact form. They could observe as they drew nearer, and as the night became darker, that three or four windows were lighted up, while the rest of the front remained obscured in gloom. When they arrived at the place, they perceived it was surrounded by a large and deep moat, the sullen surface of which reflected, though faintly, the glimmer of the lights within.

CHAPTER NINTH.

Francisco.—Give you good-night.
Marcellus.—O, farewell, honest soldier.
Who hath relieved you ?
Francisco.—Give you good-night; Bernardo hath my place.
HAMLET.

THE first occupation of our travelers was to fine the means of crossing the moat ; and they were not long of discovering the *tête-du-pont* on which the drawbridge, when lowered, had formerly rested. The bridge itself had been long decayed, but a temporary passage of fir-trees and planks had been constructed, apparently very lately, which admitted them to the chief entrance of the castle. On entering it, they found a wicket opening under the archway, which, glimmering with light, served to guide them to a hall prepared evidently for their accommodation as well as circumstances had admitted of.

A large fire of well-seasoned wood burned blithely in the chimney, and had been maintained so long there that the air of the hall, notwithstanding its great size and somewhat ruinous aspect, felt mild and genial. There was also at the end of the apartment a stack of wood, large enough to maintain the fire had they been to remain there a week. Two or three long tables in the hall stood covered and ready for their reception ; and, on looking more closely, several large hampers were found in a corner, containing cold provisions of every kind, prepared with great care, for their immediate use. The eyes of the good Burgess of Soleure twinkled when he beheld the young men in the act of transferring the supper from the hampers, and arranging it on the table.

"Well," said he, "these poor men of Bâle have saved their character ; since, if they have fallen short in welcome, they have abounded in good cheer."

"Ah, friend ! " said Arnold Biederman, "the absence of the landlord is a great deduction from the entertainment. Better half an apple from the hand of your host than a bridal feast without his company."

"We owe them the less for their banquet," said the Banneret. "But from the doubtful language they held, I should judge it meet to keep a strong guard to-night, and even that some of our young men should, from time to time, patrol around the old ruins. The place is strong and defensible, and

so far our thanks are due to those who have acted as our quarter-masters. We will, however, with your permission, my honored brethren, examine the house within, and then arrange regular guards and patrols.—To your duty then, young men, and search these ruins carefully,—they may, perchance, contain more than ourselves ; for we are now near one who, like a pilfering fox, moves more willingly by night than by day, and seeks his prey amidst ruins and wildernesses rather than in the open field."

All agreed to this proposal. The young men took torches, of which a good provision had been left for their use, and made a strict search through the ruins.

The greater part of the castle was much more wasted and ruinous than the portion which the citizens of Bâle seemed to have destined for the accommodation of the embassy. Some parts were roofless, and the whole desolate. The glare of light —the gleam of arms—the sound of the human voice, and echoes of mortal tread, startled from their dark recesses bats, owls, and other birds of ill omen, the usual inhabitants of such time-worn edifices, whose flight through the desolate chambers repeatedly occasioned alarm amongst those who heard the noise without seeing the cause, and shouts of laughter when it became known. They discovered that the deep moat surrounded their place of retreat on all sides, and of course that they were in safety against any attack which could be made from without, except it was attempted by the main entrance, which it was easy to barricade, and guard with sentinels. They also ascertained by strict search, that though it was possible an individual might be concealed amid such a waste of ruins, yet it was altogether impossible that any number which might be formidable to so large a party as their own, could have remained there without a certainty of discovery. These particulars were reported to the Banneret, who directed Donnerhugel to take charge of a body of six of the young men, such as he should himself choose, to patrol on the outside of the building till the first cock-crowing, and at that hour to return to the castle, when the same number were to take the duty till morning dawned, and then be relieved in their turn. Rudolph declared his own intention to remain on guard the whole night ; and as he was equally remarkable for vigilance as for strength and courage, the external watch was considered as safely provided for, it being settled that, in case of any sudden rencounter, the deep and hoarse sound of the Swiss bugle should be the signal for sending support to the patroling party.

Within side the castle, the precautions were taken with equal

vigilance. A sentinel, to be relieved every two hours, was appointed to take post at the principal gate, and other two kept watch on the other side of the castle, although the moat appeared to insure safety in that quarter.

These precautions being taken, the remainder of the party sat down to refresh themselves, the deputies occupying the upper part of the hall, while those of their escort modestly arranged themselves in the lower end of the same large apartment. Quantities of hay and straw, which were left piled in the wide castle, were put to the purpose for which undoubtedly they had been destined by the citizens of Bâle, and, with the aid of cloaks and mantles, were judged excellent good bedding by a hardy race, who, in war or the chase, were often well satisfied with a much worse night's lair.

The attention of the Bâlese had even gone so far as to provide for Anne of Geierstein separate accommodation, more suitable to her use than that assigned to the men of the party. An apartment, which had probably been the buttery of the castle, entered from the hall, and had also a doorway leading out into a passage connected with the ruins; but this last had hastily, yet carefully, been built up with large hewn stones taken from the ruins; without mortar, indeed, or any other cement, but so well secured by their own weight, that an attempt to displace them must have alarmed not only any one who might be in the apartment itself, but also those who were in the hall adjacent, or indeed in any part of the castle. In the small room thus carefully arranged and secured, there were two pallet-beds and a large fire, which blazed on the hearth, and gave warmth and comfort to the apartment. Even the means of devotion were not forgotten, a small crucifix of bronze being hung over a table, on which lay a breviary.

Those who first discovered this little place of retreat, came back loud in praise of the delicacy of the citizens of Bâle, who, while preparing for the general accommodation of the strangers, had not failed to provide separately and peculiarly for that of their female companion.

Arnold Biederman felt the kindness of this conduct. "We should pity our friends of Bâle, and not nourish resentment against them," he said. "They have stretched their kindness toward us as far as their personal apprehensions permitted; and that is saying no small matter for them, my masters, for no passion is so unutterably selfish as that of fear.—Anne, my love, thou art fatigued. Go to the retreat provided for you, and Lizette shall bring you from this abundant mass of provisions what will be fittest for your evening meal."

So saying, he led his niece into the little bedroom, and, looking round with an air of complacency wished her good repose ; but there was something on the maiden's brow which seemed to augur that her uncle's wishes would not be fulfilled. From the moment she had left Switzerland, her looks had become clouded ; her intercourse with those who approached her had grown more brief and rare ; her whole appearance was marked with secret anxiety or secret sorrow. This did not escape her uncle, who naturally imputed it to the pain of parting from him, which was probably soon to take place, and to her regret at leaving the tranquil spot in which so many years of her youth had been spent.

But Anne of Geierstein had no sooner entered the apartment, than her whole frame trembled violently, and the color leaving her cheeks entirely, she sunk down on one of the pallets, where, resting her elbows on her knees, and pressing her hands on her forehead, she rather resembled a person borne down by mental distress, or oppressed by some severe illness, than one who, tired with a journey, was in haste to betake herself to needful rest. Arnold was not quick-sighted as to the many sources of female passion. He saw that his niece suffered ; but imputing it only to the causes already mentioned, augmented by the hysterical effects often produced by fatigue, he gently blamed her for having departed from her character of a Swiss maiden ere she was yet out of reach of a Swiss breeze of wind.

"Thou must not let the dames of Germany or Flanders think that our daughters have degenerated from their mothers ; else must we fight the battles of Sempach and Laupen over again, to convince the emperor, and this haughty Duke of Burgundy, that our men are of the same mettle with their forefathers. And as for our parting, I do not fear it. My brother is a Count of the Empire, indeed, and therefore he must needs satisfy himself that everything over which he possesses any title shall be at his command, and sends for thee to prove his right of doing so. But I know him well : He will no sooner be satisfied that he may command thy attendance at pleasure, than he will concern himself about thee no more. Thee? Alas ! poor thing, in what couldst thou aid his courtly intrigues and ambitious plans? No, no—thou art not for the noble Count's purpose, and must be content to trudge back to rule the dairy at Geierstein, and be the darling of thine old peasantlike uncle."

"Would to God we were there even now ! " said the maiden, in a tone of wretchedness which she strove in vain to conceal or suppress.

"That may hardly be till we have executed the purpose which brought us hither," said the literal Landamman; "But lay thee on thy pallet, Anne—take a morsel of food and three drops of wine, and thou wilt wake to-morrow, as gay as on a Swiss holiday when the pipe sounds the réveille."

Anne was now able to plead a severe headache, and declining all refreshment, which she declared herself incapable of tasting, she bade her uncle good-night. She then desired Lizette to get some food for herself, cautioning her, as she returned, to make as little noise as possible, and not to break her repose if she should have the good fortune to fall asleep. Arnold Biederman then kissed his niece, and returned to the hall, where his colleagues in office were impatient to commence an attack on the provisions which were in readiness; to which the escort of young men, diminished by the patrols and sentinels, were no less disposed than their seniors.

The signal of assault was given by the Deputy from Schwytz, the eldest of the party, pronouncing in patriarchal form a benediction over the meal. The travelers then commenced their operations with a vivacity which showed that the uncertainty whether they should get any food, and the delays which had occurred in arranging themselves in their quarters, had infinitely increased their appetites. Even the Landamman, whose moderation sometimes approached to abstinence, seemed that night in a more genial humor than ordinary. His friend of Schwytz, after his example, ate, drank, and spoke more than usual; while the rest of the deputies pushed their meal to the verge of a carousal. The elder Philipson marked the scene with an attentive and anxious eye, confining his applications to the wine-cup to such pledges as the politeness of the times called upon him to reply to. His son had left the hall just as the banquet began, in the manner which we are now to relate.

Arthur had proposed to himself to join the youths who were to perform the duty of sentinels within, or patrols on the outside of their place of repose, and had indeed made some arrangement for that purpose with Sigismund, the third of the Landamman's sons. But while about to steal a parting glance at Anne of Geierstein, before offering his service as he proposed, there appeared on her brow such a deep and solemn expression, as diverted his thoughts from every other subject, excepting the anxious doubts as to what could possibly have given rise to such a change. The placid openness of brow; the eye which expressed conscious and fearless innocence; the lips which, seconded by a look as frank as her words, seemed ever ready to speak, in kindness and in confidence, that which

the heart dictated, were for the moment entirely changed in character and expression, and in a degree and manner for which no ordinary cause could satisfactorily account. Fatigue might have banished the rose from the maiden's beautiful complexion, and sickness or pain might have dimmed her eye and clouded her brow. But the look of deep dejection with which she fixed her eyes at times on the ground, and the startled and terrified glance which she cast around her at other intervals, must have had their rise in some different source. Neither could illness or weariness explain the manner in which her lips were contracted or compressed together, like one who makes up her mind to act or behold something that is fearful, or account for the tremor which seeemed at times to steal over her insensibly, though by a strong effort she was able at intervals to throw it off. For this change of expression there must be in the heart some deeply melancholy and afflicting cause. What could that cause be?

It is dangerous for youth to behold beauty in the pomp of all her charms, with every look bent upon conquest—more dangerous to see her in the hour of unaffected and unapprehensive ease and simplicity, yielding herself to the graceful whim of the moment, and as willing to be pleased as desirous of pleasing. There are minds which may be still more affected by gazing on beauty in sorrow, and feeling that pity, that desire of comforting the lovely mourner, which the poet has described as so nearly akin to love. But to a spirit of that romantic and adventurous cast which the Middle Ages frequently produced, the sight of a young and amiable person evidently in a state of terror and suffering, which had no visible cause, was perhaps still more impressive than beauty, in her pride, her tenderness. or her sorrow. Such sentiments, it must be remembered, were not confined to the highest ranks only, but might then be found in all classes of society which were raised above the mere peasant or artisan. Young Philipson gazed on Anne of Geierstein with such intense curiosity, mingled with pity and tenderness, that the bustling scene around him seemed to vanish from his eyes, and leave no one in the noisy hall save himself and the object of his interest.

"What could it be that so evidently oppressed and almost quailed a spirit so well balanced, and a courage so well tempered, when, being guarded by the swords of the bravest men perhaps to be found in Europe, and lodged in a place of strength, even the most timid of her sex might have found confidence? Surely, if an attack were to be made upon them, the clamor of a conflict in such circumstances could scarce be more terrific

than the roar of those cataracts which he had seen her despise? At least, he thought, she ought to be aware that there is ONE, who is bound by friendship and gratitude to fight to the death in her defence. Would to heaven, he continued in the same reverie, it were possible to convey to her, without sign or speech, the assurance of my unalterable resolution to protect her in the worst of perils!—As such thoughts streamed through his mind, Anne raised her eyes in one of those fits of deep feeling which seemed to overwhelm her; and, while she cast them round the hall, with a look of apprehension, as if she expected to see amid the well-known companions of her journey some strange and unwelcome apparition, they encountered the fixed and anxious gaze of young Philipson. They were instantly bent on the ground, while a deep blush showed how much she was conscious of having attracted his attention by her previous deportment.

Arthur, on his part, with equal consciousness, blushed as deeply as the maiden herself, and drew himself back from her observation. But when Anne rose up, and was escorted by her uncle to her bedchamber, in the manner we have already mentioned, it seemed to Philipson as if she had carried with her from the apartment the lights with which it was illuminated, and left it in the twilight melancholy of some funeral hall. His deep musings were pursuing the subject which occupied them thus anxiously, when the manly voice of Donnerhugel spoke close in his ear—

"What, comrade, has our journey to-day fatigued you so much that you go to sleep upon your feet?"

"Now Heaven forbid, Hauptman," said the Englishman, starting from his reverie, and addressing Rudolph by his name (signifying Captain, or literally Head-man), which the youth of the expedition had by unanimous consent bestowed on him,—"Heaven forbid I should sleep, if there be aught like action in the wind."

"Where dost thou propose to be at cock-crow?" said the Swiss.

"Where duty shall call me, or your experience, noble Hauptman, shall appoint," replied Arthur.—"But, with your leave, I purposed to take Sigismund's guard on the bridge till midnight or morning dawn. He still feels the sprain which he received in his spring after yonder chamois, and I persuaded him to take some uninterrupted rest, as the best mode of restoring his strength."

"He will do well to keep his counsel, then," again whispered Donnerhugel; "the old Landamman is not a man to make allowances for mishaps, when they interfere with duty. Those

who are under his orders should have as few brains as a bull, as strong limbs as a bear, and be as impassible as lead or iron to all the casualties of life, and all the weaknesses of humanity."

Arthur replied in the same tone :—"I have been the Landamman's guest for some time, and have seen no specimens of any such rigid discipline."

"You are a stranger," said the Swiss, "and the old man has too much hospitality to lay you under the least restraint. You are a volunteer, too, in whatever share you choose to take in our sports or our military duty ; and, therefore, when I ask you to walk abroad with me at the first cock-crowing, it is only in the event that such exercise shall entirely consist with your own pleasure."

"I consider myself as under your command for the time," said Philipson ; "but, not to bandy courtesy, at cock-crow I shall be relieved from my watch on the drawbridge, and will be by that time glad to exchange the post for a more extended walk."

"Do you not choose more of this fatiguing, and probably unnecessary duty, than may befit your strength ?" said Rudolph.

"I take no more than you do," said Arthur, "as you propose not to take rest till morning."

"True," answered Donnerhugel, "but I am a Swiss."

"And I," answered Philipson, quickly, "am an Englishman."

"I did not mean what I said in the sense you take it," said Rudolph, laughing ; "I only meant, that I am more interested in this matter than you can be, who are a stranger to the cause in which we are personally engaged."

"I am a stranger, no doubt," replied Arthur ; "but a stranger who has enjoyed your hospitality, and who therefore claims a right, while with you, to a share in your labors and dangers."

"Be it so," said Rudolph Donnerhugel. "I shall have finished my first rounds at the hour when the sentinels at the castle are relieved, and shall be ready to recommence them in your good company."

"Content," said the Englishmen. "And now I will to my post, for I suspect Sigismund is blaming me already, as oblivious of my promise."

They hastened together to the gate, where Sigismund willingly yielded up his weapon and his guard to young Philipson, confirming the idea sometimes entertained of him, that he was the most indolent and least spirited of the family of Geierstein. Rudolph could not suppress his pleasure.

"What would the Landamman say," he demanded, "if he saw thee thus quietly yield up post and partisan to a stranger?"

"He would say I did well," answered the young man, nothing daunted; "for he is for ever reminding us to let the stranger have his own way in everything; and English Arthur stands on this bridge by his own wish, and no asking of mine. —Therefore, kind Arthur, since thou will barter warm straw and a sound sleep for frosty air and a clear moonlight, I make thee welcome with all my heart. Hear your duty: You are to stop all who enter,-or attempt to enter, or till they give the password. If they are strangers, you must give alarm. But you will suffer such of our friends as are known to you to pass outward, without challenge or alarm, because the deputation may find occasion to send messengers abroad."

"A murrain on thee, thou lazy losel!" said Rudolph— "Thou art the only sluggard of thy kin."

"Then am I the only wise man of them all," said the youth. —"Hark ye, brave Hauptman, ye have supped this evening,— have ye not?"

"It is a point of wisdom, ye owl," answered the Bernese, "not to go into the forest fasting."

"If it is wisdom to eat when we are hungry," answered Sigismund, "there can be no folly in sleeping when we are weary." So saying, and after a desperate yawn or two, the relieved sentinel halted off, giving full effect to the sprain of which he complained.

"Yet there is strength in those loitering limbs, and valor in that indolent and sluggish spirit," said Rudolph to the Englishman. "But it is time that I, who censure others, should betake me to my own task.—Hither, comrades of the watch, hither."

The Bernese accompanied these words with a whistle, which brought from within six young men, whom he had previously chosen for the duty, and who, after a hurried supper, now waited his summons. One or two of them had large bloodhounds or lyme-dogs, which, though usually employed in the pursuit of animals of chase, were also excellent for discovering ambuscades, in which duty their services were now to be employed. One of these animals was held in a leash, by the person who, forming the advance of the party, when about twenty yards in front of them; a second was the property of Donnerhugel himself, who had the creature singularly under command. Three of his companions attended him closely and the two others followed, one of whom bore a horn of the Bernese wild bull, by way of bugle. This little party crossed the moat by

the temporary bridge, and moved on to the verge of the forest, which lay adjacent to the castle, and the skirts of which were most likely to conceal any ambuscade that could be apprehended. The moon was now up, and near the full, so that Arthur, from the elevation on which the castle stood, could trace their slow, cautious march, amid the broad silver light, until they were lost in the depths of the forest.

When this object had ceased to occupy his eyes, the thoughts of his lonely watch again returned to Anne of Geierstein, and to the singular expression of distress and apprehension which had that evening clouded her beautiful features. Then the blush which had chased, for the moment, paleness and terror from her countenance, at the instant his eyes encountered hers —was it anger—was it modesty—was it some softer feeling, more gentle than the one, more tender than the other? Young Philipson, who, like Chaucer's Squire, was "as modest as a maid," almost trembled to give to that look the favorable interpretation, which a more self-satisfied gallant would have applied to it without scruple. No hue of rising or setting day was ever so lovely in the eyes of the young man, as that blush was in his recollection; nor did ever enthusiastic visionary, or poetical dreamer, find out so many fanciful forms in the clouds, as Arthur divined various interpretations from the indications of interest which had passed over the beautiful countenance of the Swiss maiden.

In the meantime, the thought suddenly burst on his reverie, that it could little concern him what was the cause of the perturbation she had exhibited. They had met at no distant period for the first time,—they must soon part forever. She could be nothing more to him than the remembrance of a beautiful vision, and he could have no other part in her memory save as a stranger from a foreign land, who had been a sojourner for a season in her uncle's house, but whom she could never expect to see again. When this idea intruded on the train of romantic visions which agitated him, it was like the sharp stroke of the harpoon, which awakens the whale from slumbering torpidity into violent action. The gateway in which the young soldier kept his watch seemed suddenly too narrow for him. He rushed across the temporary bridge, and hastily traversed a short space of ground in front of the *tête-du-pont*, or defensive work, on which its outer extremity rested.

Here for a time he paced the narrow extent to which he was confined by his duty as a sentinel, with long and rapid strides, as if he had been engaged by vow to take the greatest possible quantity of exercise upon that limited space of ground. His

exertion, however, produced the effect of in some degree composing his mind, recalling him to himself, and reminding him of the numerous reasons which prohibited his fixing his attention, much more his affections, upon this young person, however fascinating she was.

I have surely, he thought, as he slackened his pace, and shouldered his heavy partizan, sense enough left to recollect my condition and my duties—to think of my father, to whom I am all in all—and to think also on the dishonor which must accrue to me, were I capable of winning the affections of a frank-hearted and confiding girl, to whom I could never do justice by dedicating my life to return them. "No," he said to himself; "she will soon forget me, and I will study to remember her no otherwise than I would a pleasing dream, which hath for a moment crossed a night of perils and dangers, such as my life seems doomed to be."

As he spoke, he stopped short in his walk, and as he rested on his weapon, a tear rose unbidden to his eye, and stole down his cheek without being wiped away. But he combated this gentler mood of passion as he had formerly battled with that which was of a wilder and more desperate character. Shaking off the dejection and sinking of spirit which he felt creeping upon him, he resumed, at the same time, the air and attitude of an attentive sentinel, and recalled his mind to the duties of his watch, which, in the tumult of his feelings, he had almost forgotten. But what was his astonishment, when, as he looked out on the clear landscape, there passed from the bridge toward the forest, crossing him in the broad moonlight, the living and moving likeness of Anne of Geierstein!

CHAPTER TENTH.

> We know not when we sleep nor when we wake.
> Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye,
> Which to the slumberer seem realities;
> And while they waked, some men have seen such sights
> As set at nought the evidence of sense,
> And left them well persuaded they were dreaming.
>
> ANONYMOUS.

THE apparition of Anne of Geierstein crossed her lover—her admirer, at least, we must call him—within shorter time than we can tell the story. But it was distinct, perfect, and un-

doubted. In the very instant when the young Englishman, shaking off his fond despondency, raised his head to look out upon the scene of his watch, she came from the nearer end of the bridge, crossing the path of the sentinel, upon whom she did not even cast a look, and passed with a rapid yet steady pace toward the verge of the woodland.

It would have been natural, though Arthur had been directed not to challenge persons who left the castle, but only such as might approach it, that he should nevertheless, had it only been in mere civility, have held some communication, however slight, with the maiden as she crossed his post. But the suddenness of her appearance took from him for the instant both speech and motion. It seemed as if his own imagination had raised up a phantom, presenting to his outward senses the form and features which engrossed his mind; and he was silent, partly at least from the idea, that what he gazed upon was immaterial, and not of this world.

It would have been no less natural that Anne of Geierstein should have in some manner acknowledged the person who had spent a considerable time under the same roof with her, had been often her partner in the dance, and her companion in the field; but she did not evince the slightest token of recognition, nor even look toward him as she passed; her eye was on the wood, to which she advanced swiftly and steadily, and she was hidden by its boughs ere Arthur had recollected himself sufficiently to determine what to do.

His first feeling was anger at himself for suffering her to pass unquestioned, when it might well chance, that upon any errand which called her forth at so extraordinary a time and place, he might have been enabled to afford her assistance, or at least advice. This sentiment was for a short time so predominant, that he ran toward the place where he had seen the skirt of her dress disappear, and whispering her name as loud as the fear of alarming the castle permitted, conjured her to return, and hear him but for a few brief moments. No answer, however, was returned; and when the branches of the trees began to darken over his head and to intercept the moonlight, he recollected that he was leaving his post, and exposing his fellow-travelers, who were trusting in his vigilance, to the danger of surprise.

He hastened, therefore, back to the castle gate, with matter for deeper and more inextricable doubt and anxiety, than had occupied him during the commencement of his watch. He asked himself in vain, with what purpose that modest young maiden, whose manners were frank, but whose conduct had

always seemed so delicate and reserved, could sally forth at midnight like a damsel-errant in romance, when she was in a strange country and suspicious neighborhood; yet he rejected, as he would have shrunk from blasphemy, any interpretation which could have thrown censure upon Anne of Geierstein. No, nothing was she capable of doing for which a friend could have to blush. But connecting her previous agitation with the extraordinary fact of her leaving the castle, alone and defenceless, at such an hour, Arthur necessarily concluded it must argue some cogent reason, and, as was most likely, of an unpleasant nature.—"I will watch her return," he internally uttered, "and, if she will give me an opportunity, I will convey to her the assurance that there is one faithful bosom in her neighborhood, which is bound in honor and gratitude to pour out every drop of its blood, if by doing so it can protect her from the slightest inconvenience. This is no silly flight of romance, for which common sense has a right to reproach me, it is only what I ought to do, what I must do, or forego every claim to be termed a man of honesty or honor."

Yet scarce did the young man think himself anchored on a resolution which seemed unobjectionable, than his thoughts were again adrift. He reflected that Anne might have a desire to visit the neighboring town of Bâle, to which she had been invited the day before, and where her uncle had friends. It was indeed an uncommon hour to select for such a purpose; but Arthur was aware that the Swiss maidens feared neither solitary walks nor late hours, and that Anne would have walked among her own hills by moonlight much further than the distance betwixt their place of encampment and Bâle, to see a sick friend, or for any similar purpose. To press himself on her confidence, then, might be impertinence, not kindness; and as she had passed him without taking the slightest notice of his presence, it was evident she did not mean voluntarily to make him her confidant; and probably she was involved in no difficulties where his aid could be useful. In that case, the duty of a gentleman was to permit her to return as she had gone forth, unnoticed and unquestioned, leaving it with herself to hold communication with him or not as she should choose.

Another idea, belonging to the age, also passed through his mind, though it made no strong impression upon it. This form, so perfectly resembling Anne of Geierstein, might be a deception of the sight, or it might be one of those fantastic apparitions, concerning which there were so many tales told in all countries, and of which Switzerland and Germany had, as Arthur well knew, their full share. The internal and undefin-

able feelings which restrained him from accosting the maiden, as might have been natural for him to have done, are easily explained, on the supposition that his mortal frame shrunk from an encounter with a being of a different nature. There had also been some expressions of the magistrate of Bâle, which might apply to the castle's being liable to be haunted by beings from another world. But though the general belief in such ghostly apparitions prevented the Englishman from being positively incredulous on the subject, yet the instructions of his father, a man of great intrepidity and distinguished good sense, had taught him to be extremely unwilling to refer anything to supernatural interferences, which was capable of explanation by ordinary rules; and he therefore shook off, without difficulty, any feeling of superstitious fear, which for an instant connected itself with his nocturnal adventure. He resolved finally to suppress all disquieting conjecture on the subject, and to await firmly, if not patiently, the return of the fair vision, which, if it should not fully explain the mystery, seemed at least to afford the only chance of throwing light upon it.

Fixed, therefore, in purpose, he traversed the walk which his duty permitted, with his eyes fixed on the part of the forest where he had seen the beloved form disappear, and forgetful for the moment that his watch had any other purpose than to observe her return. But from this abstraction of mind he was roused by a distant sound in the forest, which seemed the clash of armor. Recalled at once to a sense of his duty, and its importance to his father and his fellow-travelers, Arthur planted himself on the temporary bridge, where a stand could best be made, and turned both eyes and ears to watch for approaching danger. The sound of arms and footsteps came nearer—spears and helmets advanced from the greenwood glade, and twinkled in the moonlight. But the stately form of Rudolph Donnerhugel, marching in front, was easily recognized, and announced to our sentinel the return of the patrol. Upon their approach to the bridge, the challenge, and interchange of sign and countersign, which is usual on such occasions, took place in due form; and as Rudolph's party filed off one after another into the castle, he commanded them to wake their companions, with whom he intended to renew the patrol, and at the same time to send a relief to Arthur Philipson, whose watch on the bridge was now ended. This last fact was confirmed by the deep and distant toll of the Minster clock from the town of Bâle, which, prolonging its sullen sound over field and forest, announced that midnight was past.

"And now, comrade," continued Rudolph to the Englishman,

"have the cold air and long watch determined thee to retire to food and rest, or dost thou still hold the intention of partaking our rounds?"

In very truth, it would have been Arthur's choice to have remained in the place where he was, for the purpose of watching Anne of Geierstein's return from her mysterious excursion. He could not easily have found an excuse for this, however, and he was unwilling to give the haughty Donnerhugel the least suspicion that he was inferior in hardihood, or in the power of enduring fatigue, to any of the tall mountaineers, whose companion he chanced to be for the present. He did not, therefore, indulge even a moment's hesitation; but while he restored the borrowed partisan to the sluggish Sigismund, who came from the castle yawning and stretching himself like one whose slumbers had been broken by no welcome summons, when they were deepest and sweetest, he acquainted Rudolph that he retained his purpose of partaking in his reconnoitring duty. They were speedily joined by the rest of the patroling party, amongst whom was Rudiger, the eldest son of the Landamman of Unterwalden; and when, led by the Bernese champion, they had reached the skirts of the forest, Rudolph command three of them to attend Rudiger Biederman.

"Thou wilt make thy round to the left side," said the Bernese; "I will draw off to the right—see thou keepest a good look out, and we will meet merrily at the place appointed. Take one of the hounds with you. I will keep Wolf-fanger, who will open on a Burgundian as readily as on a bear."

Rudiger moved off with his party to the left, according to the directions received; and Rudolph, having sent forward one of his number in front, and stationed another in the rear, commanded the third to follow himself and Arthur Philipson, who thus constituted the main body of the patrol. Having intimated to their immediate attendant to keep at such distance as to allow them freedom of conversation, Rudolph addressed the Englishman with the familiarity which their recent friendship had created.—"And now, King Arthur, what thinks the Majesty of England of our Helvetian youth? Could they win guerdon in tilt or tourney, thinkest thou, noble prince? Or would they rank but amongst the coward knights of Cornouailles?" *

"For tilt and tourney I cannot answer," said Arthur, summoning up his spirits to reply, "because I never beheld one of you mounted on a steed, or having spear in rest. But if strong

* The chivalry of Cornwall are generally undervalued in the Norman-French romances. The cause is difficult to discover.

limbs and stout hearts are to be considered, I would match you Swiss gallants with those of any country in the universe, where manhood is to be looked for, whether it be in heart or hand."

"Thou speakest us fair; and, young Englishman," said Rudolph, "know that we think as highly of thee, of which I will presently afford thee a proof. Thou talkedst but now of horses. I know but little of them; yet I judge thou wouldst not buy a steed which thou hadst only seen covered with trappings, or encumbered with saddle and bridle, but wouldst desire to look at him when stripped and in his natural state of freedom?"

"Ay, marry, would I," said Arthur. "Thou hast spoken on that as if thou hadst been born in a district called Yorkshire, which men call the merriest part of merry England."

"Then I tell thee," said Rudolph Donnerhugel, "that thou hast seen our Swiss youth but half, since thou hast observed them as yet only in their submissive attendance upon the elders of their cantons, or, at most, in their mountain sports, which, though they may show men's outward strength and activity, can throw no light on the spirit and disposition by which that strength and activity are to be guided and directed in matters of high enterprise."

"The Swiss probably designed that these remarks should excite the curiosity of the stranger. But the Englishman had the image, look, and form of Anne of Geierstein, as she had passed him in the silent hours of his watch, too constantly before him, to enter willingly upon a subject of conversation totally foreign to what agitated his mind. He, therefore, only compelled himself to reply in civility, that he had no doubt his esteem for the Swiss, both aged and young, would increase in proportion with his more intimate knowledge of the nation.

He was then silent; and Donnerhugel, disappointed, perhaps, at having failed to excite his curiosity, walked also in silence by his side. Arthur, meanwhile, was considering with himself whether he should mention to his companion the circumstance which occupied his own mind, in the hope that the kinsman of Anne of Geierstein, and ancient friend of her house, might be able to throw some light on the subject.

But he felt within his mind an insurmountable objection to converse with the Swiss on a subject in which Anne was concerned. That Rudolph made pretensions to her favor could hardly be doubted; and though Arthur, had the question been put to him, must in common consistency have resigned all competition on the subject, still he could not bear to think on the possibility of his rival's success, and would not willingly have endured to hear him pronounce her name.

Perhaps it was owing to this secret irritability that Arthur, though he made every effort to conceal and to overcome the sensation, still felt a secret dislike to Rudolph Donnerhugel, whose frank, but somewhat coarse familiarity, was mingled with a certain air of protection and patronage, which the Englishman thought was by no means called for. He met the openness of the Bernese, indeed, with equal frankness, but he was ever and anon tempted to reject or repel the tone of superiority by which it was accompanied. The circumstances of their duel had given the Swiss no ground for such triumph; nor did Arthur feel himself included in that roll of the Swiss youth, over whom Rudolph exercised domination, by general consent. So little did Philipson relish this affectation of superiority, that the poor jest that termed him King Arthur, although quite indifferent to him when applied by any of the Biedermans, was rather offensive when Rudolph took the same liberty; so that he often found himself in the awkward condition of one who is internally irritated, without having any outward manner of testifying it with propriety. Undoubtedly, the root of all this tacit dislike to the young Bernese was a feeling of rivalry; but it was a feeling which Arthur dared not avow even to himself. It was sufficiently powerful, however, to suppress the slight inclination he had felt to speak with Rudolph on the passage of the night which had most interested him; and as the topic of conversation introduced by his companion had been suffered to drop, they walked on side by side in silence, "with the beard on the shoulder," as the Spaniard says—looking round, that is, on all hands; and thus performing the duty of a vigilant watch.

At length, after they had walked nearly a mile through forest and field, making a circuit around the ruins of Graffslust, of such an extent as to leave no room for an ambush betwixt them and the place, the old hound, led by the vidette who was foremost, stopped, and uttered a low growl.

"How now, Wolf-fanger!" said Rudolph, advancing.—"What, old fellow! dost thou not know friends from foes? Come, what sayest thou, on better thoughts?—Thou must not lose character in thy old age—try it again."

The dog raised his head, snuffed the air all around, as if he understood what his master had said, then shook his head and tail, as if answering to his voice.

"Why, there it is now," said Donnerhugel, patting the animal's shaggy back; "second thoughts are worth gold; thou seest it is a friend after all."

The dog again shook his tail, and moved forward with the

same unconcern as before; Rudolph fell back into his place, and his companion said to him—

"We are about to meet Rudiger and our companions, I suppose, and the dog hears their footsteps, though we cannot."

"It can scarcely yet be Rudiger," said the Bernese; "his walk around the castle is of a wider circumference than ours. Some one approaches, however, for Wolf-fanger is again dissatisfied—Look sharply out on all sides."

As Rudolph gave his party the word to be on the alert, they reached an open glade, in which were scattered, at considerable distance from each other, some old pine-trees of gigantic size, which seemed yet huger and blacker than ordinary, from their broad sable tops and shattered branches being displayed against the clear and white moonlight.

"We shall here at least," said the Swiss, "have the advantage of seeing clearly whatever approaches. But I judge," said he, after looking around for a minute, "it is but some wolf or deer that has crossed our path, and the scent disturbs the hound.—Hold—stop—yes it must be so: he goes on."

The dog accordingly proceeded, after having given some signs of doubt, uncertainty, and even anxiety. Apparently, however, he became reconciled to what had disturbed him, and proceeded once more in the ordinary manner.

"This is singular!" said Arthur Philipson; "and, to my thinking, I saw an object close by yonder patch of thicket, where, as well as I can guess, a few thorn and hazel bushes surrounded the stems of four or five large trees."

"My eye has been on that very thicket for these five minutes past, and I saw nothing," said Rudolph.

"Nay, but," answered the young Englishman, "I saw the object, whatever it was, while you were engaged in attending to the dog. And, by your permission, I will forward and examine the spot."

"Were you, strictly speaking, under my command," said Donnerhugel, "I would command you to keep your place. If they be foes, it is essential that we should remain together. But you are a volunteer in our watch, and therefore may use your freedom."

"I thank you," answered Arthur, and sprang quickly forward.

He felt, indeed, at the moment, that he was not acting courteously as an individual, nor perhaps correctly as a soldier; and that he ought to have rendered obedience for the time, to the captain of the party in which he had enlisted himself. But, on the other hand, the object which he had seen, though

at a distance and imperfectly, seemed to bear a resemblance to the retiring form of Anne of Geierstein, as she had vanished from his eyes, an hour or two before, under the cover of the forest; and his ungovernable curiosity to ascertain whether it might not be the maiden in person, allowed him to listen to no other consideration.

Ere Rudolph had spoken out his few words of reply, Arthur was half-way to the thicket. It was, as it had seemed at a distance, of small extent, and not fitted to hide any person who did not actually couch down amongst the dwarf bushes and underwood. Anything white, also, which bore the human size and form, must, he thought, have been discovered among the dark red stems and swarthy colored bushes which were before him. These observations were mingled with other thoughts. If it was Anne of Geierstein whom he had a second time seen, she must have left the more open path, desirous probably of avoiding notice; and what right or title had he to direct upon her the observation of the patrol? He had, he thought, observed, that in general the maiden rather repelled than encouraged the attentions of Rudolph Donnerhugel; or, where it would have been discourteous to have rejected them entirely, that she endured without encouraging them. What, then, could be the propriety of his intruding upon her private walk, singular, indeed, from time and place, but which, on that account, she might be more desirous to keep secret from the observation of one who was disagreeable to her? Nay, was it not possible that Rudolph might derive advantage to his otherwise unacceptable suit, by possessing the knowledge of something which the maiden desired to be concealed?

As these thoughts pressed upon him, Arthur made a pause, with his eyes fixed on the thicket, from which he was now scarce thirty yards distant; and although scrutinizing it with all the keen accuracy which his uncertainty and anxiety dictated, he was actuated by a strong feeling that it would be wisest to turn back to his companions, and report to Rudolph that his eyes had deceived him.

But while he was yet undecided whether to advance or return, the object which he had seen became again visible on the verge of the thicket, and advanced straight toward him, bearing, as on the former occasion, the exact dress and figure of Anne of Geierstein! This vision—for the time, place, and suddenness of the appearance, made it seem rather an illusion than a reality—struck Arthur with surprise which amounted to terror. The figure passed within a spear's length, unchallenged by him, and giving not the slightest sign of recognition; and,

directing its course to the right hand of Rudolph, and the two or three who were with him, was again lost among the broken ground and bushes.

Once more the young man was reduced to a state of the most inextricable doubt ; nor was he roused from the stupor into which he was thrown, till the voice of the Bernese sounded in his ear,—

" Why, how now, King Arthur—art thou asleep, or art thou wounded ? "

" Neither," said Philipson, collecting himself ; " only much surprised."

" Surprised and at what, most royal "——

" Forbear foolery," said Arthur, somewhat sternly, " and answer as thou art a man—Did she not meet thee ?—didst thou not see her ? "

" See her !—see whom ? " said Donnerhugel. " I saw no one. And I could have sworn you had seen no one either, for I had you in my eye the whole time of your absence, excepting two or three moments. If you saw aught, why gave you not the alarm ? "

" Because it was only a woman," answered Arthur faintly.

" Only a woman ! " repeated Rudolph, in a tone of contempt. " By my honest word, King Arthur, if I had not seen pretty flashes of valor fly from thee at times, I should be apt to think that thou hadst only a woman's courage thyself. Strange, that a shadow by night, or a precipice in the day, should quell so bold a spirit as thou hast often shown "——

" And as I will ever show, when occasion demands it," interrupted the Englishman, with recovered spirit. " But I swear to you, that if I be now daunted, it is by no merely earthly fears that my mind hath been for a moment subdued."

" Let us proceed on our walk," said Rudolph ; " we must not neglect the safety of our friends. This appearance, of which thou speakest, may be but a trick to interrupt our duty."

They moved on through the moonlight glades. A minute's reflection restored young Philipson to his full recollection, and with that to the painful consciousness that he had played a ridiculous and unworthy part in the presence of the person, whom (of the male sex, at least) he would the very last have chosen as a witness of his weakness.

He ran hastily over the relations which stood betwixt himself, Donnerhugel, the Landamman, his niece, and the rest of that family ; and, contrary to the opinion which he had entertained but a short while before, settled in his own mind that it was his duty to mention to the immediate leader under whom he had placed himself, the appearance which he had twice

observed in the course of that night's duty. There might be family circumstances,—the payment of a vow, perhaps, or some such reason,—which might render intelligible to her connections the behavior of this young lady. Besides, he was for the present a soldier on duty, and these mysteries might be fraught with evils to be anticipated or guarded against ; in either case, his companions were entitled to be made aware of what he had seen. It must be supposed that this resolution was adopted when the sense of duty, and of shame for the weakness which he had exhibited, had for the moment subdued Arthur's personal feelings toward Anne of Geierstein,—feelings, also, liable to be chilled by the mysterious uncertainty which the events of that evening had cast, like a thick mist, around the object of them.

While the Englishman's reflections were taking this turn, his captain or companion, after a silence of several minutes, at length addressed him.

"I believe," he said, "my dear comrade, that, as being at present your officer, I have some title to hear from you the report of what you have just now seen, since it must be something of importance which could so strongly agitate a mind so firm as yours. But if, in your own opinion, it consists with the general safety to delay your report of what you have seen until we return to the castle, and then to deliver it to the private ear of the Landamman, you have only to intimate your purpose ; and, far from urging you to place confidence in me personally, though I hope I am not undeserving of it, I will authorize your leaving us, and returning instantly to the castle."

This proposal touched him to whom it was made exactly in the right place. An absolute demand of his confidence might perhaps have been declined ; the tone of moderate request and conciliation fell presently in with the Englisman's own reflections.

"I am sensible," he said, "Hauptman, that I ought to mention to you that which I have seen to-night ; but on the first occasion, it did not fall within my duty to do so ; and, now that I have a second time witnessed the same appearance, I have felt for these few seconds so much surprised at what I have seen, that even yet I can scarce find words to express it."

"As I cannot guess what you may have to say," replied the Bernese, "I must beseech you to be explicit. We are but poor readers of riddles, we thick-headed Switzers."

"Yet it is but a riddle which I have to place before you, Rudolph Donnerhugel," answered the Englishman, "and a riddle which is far beyond my own guessing at." He then

proceeded, though not without hesitation, "While you were performing your first patrol amongst the ruins, a female crossed the bridge from within the castle, walked by my post without saying a single word, and vanished under the shadows of the forest."

"Ha!" exclaimed Donnerhugel, and made no further answer.

Arthur proceeded. "Within these five minutes, the same female form passed me a second time, issuing from the little thicket and clump of firs, and disappeared without exchanging a word. Know, further, this apparition bore the form, face, gait, and dress of your kinswoman, Anne of Geierstein."

"Singular enough," said Rudolph, in a tone of incredulity. "I must not, I suppose, dispute your word, for you would receive doubt on my part as a mortal injury—such is your northern chivalry. Yet, let me say, I have eyes as well as you, and I scarce think they quitted you for a minute. We were not fifty yards from the place where I found you standing in amazement. How, therefore, should not we also have seen that which you say and think you saw?"

"To that I can give no answer," said Arthur. "Perhaps your eyes were not exactly turned upon me during the short space in which I saw this form—Perhaps it might be visible—as they say fantastic appearances sometimes are—to only one person at a time."

"You suppose, then, that the appearance was imaginary, or fantastic?" said the Bernese.

"Can I tell you?" replied the Englishman. "The Church gives its warrant that there are such things; and surely it is more natural to believe this apparition to be an illusion, than to suppose that Anne of Geierstein, a gentle and well-nurtured maiden, should be traversing the woods at this wild hour, when safety and propriety so strongly recommend her being within doors."

"There is much in what you say," said Rudolph; "and yet there are stories afloat, though few care to mention them, which seem to allege that Anne of Geierstein is not altogether such as other maidens; and that she has been met with, in body and spirit, where she could hardly have come by her own unassisted efforts."

"Ha!" said Arthur; "so young, so beautiful, and already in league with the destroyer of mankind? It is impossible."

"I said not so," replied the Bernese; "nor have I leisure at present to explain my meaning more fully. As we return to the Castle of Graffs-lust, I may have an opportunity to tell you

more. But I chiefly brought you on this patrol to introduce you to some friends, whom you will be pleased to know, and who desire your acquaintance; and it is here I expect to meet them."

So saying, he turned round the projecting corner of a rock, and an unexpected scene was presented to the eyes of the young Englishman.

In a sort of nook or corner, screened by the rocky projection, there burned a large fire of wood, and around it sat, reclined, or lay, twelve or fifteen young men in the Swiss garb, but decorated with ornaments and embroidery, which reflected back the light of the fire. The same red gleam was returned by silver wine-cups, which circulated from hand to hand with the flasks which filled them. Arthur could also observe the relics of a banquet, to which due honor seemed to have been lately rendered.

The revelers started joyfully up at the sight of Donnerhugel and his companions, and saluted him, easily distinguished as he was by his stature by the title of Captain, warmly and exultingly uttered, while, at the same time, every tendency to noisy acclamation was cautiously suppressed. The zeal indicated that Rudolph came most welcome—the caution that he came in secret, and was to be received with mystery.

To the general greeting he answered,—"I thank you, my brave comrades. Has Rudiger yet reached you?"

"Thou seest he has not," said one of the party; "had it been so, we would have detained him here till your coming, brave Captain."

"He has loitered on his patrol," said the Bernese. "We too were delayed, yet we are here before him. I bring with me, comrades, the brave Englishman, whom I mentioned to you as a desirable associate in our daring purpose."

"He is welcome, most welcome to us," said a young man, whose richly embroidered dress of azure blue gave him an air of authority; "most welcome is he, if he brings with him a heart and a hand to serve our noble task."

"For both I will be responsible," said Rudolph. "Pass the wine-cup, then, to the success of our glorious enterprise, and the health of this our new associate!"

While they were replenishing the cups with wine of a quality far superior to any which Arthur had yet tasted in these regions, he thought it right, before engaging himself in the pledge, to learn the secret object of the association which seemed desirous of adopting him.

"Before I engage my poor services to you, fair sirs, since

it pleases you to desire them, permit me," he said, "to ask the purpose and character of the undertaking in which they are to be employed."

"Shouldst thou have brought him hither," said the cavalier in blue to Rudolph, "without satisfying him and thyself on that point?"

"Care not thou about it, Lawrenz," replied the Bernese; "I know my man.—Be it known, then, to you, my good friend," he continued, addressing the Englishman, "that my comrades and I are determined at once to declare the freedom of the Swiss commerce, and to resist to the death, if it be necessary, all unlawful and extortionate demands on the part of our neighbors."

"I understand so much," said the young Englishman, "and that the present deputation proceeds to the Duke of Burgundy with remonstrances to that effect."

"Hear me," replied Rudolph. "The question is like to be brought to a bloody determination long ere we see the Duke of Burgundy's most august and most gracious countenance. That his influence should be used to exclude us from Bâle, a neutral town, and pertaining to the empire, gives us cause to expect the worst reception when we enter his own dominions. We have even reason to think that we might have suffered from his hatred already, but for the vigilance of the ward which we have kept. Horsemen, from the direction of La Ferette, have this night reconnoitred our posts; and had they not found us prepared, we had, without question, been attacked in our quarters. But since we have escaped to-night, we must take care for to-morrow. For this purpose, a number of the bravest youth of the city of Bâle, incensed at the pusillanimity of their magistrates, are determined to join us, in order to wipe away the disgrace which the cowardly inhospitality of their magistracy has brought on their native place."

"That we will do ere the sun, that will rise two hours hence shall sink into the western sky," said the cavalier in blue; and those around joined him in stern assent.

"Gentle sirs," replied Arthur, when there was a pause, "let me remind you, that the embassy which you attend is a peaceful one, and that those who act as its escort ought to avoid anything which can augment the differences which it comes to reconcile. You cannot expect to receive offence in the Duke's dominions, the privileges of envoys being respected in all civilized countries; and you will, I am sure, desire to offer none."

"We may be subjected to insult, however," replied the

Bernese, "and that through your concerns, Arthur Philipson, and those of thy father."

"I understand you not," replied Philipson.

"Your father," answered Donnerhugel, "is a merchant, and bears with him wares of small bulk but high value?"

"He does so," answered Arthur; "and what of that?"

"Marry," answered Rudolph, "that if it be not better looked to, the Bandog of Burgundy is like to fall heir to a large proportion of your silks, satins, and jewelry work."

"Silks, satins, and jewels!" exclaimed another of the revelers; "such wares will not pass toll-free where Archibald of Hagenbach hath authority."

"Fair sirs," resumed Arthur, after a moment's consideration, "these wares are my father's property, not mine; and it is for him, not me, to pronounce how much of them he might be content to part with in the way of toll, rather than give occasion to a fray, in which his companions, who have received him into their society, must be exposed to injury as well as himself. I can only say, that he has weighty affairs at the court of Burgundy, which must render him desirous of reaching it in peace with all men; and it is my private belief that, rather than incur the loss and danger of a broil with the garrison of La Ferette, he would be contented to sacrifice all the property which he has at present with him. Therefore, I must request of you, gentlemen, a space to consult his pleasure on this occasion; assuring you, that if it be his will to resist the payment of these duties to Burgundy, you shall find in me one who is fully determined to fight to the last drop of his blood."

"Good King Arthur," said Rudolph; "thou art a dutiful observer of the Fifth Commandment, and thy days shall be long in the land. Do not suppose us neglectful of the same duty, although, for the present, we conceive ourselves bound, in the first place, to attend to the weal of our country, the common parent of our fathers and ourselves. But as you know our profound respect for the Landamman, you need not fear that we shall willingly offer him offence, by rashly engaging in hostilities, or without some weighty reason; and an attempt to plunder his guest would have been met, on his part, with resistance to the death. I had hoped to find both you and your father prompt enough to resent such a gross injury. Nevertheless, if your father inclines to present his fleece to be shorn by Archibald of Hagenbach, whose scissors, he will find, clip pretty closely, it would be unnecessary and uncivil in us to interpose. Meantime, you have the advantage of knowing, that in case the Governor of La Ferette should be disposed to strip you of skin as well

as fleece, there are more men close at hand than you looked for, whom you will find both able and willing to render you prompt assistance."

"On these terms," said the Englishman, "I make my acknowledgments to these gentlemen of Bâle, or whatever other country hath sent them forth, and pledge them in a brotherly cup to our further and more intimate acquaintance."

"Health and prosperity to the United Cantons, and their friends!" answered the Blue Cavalier. "And death and confusion to all besides."

The cups were replenished; and instead of a shout of applause, the young men around testified their devoted determination to the cause which was thus announced, by grasping each other's hands, and then brandishing their weapons with a fierce yet noiseless gesture.

"Thus," said Rudolph Donnerhugel, our illustrious ancestors, the fathers of Swiss independence, met in the immortal field of Rutli, between Uri and Unterwalden. Thus they swore to each other, under the blue firmament of heaven, that they would restore the liberty of their oppressed country; and history can tell how well they kept their word."

"And she shall record," said the Blue Cavalier, "how well the present Switzers can preserve the freedom which their fathers won.—Proceed in your rounds, good Rudolph, and be assured, that at the signal of the Hauptman, the soldiers will not be far absent;—all is arranged as formerly, unless you have new orders to give us."

"Hark thee hither, Lawrenz," said Rudolph to the Blue Cavalier,—and Arthur could hear him say,—"Beware, my friend, that the Rhine wine be not abused;—if there is too much provision of it, manage to destroy the flasks;—a mule may stumble, thou knowest, or so. Give not way to Rudiger in this. He is grown a wine-bibber since he joined us. We must bring both heart and hand to what may be done to-morrow."—They then whispered so low that Arthur could hear nothing of their further conference, and bid each other adieu, after clasping hands, as if they were renewing some solemn pledge of union.

Rudolph and his party then moved forward, and were scarce out of sight of their new associates, when the vidette, or foremost of their patrol, gave the signal of alarm. Arthur's heart leaped to his lips—"It is Anne of Geierstein!" he said, internally.

"The dogs are silent," said the Bernese. "Those who approach must be the companions of our watch."

They proved, accordingly, to be Rudiger and his party, who halting on the appearance of their comrades, made and underwent a formal challenge ; such advance had the Swiss already made in military discipline, which was but little and rudely studied by the infantry in other parts of Europe. Arthur could hear Rudolph take his friend Rudiger to task for not meeting him at the halting-place appointed. "It leads to new revelry on your arrival," he said, "and to-morrow must find us cool and determined."

"Cool as an icicle, noble Hauptman," answered the son of the Landamman, "and determined as the rock it hangs upon."

Rudolph again recommended temperance, and the young Biederman promised compliance. The two parties passed each other with friendly though silent greeting ; and there was soon a considerable distance between them.

The country was more open on the side of the castle, around which their duty now led them, than where it lay opposite to the principal gate. The glades were broad, the trees thinly scattered over pasture land, and there were no thickets, ravines, or similar places of ambush, so that the eye might, in the clear moonlight, well command the country.

"Here," said Rudolph, "we may judge ourselves secure enough for some conference ; and therefore may I ask thee, Arthur of England, now that thou hast seen us more closely, what thinkest thou of the Switzer youth ?—If thou hast learned less than I could have wished, thank thine own uncommunicative temper, which retired in some degree from our confidence."

"Only in so far as I could not have answered, and therefore ought not to have received it," said Arthur. "The judgment I have been enabled to form amounts, in few words, to this : Your purposes are lofty and noble as your mountains ; but the stranger from the low country is not accustomed to tread the circuitous path by which you ascend them. My foot has been always accustomed to move straight forward upon the greensward."

"You speak in riddles," answered the Bernese.

"Not so," returned the Englisman. "I think you ought plainly to mention to your seniors (the nominal leaders of young men who seemed well disposed to take their own road) that you expect an attack in the neighborhood of La Ferette, and hope for assistance from some of the townsmen of Bale."

"Ay, truly," answered Donnerhugel ; "and the Landamman would stop his journey till he despatched a messenger for safe-

conduct to the Duke of Burgundy; and should he grant it, there were an end of all hope of war."

"True," replied Arthur; "but the Landamman would thereby obtain his own principal object, and the sole purpose of the mission—that is, the establishment of peace."

"Peace—peace?" answered the Bernese, hastily.—"Were my wishes alone to be opposed to those of Arnold Biederman, I know so much of his honor and faith, I respect so highly his valor and patriotism, that at his voice I would sheathe my sword, even if my most mortal enemy stood before me. But mine is not the single wish of a single man; the whole of my canton, and that of Soleure, are determined on war. It was by war, noble war, that our fathers came forth from the house of their captivity—it was by war, successful and glorious war, that a race, who had been held scarce so much worth thinking on as the oxen which they goaded, emerged at once into liberty and consequence, and were honored because they were feared, as much as they had been formerly despised because they were unresisting."

"This may be all very true," said the young Englishman; "but, in my opinion, the object of your mission has been determined by your Diet or House of Commons. They have resolved to send you with others as messengers of peace; but you are secretly blowing the coals of war; and while all or most of your senior colleagues are setting out to-morrow in expectation of a peaceful journey, you stand prepared for a combat, and look for the means of giving cause for it."

"And is it not well that I do stand so prepared?" answered Rudolph. "If our reception in Burgundy's dependencies be peaceful, as you say the rest of the deputation expect, my precautions will be needless; but at least they can do no harm. If it prove otherwise, I shall be the means of averting a great misfortune from my colleagues, my kinsman Arnold Biederman, my fair cousin Anne, your father, yourself—from all of us in short, who are joyously traveling together."

Arthur shook his head. "There is something in all this," he said, "which I understand not, and will not seek to understand. I only pray that you will not make my father's concerns the subject of breaking truce; it may, as you hint, involve the Landamman in a quarrel, which he might otherwise have avoided. I am sure my father will never forgive it."

"I have pledged my word," said Rudolph, "already to that effect. But if he should like the usage of the Bandog of Burgundy less than you seem to apprehend he will, there is no harm

in your knowing that, in time of need, he may be well and actively supported."

"I am greatly obliged by the assurance," replied the Englishman.

"And thou mayest thyself, my friend," continued Rudolph. "take a warning from what thou hast heard: Men go not to a bridal in armor, nor to a brawl in silken doublet."

"I will be clad to meet the worst," said Arthur; "and for that purpose I will don a light hauberk of well-tempered steel, proof against spear or arrow; and I thank you for your kindly counsel."

"Nay, thank not me," said Rudolph; "I were ill deserving to be a leader did I not make those who are to follow me —more especially so trusty a follower as thou art—aware of the time when they should buckle on their armor, and prepare for hard blows."

Here the conversation paused for a moment or two, neither of the speakers being entirely contented with his companion, although neither pressed any further remark.

The Bernese, judging from the feelings which he had seen predominate among the traders of his own country, had entertained little doubt that the Englishman, finding himself powerfully supported in point of force, would have caught at the opportunity to resist paying the exorbitant imposts with which he was threatened at the next town, which would probably, without any effort on Rudolph's part, have led to breaking of the truce on the part of Arnold Biederman himself, and to an instant declaration of hostilities. On the other hand, young Philipson could not understand or approve of Donnerhugel's conduct, who, himself a member of a peaceful deputation, seemed to be animated with the purpose of seizing an opportunity to kindle the flames of war.

Occupied by these various reflections, they walked side by side for some time without speaking together, until Rudolph broke silence.

"Your curiosity is then ended, Sir Englishman," said he, "respecting the apparition of Anne of Geierstein?"

"Far from it," replied Philipson. "But I would unwillingly intrude any questions on you while you are busy with the duties of your patrol."

"That may be considered as over," said the Bernese, "for there is not a bush near us to cover a Burgundian knave, and a glance around us from time to time is all that is now needful to prevent surprise. And so, listen while I tell a tale, never sung or harped in hall or bower, and which, I begin to think,

deserves as much credit, at least, as is due to the Tales of the Round Table, which ancient troubadours and minne-singers dole out to us as the authentic chronicles of your renowned namesake.

"Of Anne's ancestors on the male side of the house," continued Rudolph, "I dare say you have heard enough, and are well aware how they dwelt in the old walls at Geierstein beside the cascade, grinding their vassals, devouring the substance of their less powerful neighbors, and plundering the goods of the travelers whom ill luck sent within ken of the vulture's eyry, the one year; and in the next, wearying the shrines for mercy for their trespasses, overwhelming the priests with the wealth which they showered upon them, and finally, vowing vows, and making pilgrimages, sometimes as palmers, sometimes as crusaders, as far as Jerusalem itself, to atone for the iniquities which they had committed without hesitation or struggle of conscience."

"Such I have understood," replied the young Englishman, "was the history of the house of Geierstein, till Arnold, or his immediate ancestors, exchanged the lance for the sheep-hook."

"But it is said," replied the Bernese, "that the powerful and wealthy Barons of Arnheim, of Swabia, whose only female descendant became the wife to Count Albert of Geierstein, and the mother of this young person, whom Swiss call simply Anne, and Germans Countess Anne of Geierstein, were nobles of a different cast. They did not restrict their lives within the limits of sinning and repenting,—of plundering harmless peasants, and pampering fat monks; but were distinguished for something more than building castles with dungeons and folter-kammers, or torture chambers, and founding monasteries with Galilees and Refectories.

"These same Barons of Arnheim were men who strove to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, and converted their castles into a species of college, where there were more ancient volumes than the monks have piled together in the library of St. Gall. Nor were their studies in books alone. Deep buried in their private laboratories, they attained secrets which were afterward transmitted through the race from father to son, and were supposed to have approached nearly to the deepest recesses of alchymy. The report of their wisdom and their wealth was often brought to the Imperial footstool; and in the frequent disputes which the Emperors maintained with the Popes of old, it is said they were encouraged, if not instigated, by the counsels of Barons of Arnheim, and supported by their treasures. It was, perhaps, such a course of politics,

joined to the unusual and mysterious studies which the family of Arnheim so long pursued, which excited against them the generally received opinion, that they were assisted in their superhuman researches by the supernatural influences. The priests were active in forwarding this cry against men, who, perhaps, had no other fault than that of being wiser than themselves.

"'Look what guests,' they said, 'are received in the halls of Arnheim! Let a Christian knight, crippled in war with the Saracens, present himself on the drawbridge, he is guerdoned with a crust and a cup of wine, and required to pass on his way. If a palmer, redolent of the sanctity acquired by his recent visits to the most holy shrines, and by the sacred relics which attest and reward his toil, approach the unhallowed walls, the warder bends his crossbow, and the porter shuts the gate, as if the wandering saint brought the plague with him from Palestine. But comes there a gray-bearded, glib-tongued Greek, with his parchment scroll, the very letters of which are painful to Christian eyes—comes there a Jewish Rabbin, with his Talmud and Cabala—comes there a swarthy sun-burnt Moor, who can boast of having read the language of the Stars in Chaldea, the cradle of astrological science—Lo, the wandering impostor or sorcerer occupies the highest seat at the Baron of Arnheim's board, shares with him the labors of the alembic and the furnace, learns from him mystic knowledge, like that of which our first parents participated to the overthrow of their race, and requites it with lessons more dreadful than he receives, till the profane host has added to his hoard of unholy wisdom all that the pagan visitor can communicate. And these things are done in Almain, which is called the Holy Roman Empire, of which so many priests are princes!—they are done, and neither ban nor monition is issued against a race of sorcerers, who, from age to age, go on triumphing in their necromancy!'

"Such arguments, which were echoed from mitred Abbots to the cell of Anchorites, seem, nevertheless, to have made little impression on the Imperial counsel. But they served to excite the zeal of many a Baron and Free Count of the Empire, who were taught by them to esteem a war or feud with the Barons of Arnheim as partaking of the nature, and entitled to the immunities, of a crusade against the enemies of the Faith, and to regard an attack upon these obnoxious potentates, as a mode of clearing off their deep scores with the Christian Church. But the Lords of Arnheim, though not seeking for quarrel, were by no means unwarlike, or averse to maintaining their own defence. Some, on the contrary, belonging to this obnoxious

race were, not the less distinguished as gallant knights and good men-at-arms. They were, besides wealthy, secured and strengthened by great alliances, and in an eminent degree wise and provident. This the parties who assailed them learned to their cost.

"The confederacies formed against the Lords of Arnheim were broke up; the attacks which their enemies meditated were anticipated and disconcerted; and those who employed actual violence were repelled with signal loss to the assailants: until at length an impression was produced in their neighborhood, that by their accurate information concerning meditated violence, and their extraordinary powers of resisting and defeating it, the obnoxious Barons must have brought to their defence means which merely human force was incapable of overthrowing; so that, becoming as much feared as hated, they were suffered for the last generation to remain unmolested. And this was the rather the case, that the numerous vassals of this great house were perfectly satisfied with their feudal superiors, abundantly ready to rise in their defence, and disposed to believe, that, whether their lords were sorcerers or no, their own condition would not be mended by exchanging their government, either for the rule of the crusaders in this holy warfare, or that of the churchmen by whom it was instigated. The race of these barons ended in Herman von Arnheim, the maternal grandfather of Anne of Geierstein. He was buried with his helmet, sword, and shield, as is the German custom with the last male of a noble family.

"But he left an only daughter, Sybilla of Arnheim, to inherit a considerable portion of his estate; and I never heard that the strong imputation of sorcery which attached to her house, prevented numerous applications, from persons of the highest distinction in the Empire, to her legal guardian the Emperor, for the rich heiress's hand in marriage. Albert of Geierstein, however, though an exile, obtained the preference. He was gallant and handsome, which recommended him to Sybilla; and the Emperor, bent at the time on the vain idea of recovering his authority in the Swiss mountains, was desirous to show himself generous to Albert, whom he considered as a fugitive from his country for espousing the Imperial cause. You may thus see, most noble King Arthur, that Anne of Geierstein, the only child of their marriage, descends from no ordinary stock; and that circumstances in which she may be concerned, are not to be explained or judged of so easily, or upon the same grounds of reasoning, as in the case of ordinary persons."

"By my honest word, Sir Rudolph of Donnerhugel," said Arthur, studiously laboring to keep a command upon his feelings, "I can see nothing in your narrative, and understand nothing from it, unless it be, that because in Germany, as in other countries, there have been fools who have annexed the idea of witchcraft and sorcery to the possession of knowledge and wisdom, you are therefore disposed to stigmatize a young maiden, who has always been respected and beloved by those around her, as a disciple of arts which, I trust, are as uncommon as unlawful."

Rudolph paused ere he replied.

"I could have wished," he said, "that you had been satisfied with the general character of Anne of Geierstein's maternal family, as offering some circumstances which may account for what you have, according to your own report, this night witnessed, and I am really unwilling to go into more particular details. To no one can Anne of Geierstein's fame be so dear as to me. I am, after her uncle's family, her nearest relative, and had she remained in Switzerland, or should she, as is most probable, return thither after the present visit to her father, perhaps our connection might be drawn yet closer. This has, indeed, only been prevented by certain prejudices of her uncle's respecting her father's authority, and the nearness of our relationship, which, however, comes within reach of a license very frequently obtained. But I only mention these things, to show you how much more tender I must necessarily hold Anne of Geierstein's reputation, than it is possible for you to do, being a stranger, known to her but a short while since, and soon to part with her, as I understand your purpose, forever."

The turn taken in this kind of apology irritated Arthur so highly, that it required all the reasons which recommended coolness, to enable him to answer with assumed composure.

"I can have no ground, Sir Hauptman," he said, "to challenge any opinion which you may entertain of a young person with whom you are so closely connected, as you appear to be with Anne of Geierstein. I only wonder that, with such regard for her as your relationship implies, you should be disposed to receive, on popular and trivial traditions, a belief which must injuriously affect your kinswoman, more especially one with whom you intimate a wish to form a still more close connection. Bethink you, sir, that in all Christian lands, the imputation of sorcery is the most foul which can be thrown on Christian man or woman."

"And I am so far from intimating such an imputation," said

Rudolph, somewhat fiercely, "that, by the good sword I wear, he that dared give breath to such a thought against Anne of Geierstein, must undergo my challenge, and take my life, or lose his own. But the question is not whether the maiden herself practices sorcery, which he who avers had better get ready his tomb, and provide for his soul's safety; the doubt lies here, whether, as the descendant of a family, whose relations with the unseen world are reported to have been of the closest degree, elfish and fantastical beings may not have power to imitate her form, and to present her appearance where she is not personally present—in fine, whether they have permission to play at her expense fantastical tricks, which they cannot exercise over other mortals, whose forefathers have ever regulated their lives by the rules of the Church, and died in regular communion with it. And as I sincerely desire to retain your esteem, I have no objection to communicate to you more particular circumstances respecting her genealogy, confirming the idea I have now expressed. But you will understand they are of the most private nature, and that I expect secrecy under the strictest personal penalty."

"I shall be silent, sir," replied the young Englishman, still struggling with suppressed passion, "on everything respecting the character of a maiden whom I am bound to respect so highly. But the fear of no man's displeasure can add a feather's weight to the guarantee of my own honor."

"Be it so," said Rudolph; "it is not my wish to awake angry feelings; but I am desirous, both for the sake of your good opinion, which I value, and also for the plainer explanation of what I have darkly intimated, to communicate to you what otherwise I would much rather have left untold."

"You must be guided by your own sense of what is necessary and proper in the case," answered Philipson; "but remember I press not on your confidence for the communication of anything that ought to remain secret, far less where that young lady is the subject."

Rudolph answered, after a minute's pause,—"Thou hast seen and heard too much, Arthur, not to learn the whole, or at least all that I know or apprehend on the mysterious subject. It is impossible but the circumstances must at times recur to your recollection, and I am desirous that you should possess all the information necessary to understand them as clearly as the nature of the facts will permit. We have yet, keeping leftward to view the bog, upward of a mile to make ere the circuit of the castle is accomplished. It will afford leisure enough for the tale I have to tell."

"Speak on—I listen!" answered the Englishman, divided between his desire to know all that it was possible to learn concerning Anne of Geierstein, and his dislike to hear her name pronounced with such pretensions as those of Donnerhugel, together with the revival of his original prejudices against the gigantic Swiss, whose manners, always blunt, nearly to coarseness, seemed now marked by assumed superiority and presumption. Arthur listened, however, to his wild tale, and the interest which he took in it soon overpowered all other sensations.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

DONNERHUGEL'S NARRATIVE.

These be the adept's doctrines—every element
Is peopled with its separate race of spirits.
The airy Sylphs on the blue ether float
Deep in the earthy cavern skulks the Gnome;
The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean billow,
And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home
To its peculiar sprite—the Salamander.

ANONYMOUS.

I TOLD you (said Rudolph) that the Lords of Arnheim, though from father to son they were notoriously addicted to secret studies, were, nevertheless, like the other German nobles, followers of war and the chase. This was peculiarly the case with Anne's maternal grandfather, Herman of Arnheim, who prided himself on possessing a splendid stud of horses, and one steed in particular, the noblest ever known in these circles of Germany. I should make wild work were I to attempt a description of such an animal, so I will content myself with saying his color was jet black, without a hair of white either on his face or feet. For this reason, and the wildness of his disposition, his master had termed him Apollyon; a circumstance which was secretly considered as tending to sanction the evil reports which touched the house of Arnheim, being, it was said, the naming of a favorite animal after a foul fiend.

It chanced, one November day, that the Baron had been hunting in the forest, and did not reach home till nightfall. There were no guests with him, for, as I hinted to you before, the Castle of Arnheim seldom received any other than those from whom its inhabitants hoped to gain augmentation of knowledge. The

Baron was seated alone in his hall, illuminated with cressets and torches. His one hand held a volume covered with characters unintelligible to all save himself. The other rested on the marble table, on which was placed a flask of Tokay wine. A page stood in respectful attendance near the bottom of the large and dim apartment, and no sound was heard save that of the night wind, when it sighed mournfully through the rusty coats of mail, and waved the tattered banners which were the tapestry of the feudal hall. At once the footstep of a person was heard ascending the stairs in haste and trepidation; the door of the hall was thrown violently open, and, terrified to a degree of ecstacy, Caspar, the head of the Baron's stable, or his master of horse, stumbled up almost to the foot of the table at which his lord was seated, with the exclamation in his mouth,—

"My lord, my lord, a fiend is in the stable!"

"What means this folly?" said the Baron, arising, surprised and displeased at an interruption so unusual.

"Let me endure your displeasure," said Caspar, "if I speak not truth! Apollyon"——

Here he paused.

"Speak out, thou frightened fool," said the Baron; "is my horse sick or injured?"

The master of the stalls again gasped forth the word, "Apollyon!"

"Say on," said the Baron; "were Apollyon in presence personally, it were nothing to shake a brave man's mind."

"The devil," answered the master of the horse, "is in Apollyon's stall!"

"Fool!" exclaimed the nobleman, snatching a torch from the wall; "what is it that could have turned thy brain in such silly fashion? Things like thee, that are born to serve us, should hold their brains on a firmer tenure, for our sakes, if not for that of their worthless selves."

As he spoke, he descended to the court of the castle, to visit the stately range of stables which occupied all the lower part of the quadrangle on one side. He entered, where fifty gallant steeds stood in rows, on each side of the ample hall. At the side of each stall hung the weapons of offence and defence of a man-at-arms, as bright as constant attention could make them, together with the buff-coat which formed the trooper's under-garment. The Baron, followed by one or two of the domestics, who had assembled full of astonishment at the unusual alarm, hastened up to the head of the stable betwixt the rows of steeds. As he approached the stall of his favorite horse, which was the uppermost of the right-hand row, the gallant steed

neither neighed, nor shook his head, nor stamped with his foot, nor gave the usual signs of joy at his lord's approach; a faint moaning, as if he implored assistance, was the only acknowledgment he gave of the Baron's presence.

Sir Herman held up the torch, and discovered that there was indeed a tall dark figure standing in the stall, resting his hand on the horse's shoulder. "Who art thou," said the Baron, "and what dost thou here?"

"I seek refuge and hospitality," replied the stranger; "and I conjure thee to grant it me, by the shoulder of thy horse, and by the edge of thy sword, and so as they may never fail thee when thy need is at the utmost?"

"Thou art, then, a brother of the Sacred Fire," said Baron Herman of Arnheim; "and I may not refuse thee the refuge which thou requirest of me, after the ritual of the Persian Magi. From whom, and for what length of time, dost thou crave my protection?"

"From those," replied the stranger, "who shall arrive in quest of me before the morning cock shall crow, and for the full space of a year and a day from this period."

"I may not refuse thee," said the Baron, "consistently with my oath and my honor. For a year and a day I will be thy pledge, and thou shalt share with me roof and chamber, wine and food. But thou, too, must obey the law of Zoroaster, which, as it says, Let the Stronger protect the weaker brother, says also, let the Wiser instruct the brother who hath less knowledge. I am the stronger, and thou shalt be safe under my protection; but thou art the wiser, and must instruct me in the more secret mysteries."

"You mock your servant," said the stranger visitor; "but if aught is known to Dannischemend which can avail Herman, his instructions shall be as those of a father to a son."

"Come forth, then, from thy place of refuge," said the Baron of Arnheim. "I swear to thee by the sacred fire which lives without terrestrial fuel, and by the fraternity which is betwixt us, and by the shoulder of my horse, and the edge of my good sword, I will be thy warrant for a year and a day, if so far my power shall extend."

The stranger came forth accordingly; and those who saw the singularity of his appearance, scarce wondered at the fears of Caspar, the stall-master, when he found such a person in the stable, by what mode of entrance he was unable to conceive. When he reached the lighted hall, to which the Baron conducted him, as he would have done a welcomed and honored guest, the stranger appeared to be very tall, and of a dignified

aspect. His dress was Asiatic, being a long black caftan, or gown, like that worn by Armenians, and a lofty square cap, covered with the wool of Astracan lambs. Every article of the dress was black, which gave relief to the long white beard that flowed down over his bosom. His gown was fastened by a sash of black silk net-work, in which, instead of a poniard or sword, was stuck a silver case, containing writing materials, and a roll of parchment. The only ornament of his apparel consisted in a large ruby of uncommon brilliancy, which, when he approached the light, seemed to glow with such liveliness, as if the gem itself had emitted the rays which it only reflected back. To the offer of refreshment the stranger replied, "Bread I may not eat, water shall not moisten my lips, until the avenger shall have passed by the threshold."

The Baron commanded the lamps to be trimmed, and fresh torches to be lighted, and sending his own household to rest, remained seated in the hall along with the stranger, his suppliant. At the dead hour of midnight, the gates of the castle were shaken as by a whirlwind, and a voice, as of a herald, was heard to demand a herald's lawful prisoner, Dannischemend, the son of Hali. The warder then heard a lower window of the hall thrown open, and could distinguish his master's voice addressing the person who had thus summoned the castle. But the night was so dark that he might not see the speakers, and the language which they used was either entirely foreign, or so largely interspersed with strange words, that he could not understand a syllable which they said. Scarce five minutes had elapsed, when he who was without again elevated his voice as before, and said in German, "For a year and a day, then, I forbear my forfeiture ;—but coming for it when that time shall elapse, I come for my right, and will no longer be withstood."

From that period, Dannischemend, the Persian, was a constant guest at the castle of Arnheim, and, indeed, never for any visible purpose crossed the drawbridge. His amusements, or studies, seemed centred in the library of the castle, and in the laboratory, where the Baron sometimes toiled in conjunction with him for many hours together. The inhabitants of the castle could find no fault in the Magus, or Persian, excepting his apparently dispensing with the ordinances of religion, since he neither went to mass nor confession, nor attended upon other religious ceremonies. The chaplain did indeed profess himself satisfied with the state of the stranger's conscience ; but it had been long suspected that the worthy ecclesiastic held his easy office on the very reasonable condition of approving the princi-

ples, and asserting the orthodoxy, of all guests whom the Baron invited to share his hospitality.

It was observed that Dannischemend was rigid in paying his devotions, by prostrating himself in the first rays of the rising sun, and that he constructed a silver lamp of the most beautiful proportions, which he placed on a pedestal, representing a truncated column of marble, having its base sculptured with hieroglyphical imaginary. With what essences he fed this flame was unknown to all, unless perhaps to the Baron; but the flame was more steady, pure, and lustrous, than any which was ever seen, excepting the sun of heaven itself; and it was generally believed that the Magian made it an object of worship in the absence of that blessed luminary. Nothing else was observed of him, unless that his morals seemed severe, his gravity extreme, his general mode of life very temperate, and his fasts and vigils of frequent recurrence. Except on particular occasions, he spoke to no one of the castle but the Baron; but as he had money, and was liberal, he was regarded by the domestics with awe indeed, but without fear or dislike.

Winter was succeeded by spring, summer brought her flowers, and autumn her fruits, which ripened and were fading, when a foot-page, who sometimes attended them in the laboratory to render manual assistance when required, heard the Persian say to the Baron of Arnheim, "You will do well, my son, to mark my words; for my lessons to you are drawing to an end, and there is no power on earth which can longer postpone my fate."

"Alas, my master!" said the Baron, "and must I then lose the benefit of your direction, just when your guiding hand becomes necessary to place me on the very pinnacle of the temple of wisdom?"

"Be not discouraged, my son," answered the page; "I will bequeath the task of perfecting you in your studies to my daughter, who will come hither on purpose. But remember, if you value the permanence of your family, look not upon her as aught else than a helpmate in your studies; for if you forget the instructress in the beauty of the maiden, you will be buried with your sword and your shield, as the last male of your house; and further evil, believe me, will arise; for such alliances never come to a happy issue, of which my own is an example.—But hush, we are observed."

The household of the Castle of Arnheim having but few things to interest them, were the more eager observers of those which came under their notice; and when the termination of the period when the Persian was to receive shelter in the castle

began to approach, some of the inmates, under various pretexts, but which resolved into very terror, absconded, while others held themselves in expectation of some striking and terrible catastrophe. None such, however, took place; and on the expected anniversary, long ere the witching hour of midnight, Dannischemend terminated his visit in the castle of Arnheim, by riding away from the gate in the guise of an ordinary traveler. The Baron had meantime taken leave of his tutor with many marks of regret, and some which amounted even to sorrow. The sage Persian comforted him by a long whisper, of which the last part only was heard,—"By the first beam of sunshine she will be with you. Be kind to her, but not over kind." He then departed, and was never again seen or heard of in the vicinity of Arnheim.

The Baron was observed during all the day after the departure of the stranger to be particularly melancholy. He remained, contrary to his custom, in the great hall, and neither visited the library nor the laboratory, where he could no longer enjoy the company of his departed instructor. At dawn of the ensuing morning, Sir Herman summoned his page, and, contrary to his habits, which used to be rather careless in respect of apparel, he dressed himself with great accuracy; and, as he was in the prime of life, and of noble figure, he had reason to be satisfied with his appearance. Having performed his toilet, he waited till the sun had just appeared above the horizon, and, taking from the table the key of the laboratory, which the page believed must have lain there all night, he walked thither, followed by his attendant. At the door, the Baron made a pause, and seemed at one time to doubt whether he should not send away the page, at another to hesitate whether he should open the door, as one might do who expected some strange sight within. He pulled up resolution, however, turned the key, threw the door open, and entered. The page followed close behind his master, and was astonished to the point of extreme terror at what he beheld, although the sight, however extraordinary, had in it nothing save what was agreeable and lovely.

The silver lamp was extinguished, or removed from its pedestal where stood in place of it a most beautiful female figure in the Persian costume, in which the color of pink predominated. But she wore no turban or head-dress of any kind, saving a blue ribbon drawn through her auburn hair, and secured by a gold clasp, the outer side of which was ornamented by a superb opal, which amid the changing lights

peculiar to that gem, displayed internally a slight tinge of red like a spark of fire.

The figure of this young person was rather under the middle size, but perfectly well formed; the Eastern dress, with the wide trowsers gathered round the ankles, made visible the smallest and most beautiful feet which had ever been seen, while hands and arms of the most perfect symmetry were partly seen from under the folds of the robe. The little lady's countenance was of a lively and expressive character, in which spirit and wit seemed to predominate; and the quick dark eye, with its beautifully formed eyebrow, seemed to presage the arch remark, to which the rosy and half smiling lip appeared ready to give utterance.

The pedestal on which she stood, or rather was perched, would have appeared unsafe had any figure heavier than her own been placed there. But, however she had been transported thither, she seemed to rest on it as lightly and safely as a linnet, when it has dropped from the sky on the tendril of a rosebud. The first beam of the rising sun, falling through a window directly opposite to the pedestal, increased the effect of this beautiful figure, which remained as motionless as if it had been carved in marble. She only expressed her sense of the Baron of Arnheim's presence by something of a quicker respiration, and a deep blush, accompanied by a slight smile.

Whatever reason the Baron of Arnheim might have for expecting to see some such object as now exhibited its actual presence, the degree of beauty which it presented was so much beyond his expectation, that for an instant he stood without breath or motion. At once, however, he seemed to recollect that it was his duty to welcome the fair stranger to his castle, and to relieve her from her precarious situation. He stepped forward accordingly with the words of welcome on his tongue, and was extending his arms to lift her from the pedestal, which was nearly six feet high; but the light and active stranger merely accepted the support of his hand, and descended on the floor as light and as safe as if she had been formed of gossamer. It was, indeed, only by the momentary pressure of her little hand, that the Baron of Arnheim was finally made sensible that he had to do with a being of flesh and blood.

"I am come as I have been commanded," she said, looking around her. "You must expect a strict and diligent mistress, and I hope for the credit of an attentive pupil."

After the arrival of this singular and interesting being in the castle of Arnheim, various alterations took place within the interior of the household. A lady of high rank and small

fortune, the respectable widow of a Count of the empire, who was the Baron's blood relation, received and accepted an invitation to preside over her kinsman's domestic affairs, and remove, by her countenance, any suspicions which might arise from the presence of Hermione, as the beautiful Persian was generally called.

The Countess Waldstetten carried her complaisance so far, as to be present on almost all occasions, whether in the laboratory or library, when the Baron of Arnheim received lessons from, or pursued studies with, the young and lovely tutor who had been thus strangely substituted for the aged Magus. If this lady's report was to be trusted, their pursuits were of a most extraordinary nature, and the results which she sometimes witnessed were such as to create fear as well as surprise. But she strongly vindicated them from practicing unlawful arts, or overstepping the boundaries of natural science.

A better judge of such matters, the Bishop of Bamberg himself, made a visit to Arnheim, on purpose to witness the wisdom of which so much was reported through the whole Rhine country. He conversed with Hermione, and found her deeply impressed with the truths of religion, and so perfectly acquainted with its doctrines, that he compared her to a doctor of theology in the dress of an Eastern dancing-girl. When asked regarding her knowledge of languages and science, he answered, that he had been attracted to Arnheim by the most extravagant reports on these points, but that he must return confessing "the half thereof had not been told unto him."

In consequence of this indisputable testimony, the sinister reports which had been occasioned by the singular appearance of the fair stranger were in a great measure lulled to sleep, especially as her amiable manners won the involuntary goodwill of every one that approached her.

Meantime a marked alteration began to take place in the interviews between the lovely tutor and her pupil. These were conducted with the same caution as before, and never, so far as could be observed, took place without the presence of the Countess of Waldstetten,or some other third person of respectability. But the scenes of these meetings were no longer the scholar's library, or the chemist's laboratory ;—the gardens, the groves, were resorted to for amusement, and parties of hunting and fishing, with evenings spent in the dance, seemed to announce that the studies of wisdom were for a time abandoned for the pursuits of pleasure. It was not difficult to guess the meaning of this ; the Baron of Arnheim and his fair guest, speaking a language different from all others, could enjoy their

private conversation, even amid all the tumult of gayety around them ; and no one was surprised to hear it formally announced, after a few weeks of gayety, that the fair Persian was to be wedded to the Baron of Arnheim.

The manners of this fascinating young person were so pleasing, her conversation so animated, her wit so keen, yet so well tempered with good nature and modesty, that, notwithstanding her unknown origin, her high fortune attracted less envy than might have been expected in a case so singular. Above all, her generosity amazed and won the hearts of all the young persons who approached her. Her wealth seemed to be measureless, for the many rich jewels which she distributed among her fair friends would otherwise have left her without ornaments for herself. These good qualities, her liberality above all, together with a simplicity of thought and character, which formed a beautiful contrast to the depth of acquired knowledge which she was well known to possess,—these, and her total want of ostentation, made her superiority be pardoned among her companions. Still there was notice taken of some peculiarities, exaggerated perhaps by envy, which seemed to draw a mystical distinction between the beautiful Hermione and the mere mortals with whom she lived and conversed.

In the merry dance she was so unrivaled in lightness and agility, that her performance seemed that of an aerial being. She could, without suffering from her exertion, continue the pleasure till she had tired out the most active revelers ; and even the young Duke of Hochspringen, who was reckoned the most indefatigable at that exercise in Germany, having been her partner for half-an-hour, was compelled to break off the dance, and throw himself, totally exhausted, on a couch, exclaiming he had been dancing not with a woman, but with an *ignis fatuus*.

Other whispers averred, that while she played with her young companions in the labyrinth and mazes of the Castle gardens at hide-and-seek, or similar games of activity, she became animated with the same supernatural alertness which was supposed to inspire her in the dance. She appeared amongst her companions, and vanished from them, with a degree of rapidity which was inconceivable ; and hedges, treillage, or such like obstructions were surmounted by her in a manner which the most vigilant eye could not detect ; for, after being observed on the side of the barrier at one instant, in another she was beheld close beside the spectator.

In such moments, when her eyes sparkled, her cheeks reddened, and her whole frame became animated, it was pretended

that the opal clasp amid her tresses, the ornament which she never laid aside, shot forth the little spark, or tongue of flame, which it always displayed, with an increased vivacity. In the same manner, if in the half-darkened hall the conversation of Hermione became unusually animated, it was believed that the jewel became brilliant, and even displayed a twinkling and flashing gleam which seemed to be emitted by the gem itself, and not produced in the usual manner, by the reflection of some external light. Her maidens were also heard to surmise, that when their mistress was agitated by any hasty or brief resentment (the only weakness of temper which she was sometimes observed to display), they could observe dark-red sparks flash from the mystic brooch, as if it sympathized with the wearer's emotions. The women who attended on her toilet further reported that this gem was never removed but for a few minutes, when the Baroness's hair was combed out ; that she was unusually pensive and silent during the time it was laid aside, and particularly apprehensive when any liquid was brought near it. Even in the use of holy water at the door of the church, she was observed to omit the sign of the cross on the forehead, for fear, it was supposed, of the water touching the valued jewel.

These singular reports did not prevent the marriage of the Baron of Arnheim from proceeding as had been arranged. It was celebrated in the usual form, and with the utmost splendor, and the young couple seemed to commence a life of happiness rarely to be found on earth. In the course of twelve months, the lovely Baroness presented her husband with a daughter, which was to he christened Sybilla, after the Count's mother. As the health of the child was excellent, the ceremony was postponed till the recovery of the mother from her confinement; many were invited to be present on the occasion, and the castle was thronged with company.

It happened, that amongst the guests was an old lady, notorious for playing in private society the part of a malicious fairy in a minstrel's tale. This was the Baroness of Steinfeldt, famous in the neighborhood for her insatiable curiosity and overweening pride. She had not been many days in the castle, ere, by the aid of a female attendant, who acted as an intelligencer, she had made herself mistress of all that was heard, said, or suspected, concerning the peculiarities of the Baroness Hermione. It was on the morning of the day appointed for the christening, while the whole company were assembled in the hall, and waiting till the Baroness should appear, to pass with them to the chapel, that there arose be-

tween the censorious and haughty dame whom we have just mentioned, and the Countess Waldstetten, a violent discussion concerning some point of disputed precedence. It was referred to the Baron von Arnheim, who decided in favor of the Countess. Madame de Steinfeldt instantly ordered her palfrey to be prepared, and her attendants to mount.

"I leave this place," she said, "which a good Christian ought never to have entered; I leave a house of which the master is a sorcerer, the mistress a demon who dares not cross her brow with holy water, and their trencher companion one, who for a wretched pittance is willing to act as matchmaker between a wizard and an incarnate fiend!"

She then departed with rage in her countenance, and spite in her heart.

The Baron of Arnheim then stepped forward, and demanded of the knights and gentlemen around, if there were any among them who would dare to make good with his sword the infamous falsehoods thrown upon himself, his spouse, and his kinswoman.

There was a general answer, utterly refusing to defend the Baroness of Steinfeldt's words in so bad a cause, and universally testifying the belief of the company that she spoke in the spirit of calumny and falsehood.

"Then let that lie fall to the ground, which no man of courage will hold up," said the Baron of Arnheim; "only, all who are here this morning shall be satisfied whether the Baroness Hermione doth or doth not share the rites of Christianity."

The Countess of Waldstetten made anxious signs to him while he spoke thus; and when the crowd permitted her to approach near him, she was heard to whisper, "O, be not rash! try no experiment! there is something mysterious about that opal talisman; be prudent, and let the matter pass by."

The Baron, who was in a more towering passion than well became the wisdom to which he made pretence—although it will be perhaps allowed that an affront so public, and in such a time and place, was enough to shake the prudence of the most staid, and the philosophy of the most wise—answered sternly and briefly, "Are you, too, such a fool?" and retained his purpose.

The Baroness of Arnheim at this moment entered the hall, looking just so pale from her late confinement, as to render her lovely countenance more interesting, if less animated, than usual. Having paid her compliments to the assembled company, with the most graceful and condescending attention, she

was beginning to inquire why Madame de Steinfeldt was not present, when her husband made the signal for the company to move forward to the chapel, and lent the Baroness his arm to bring up the rear. The chapel was nearly filled by the splendid company, and all eyes were bent on their host and hostess, as they entered the place of devotion immediately after four young ladies, who supported the infant babe in a light and beautiful litter.

As they passed the threshold, the Baron dipt his finger in the font-stone, and offered holy-water to his lady, who accepted it, as usual, by touching his finger with her own. But then, as if to confute the calumnies of the malevolent lady of Steinfeldt, with an air of sportive familiarity which was rather unwarranted by the time and place, he flirted on her beautiful forehead a drop or two of the moisture which remained on his own hand. The opal, on which one of these drops had lighted, shot out a brilliant spark like a falling star, and became the instant afterward lightless and colorless as a common pebble, while the beautiful Baroness sunk on the floor of the chapel with a deep sigh of pain. All crowded around her in dismay. The unfortunate Hermione was raised from the ground, and conveyed to her chamber; and so much did her countenance and pulse alter, within the short time necessary to do this, that those who looked upon her pronounced her a dying woman. She was no sooner in her own apartment than she requested to be left alone with her husband. He remained an hour in the room, and when he came out he locked and double locked the door behind him. He then betook himself to the chapel, and remained there for an hour or more, prostrated before the altar.

In the meantime most of the guests had dispersed in dismay; though some abode out of courtesy or curiosity. There was a general sense of impropriety in suffering the door of the sick lady's apartment to remain locked; but, alarmed at the whole circumstances of her illness, it was some time ere any one dared disturb the devotions of the Baron. At length medical aid arrived, and the Countess of Waldstetten took upon her to demand the key. She spoke more than once to a man, who seemed incapable of hearing, at least of understanding what she said. At length he gave her the key, and added sternly, as he did so, that all aid was unavailing, and that it was his pleasure that all strangers should leave the castle. There were few who inclined to stay, when, upon opening the door of the chamber in which the Baroness had been deposited little more than two hours before, no traces of her could be discovered,

unless that there was about a handful of light gray ashes, like such as might have been produced by burning fine paper, found on the bed where she had been laid. A solemn funeral was nevertheless performed, with masses, and all other spiritual rites, for the soul of the high and noble Lady Hermione of Arnheim; and it was exactly on that same day three years that the Baron himself was laid in the grave of the same chapel of Arnheim, with sword, shield, and helmet, as the last male of his family.

Here the Swiss paused, for they were approaching the bridge of the castle of Graffs-lust.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

—— Believe me, sir,
It carries a rare form—But 'tis a spirit.
THE TEMPEST.

THERE was a short silence after the Bernese had concluded his singular tale. Arthur Philipson's attention had been gradually and intensely attracted by a story, which was too much in unison with the received ideas of the age to be encountered by the unhesitating incredulity with which it must have been heard in later and more enlightened times.

He was also considerably struck by the manner in which it had been told by the narrator, whom he had hitherto only regarded in the light of a rude huntsman or soldier; whereas he now allowed Donnerhugel credit for a more extensive acquaintance with the general manners of the world than he had previously anticipated. The Swiss rose in his opinion as a man of talent, but without making the slightest progress in his affections. "The swash-buckler," he said to himself, "has brains, as well as brawn and bones, and is fitter for the office of commanding others than I formerly thought him." Then, turning to his companion, he thanked him for the tale, which had shortened the way in so interesting a manner.

"And it is from this singular marriage," he continued, "that Anne of Geierstein derives her origin?"

"Her mother," answered the Swiss, "was Sybilla of Arnheim, the infant at whose christening the mother died—disappeared—or whatever you may list to call it. The barony of Arnheim, being a male fief, reverted to the Emperor. The castle has never been inhabited since the death of the last lord;

and has, as I have heard, become in some sort ruinous. The occupations of its ancient proprietors, and, above all, the catastrophe of its last inhabitant, have been thought to render it no eligible place of residence."

"Did there appear anything preternatural," said the Englishman, "about the young Baroness, who married the brother of the Landamman?"

"So far as I have heard," replied Rudolph, "there were strange stories. It was said that the nurses, at the dead of night, have seen Hermione, the last Baroness of Arnheim, stand weeping by the side of the child's cradle, and other things to the same purpose. But here I speak from less correct information than that from which I drew my former narrative."

"And since the credibility of a story, not very probable in itself, must needs be granted, or withheld, according to the evidence on which it is given, may I ask you," said Arthur, "to tell me what is the authority on which you have so much reliance?"

"Willingly," answered the Swiss. "Know that Theodore Donnerhugel, the favorite page of the last Baron of Arnheim, was my father's brother. Upon his master's death he retired to his native town of Berne, and most of his time was employed in training me up to arms and martial exercises, as well according to the fashion of Germany as of Switzerland, for he was master of all. He witnessed with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, great part of the melancholy and mysterious events which I have detailed to you. Should you ever visit Berne, you may see the good old man."

"You think, then," said Arthur, "that the appearance which I have this night seen is connected with the mysterious marriage of Anne of Geierstein's grandfather?"

"Nay," replied Rudolph, "think not that I can lay down any positive explanation of a thing so strange. I can only say, that unless I did you the injustice to disbelieve your testimony respecting the apparition of this evening, I know no way to account for it, except by remembering that there is a portion of the young lady's blood which is thought not to be derived from the race of Adam, but more or less directly from one of those elementary spirits which have been talked of both in ancient and modern times. But I may be mistaken. We will see how she bears herself in the morning, and whether she carries in her looks the weariness and paleness of a midnight watcher. If she doth not, we may be authorized in thinking, either that your eyes have strangely deceived you, or that they have been cheated by some spectral appearance, which is not of this world."

To this the young Englishman attempted no reply, nor was there time for any; for they were immediately afterward challenged by the sentinel from the drawbridge.

The question, "Who goes there?" was twice satisfactorily answered, before Sigismund would admit the patrol to cross the drawbridge.

"Ass and mule that thou art," said Rudolph, "what was the meaning of thy delay?"

"Ass and mule thyself, Hauptman," said the Swiss, in answer to this objurgation. "I have been surprised by a goblin on my post once to-night already, and I have got so much experience upon that matter, that I will not easily be caught a second time."

"What goblin, thou fool," said Donnerhugel, "would be idle enough to play his gambols at the expense of so very poor an animal as thou art?"

"Thou art as cross as my father, Hauptman," replied Sigismund, "who cries fool and blockhead at every word I speak; and yet I have lips, teeth, and tongue to speak with, just like other folk."

"We will not contest the matter, Sigismund," said Rudolph. "It is clear, that if thou dost differ from other people, it is in a particular which thou canst be hardly expected to find out or acknowledge. But what, in the name of simplicity, is it which hath alarmed thee on thy post?"

"Marry, thus it was, Hauptman," returned Sigismund Biederman. "I was something tired, you see, with looking up at the broad moon, and thinking what in the universe it could be made of, and how we came to see it just as well here as at home, this place being so many miles from Geierstein. I was tired, I say, of this and other perplexing thoughts, so I drew my fur cap down over my ears, for I promise you the wind blew shrill; and then I planted myself firm on my feet, with one of my legs a little advanced, and both my hands resting on my partisan, which I placed upright before me to rest upon; and so I shut mine eyes."

"Shut thine eyes, Sigismund, and thou upon thy watch!" exclaimed Donnerhugel.

"Care not thou for that," answered Sigismund; "I kept my ears open. And yet it was to little purpose, for something came upon the bridge with a step as stealthy as that of a mouse. I looked up with a start at the moment it was opposite to me, and when I looked up—whom think you I saw?"

"Some fool like thyself," said Rudolph, at the same time pressing Philipson's foot to make him attend to the answer; a

hint which was little necessary, since he waited for it in the utmost agitation. Out it came at last.

"By Saint Mark, it was our own Anne of Geierstein!"

"It is impossible!" replied the Bernese.

"I should have said so too," quoth Sigismund, "for I had peeped into her bedroom before she went thither, and it was so bedizened that a queen or a princess might have slept in it; and why should the wench get out of her good quarters, with all her friends about her to guard her, and go out to wander in the forest?"

"May be," said Rudolph, "she only looked from the bridge to see how the night waned."

"No," said Sigismund; "she was returning from the forest. I saw her when she reached the end of the bridge, and thought of striking at her, conceiving it to be the devil in her likeness. But I remembered my halberd is no birch switch to chastise boys and girls with; and had I done Anne any harm, you would all have been angry with me, and, to speak truth, I should have been ill pleased with myself; for although she doth make a jest of me now and then, yet it were a dull house ours were we to lose Anne."

"Ass," answered the Bernese, "didst thou speak to this form, or goblin as you call it?"

"Indeed I did not, Captain Wiseacre. My father is ever angry with me when I speak without thinking, and I could not at that particular moment think on anything to the purpose. Neither was there time to think, for she passed me like a snowflake upon a whirlwind. I marched into the castle after her, however, calling on her by name; so the sleepers were awakened, and men flew to their arms, and there was as much confusion as if Archibald of Hagenbach had been among us with sword and pike. And who should come out of her little bedroom, as much startled and as much in a bustle as any of us, but Mrs. Anne herself! And as she protested she had never left her room that night, why I, Sigismund Biederman, was made to stand the whole blame, as if I could prevent people's ghosts from walking. But I told her my mind when I saw them all so set against me. 'And, mistress Anne,' quoth I, 'it's well known the kindred you come of; and after this fair notice, if you send any of your double-gangers * to me, let them put iron skull-caps on their heads, for I will give them the length and weight of a Swiss halberd, come in what shape they list.' However, they all

* Double-walkers, a name in Germany for those aërial duplicates of humanity who represent the features and appearance of other living persons.

called 'shame on me!' and my father drove me out again, with as little remorse as if I had been the old house-dog, which had stolen in from his watch to the fireside."

The Bernese replied, with an air of coldness approaching to contempt, "You have slept on your watch, Sigismund, a high military offence, and you have dreamed while you slept. You were in good luck that the Landamman did not suspect your negligence, or, instead of being sent back to your duty like a lazy watch-dog, you might have been scourged back like a faithless one to your kennel at Geierstein, as chanced to poor Ernest for a less matter."

"Ernest has not yet gone back though," said Sigismund, "and I think he may pass as far into Burgundy as we shall do in this journey. I pray you, however, Hauptman, to treat me not dog-like, but as a man, and send some one to relieve me, instead of prating here in the cold night air. If there be anything to do to-morrow, as I well guess there may, a mouthful of food, and a minute of sleep, will be but a fitting preparative, and I have stood watch here these two mortal hours."

With that the young giant yawned portentously, as if to enforce the reasons of his appeal.

"A mouthful and a minute?" said Rudolph,—"a roasted ox and a lethargy like that of the Seven Sleepers would scarce restore you to the use of your refreshed and waking senses. But I am your friend, Sigismund, and you are secure in my favorable report; you shall be instantly relieved, that you may sleep, if it be possible, without disturbances from dreams.—Pass on, young men" (addressing the others, who by this time had come up), "and go to your rest; Arthur of England and I will report to the Landamman and the Banneret the account of our patrol."

The patrol accordingly entered the castle, and were soon heard joining their slumbering companions. Rudolph Donnerhugel seized Arthur's arm, and while they went toward the hall, whispered in his ear,—

"These are strange passages!—How think you we should report them to the deputation?"

"That I must refer to yourself," said Arthur; "you are the captain of our watch. I have done my duty in telling you what I saw—or thought I saw—it is for you to judge how far it is fitting to communicate it to the Landamman; only, as it concerns the honor of his family, to his ear alone I think it should be confided."

"I see no occasion for that," said the Bernese hastily; "it

cannot affect or interest our general safety. But I may take occasion hereafter to speak with Anne on this subject."

This latter hint gave as much pain to Arthur, as the general proposal of silence on an affair so delicate had afforded him satisfaction. But his uneasiness was of a kind which he felt it necessary to suppress, and he therefore replied with as much composure as he could assume :—

"You will act, Sir Hauptman, as your sense of duty and delicacy shall dictate. For me, I shall be silent on what you call the strange passages of the night, rendered doubly wonderful by the report of Sigismund Biederman."

And also on what you have seen and heard concerning our auxiliaries of Berne?" said Rudolph.

"On that I shall certainly be silent," said Arthur; "unless thus far, that I mean to communicate to my father the risk of his baggage being liable to examination and seizure at La Ferette."

"It is needless," said Rudolph; I will answer with head and hand for the safety of everything belonging to him."

"I thank you in his name," said Arthur; "but we are peaceful travelers, to whom it must be much more desirable to avoid a broil, than to give occasion for one, even when secure of coming out of it triumphantly."

"These are the sentiments of a merchant, but not of a soldier," said Rudolph, in a cold and displeased tone; "but the matter is your own, and you must act in it, as you think best. Only remember, if you go to La Ferette without our assistance, you hazard both goods and life."

They entered, as he spoke, the apartment of their fellow-travelers. The companions of their patrol had already laid themselves down amongst their sleeping comrades at the lower end of the room. The Landamman and the Bannerman of Berne heard Donnerhugel make a report, that his patrol, both before and after midnight, had been made in safety, and without any encounter which expressed either danger or suspicion. The Bernese then wrapped him in his cloak, and lying down on the straw, with that happy indifference to accommodation, and promptitude to seize the moment of repose, which is acquired by a life of vigilance and hardship, was in a few minutes fast asleep.

Arthur remained on foot but a little longer, to dart an earnest look on the door of Anne of Geierstein's apartment, and to reflect on the wonderful occurrences of the evening. But they formed a chaotic mystery, for which he could see no clew and the necessity of holding instant communication with his

father compelled him forcibly to turn his thoughts in that direction. He was obliged to observe caution and secrecy in accomplishing his purpose. For this he laid himself down beside his parent, whose couch, with the hospitality which he had experienced from the beginning of his intercourse with the kind-hearted Swiss, had been arranged in what was thought the most convenient place of the apartment, and somewhat apart from all others. He slept sound, but awoke at the touch of his son, who whispered to him in English, for the greater precaution, that he had important tidings for his private ear.

"An attack on our post?"—said the elder Philipson; "must we take to our weapons?"

"Not now," said Arthur; "and I pray of you not to rise or make alarm—this matter concerns us alone."

"Tell it instantly, my son," replied his father; "you speak to one too much used to danger to be startled at it."

"It is a case for your wisdom to consider," said Arthur. "I had information while upon the patrol, that the Governor of La Ferette will unquestionably seize upon your baggage and merchandise, under pretext of levying dues claimed by the Duke of Burgundy. I have also been informed that our escort of Swiss youth are determined to resist this exaction, and conceive themselves possessed of the numbers and means sufficient to do so successfully."

"By St. George, that must not be!" said the elder Philipson; "it would be an evil requital to the true-hearted Landamman, to give the fiery Duke a pretext for that war which the excellent old man is so anxiously desirous to avoid, if it be possible. Any exactions, however unreasonable, I will gladly pay. But to have my papers seized on were utter ruin. I partly feared this, and it made me unwilling to join myself to the Landamman's party. We must now break off from it. This rapacious governor will not surely lay hands on the deputation which seeks his master's court under protection of the law of nations; but I can easily see how he might make our presence with them a pretext for quarrel, which will equally suit his own avaricious spirit and the humor of these fiery young men, who are seeking for matter of offence. This shall not be taken for our sake. We will separate ourselves from the deputies, and remain behind till they are passed on. If this De Hagenbach be not the most unreasonable of men, I will find a way to content him so far as we are individually concerned. Meanwhile, I will instantly wake the Landamman," he said, "and acquaint him with our purpose."

This was immediately done, for Philipson was not slow in the execution of his resolutions. In a minute he was standing by the side of Arnold Biederman, who, raised on his elbow, was listening to his communication, while over the shoulder of the Landamman, rose the head and long beard of the deputy from Schwytz, his large clear blue eyes gleaming from beneath a fur cap, bent on the Englishman's face, but stealing a glance aside now and then to mark the impression which what was said made upon his colleague.

"Good friend and host," said the elder Philipson, "we have heard for a certainty that our poor merchandise will be subjected to taxation or seizure on our passage through La Ferette, and I would gladly avoid all cause of quarrel, for your sake as well as our own."

"You do not doubt that we can and will protect you," replied the Landamman. "I tell you, Englishman, that the guest of a Swiss is as safe by his side as an eaglet under the wing of its dam; and to leave us because danger approaches, is but a poor compliment to our courage or constancy. I am desirous of peace; but not the Duke of Burgundy himself should wrong a guest of mine, so far as my power might prevent it."

At this the deputy from Schwytz clenched a fist like a bull's knuckles, and showed it above the shoulders of his friend.

"It is even to avoid this, my worthy host," replied Philipson, "that I intended to separate from your friendly company sooner than I desire or purposed. Bethink you, my brave and worthy host, you are an ambassador seeking a national peace, I a trader seeking private gain. War, or quarrels which may cause war, are alike ruinous to your purpose and mine. I confess to you frankly, that I am willing and able to pay a large ransom, and when you are departed I will negotiate for the amount. I will abide in the town of Bâle till I have made fair terms with Archibald de Hagenbach; and even if he is the avaricious extortioner you describe him, he will be somewhat moderate with me rather than run the risk of losing his booty entirely, by my turning back, or taking another route."

"You speak wisely, Sir Englishman," said the Landamman; "and I thank you for recalling my duty to my remembrance. But you must not, nevertheless, be exposed to danger. So soon as we move forward, the country will be again open to the devastations of the Burgundian Riders and Lanz-knechts, who will sweep the roads in every direction. The people of Bâle are unhappily too timorous to protect you; they would yield you up upon the Governor's first hint; and for justice or

lenity, you might as well expect it in hell as from Hagenbach."

"There are conjurations, it is said, that can make hell itself tremble," said Philipson; "and I have means to propitiate even this De Hagenbach, providing I can get to private speech with him. But, I own, I can expect nothing from his wild riders, but to be put to death for the value of my cloak."

"If that be the case," said the Landamman, "and if you must needs separate from us, for which I deny not that you have alleged wise and worthy reasons, wherefore should you not leave Graffs-lust two hours before us? The roads will be safe, as our escort is expected; and you will probably, if you travel early, find De Hagenbach sober, and as capable as he ever is of hearing reason—that is, of perceiving his own interest. But, after his breakfast is washed down with Rhine-wein, which he drinks every morning before he hears mass, his fury blinds even his avarice."

"All I want, in order to execute this scheme," said Philipson, "is the loan of a mule to carry my valise, which is packed up with your baggage."

"Take this she-mule," said the Landamman; "she belongs to my brother here from Schwytz; he will gladly bestow her on thee."

"If she were worth twenty crowns, and my comrade Arnold desired me to do so," said the old whitebeard.

"I will accept her as a loan with gratitude," said the Englishman. "But how can you dispense with the use of the creature? You have only one left."

"We can easily supply our want from Bâle," said the Landamman. "Nay, we can make this little delay serve your purpose, Sir Englishman. I named for our time of departure the first hour after daybreak; we will postpone it to the second hour, which will give us enough of time to get a horse or mule, and you, Sir Philipson, space to reach La Ferette, where I trust you will have achieved your business with De Hagenbach to your contentment, and will join company again with us as we travel through Burgundy."

"If our mutual objects will permit our traveling together, worthy Landamman," answered the merchant, "I shall esteem myself most happy in becoming the partner of your journey.—And now resume the repose which I have interrupted."

"God bless you, wise and true-hearted man," said the Landamman, rising and embracing the Englishman. "Should we never meet again, I will still remember the merchant who neglected thoughts of gain, that he might keep the path of

wisdom and rectitude. I know not another who would not have risked the shedding a lake of blood to save five ounces of gold.—Farewell, thou, too, gallant young man. Thou hast learned among us to keep thy foot firm while on the edge of a Helvetian crag, but none can teach thee so well as thy father, to keep an upright path among the morasses and precipices of human life."

He then embraced and took a kind farewell of his friends, in which, as usual, he was imitated by his friend of Schwytz, who swept with his long beard the right and left cheeks of both the Englishmen, and again made them heartily welcome to the use of his mule. All then once more composed themselves to rest, for the space which remained before the appearance of the autumnal dawn.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

> The enmity and discord, which of late
> Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke
> To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
> Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
> Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
> Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
>
> COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE dawn had scarce begun to touch the distant horizon, when Arthur Philipson was on foot to prepare for his father's departure and his own, which, as arranged on the preceding night, was to take place two hours before the Landamman and his attendants proposed to leave the ruinous castle of Graffs-lust. It was no difficult matter for him to separate the neatly arranged packages which contained his father's effects, from the clumsy bundles in which the baggage of the Swiss was deposited. The one set of mails was made up with the neatness of men accustomed to long and perilous journeys; the other, with the rude carelessness of those who rarely left their home, and who were altogether inexperienced.

A servant of the Landamman assisted Arthur in this task, and in placing his father's baggage on the mule belonging to the bearded deputy ftom Schwytz. From this man also he received instructions concerning the road from Graffs-lust to Breisach (the chief citadel of La Ferette), which was too plain and direct to render it likely that they should incur any risk

of losing their way, as had befallen them when traveling on the Swiss mountains. Everything being now prepared for their departure, the young Englishman awakened his father, and acquainted him that all was ready. He then retired toward the chimney, while his father, according to his daily custom, repeated the prayer of St. Julian, the patron of travelers, and adjusted his dress for the journey.

It will not be wondered at, that, while the father went through his devotions, and equipped himself for travel, Arthur, with his heart full of what he had seen of Anne of Geierstein for some time before, and his brain dizzy with the recollection of the incidents of the preceding night, should have kept his eyes riveted on the door of the sleeping apartment at which he had last seen that young person disappear ; that is, unless the pale, and seemingly fantastic form, which had twice crossed him so strangely, should prove no wandering spirit of the elements, but the living substance of the person whose appearance it bore. So eager was his curiosity on this subject, that he strained his eyes to the utmost, as if it had been possible for them to have penetrated through wood and walls into the chamber of the slumbering maiden, in order to discover whether her eye or cheek bore any mark that she had last night been a watcher or a wanderer.

" But that was the proof to which Rudolph appealed," he said, internally, " and Rudolph alone will have the opportunity of remarking the result. Who knows what advantage my communication may give him in his suit with yonder lovely creature ? And what must she think of me, save as one light of thought and loose of tongue, to whom nothing extraordinary can chance, but he must hasten to babble it into the ears of those who are nearest to him at the moment ? I would my tongue had been palsied ere I said a syllable to yonder proud, yet wily prize-fighter ! I shall never see her more—that is to be counted for certain. I shall never know the true interpretation of those mysteries which hang around her. But to think I may have prated something tending to throw her into the power of yonder ferocious boor, will be a subject of remorse to me while I live."

Here he was startled out of his reverie by the voice of his father. " Why, how now, boy ; art thou waking, Arthur, or sleeping on thy feet from the fatigue of last night's service ? "

" Not so, my father," answered Arthur, at once recollecting himself. " Somewhat drowsy, perhaps ; but the fresh morning air will soon put that to flight."

Walking with precaution through the group of sleepers who lay around, the elder Philipson, when they had gained the door

of the apartment, turned back, and, looking on the straw couch which the large form of the Landamman, and the silvery beard of his constant companion, touched by the earliest beams of light, distinguished as that of Arnold Biederman, he muttered between his lips an involuntary adieu.

"Farewell, mirror of ancient faith and integrity—farewell, noble Arnold—farewell, soul of truth and candor—to whom cowardice, selfishness, and falsehood, are alike unknown!"

And farewell, thought his son, to the loveliest, and most candid, yet most mysterious of maidens!—But the adieu, as may well be believed, was not, like that of his father, expressed in words.

They were soon after on the outside of the gate. The Swiss domestic was liberally recompensed, and charged with a thousand kind words of farewell and of remembrance to the Landamman from his English guests, mingled with hopes and wishes that they might soon meet again in the Burgundian territory. The young man then took the bridle of the mule, and led the animal forward on their journey at an easy pace, his father walking by his side.

After a silence of some minutes, the elder Philipson addressed Arthur. "I fear me," he said, "we shall see the worthy Landamman no more. The youths who attend him are bent upon taking offence—the Duke of Burgundy will not fail, I fear, to give them ample occasion—and the peace which the excellent man desires for the land of his fathers will be shipwrecked ere they reached the Duke's presence; though even were it otherwise, how the proudest prince in Europe will brook the moody looks of burgesses and peasants (so will Charles of Burgundy term the friends we have parted from), is a question too easily answered. A war, fatal to the interests of all concerned, save Louis of France, will certainly take place; and dreadful must be the contest if the ranks of the Burgundian chivalry shall encounter those iron sons, of the mountains, before whom so many of the Austrian nobility have been repeatedly prostrated."

"I am so much convinced of the truth of what you say, my father," replied Arthur, "that I judge even this day will not pass over without a breach of truce. I have already put on my shirt of mail, in case we should meet bad company betwixt Graffs-lust and Breisach; and I would to Heaven that you would observe the same precaution. It will not delay our journey; and I confess to you, that I, at least, will travel with much greater consciousness of safety should you do so."

"I understand you, my son," replied the elder Philipson "But I am a peaceful traveler in the Duke of Burgundy's

territories, and must not willingly suppose, that while under the shadow of his banner, I must guard myself against banditti, as if I were in the wilds of Palestine. As for the authority of his officers, and the extent of their exactions, I need not tell you that they are, in our circumstances, things to be submitted to without grief or grudging."

Leaving the two travelers to journey toward Breisach at their leisure, I must transport my readers to the eastern gate of that small town, which, situated on an eminence, had a commanding prospect on every side, but especially toward Bâle. It did not properly make a part of the dominions of the Duke of Burgundy, but had been placed in his hands in pawn or in pledge, for the repayment of the considerable sum of money, due to Charles by the Emperor Sigismund of Austria, to whom the signiory of the place belonged in property. But the town lay so conveniently for distressing the commerce of the Swiss, and inflicting on that people, whom he at once hated and despised, similar marks of his malevolence, as to encourage a general opinion that the Duke of Burgundy, the implacable and unreasonable enemy of these mountaineers, would never listen to any terms of redemption, however equitable or advantageous, which might have the effect of restoring to the Emperor an advanced post, of such consequence to the gratification of his dislike, as Breisach.

The situation of the little town was in itself strong, but the fortifications which surrounded it were barely sufficient to repel any sudden attack, and not adequate to resist for any length of time a formal siege. The morning beams had shone on the spire of the church for more than an hour, when a tall, thin, elderly man, wrapped in a morning gown, over which was buckled a broad belt, supporting on the left side a sword, on the right a dagger, approached the barbican of the eastern gate. His bonnet displayed a feather, which, or the tail of a fox in lieu of it, was the emblem of gentle blood throughout all Germany, and a badge highly prized by those who had a right to wear it.

The small party of soldiers who had kept watch there during the course of the preceding night, and supplied sentinels both forward and outlook, took arms on the appearance of this individual, and drew themselves up in the form of a guard, which receives with military reverence an office of importance. Archibald de Hagenbach's countenance, for it was the Governor himself, expressed that settled peevishness and ill temper which characterize the morning hours of a valetudinary debauchee. His head throbbed, his pulse was feverish, and his cheek was pale,—symptoms of his having spent the last night, as was his

usual custom, amid wine-stoups and flagons. Judging from the haste with which his soldiers fell into their ranks, and the awe and silence which reigned among them, it appeared that they were accustomed to expect and dread his ill humor on such occasions. He glanced at them, accordingly, an inquisitive and dissatisfied look, as if he sought something on which to vent his peevishness, and then asked for the "loitering dog Kilian."

Kilian presently made his appearance, a stout hard-favored man-at-arms, a Bavarian by birth, and by rank the personal squire of the Governor.

"What news of the Swiss churls, Kilian?" demanded Archibald de Hagenbach. "They should, by their thrifty habits, have been on the road two hours since. Have the peasant-clods presumed to ape the manners of gentlemen, and stuck by the flask till cock-crow?"

"By my faith, it may well be," answered Kilian; "the burghers of Bâle gave them full means of carousal."

"How, Kilian?—They dared not offer hospitality to the Swiss drove of bullock, after the charge we sent them to the contrary?"

"Nay, the Bâlese received them not into the town," replied the squire; "but I learned, by sure espial, that they afforded them means of quartering at Graffs-lust, which was furnished with many a fair gammon and pasty, to speak nought of flasks of Rhine wine, barrels of beer, and stoups of strong waters."

"The Balese shall answer this, Kilian," said the Governor; "do they think I am for ever to be thrusting myself between the Duke and his pleasure on their behalf?—The fat porkers have presumed too much since we accepted some trifling gifts at their hands, more for gracing of them than for any advantage we could make of their paltry donations. Was it not the wine from Bâle which we were obliged to drink out in pint goblets, lest it should become sour before morning?"

"It was drunk out, and in pint goblets too," said Kilian; "so much I can well remember."

"Why, go to, then," said the Governor; "they shall know, these beasts of Bâle, that I hold myself no way obliged by such donations as these, and that my remembrance of the wines which I carouse, rests no longer than the headache, which the mixtures they drug me with never fail of late years to leave behind, for the next morning's pastime."

"Your excellency," replied the Squire, "will make it, then, a quarrel between the Duke of Burgundy and the city of Bâle, that they gave this indirect degree of comfort and assistance to the Swiss deputation?"

"Ay, marry will I," said De Hagenbach, "unless there be wise men among them, who shall show me good reasons for protecting them.—Oh, the Bâlese do not know our noble Duke, nor the gift he hast for chastising the gutter-blooded citizens of a free town. Thou canst tell them, Kilian, as well as any man, how he dealt with the villains of Liege, when they would needs be pragmatical."

"I will apprise them of the matter," said Kilian, "when opportunity shall serve, and I trust I shall find them in a temper disposed to cultivate your honorable friendship."

"Nay, if it is the same to them, it is quite indifferent to me, Kilian," continued the Governor; "but, methinks, whole and sound throats are worth some purchase, were it only to swallow black-puddings and schwarz-beer, to say nothing of Westphalian hams and Nierensteiner—I say, a slashed throat is a useless thing, Kilian."

"I will make the fat citizens to understand their danger, and the necessity of making interest," answered Kilian. "Sure, I am not now to learn how to turn the ball into your excellency's lap."

"You speak well," said Sir Archibald; "but how chanced it thou hast so little to say to the Switzers' leaguer? I should have thought an old trooper like thee would have made their pinions flutter amidst the good cheer thou tellest me of."

"I might as well have annoyed an angry hedgehog with my bare finger, said Kilian. "I surveyed Graffs-lust myself;—there were sentinels on the castle walls, a sentinel on the bridge, besides a regular patrol of these Swiss fellows who kept strict watch. So that there was nothing to be done; otherwise, knowing your excellency's ancient quarrel, I would have had a hit at them, when they should never have known who hurt them.—I will tell you, however, fairly, that these churls are acquiring better knowledge in the art of war than the best Ritter knight."

"Well, they will be the better worth the looking after when they arrive," said De Hagenbach; "they come forth in state doubtless, with all their finery, their wives' chains of silver, their own medal, and rings of lead and copper.—Ah, the base hinds! they are unworthy that a man of noble blood should ease them of their trash!"

"There is better ware among them, if my intelligence hath not deceived me," replied Kilian; "there are merchants"——

"Pshaw! the pack horses of Berne and Soleure," said the Governor, "with their paltry lumber!—cloth too coarse to make covers for horses of any breeding, and linen that is more like

hair-cloth than any composition of flax. I will strip them, however, were it but to vex the knaves. What! not content with claiming to be treated like an independent people, and sending forth deputies and embassies forsooth, they expect, I warrant, to make the indemnities of ambassadors cover the introduction of a cargo of their contraband commodities, and thus insult the noble Duke of Burgundy, and cheat him at the same time? But De Hagenbach is neither knight nor gentleman if he allow them to pass unchallenged."

"And they are better worth being stopped," said Kilian, "than your excellency supposes; for they have English merchants along with them, and under their protection."

"English merchants!" exclaimed De Hagenbach, his eyes sparkling with joy; "English merchants, Kilian! Men talk of Cathay and Ind, where there are mines of silver, and gold, and diamonds; but, on the faith of a gentleman, I believe these brutish Islanders have the caves of treasure wholly within their own foggy land! And then the variety of their rich merchandise,—Ha, Kilian! is it a long train of mules—a jolly tinkling team?—By Our Lady's glove! the sound of it is already jingling in my ears more musically than all the harps of all the minnesingers at Heilbrunn!"

"Nay, my lord, there is no great train," replied the squire; —"only two men, as I am given to understand, with scarce so much baggage as loads a mule; but, it is said, of infinite value, silk and samite, lace and furs, pearls and jewelry-work—perfumes from the East, and gold-work from Venice."

"Raptures and paradise! say not a word more," exclaimed the rapacious knight of Hagenbach; "they are all our own, Kilian! Why, these are the very men I have dreamed of twice a week for this month past—ay, two men of middle stature, or somewhat under it—with smooth, round, fair, comely visages, having stomachs as plump as partridges, and purses as plump as their stomachs—Ha, what say'st thou to my dream, Kilian?"

"Only, that, to be quite soothfast," answered the squire, "it should have included the presence of a score, or thereabouts, of sturdy young giants as ever climbed cliff, or carried bolt to whistle at a chamois—a lusty plump of clubs, bills, and partisans, such as make shields crack like oaten cakes and helmets ring like church-bells."

"The better, knave, the better!" exclaimed the Governor, rubbing his hands. "English pedlers to plunder! Swiss bullies to beat into submission! I wot well, we can have nothing of the Helvetian swine save their beastly bristles—it is lucky they bring these two island sheep along with them. But we must

get ready our boar-spears, and clear the clipping-pens for exercise of our craft.—Here, Lieutenant Schonfeldt!"

An officer stepped forth.

"How many men are here on duty?"

"About sixty," replied the officer. "Twenty out on parties in different directions, and there may be forty or fifty in their quarters."

"Order them all under arms instantly;—hark ye, not by trumpet or bugle, but by warning them individually in their quarters, to draw to arms as quietly as possible, and rendezvous here at the eastern gate. Tell the villains there is booty to be gained, and they shall have their share."

"On these terms," said Schonfeldt, "they will walk over a spider's web without startling the insect that wove it. I will collect them without loss of an instant."

"I tell thee, Kilian," continued the exulting commandant, again speaking apart with his confidential attendant, "nothing could come so luckily as the chance of this onslaught. Duke Charles desires to affront the Swiss,—not, look you, that he cares to act toward them by his own direct orders, in such a manner as might be termed a breach of public faith toward a peaceful embassy; but the gallant follower who shall save his prince the scandal of such an affair, and whose actions may be termed a mistake or misapprehension, shall, I warrant you, be accounted to have done knightly service. Perchance a frown may be passed upon him in public, but in private the Duke will know how to esteem him.—Why standest thou so silent, man, and what ails thy ugly ill-looking aspect? Thou art not afraid of twenty Switzer boys, and we at the head of such a band of spears?"

"The Swiss," answered Kilian, "will give and take good blows; yet I have no fear of them. But I like not that we should trust too much to Duke Charles. That he would be, in the first instance, pleased with any dishonor done the Swiss is likely enough; but if, as your excellency hints, he finds it afterward convenient to disown the action, he is a prince likely to give a lively color to his disavowal by hanging up the actors."

"Pshaw!" said the commandant, "I know where I stand. Such a trick were like enough to be played by Louis of France, but it is foreign to the blunt character of our Bold one of Burgundy.—Why the devil stand'st thou still, man, simpering like an ape at a roasted chestnut, which he thinks too warm for his fingers?"

"Your excellency is wise as well as warlike," said the esquire, "and it is not for me to contest your pleasure. But this peace-

ful embassy—these English merchants—if Charles goes to war with Louis, as the rumor is current, what he should most of all desire is the neutrality of Switzerland, and the assistance of England, whose King is crossing the sea with a great army. Now you, Sir Archibald of Hagenbach, may well do that in the course of this very morning, which will put the Confederated Cantons in arms against Charles, and turn the English from allies into enemies."

"I care not," said the commandant; "I know the Duke's humor well, and if he, the master of so many provinces, is willing to risk them in a self-willed frolic, what is it to Archibald de Hagenbach, who has not a foot of land to lose in the cause?"

"But you have life, my lord," said the esquire.

"Ay, life!" replied the knight; "a paltry right to exist, which I have been ready to stake every day of my life for dollars—ay, and for creutzers—and think you I will hesitate to pledge it for broad-pieces, jewels of the East, and Goldsmith's work of Venice? No, Kilian; these English must be eased of their bales, that Archibald de Hagenbach may drink a purer flask than their thin moselle, and wear a brocade doublet instead of greasy velvet. Nor is it less necessary that Kilian should have a seemly new jerkin, with a purse of ducats to jingle at his girdle."

"By my faith," said Kilian, "that last argument hath disarmed my scruples, and I give up the point, since it ill befits me to dispute with your excellency."

"To the work then," said his leader. "But stay—we must first take the Church along with us. The priest of Saint Paul's hath been moody of late, and spread abroad strange things from the pulpit, as if we were little better than common villagers and robbers. Nay, he hath had the insolence to warn me, as he termed it, twice, in strange form. It were well to break the growling mastiff's bald head; but since that might be ill taken by the Duke, the next point of wisdom is to fling him a bone."

"He may be a dangerous enemy," said the squire dubiously; "his power is great with the people."

"Tush!" replied Hagenbach, "I know how to disarm the shaveling. Send to him, and tell him to come hither to speak with me. Meanwhile, have all our force under arms; let the barbican and barrier be well manned with archers; station spearmen in the houses on each hand of the gateway; and let the street be barricaded with carts, well bound together, but placed as if they had been there by accident—place a body of

determined fellows in these carts, and behind them. So soon as the merchants and their mules enter (for that is the main point), up with your drawbridge, down with the portcullis, send a volley of arrows among those who are without, if they make any scuffle; disarm and secure those who have entered, and are cooped up between the barricade before, and the ambush behind and around them—And *then*, Kilian"——

"And then," said his esquire, "shall we, like merry Free Companions, be knuckle-deep in the English budgets"——

"And, like jovial hunters," replied the knight, "elbow-deep in Swiss blood."

"The game will stand at bay though," answered Kilian. "They are led by that Donnerhugel whom we have heard of, whom they call the Young Bear of Berne. They will turn to their defence."

"The better, man—wouldst thou kill sheep rather than hunt wolves? Besides, our toils are set, and the whole garrison shall assist. Shame on thee, Kilian, thou wert not wont to have so many scruples!"

"Nor have I now," said Kilian. "But these Swiss bills, and two-handed swords of the breadth of four inches, are no child's play.—And then, if you call all our garrison to the attack, to whom will your excellency intrust the defence of the other gates, and the circuit of the walls?"

"Lock, bolt, and chain up the gates," replied the Governor, "and bring the keys hither. There shall no one leave the place till this affair is over. Let some score of the citizens take arms for the duty of guarding the walls; and look they discharge it well, or I will lay a fine on them which they shall discharge to purpose."

"They will grumble," said Kilian. "They say, that not being the Duke's subjects, though the place is impledged to his Grace, they are not liable to military service."

"They lie! the cowardly slaves," answered De Hagenbach. "If I have not employed them much hitherto, it is because I scorn their assistance; nor would I now use their help, were it for anything save to keep a watch, by looking out straight before them. Let them obey, as they respect their property, persons, and families."

A deep voice behind them repeated the emphatic language of Scripture,—"I have seen the wicked man flourish in his power even like unto a laurel, but I returned and he was not—yea, I sought him, but he was not to be found."

Sir Archibald de Hagenbach turned sternly, and encoun

tered the dark and ominous looks of the Priest of Saint Paul's, dressed in the vestments of his order.

"We are busy, father," said the Governor, "and will hear your preachment another time."

"I come by your summons, Sir Governor," said the priest, "or I had not intruded myself, where I well knew my preachments, if you term them so, will do no good."

"Oh, I crave your mercy, reverend father," said De Hagenbach. "Yes, it is true that I did send for you, to desire your prayers and kind intercession with Our Lady and Saint Paul, in some transactions which are likely to occur this morning, and in which, as the Lombard says, I do espy *roba di guadagno.*"

"Sir Archibald," answered the priest calmly, "I well hope and trust that you do not forget the nature of the glorified Saints so far as to ask them for their blessing upon such exploits as you have been too oft engaged in since your arrival amongst us—an event which of itself gave token of the Divine anger. Nay, let me say, humble as I am, that decency to a servant of the altar should check you from proposing to me to put up prayers for the success of pillage and robbery."

"I understand you, father," said the rapacious Governor, "and you shall see I do. While you are the Duke's subject, you must by your office put up your prayers for his success in matters that are fairly managed.—You acknowledge this with a graceful bend of your reverend head?—Well, then, I will be as reasonable as you are. Say we desire the intercession of the good Saints, and of you, their pious orator, in something a little out of the ordinary path, and, if you will, somewhat of a doubtful complexion,—are we entitled to ask you or them for their pains and trouble without a just consideration? Surely no. Therefore I vow and solemnly promise, that if I have good fortune in this morning's adventure, Saint Paul shall have an altar-cloth and a basin of silver, large or little, as my booty will permit—Our Lady a web of satin for a full suit, with a necklace of pearl for holidays—and thou, priest, some twenty pieces of broad English gold, for acting as go-between betwixt ourselves and the blessed Apostles, whom we acknowledge ourselves unworthy to negotiate with in our profane person. And now, Sir Priest, do we understand each other, for I have little time to lose? I know you have hard thoughts of me, but you see the devil is not quite so horrible as he is painted."

"Do we understand each other?" answered the Black Priest of Saint Paul's, repeating the Governor's question—"Alas, no! and I fear me we never shall. Hast thou never heard the words spoken by the holy hermit, Berchtold of

Offringen, to the implacable Queen Agnes, who had revenged with such dreadful severity the assassination of her father, the Emperor Albert?"

"Not I," returned the knight; "I have neither studied the chronicles of emperors, nor the legends of hermits; and, therefore, Sir Priest, an you like not my proposal, let us have no further words on the matter. I am unwont to press my favors, or to deal with priests who require entreaty, when gifts are held out to them."

"Hear yet the words of the holy man," said the priest. "The time may come, and that shortly, when you would gladly desire to hear what you scornfully reject."

"Speak on, but be brief," said Archibald de Hagenbach; "and know, though thou may'st terrify or cajole the multitude, thou now speakest to one whose resolution is fixed far beyond the power of thy eloquence to melt."

"Know, then," said the Priest of Saint Paul's, "that Agnes, daughter of the murdered Albert, after shedding oceans of blood in avenging his bloody death, founded at length the rich abbey of Königsfeldt; and, that it might have a superior claim to renowned sanctity, made a pilgrimage in person to the cell of the holy hermit, and besought of him to honor her abbey by taking up his residence there. But what was his reply?—Mark it, and tremble. 'Begone, ruthless woman!' said the holy man; 'God will not be served with blood-guiltiness, and rejects the gifts which are obtained by violence and robbery. The Almighty loves mercy, justice, and humanity, and by the lovers of these only will he be worshipped.'—And now, Archibald of Hagenbach, once, twice, thrice, hast thou had warning. Live as becomes a man on whom sentence is passed, and who must expect execution."

Having spoken these words with a menacing tone and frowning aspect, the Priest of Saint Paul's turned away from the Governor, whose first impulse was to command him to be arrested. But when he recollected the serious consequences which attached to the laying violent hands on a priest, he suffered him to depart in peace, conscious that his own unpopularity might render any attempt to revenge himself an act of great rashness. He called, therefore, for a beaker of Burgundy, in which he swallowed down his displeasure, and had just returned to Kilian the cup, which he had drained to the bottom, when the warden winded a blast from the watch-tower, which betokened the arrival of strangers at the gate of the city.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

I will resist such entertainment, till
My enemy has more power.
THE TEMPEST.

"THAT blast was but feebly blown," said De Hagenbach, ascending to the ramparts, from which he could see what passed on the outside of the gate ; " who approaches, Kilian ? "

The trusty squire was hastening to meet him with the news.

" Two men, with a mule, an it please your excellency ; and merchants I presume them to be."

" Merchants ? 'sdeath, villain ! pedlers you mean. Heard ever man of English merchants tramping it on foot, with no more baggage than one mule can manage to carry ? They must be beggarly Bohemians, or those whom the French people call Escossais. The knaves ! they shall pay with the pining of their paunches for the poverty of their purses."

" Do not be too hasty, an please your excellency," quoth the squire ; " small budgets hold rich goods. But, rich or poor, they are our men, at least they have all the marks ; the elder, well-sized, and dark-visaged, may write fifty-and-five years, a beard somewhat grizzled ;—the younger some two-and-twenty, taller than the first, and a well-favored lad, with a smooth chin, and light-brown mustaches."

" Let them be admitted," said the Governor, turning back in order again to descend to the street, " and bring them into the folter-kammer of the toll-house."

So saying, he betook himself to the place appointed, which was an apartment in the large tower that protected the eastern gateway, in which were deposited the rack, with various other instruments of torture, which the cruel and rapacious Governor was in the habit of applying to such prisoners from whom he was desirous of extorting either booty or information. He entered the apartment, which was dimly lighted, and had a lofty Gothic roof which could be but imperfectly seen, while nooses and cords hanging down from thence, announced a fearful connection with various implements of rusted iron that hung round the walls, or lay scattered on the floor.

A faint stream of light, through one of the numerous and narrow slits, or shot-holes, with which the walls were garnished,

fell directly upon the person and visage of a tall swarthy man, seated in what, but for the partial illumination, would have been an obscure corner of this evil-boding apartment. His features were regular, and even handsome, but of a character peculiarly stern and sinister. This person's dress was a cloak of scarlet ; his head was bare, and surrounded by shaggy locks of black, which time had party grizzled. He was busily employed in furbishing and burnishing a broad two-handed sword, of a peculiar shape, and considerably shorter than the weapons of that kind which we have described as used by the Swiss. He was so deeply engaged in his task, that he started as the heavy door opened with a jarring noise, and the sword, escaping from his hold, rolled on the stone floor with a heavy clash.

" Ha ! Scharfgerichter," said the Knight, as he entered the folter-kammer, " thou art preparing for thy duty ? "

" It would ill become your excellency's servant," answered the man, in a harsh deep tone, " to be found idle. But the prisoner is not far off, as I can judge by the fall of my sword, which infallibly announces the presence of him who shall feel its edge."

" The prisoners are at hand, Francis," replied the Governor ; " but thy omen has deceived thee for once. They are fellows for whom a good rope will suffice, and thy sword drinks only noble blood."

" The worse for Francis Steinernherz," replied the official in scarlet ; " I trusted that your excellency, who have ever been a bountiful patron, should this day have made me noble."

" Noble ! " said the Governor ; " thou art mad—thou noble ! The common executioner ! "

" And wherefore not, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach ? I think the name of Francis Steinernherz *von* Blut-acker will suit nobility, being fairly and legally won, as well as another. Nay, do not stare on me thus. If one of my profession shall do his grim office on nine men of noble birth, with the same weapon, and with a single blow to each patient, hath he not a right to his freedom from taxes, and his nobility by patent ? "

" So says the law," said Sir Archibald, after reflecting for a moment,—" but rather more in scorn than seriously, I should judge, since no one was ever known to claim the benefit of it."

" The prouder boast for him," said the functionary, " that shall be the first to demand the honors due to a sharp sword and a clean stroke. I, Francis Steinernherz, will be the first noble of my profession, when I shall have despatched one more knight of the Empire."

"Thou hast been ever in *my* service, hast thou not?" demanded De Hagenbach.

"Under what other master," replied the executioner, "could I have enjoyed such constant practice? I have executed your decrees on condemned sinners since I could swing a scourge, lift a crow-bar, or wield this trusty weapon; and who can say I ever failed of my first blow, or needed to deal a second? Tristrem of the Hospital, and his famous assistants, Petit André, and Trois Eschelles,* are novices compared with me in the use of the noble and knightly sword. Marry, I should be ashamed to match myself with them in the field practice with bowstring and dagger; these are no feats worthy of a Christian man who would rise to honor and nobility."

"Thou art a fellow of excellent address, and I do not deny it," replied De Hagenbach. "But it cannot be—I trust it cannot be—that when noble blood is becoming scarce in the land, and proud churls are lording it over knights and barons, I myself should have caused so much to be spilled?"

"I will number the patients to your excellency by name and title," said Francis, drawing out a scroll of parchment, and reading with a commentary as he went on,—"There was Count William of Elvershoe—he was my assay-piece, a sweet youth, and died most like a Christian."

"I remember—he was indeed a most smart youth, and courted my mistress," said Sir Archibald.

"He died on St. Jude's, in the year of grace 1455," said the executioner.

'Go on—but name no dates," said the Governor.

"Sir Miles of Stockenborg "——

"He drove off my cattle," observed his excellency.

"Sir Louis of Riesenfeldt "—continued the executioner.

"He made love to my wife," commented the Governor.

"The Three Yung-herren of Lammerbourg—you made their father, the Count, childless in one day."

"And he made me landless," said Sir Archibald, "so that account is settled.—Thou needest read no further," he continued; "I admit thy record, though it is written in letters somewhat of the reddest. I had counted these three young gentlemen as one execution."

"You did me the greater wrong," said Francis; "they cost three good separate blows of this good sword."

"Be it so, and God be with their souls," said Hagenbach. "But thy ambition must go to sleep for a while, Scharfgerichter, for the stuff that came hither to-day is for dungeon and cord, or

* [Three well-known characters who figure in Quentin Durward.]

perhaps a touch of the rack or strappado—there is no honor to win on them."

"The worse luck mine," said the executioner. "I had dreamed so surely that your honor had made me noble!—and then the fall of my sword?"

"Take a bowl of wine, and forget your auguries."

"With your honor's permission, no," said the executioner; "to drink before noon were to endanger the nicety of my hand."

"Be silent, then, and mind your duty," said De Hagenbach.

Francis took up his sheathless sword, wiped the dust reverently from it, and withdrew into a corner of the chamber, where he stood leaning with his hands on the pommel of the fatal weapon.

Almost immediately afterward, Kilian entered at the head of five or six soldiers, conducting the two Philipsons, whose arms were tied down with cords.

"Approach me a chair," said the Governor, and took his place gravely beside a table, on which stood writing materials.

"Who are these men, Kilian, and wherefore are they bound?"

"So please your excellency," said Kilian with a deep respect of manner which entirely differed from the tone, approaching to familiarity, with which he communicated with his master in private, "we thought it well that these two strangers should not appear armed in your gracious presence; and when we required of them to surrender their weapons at the gates, as is the custom of the garrison, this young gallant must needs offer resistance. I admit he gave up his weapon at his father's command."

"It is false!" exclaimed young Philipson; but his father making a sign to him to be silent, he obeyed instantly.

"Noble sir," said the elder Philipson, "we are strangers, and unacquainted with the rules of this citadel; we are Englishmen, and unaccustomed to submit to personal mishandling; we trust you will have excuse for us, when we found ourselves, without any explanation of the cause, rudely seized on by we knew not whom. My son, is young and unthinking, did partly draw his weapon, but desisted at my command, without having altogether unsheathed his sword, far less made a blow. For myself, I am a merchant, accustomed to submit to the laws and customs of the countries in which I traffic; I am in the territories of the Duke of Burgundy, and I know his laws and cus-

toms must be just and equitable. He is the powerful and faithful ally of England, and I fear nothing while under his banner."

"Hem! hem!" replied De Hagenbach, a little disconcerted by the Englishman's composure, and perhaps recollecting, that, unless his passions were awakened (as in the case of the Swiss, whom he detested), Charles of Burgundy deserved the character of a just though severe prince—"Fair words are well, but hardly make amends for foul actions. You have drawn swords in riot, and opposition to the Duke's soldiers, when obeying the mandates which regulate their watch."

"Surely, sir," answered Philipson, "this is a severe construction of a most natural action. But, in a word, if you are disposed to be rigorous, the simple action of drawing, or attempting to draw, a sword in a garrison town, is only punishable by a pecuniary fine, and such we must pay, if it be your will."

"Now, here is a silly sheep," said Kilian to the executioner, beside whom he had stationed himself, somewhat apart from the group, "who voluntarily offered his own fleece to the clipper."

"It will scarcely serve as a ransom for his throat, Sir Squire," answered Francis Steinernherz; for, look you, I dreamed last night that our master made me noble, and I knew by the fall of my sword that this is the man by whom I am to mount to gentility. I must this very day deal on him with my good sword."

"Why, thou ambitious fool," said the esquire, "this is no noble, but an island pedler—a mere English citizen."

"Thou art deceived," said the executioner, "and hast never looked on men when they are about to die,"

"Have I not?" said the squire. "Have I not looked on five pitched fields, besides skirmishes and ambuscades innumerable?"

"That tries not the courage," said the Scharfgerichter. "All men will fight when pitched against each other. So will the most paltry curs—so will the dunghill fowls. But he is brave and noble who can look on a scaffold and a block, a priest to give him absolution, and the headsman and good sword which is to mow him down in his strength, as he would look upon things indifferent; and such a man is that whom we now behold."

"Yes," answered Kilian, "but that man looks not on such an apparatus—he only sees our illustrious patron, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach."

"And he who looks upon Sir Archibald," said the execu-

tioner, "being, as yonder man assurdly is, a person of sense and apprehension, looks he not upon sword and headsman? Assuredly that prisoner apprehends as much, and being so composed as he is under such conviction, it shows him to be a nobleman by blood, or may I myself never win nobility!"

"Our master will come to compromise with him, I judge," replied Kilian; "he looks smilingly on him."

"Never trust to me then," said the man in scarlet; "there is a glance in Sir Archibald's eye which betokens blood, as surely as the dog-star bodes pestilence."

While these dependants of Sir Archibald de Hagenbach were thus conversing apart, their master had engaged the prisoners in a long train of captious interrogatories concerning their business in Switzerland, their connection with the Landamman, and the cause of their traveling into Burgundy, to all which the senior Philipson gave direct and plain answers, excepting to the last. He was going, he said, into Burgundy, for the purpose of his traffic,—his wares were at the disposal of the Governor, who might detain all, or any part of them, as he might be disposed to make himself answerable to his master. But his business with the Duke was of a private nature, respecting some particular matters of commerce, in which others as well as he himself were interested. To the Duke alone, he declared, would he communicate the affair; and he pressed it strongly on the Governor, that if he should sustain any damage in his own person or that of his son, the Duke's severe displeasure would be the inevitable consequence."

De Hagenbach was evidently much embarrassed by the steady tone of his prisoner, and more than once held counsel with the bottle, his never-failing oracle in cases of extreme difficulty. Philipson had readily surrendered to the Governor a list or invoice of his merchandise, which was of so inviting a character, that Sir Archibald absolutely gloated ever it. After remaining in deep meditation for some time, he raised his head, and spoke thus:—

"You must be well aware, Sir Merchant, that it is the Duke's pleasure that no Swiss merchandise shall pass through his territories; and that, nevertheless, you have been, by your own account, some time in that country, and having also accompanied a body of men calling themselves Swiss Deputies, I am authorized to believe that these valuable articles are rather the property of those persons, than of a single individual of so poor an appearance as yourself, and that should I demand pecuniary satisfaction, three hundred pieces of gold would not be an extravagant fine for so bold a practice; and you might wander

where you will with the rest of your wares, so you bring them not into Burgundy."

"But it is to Burgundy, and to the Duke's presence, that I am expressly bound," said the Englishman. "If I go not thither my journey is wrecked; and the Duke's displeasure is certain to light on those who may molest me. For I make your excellency aware, that your gracious Prince already knows of my journey, and will make strict inquiry where and by whom I have been intercepted."

Again the Governor was silent, endeavoring to decide how he might best reconcile the gratification of his rapacity with precaution for his safety. After a few minutes' consideration he again addressed his prisoner.

"Thou art very positive in thy tale, my good friend; but my orders are equally so to exclude merchandise coming from Switzerland. What if I put thy mule and baggage under arrest?"

"I cannot withstand your power, my lord, to do what you will. I will in that case go to the Duke's footstool, and do my errand there."

"Ay, and my errand also," answered the Governor. "That is, thou wilt carry thy complaint to the Duke against the Governor of La Ferette, for executing his orders too strictly?"

"On my life and honest word," answered the Englishman, "I will make no complaint. Leave me but my ready money, without which I can hardly travel to the Duke's court, and I will look no more after these goods and wares than the stag looks after the antlers which he shed last year."

Again the Governor of La Ferette looked doubtful, and shook his head.

"Men in such a case as yours," he said, "cannot be trusted; nor, to say truth, is it reasonable to expect they should be trustworthy.—These same wares, designed for the duke's private hand, in what do they consist?"

"They are under seal," replied the Englishman.

"They are of rare value, doubtless?" continued the Governor.

"I cannot tell," answered the elder Philipson; "I know the Duke sets great store by them. But your excellency knows, that great princes sometimes place a high value on trifles."

"Bear you them about you?" said the Governor. "Take heed how you answer—Look around you on these engines, which can bring a dumb man to speak, and consider I have the power to employ them!"

"And I the courage to support their worst infliction," an-

swered Philipson, with the same impenetrable coolness which he had maintained throughout the whole conference.

"Remember, also," said Hagenbach, "that I can have your person searched as thoroughly as your mails and budgets."

"I do remember that I am wholly in thy power; and, that I may leave thee no excuse for employing force on a peaceful traveler, I will own to you," said Philipson, "that I have the Duke's packet in the bosom of my doublet."

"Bring it forth," answered the Governor.

"My hands are tied, both in honor and literally," said the Englishman.

"Pluck it from his bosom, Kilian," said Sir Archibald; "let us see this gear he talks of."

"Could resistance avail," replied the stout merchant, "you should pluck forth my heart first. But I pray all who are present to observe, that the seals are every one whole and unbroken at this moment when it is forcibly taken from my person."

As he spoke thus he looked around on the soldiers, whose presence De Hagenbach had perhaps forgotten.

"How, dog!" said Sir Archibald, giving way to his passions, "would you stir up mutiny among my men-at-arms?—Kilian, let the soldiers wait without."

So saying he hastily placed under cover of his own robe the small but remarkably well-secured packet, which Kilian had taken from the merchant's person. The soldiers withdrew, lingering, however, and looking back, like children brought away from a show before its final conclusion.

"So, fellow!" again began De Hagenbach, "we are now more private. Wilt thou deal more on the level with me, and tell me what this packet is, and whence it comes?"

"Could all your garrison be crowded into this room, I can only answer as before.—The contents I do not precisely know—the person by whom it was sent I am determined not to name."

"Perhaps your son," said the Governor, "may be more compliant."

"He cannot tell you that of which he is himself ignorant," answered the merchant.

"Perchance the rack may make you both find your tongues;—and we will try it on the young fellow first, Kilian, since thou knowest we have seen men shrink from beholding the wrenched joints of their children, that would have committed their old sinews to the stretching with much endurance."

"You may make the trial," said Arthur, "and Heaven will give me strength to endure"——

"And me courage to behold," added his father.

All this while the Governor was turning and returning the little packet in his hand, curiously inspecting every fold, and regretting, doubtless, in secret, that a few patches of wax, placed under an envelope of crimson satin, and ligatures of twisted silk cord, should prevent his eager eyes from ascertaining the nature of the treasure which he doubted not it concealed. At length he again called in the soldiers, and delivered up the two prisoners to their charge, commanding that they should be kept safely, and in separate holds, and that the father, in particular, should be most carefully looked after.

"I take you all here to witness," exclaimed the elder Philipson, despising the menacing signs of De Hagenbach, "that the Governor detains from me a packet, addressed to his most gracious lord and master, the Duke of Burgundy."

De Hagenbach actually foamed at the mouth with passion.

"And should I *not* detain it?" he exclaimed, in a voice inarticulate with rage. "May there not be some foul practice against the life of our most gracious sovereign, by poison or otherwise, in this suspicious packet, brought by a most suspicious bearer? Have we never heard of poisons which do their work by the smell? And shall we, who keep the gate, as I may say, of his Grace of Burgundy's dominions, give access to what may rob Europe of its pride of chivalry, Burgundy of its prince, and Flanders of her father?—No! Away with these miscreants, soldiers—down to the lowest dungeons with them—keep them separate, and watch them carefully. This treasonable practice has been meditated with the connivance of Berne and Soleure."

Thus Sir Archibald de Hagenbach raved, with a raised voice and inflamed countenance, lashing himself as it were into passion, until the steps of the soldiers, and the clash of their arms, as they retired with the prisoners, were no longer audible. His complexion, when these had ceased, waxed paler than was natural to him—his brow was furrowed with anxious wrinkles—and his voice became lower and more hesitating than ordinary, as, turning to his esquire, he said, "Kilian, we stand upon a slippery plank, with a raging torrent beneath us—What is to be done?"

"Marry, to move forward with a resolved yet prudent step," answered the crafty Kilian. "It is unlucky that all these fellows should have seen the packet, and heard the appeal of

yonder iron-nerved trader. But this ill-luck has befallen us, and the packet having been in your excellency's hands, you will have all the credit of having broken the seals; for, though you leave them as entire as the moment they were impressed, it will only be supposed they have been ingeniously replaced. Let us see what are the contents, before we determine what is to be done with them. They must be of rare value, since the churl merchant was well contented to leave behind all his rich mule's-load of merchandise, so that this precious packet might pass unexamined."

"They may be papers on some political matter. Many such, and of high importance, pass secretly between Edward of England and our bold Duke." Such was the reply of De Hagenbach.

"If they be papers of consequence to the Duke," answered Kilian, "we can forward them to Dijon.—Or they may be such as Louis of France would purchase with their weight of gold."

"For shame, Kilian," said the Knight; "wouldst thou have me betray my master's secrets to the King of France? Sooner would I lay my head on the block."

"Indeed? And yet your excellency hesitates not to"—— Here the squire stopped, apparently for fear of giving offence, by affixing a name too broad and intelligible to the practice of his patron.

"To plunder the Duke, thou wouldst say, thou impudent slave! And, saying so, thou wouldst be as dull as thou wert wont to be," answered De Hagenbach. "I partake, indeed, in the plunder which the Duke takes from aliens; and reason good. Even so the hound and the hawk have their share of the quarry they bring down—ay, and the lion's share, too, unless the huntsman or falconer be all the nearer to them. Such are the perquisites of my rank; and the Duke, who placed me here for the gratification of his resentment and the bettering of my fortune, does not grudge them to a faithful servant. And, indeed, I may term myself, in so far as this territory of La Ferette extends, the Duke's full representative, or, as it may be termed, ALTER EGO—and, thereupon, I will open this packet, which, being addressed to him, is thereby equally addressed to me."

Having thus in a manner talked himself up to an idea of his own high authority, he cut the strings of the packet, which he had all this while held in his hand, and undoing the outer coverings, produced a very small case made of sandal-wood.

"The contents," he said, "had need to be valuable, as they lie in so little compass."

So saying, he pressed the spring, and the casket opening,

displayed a necklace of diamonds, distinguished by brilliancy and size, and apparently of extraordinary value. The eyes of the avaricious Governor, and his no less rapacious attendant, were so dazzled with the unusual splendor, that for some time they could express nothing save joy and surprise.

"Ay, marry, sir," said Kilian, "the obstinate old knave had reasons for his hardihood. My own joints should have stood a stain or two ere I surrendered such sparklers as these.—And now, Sir Archibald, may your trusty follower ask you how this booty is to be divided between the Duke and his Governor, according to the most approved rules of garrison towns?"

"Faith, we will suppose the garrison stormed, Kilian; and, in a storm, thou knowest, the first finder takes all—with due consideration always of his trusty followers."

"As myself, for example," said Kilian.

"Ay, and myself, for example," answered a voice, which sounded like the echo of the esquire's words, from the remote corner of the ancient apartment.

"'Sdeath! we are overheard," exclaimed the Governor, starting, and laying his hand on his dagger.

"Only by a faithful follower, as the worthy esquire observes," said the executioner, moving slowly forward.

"Villain, how didst thou dare watch me?" said Sir Archibald de Hagenbach.

"Trouble not yourself for that, sir," said Kilian. "Honest Steinernherz has no tongue to speak, or ear to hear, save according to your pleasure. Indeed, we must shortly have taken him into our councils, seeing these men must be dealt upon, and that speedily."

"Indeed!" said De Hagenbach: "I had thought they might be spared."

"To tell the Duke of Burgundy how the Governor of La Ferette accounts to his treasurer for the duties and forfeitures at his custom-house?" demanded Kilian.

"'Tis true," said the Knight; "dead men have neither teeth nor tongue—they bite not, and they tell no tales. Thou wilt take order with them, Scharfgerichter."

"I will, my lord," answered the executioner, "on condition that, if this must be in the way of dungeon execution, which I call cellar practice, my privilege to claim nobility shall be saved and reserved to me, and the execution shall be declared to be as effectual to my claim, as it might have been if the blow had been dealt in broad daylight, and with my honorable blade of office."

De Hagenbach stared at the executioner, as not understand-

ing what he meant; on which Kilian took occasion to explain, that the Scharfgerichter was strongly impressed from the free and dauntless conduct of the elder prisoner, that he was a man of noble blood, from whose decapitation he would himself derive all the advantages proposed to the headsman who should execute his function on nine men of illustrious extraction.

"He may be right," said Sir Archibald, "for here is a slip of parchment, commending the bearer of this carcanet to the Duke, desiring him to accept it as a true token from one well known to him, and to give the bearer full credence in all that he should say on the part of those by whom he is sent."

"By whom is the note signed, if I may make bold to ask?" said Kilian.

"There is no name—the Duke must be supposed to collect that information from the gems, or perhaps the handwriting."

"On neither of which he is likely to have a speedy opportunity of exercising his ingenuity," said Kilian.

De Hagenbach looked at the diamonds, and smiled darkly. The Scharfgerichter, encouraged by the familiarity into which he had in a manner forced himself, returned to his plea and insisted on the nobility of the supposed merchant. Such a trust, and such a letter of unlimited credence, could never, he contended, be intrusted to a man meanly born.*

"Thou art deceived, thou fool," said the Knight; "kings now use the lowest tools to do their dearest offices. Louis has set the example of putting his barber, and the valets of his chamber, to do the work formerly intrusted to dukes and peers; and other monarchs begin to think that it is better, in choosing their agents for important affairs, to judge rather by the quality of men's brains than that of their blood. And as for the stately look and bold bearing which distinguish yonder fellow in the eyes of cravens like thee, it belongs to his country, not his rank. Though thinkest it is in England as in Flanders, where a city-bred burgher of Ghent, Liege, or Ypres, is as distinct an animal from a knight of Hainault, as a Flanders wagon-horse from a Spanish jennet. But thou art deceived. England has many a merchant as haughty of heart, and as prompt of hand, as any noble-born son of her rich bosom. But be not dejected, thou foolish man; do thy business well on this merchant, and we shall presently have on our hands the Landamman of Unterwalden, who, though a churl by his choice, is yet a nobleman

* Louis XI. was probably the first King of France who flung aside all affectation of choosing his ministers from among the nobility. He often placed men of mean birth in situations of the highest trust.

by blood, and shall, by his well-deserved death, aid thee to get rid of the peasant slough which thou art so weary of."

"Were not your excellency better adjourn these men's fate," said Kilian, "till you hear something of them from the Swiss prisoners whom we shall presently have in our power?"

"Be it as you will," said Hagenbach, waving his hand, as if putting aside some disagreeable task. "But let all be finished ere I hear of it again."

The stern satellites bowed obedience, and the deadly conclave broke up; their chief carefully securing the valuable gems which he was willing to purchase at the expense of treachery to the sovereign in whose employment he had enlisted himself, as well as the blood of two innocent men. Yet, with a weakness of mind not uncommon to great criminals, he shrank from the thoughts of his own baseness and cruelty, and endeavored to banish the feeling of dishonor from his mind, by devolving the immediate execution of his villainy upon his subordinate agents.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

And this place our forefathers built for man!
OLD PLAY.

THE dungeon in which the younger Philipson was immured* was one of those gloomy caverns which cry shame on the inhumanity of our ancestors. They seem to have been almost insensible to the distinction betwixt innocence and guilt, as the consequences of mere accusation must have been far more severe in those days, than is in our own that species of imprisonment which is adjudged as an express punishment for crime.

The cell of Arthur Philipson was of considerable length, but dark and narrow, and dug out of the solid rock upon which the tower was founded. A small lamp was allowed him, not, however, without some grumbling, but his arms were still kept bound; and when he asked for a draught of water, one of the grim satellites, by whom he was thrust into this cell, answered surlily, that he might endure his thirst for all the time his life was likely to last—a gloomy response, which augured that his privations would continue as long as his life, yet neither be of long duration. By the dim lamp he had groped his way to a bench, or rough seat, cut in the rock; and, as his eyes got

* Note B. German dungeon.

gradually accustomed to the obscurity of the region in which he was immured, he became aware of a ghastly cleft in the floor of his dungeon, somewhat resembling the opening of a draw-well, but irregular in its aperture, and apparently the mouth of a gulf of Nature's conformation, slightly assisted by the labor of human art.

"Here then, is my death-bed," he said, "and that gulf perhaps the grave which yawns for my remains! Nay, I have heard of prisoners being plunged into such horrid abysses while they were yet alive, to die at leisure, crushed with wounds, their groans unheard, and their fate unpitied!"

He approached his head to the dismal cavity, and heard, as at a great depth, the sound of a sullen, and, as it seemed, subterranean stream. The sunless waves appeared murmuring for their victim. Death is dreadful at all ages; but in the first springtide of youth, with all the feelings of enjoyment afloat, and eager for gratification, to be snatched forcibly from the banquet to which the individual has but just sat down, is peculiarly appalling, even when the change comes in the ordinary course of nature. But to sit, like young Philipson, on the brink of the subterranean abyss, and ruminate in horrid doubt concerning the mode in which death was to be inflicted, was a situation which might break the spirit of the boldest; and the unfortunate captive was wholly unable to suppress the natural tears that flowed from his eyes in torrents, and which his bound arms did not permit him to wipe away. We have already noticed that although a gallant young man in aught of danger which was to be faced and overcome by active exertion, the youth was strongly imaginative, and sensitive to a powerful extent to all those exaggerations, which, in a situation of helpless uncertainty, fancy lends to distract the soul of him who must passively expect an approaching evil.

Yet the feelings of Arthur Philipson were not selfish. They reverted to his father, whose just and noble character was as much formed to attract veneration, as his unceasing paternal care and affection to excite love and gratitude. He, too, was in the hands of remorseless villains, who were determined to conceal robbery by secret murder—he, too, undaunted in so many dangers, resolute in so many encounters, lay bound and defenceless, exposed to the dagger of the meanest stabber. Arthur remembered, too, the giddy peak of the rock near Geierstein, and the grim vulture which claimed him as its prey. Here was no angel to burst through the mist, and marshal him on a path of safety—here the darkness was subterranean and eternal, saving when the captive should behold

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ARTHUR IN THE DUNGEON OF LA FERETTE.

the knife of the ruffian flash against the lamp, which lent him light to aim the fatal blow. This agony of mind lasted until the feelings of the unhappy prisoner arose to ecstasy. He started up, and struggled so hard to free himself of his bonds, that it seemed they should have fallen from him as from the arms of the mighty Nazarene. But the cords were of too firm a texture; and after a violent and unavailing struggle, in which the ligatures seemed to enter his flesh, the prisoner lost his balance, and, while the feeling thrilled through him that he was tumbling backward into the subterranean abyss, he fell to the ground with great force.

Fortunately he escaped the danger which in his agony he apprehended, but so narrowly, that his head struck against the low and broken fence with which the mouth of the horrible pit was partly surrounded. Here he lay stunned and motionless, and, as the lamp was extinguished in his fall, immersed in absolute and total darkness. He was recalled to sensation by a jarring noise.

"They come—they come—the murderers! Oh, Lady of Mercy! and oh, gracious Heaven, forgive my transgressions!"

He looked up, and observed, with dazzled eyes, that a dark form approached him, with a knife in one hand, and a torch in the other. He might well have seemed the man who was to do the last deed upon the unhappy prisoner, if he had come alone. But he came not alone—his torch gleamed upon the white dress of a female, which was so much illuminated by it, that Arthur could discover a form, and had even a glimpse of features, never to be forgotten, though now seen under circumstances least of all to be expected. The prisoner's unutterable astonishment impressed him with a degree of awe which overcame even his personal fear—"Can these things be?" was his muttered reflection; "has she really the power of an elementary spirit? has she conjured up this earthlike and dark demon to concur with her in my deliverance?"

It appeared as if his guess were real; for the figure in black giving the light to Anne of Geierstein, or at least the form which bore her perfect resemblance, stooped over the prisoner, and cut the cord that bound his arms, with so much despatch, that it seemed as if it fell from his person at a touch. Arthur's first attempt to raise was unsuccessful, and a second time it was the hand of Anne of Geierstein—a living hand, sensible to touch as to sight—which aided to raise and to support him, as it had formerly done when the tormented waters of the river thundered at their feet. Her touch produced an effect far beyond that of the slight personal aid which the maiden's strength could have

rendered. Courage was restored to his heart, vigor and animation to his benumbed and bruised limbs; such influence does the human mind, when excited to energy, possess over the infirmities of the human body. He was about to address Anne in accents of the deepest gratitude. But the accents died away on his tongue, when the mysterious female, laying her finger on her lips, made him a sign to be silent, and at the same time beckoned him to follow her. He obeyed in a silent amazement. They passed the entrance of the melancholy dungeon, and through one or two short but intricate passages, which, cut out of the rock in some places, and built in others with hewn stone of the same kind, probably led to holds similar to that in which Arthur was so lately a captive.

The recollection that his father might be immured in some such horrid cell as he himself had just quitted, induced Arthur to pause as they reached the bottom of a small winding staircase, which conducted apparently from this region of the building.

"Come," he said, "dearest Anne, lead me to his deliverance! I must not leave my father."

She shook her head impatiently, and beckoned him on.

"If your power extends not to save my father's life, I will remain and save him or die!—Anne, dearest Anne"——

The answered not, but her companion replied, in a deep voice, not unsuitable to his appearance, "Speak young man, to those who are permitted to answer you; or rather, be silent, and listen to my instructions, which direct to the only course which can bring thy father to freedom and safety."

They ascended the stair, Anne of Geierstein going first; while Arthur, who followed close behind, could not help thinking that her form gave existence to a part of the light which her garment reflected from the torch. This was probably the effect of the superstitious belief impressed on his mind by Rudolph's tale respecting her mother, and which was confirmed by her sudden appearance in a place and situation where she was so little to have been expected. He had not much time, however, to speculate upon her appearance or demeanor, for, mounting the stair with a lighter pace than he was able at the time to follow closely, she was no longer to be seen when he reached the landing-place. But whether she had melted into air, or turned aside into some other passage, he was not permitted a moment's leisure to examine.

"Here lies your way," said his sable guide; and at the same time dashing out the light, and seizing Philipson by the arm, he led him along a dark gallery of considerable length. The

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN IN THE DUNGEON.

"Speak, young man, to those who are permitted to answer you; or rather, be silent, and listen to my instruction."

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young man was not without some momentary misgivings while he recollected the ominous looks of his conductor, and that he was armed with a dagger, or knife, which he could plunge of a sudden into his bosom. But he could not bring himself to dread treachery from any one whom he had seen in company with Anne of Geierstein; and in his heart he demanded her pardon for the fear which had flashed across him, and resigned himself to the guidance of his companion, who advanced with hasty but light footsteps, and cautioned him by a whisper to do the same.

"Our journey," he at length said, "ends here."

As he spoke, a door gave way and admitted them into a gloomy Gothic apartment, furnished with large oaken presses, apparently filled with books and manuscripts. As Arthur looked round, with eyes dazzled with the sudden gleam of daylight from which he had been for some time excluded, the door by which they had entered disappeared. This, however, did not greatly surprise him, who judged that, being formed in appearance to correspond with the presses around the entrance which they had used, it could not when shut be distinguished from them; a device sometimes then practiced, an indeed it often is at the present day. He had now a full view of his deliverer, who, when seen by daylight, showed only the vestments and features of a clergyman, without any of that expression of supernatural horror, which the partial light and the melancholy appearance of all in the dungeon had combined to impress on him.

Young Philipson once more breathed with freedom, as one awakened from a hideous dream; and the supernatural qualities with which his imagination had invested Anne of Geierstein having begun to vanish, he addressed his deliverer thus:—"That I may testify my thanks, holy father, where they are so especially due, let me inquire of you, if Anne of Geierstein"——

"Speak of that which pertains to your house and family," answered the priest, as briefly as before. "Hast thou so soon forgot thy father's danger?"

"By heavens, no!" replied the youth; "tell me but how to act for his deliverance, and thou shalt see how a son can fight for a parent!"

"It is well, for it is needful," said the priest. "Don thou this vestment and follow me."

The vestment presented was the gown and hood of a novice.

"Draw the cowl over thy face," said the priest, "and return no answer to any man who meets here. I will say thou art

under a vow.—May Heaven forgive the unworthy tyrant who imposes on us the necessity of such profane dissimulation! Follow me close and near—beware that you speak not."

The business of disguise was soon accomplished, and the Priest of St. Paul's, for such he was, moving on, Arthur followed him a pace or two behind, assuming as well as he could the modest step and humble demeanor of a spiritual novice. On leaving the library, or study, and descending a short stair, he found himself in the street of Breisach. Irresistibly tempted to look back, he had only time, however, to see that the house he had left was a very small building of a Gothic character, on the one side of which rose the church of St. Paul's, and on the other the stern black gate-house or entrance-tower.

"Follow me, Melchior," said the deep voice of the priest; and his keen eyes were at the same time fixed upon the supposed novice, with a look which instantly recalled Arthur to a sense of his situation.

They passed along, nobody noticing them, unless to greet the priest with a silent obeisance, or muttered phrase of salutation, until, having nearly gained the middle of the village, the guide turned abruptly off from the street, and moving northward by a short lane, reached a flight of steps, which, as usual in fortified towns, led to the banquette, or walk behind the parapet, which was of the old Gothic fashion, flanked with towers from space to space, of different forms and various heights at different angles.

There were sentinels on the walls; but the watch, as it seemed, was kept not by regular soldiers, but by burghers, with spears, or swords, in their hands. The first whom they passed said to the priest, in a half whispered tone, "Holds our purpose?"

"It holds," replied the priest of St. Paul's—"Benedicite!"

"*Deo Gratias!*" replied the armed citizen, and continued his walk upon the battlements.

The other sentinels seemed to avoid them; for they disappeared when they came near, or passed them without looking, or seeming to observe them. At last their walk brought them to an ancient turret, which raised its head above the wall, and in which there was a small door opening from the battlement. It was in a corner, distinct from and uncommanded by any of the angles of the fortification. In a well-guarded fortress, such a point ought to have had a sentinel for its special protection, but no one was there upon duty.

"Now mark me," said the priest, "for your father's life, and, it may be, that of many a man besides, depends upon your

attention, and no less upon your despatch.—You can run?—You can leap?"

"I feel no weariness, father, since you freed me," answered Arthur; "and the dun deer that I have often chased shall not beat me in such a wager."

"Observe, then," replied the Black Priest of St. Paul's, "this turret contains a staircase, which descends to a small sallyport. I will give you entrance to it—The sallyport is barred on the inside, but not locked. It will give you access to the moat, which is almost entirely dry. On crossing it, you will find yourself in the circuit of the outer barriers. You may see sentinels, but they will not see you—speak not to them, but make your way over the palisade as you can. I trust you can climb over an undefended rampart?"

"I have surmounted a defended one," said Arthur. "What is my next charge?—All this is easy."

"You will see a species of thicket, or stretch of low bushes—make for it with all speed. When you are there, turn to the eastward; but beware, while holding that course, that you are not seen by the Burgundian Free Companions, who are on watch on that part of the walls. A volley of arrows, and the sally of a body of cavalry in pursuit, will be the consequence, if they get sight of you; and their eyes are those of the eagle, that spy the carnage afar off."

"I will be heedful," said the young Englishman.

"You will find," continued the priest, "upon the outer side of the thicket a path, or rather a sheep-track, which, sweeping at some distance from the walls, will conduct you at last into the road leading from Breisach to Bâle. Hasten forward to meet the Swiss who are advancing. Tell them your father's hours are counted, and that they must press on if they would save him; and say to Rudolph Donnerhugel, in especial, that the Black Priest of Saint Paul's waits to bestow upon him his blessing at the northern sallyport. Dost thou understand me?"

"Perfectly," answered the young man.

The Priest of Saint Paul's then pushed open the low-browed gate of the turret, and Arthur was about to precipitate himself down the stair which opened before him.

"Stay yet a moment," said the Priest, "and doff the novice's habit, which can only encumber thee."

Arthur in a trice threw it from him, and was again about to start.

"Stay yet a monent longer," continued the Black Priest.

"This gown may be a tell-tale—Stay, therefore, and help me to pull off my upper garment."

Inwardly glowing with impatience, Arthur yet saw the necessity of obeying his guide; and when he had pulled the long and loose upper vestment from the old man, he stood before him in a cassock of black serge, befitting his order and profession, but begirt, not with a suitable sash such as clergymen wear, but with a most uncanonical buff-belt, supporting a short two-edged sword calculated alike to stab and to smite.

"Give me now the novice's habit," said the venerable father, "and over that I will put the priestly vestment. Since for the present I have some tokens of the laity about me, it is fitting it should be covered with a double portion of the clerical habit."

As he spoke thus he smiled grimly; and his smile had something more frightful and withering than the stern frown, which suited better with his features, and was their usual expression.

"And now," said he, "what does the fool tarry for, when life and death are in his speed?"

The young messenger waited not a second hint, but at once descended the stairs, as if it had been by a single step, found the portal, as the priest had said, only secured by bars on the inside, offering little resistance save from their rusted state, which made it difficult to draw them. Arthur succeeded, however, and found himself at the side of the moat, which presented a green and marshy appearance. Without stopping to examine whether it was deep or shallow, and almost without being sensible of the tenacity of the morass, the young Englishman forced his way through it and attained the opposite side without attracting the attention of two worthy burghers of Breisach, who were the guardians of the barriers. One of them indeed was deeply employed in the perusal of some profane chronicle or religious legend; the other was as anxiously engaged in examining the margin of the moat, in search of eels, perhaps, or frogs, for he wore over his shoulder a script for securing some such amphibious booty.

Seeing that, as the priest foretold, he had nothing to apprehend from the vigilance of the sentinels, Arthur dashed at the palisade, in hope to catch hold of the top of the stockade, and so to clear it by one bold leap. He overrated his powers of activity, however, or they were diminished by his recent bonds and imprisonment. He fell lightly backward on the ground, and as he got to his feet, became aware of the presence of a soldier, in yellow and blue, the livery of De Hagenbach, who came running toward him, crying to the slothful and unob-

servant sentinels, "Alarm!—alarm!—you lazy swine! Stop the dog, or you are both dead men."

The fisherman, who was on the further side, laid down his eel-spear, drew his sword, and flourishing it over his head, advanced toward Philipson with very moderate haste. The student was yet more unfortunate, for, in his hurry to fold up his book and attend to his duty, he contrived to throw himself (inadvertently, doubtless) full in the soldier's way. The latter, who was running at top speed, encountered the burgher with a severe shock, which threw both down; but the citizen, being a solid and substantial man, lay still where he fell, while the other, less weighty, and probably less prepared for the collision, lost his balance and the command of his limbs at once, and, rolling over the edge of the moat, was immersed in the mud and marsh. The fisher and the student went with deliberate speed to assist the unexpected and unwelcome partner of their watch; while Arthur, stimulated by the imminent sense of danger sprung at the barrier with more address and vigor than before, and, succeeding in his leap, made, as he had been directed, with his utmost speed for the covert of the adjacent bushes. He reached them without hearing any alarm from the walls. But he was conscious that his situation had become extremely precarious, since his escape from the town was known to one man at least, who would not fail to give the alarm in case he was able to extricate himself from the marsh,—a feat, however, in which it seemed to Arthur that the armed citizens were likely to prove rather his apparent than actual assistants. While such thoughts shot across his mind, they served to augment his natural speed of foot, so that in less space than could have been thought possible, he reached the thinner extremity of the thicket, whence, as intimated by the Black Priest, he could see the eastern tower and the adjoining battlements of the town,—

"With hostile faces throng'd, and fiery arms."

It required, at the same time, some address on the part of the fugitive, to keep so much under shelter as to prevent himself from being seen in his turn by those whom he saw so plainly. He therefore expected every moment to hear a bugle wind, or to behold that bustle and commotion among the defenders, which might prognosticate a sally. Neither, however, took place, and needfully observing the footpath, or track, which the priest had pointed out to him, young Philipson wheeled his course out of sight of the guarded towers, and soon falling into the public and frequented road, by which his father and he had

approached the town in the morning, he had the happiness, by the dust and flash of arms, to see a small body of armed men advancing toward Breisach, whom he justly concluded to be the van of the Swiss deputation.

He soon met the party, which consisted of about ten men, with Rudolph Donnerhugel at their head. The figure of Philipson, covered with mud, and some places stained with blood (for his fall in the dungeon had cost him a slight wound), attracted the wonder of every one, who crowded around to hear the news. Rudolph alone appeared unmoved. Like the visage on the ancient statues of Hercules, the physiognomy of the bulky Bernese was large and massive, having an air of indifferent and almost sullen composure, which did not change but in moments of the fiercest agitation.

He listened without emotion to the breathless tale of Arthur Philipson, that his father was in prison, and adjudged to death.

"And what else did you expect?" said the Bernese coldly. "Were you not warned? It had been easy to have foreseen the misfortune, but it may be impossible to prevent it."

"I own—I own," said Arthur, wringing his hands, "that you were wise, and that we were foolish.—But oh! do not think of our folly, in the moment of our extremity! Be the gallant and generous champion which your Cantons proclaim you—give us your aid in this deadly strait!"

"But how, or in what manner?" said Rudolph, still hesitating. "We have dismissed the Bâlese, who were willing to have given assistance, so much did your dutiful example weigh with us. We are now scarce above a score of men—how can you ask us to attack a garrison town, secured by fortifications, and where there are six times our number?"

"You have friends within the fortifications," replied Arthur —"I am sure you have. Hark in your ear—The Black Priest sent to you—to you, Rudolph Donnerhugel of Berne—that he waits to give you his blessing at the northern sallyport."

"Ay, doubtless," said Rudolph, shaking himself free of Arthur's attempt to engage him in private conference, and speaking so that all around might hear him, "there is little doubt on't; I will find a priest at the northern sallyport to confess and absolve me, and a block, axe, and headsman, to strike my throat asunder when he has done. But I will scarce put the neck of my father's son into such risk. If they assassinate an English pedler, who has never offended them, what will they do with the Bear of Berne, whose fangs and talons Archibald de Hagenbach has felt ere now?"

Young Philipson at these words clasped his hands together, and held them up to Heaven, as one who abandons hope, excepting from thence. The tears started to his eyes, and, clenching his hands and setting his teeth, he turned his back abruptly upon the Swiss.

"What means this passion?" said Rudolph. "Whither would you now?"

"To rescue my father, or perish with him," said Arthur; and was about to run wildly back to La Ferette, when a strong but kindly grasp detained him.

"Tarry a little till I tie my garter," said Sigismund Biederman, "and I will go with you, King Arthur."

"You, oaf?" exclaimed Rudolph, "you — and without orders?"

"Why, look you, cousin Rudolph," said the youth, continuing, with great composure, to fasten his garter, which, after the fashion of the time, was somewhat intricately secured — "you are always telling us that we are Swiss and freemen; and what is the advantage of being a freeman, if one is not at liberty to do what he has a mind? You are my Hauptman, look you, so long as it pleases me, and no longer."

"And why shouldst thou desert me now, thou fool? Why at this minute, of all other minutes in the year?" demanded the Bernese.

"Look you," replied the insubordinate follower, "I have hunted with Arthur for this month past, and I love him—he never called me fool or idiot, because my thoughts came slower, may be, and something duller, than those of other folk. And I love his father—the old man gave me this baldric and this horn, which I warrant cost many a kreutzer. He told me, too, not to be discouraged, for that it was better to think justly than to think fast, and that I had sense enough for the one if not for the other. And the kind old man is now in Hagenbach's butcher-shambles!—But we will free him, Arthur, if two men may. Thou shalt see me fight, while steel blade and ashen shaft will hold together."

So saying, he shook in the air his enormous partisan, which quivered in his grasp like a slip of willow. Indeed, if Iniquity was to be struck down like an ox, there was not one in that chosen band more likely to perform the feat than Sigismund; for though somewhat shorter in stature than his brethren, and of a less animated spirit, yet his breadth of shoulders and strength of muscles were enormous, and if thoroughly aroused and disposed for the contest, which was very rarely the case,

perhaps Rudolph himself might, as far as sheer force went, have had difficulty in matching him.

Truth of sentiment and energy of expression always produce an effect on natural and generous characters. Several of the youths around began to exclaim that Sigismund said well; that if the old man had put himself in danger, it was because he thought more of the success of their negotiation than of his own safety, and had taken himself from under their protection, rather than involve them in quarrels on his account. "We are the more bound," they said, "to see him unscathed; and we will do so."

"Peace! all you wiseacres," said Rudolph, looking round with an air of superiority; "and you, Arthur of England, pass on to the Landamman, who is close behind; you know he is our chief commander, he is no less your father's sincere friend, and whatever he may determine in your father's favor, you will find most ready executors of his pleasure in all of us."

His companions appeared to concur in this advice, and young Philipson saw that his own compliance with the recommendation was indispensable. Indeed, although he still suspected that the Bernese, by his various intrigues, as well with the Swiss youth as with those of Bâle, and, as might be inferred from the Priest of Saint Paul's, by communication, even within the town of La Ferette, possessed the greater power of assisting him at such a conjuncture; yet he trusted far more in the simple candor and perfect faith of Arnold Biederman, and pressed forward to tell to him his mournful tale, and crave his assistance.

From the top of a bank which he reached in a few minutes after he parted from Rudolph and the advanced guard, he saw beneath him the venerable Landamman and his associates, accompanied by a few of the youths who no longer were dispersed upon the flanks of the party, but attended on them closely and in military array, as men prepared to repel any sudden attack.

Behind came a mule or two with baggage, together with the animals which, in the ordinary course of their march, supported Anne of Geierstein and her attendant. Both were occupied by female figures as usual, and to the best of Arthur's ken, the foremost had the well-known dress of Anne, from the gray mantle to a small heron's plume, which, since entering Germany, she had worn in compliance with the custom of the country, and in evidence of her rank as a maiden of birth and distinction. Yet, if the youth's eyes brought him true tidings at present, what was the character of their former information, when

scarce more than half-an-hour since, they had beheld, in the subterranean dungeon of Breisach, the same form which they now rested upon, in circumstances so very different! The feeling excited by this thought was powerful, but it was momentary, like the lightning which blazes through a midnight sky, which is but just seen ere it vanishes into darkness. Or rather, the wonder excited by this marvelous incident only maintained its ground in his thoughts, by allaying itself with the anxiety for his father's safety, which was their predominant occupation.

If there be indeed a spirit," he said, "which wears that beautiful form, it must be beneficent as well as lovely, and will extend to my far more deserving father the protection which his son has twice experienced.

But ere he had time to prosecute such a thought further, he had met the Landamman and his party. Here his appearance and his condition excited the same surprise as they had formerly occasioned to Rudolph and the vanguard. To the repeated interrogatories of the Landamman, he gave a brief account of his own imprisonment, and of his escape, of which he suffered the whole glory to rest with the Black Priest of St. Paul's, without mentioning one word of the more interesting female apparition by which he had been attended and assisted in his charitable task. On another point also Arthur was silent. He saw no propriety in communicating to Arnold Biederman the message which the priest had addressed to Rudolph's ear alone. Whether good should come of it or no, he held sacred the obligation of silence imposed upon him by a man from whom he had just received the most important assistance.

The Landamman was struck dumb for a moment, with sorrow and surprise, at the news which he heard. The elder Philipson had gained his respect, as well by the purity and steadiness of the principles which he expressed, as by the extent and depth of his information, which was peculiarly valuable and interesting to the Switzer, who felt his admirable judgment considerably fettered for want of that knowledge of countries, times, and manners, with which his English friend often supplied him.

"Let us press forward," he said to the Banneret of Berne and the other deputies; "let us offer our mediation betwixt the tyrant De Hagenbach and our friend, whose life is in danger. He must listen to us, for I know his master expects to see this Philipson at his court. The old man hinted to me so much. As we are possessed of such a secret, Archibald de Hagenbach will not dare to brave our vengeance, since we might easily send to Duke Charles information how the Gov-

ernor of La Ferette abuses his power, in matters where not only the Swiss, but where the Duke himself is concerned."

"Under your reverend favor, my worthy sir," answered the Banneret of Berne, "we are Swiss Deputies, and go to represent the injuries of Switzerland alone. If we embroil ourselves wtth the quarrels of strangers, we shall find it more difficult to settle advantageously those of our own country; and if the Duke should, by this villany done upon English merchants, bring upon him the resentment of the English monarch, such breach will only render it more a matter of peremptory necessity for him to make a treaty advantageous to the Swiss Cantons."

There was so much worldly policy in this advice, that Adam Zimmerman of Soleure instantly expressed his assent, with the additional argument, that their brother Biederman had told them scarce two hours before, how these English merchants had, by his advice and their own free desire, parted company with them that morning, on purpose that they might not involve the Deputies in the quarrels which might be raised by the Governor's exactions on his merchandise.

"Now what advantage," he said, "shall we derive from this same parting of company, supposing, as my brother seems to urge, we are still to consider this Englishman's interest as if he were our fellow-traveler, and under our especial protection?"

This personal reasoning pinched the Landamman somewhat closely, for he had but a short while before descanted on the generosity of the elder Philipson, who had freely exposed himself to danger, rather than that he should embarrass their negotiation by remaining one of their company; and it completely shook the fealty of the white-bearded Nicholas Bonstetten, whose eyes wandered from the face of Zimmerman, which expressed triumphant confidence in his argument, to that of his friend the Landamman, which was rather more embarrassed than usual.

"Brethren," said Arnold at length, with firmness and animation, "I erred in priding myself upon the worldly policy which I taught to you this morning. This man is not of our country, doubtless, but he is of our blood—a copy of the common Creator's image—and the more worthy of being called so, as he is a man of integrity and worth. We might not, without grievous sin, pass such a person, being in danger, without affording him relief, even if he lay accidentally by the side of our path; much less should we abandon him if the danger has been incurred in our own cause, and that we might escape the net in which he is himself caught. Be not, therefore downcast—We do God's will in succoring an oppressed man. If we succeed by mild means,

as I trust we shall, we do a good action at a cheap rate ;—if not, God can assert the cause of humanity by the hands of a few as well as of many."

"If such is your opinion," said the Bannerman of Berne, "not a man here will shrink from you. For me, I pleaded against my own inclinations when I advised you to avoid a breach with the Burgundian. But as a soldier, I must needs say I would rather fight the garrison, were they double the number they talk of, in a fair field, than undertake to storm their defences."

"Nay," said the Landamman, "I sincerely hope we shall both enter and depart from the town of Breisach, without deviating from the pacific character with which our mission from the Diet invests us."

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

THE Governor of La Ferette stood on the battlements of the eastern entrance-tower of his fortress, and looked out on the road to Bâle, when first the vanguard of the Swiss mission, then the centre and rear, appeared in the distance. At the same moment the van halting, the main body closed with it, while the females and baggage, and mules in the rear, moved in their turn up to the main body, and the whole were united in one group.

A messenger then stepped forth, and winded one of those tremendous horns, the spoils of the wild bulls so numerous in the Canton of Uri, that they are supposed to have given rise to its name.

"They demanded admittance," said the esquire.

"They shall have it," answered Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. "Marry, how they may pass out again, is another and a deeper question."

"Think yet a moment, noble sir," continued the esquire. "Bethink you, these Switzers are very fiends in fight, and have, besides, no booty to repay the conquest—some paltry chain of good copper, perchance, or adulterated silver. You have knocked out the marrow—do not damage your teeth by trying to grind the bone."

"Thou art a fool, Kilian," answered De Hagenbach, "and it may be a coward besides. The approach of some score, or at most some score and a half of Swiss partisans, makes thee draw in thy horns like a snail at a child's finger! Mine are strong and inflexible as those of the Urus, of whom they talk so much, and on which they blow so boldly. Keep in mind, thou timid creature, that if the Swiss Deputies, as they presume to call themselves, are permitted to pass free, they carry to the Duke stories of merchants bound to his court, and fraught with precious commodities, specially addressed to his Grace! Charles has then at once to endure the presence of the ambassadors, whom he contemns and hates, and learns by them that the Governor of La Ferette, permitting such to pass, has nevertheless presumed to stop those whom he would full gladly see; for what prince would not blithely welcome such a casket as that which we have taken from yonder strolling English pedler?"

"I see not how the assault on these ambassadors will mend your excellency's plea for despoiling the Englishmen," said Kilian.

"Because thou art a blind mole, Kilian," answered his chief. "If Burgundy hears of a ruffle between my garrison and the mountain churls, whom he scorns and yet hates, it will drown all notice of the two pedlers who have perished in the fray. If after inquiry should come, an hour's ride transports me with my confidants into the Imperial dominions, where, though the Emperor be a spiritless fool, the rich prize I have found on these islanders will ensure me a good reception."

"I will stick by your excellency to the last," returned the esquire; "and you shall yourself witness, that if a fool, I am at least no coward."

"I never thought thee such when it came to hand blows," said Da Hagenbach; "but in policy thou art timid and irresolute. Hand me mine armor, Kilian, and beware thou brace it well. The Swiss pikes and swords are no wasp-stings."

"May your excellency wear it with honor and profit," said Kilian; and, according to the duty of his office, he buckled upon his principal the complete panoply of a knight of the empire. "Your purpose of assaulting the Swiss then holds firm?" said Kilian. "But what pretext will your excellency assign?"

"Let me alone," said Archibald de Hagenbach, "to take one, or to make one. Do you only have Schonfeldt and the soldiers on their stations. And remember the words are—'Burgundy to the Rescue.' When these words are first spoken, let the soldiers show themselves—when repeated, let them fall

on. And now that I am accoutred, away to the churls and admit them."

Kilian bowed, and withdrew.

The bugle of the Switzers had repeatedly emitted its angry roar, exasperated by the delay of nearly half-an-hour, without an answer from the guarded gate of Breisach; and every blast declared, by the prolonged echoes which it awakened, the increased impatience of those who summoned the town. At length the portcullis arose, the gate opened, the drawbridge fell, and Kilian, in the equipage of a man-at-arms arrayed for fight, rode forth on an ambling palfrey.

"What bold men are ye, sirs, who are here in arms before the fortress of Breisach, appertaining in right and seignorie to the thrice noble Duke of Burgundy and Lorraine, and garrisoned for his cause and interest by the excellent Sir Archibald, Lord of Hagenbach, Knight of the most Holy Roman Empire?"

"So please you, Sir Esquire," said the Landamman, "for such I conjecture you to be by the feather in your bonnet, we are here with no hostile intentions; though armed, as you see, to defend us in a perilous journey, where we are something unsafe by day, and cannot always repose by night in places of security. But our arms have no offensive purpose; if they had such, our numbers had not been so few as you see them."

"What then is your character and purpose?" said Kilian, who had learned to use, in his master's absence, the lordly and insolent tone of the Governor himself.

"We are Delegates," answered the Landamman, in a calm and even tone of voice, without appearing to take offence at, or to observe, the insolent demeanor of the Esquire, "from the Free and Confederated Cantons of the Swiss States and provinces, and from the good town of Soleure, who are accredited from our Diet of Legislature to travel to the presence of his Grace the Duke of Burgundy, on an errand of high importance to both countries, and with a hope of establishing with your master's lord—I mean with the noble Duke of Burgundy—a sure and steadfast peace, upon such terms as shall be to the mutual honor and advantage of both countries, and to avert disputes, and the effusion of Christian blood, which may otherwise be shed for want of timely and good understanding."

"Show me your letters of credence," said the esquire.

"Under your forgiveness, Sir Esquire," replied the Landamman, "it will be time enough to exhibit these when we are admitted to the presence of your master the Governor."

"That is as much as to say, wilful will to it. It is well, my master; and yet you may take this advice from Kilian of

Kersberg. It is sometimes better to reel backward than to run forward.—My master, and my master's master, are more ticklish persons than the dealers of Bâle, to whom you sell your cheeses. Home, honest men, home! your way lies before you, and you are fairly warned."

"We thank thee for thy counsel," said the Landamman, interrupting the Banneret of Berne, who had commenced an angry reply, "supposing it kindly meant; if not, an uncivil jest is like an overcharged gun, which recoils on the cannonier. Our road lies onward through Breisach, and onward we propose to go, and take such hap as that which we may find before us."

"Go onward then, in the devil's name," said the squire, who had entertained some hope of deterring them from pursuing their journey, but found himself effectually foiled.

The Switzers entered the town, and stopped by the barricade of cars which the Governor had formed across the streets, at about twenty yards from the gate, they drew themselves up in military order, with their little body formed into three lines, the two females and the fathers of the deputation being in the centre. The little phalanx presented a double front, one to each side of the street, while the centre line faced so as to move forward, and only waited for the removal of the barricade in order to do so. But while they stood thus inactive, a knight in complete armor appeared from a side door of the great tower, under the arch of which they had entered into the town. His visor was raised, and he walked along the front of the little line formed by the Swiss, with a stern frowning aspect.

"Who are you," he said, "who have thus far intruded yourselves in arms into a Burgundian garrison?"

"With your excellency's leave," said the Landamman, "we are men who come on a peaceful errand, though we carry arms for our own defence. Deputies we are from the towns of Berne and Soleure, the Cantons of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, come to adjust matters of importance with the gracious Duke of Burgundy and Lorraine."

"What towns, what cantons?" said the Governor of La Ferette. "I have heard no such names among the Free Cities of Germany.—Berne, truly! when became Berne a Free State?"

"Since the twenty-first day of June," said Arnold Biederman, "in the year of grace one thousand three hundred and thirty-nine, on which day the battle of Laupen was fought."

"Away, vain old man," said the Knight; "thinkest thou that such idle boasts can avail thee here? We have heard, indeed, of some insurgent villages and communities among the

Alps, and how they rebelled against the Emperor, and by the advantage of fastnesses, ambuscades, and lurking-places, how they have murdered some knights and gentlemen sent against them by the Duke of Austria; but we little thought that such paltry townships and insignificant bands of mutineers had the insolence to term themselves Free States, and propose to enter into negotiations as such with a mighty prince like Charles of Burgundy."

"May it please your excellency," replied the Landamman, with perfect temper, "your own laws of chivalry declare, that if the stronger wrong the weaker, or the noble does injury to the less gentle, the very act levels distinctions between them, and the doer of an injury becomes bound to give condign satisfaction, of such kind as the wronged party shall demand."

"Hence to thy hills, churl!" exclaimed the haughty Knight; "there comb thy beard and roast thy chestnuts. What! because a few rats and mice find retreat among the walls and wainscoting of our dwelling-houses, shall we therefore allow them to intrude their disgusting presence, and their airs of freedom and independence, into our personal presence? No, we will rather crush them beneath the heel of our ironshod boots."

"We are not men to be trodden on," said Arnold Biederman, calmly; "those who have attempted it have found us stumbling-blocks. Lay, Sir Knight, lay aside for an instant this haughty language, which can only lead to warfare, and listen to the words of peace. Dismiss our comrade, the English merchant Philipson, on whom you have this morning laid unlawful hands; let him pay a moderate sum for his ransom, and we, who are bound instantly to the Duke's presence, will bear a fair report to him of his Governor of La Ferette."

"You will be so generous, will you!" said Sir Archibald, in a tone of ridicule. "And what pledge shall I have that you will favor me so kindly as you propose?"

"The word of a man who never broke his promise," answered the stoical Landamman.

"Insolent hind!" replied the Knight, "dost thou stipulate? *thou* offer thy paltry word as a pledge betwixt the Duke of Burgundy and Archibald de Hagenbach? Know that ye go not to Burgundy at all, or you go thither with fetters on your hands and halters round your necks.—So ho, Burgundy to the Rescue!"

Instantly, as he spoke, the soldiers showed themselves before, behind, and around the narrow space where the Swiss had drawn themselves up. The battlements of the town were lined with men, others presented themselves at the doors of each

house in the street, prepared to sally, and, at the windows, prepared to shoot, as well with guns as with bows and crossbows. The soldiers who defended the barricade also started up, and seemed ready to dispute the passage in front. The little band, encompassed and over-matched, but neither startled nor disheartened, stood to their arms. The centre rank under the Landamman prepared to force their way over the barricade. The two fronts stood back to back, ready to dispute the street with those that should issue from the houses. It could not fail to prove a work of no small blood and toil to subdue this handful of determined men, even with five times their number. Some sense of this, perhaps, made Sir Archibald delay giving the signal for onset, when suddenly behind arose a cry of "Treason, treason!"

A soldier covered with mud rushed before the Governor, and said, in hurried accents, that, as he endeavored to stop a prisoner who had made his escape some short time since, he had been seized by the burghers of the town, and well-nigh drowned in the moat. He added, that the citizens were even now admitting the enemy into the place.

"Kilian," said the Knight, "take two score of men—hasten to the northern sallyport; stab, cut down, or throw from the battlements, whomsoever you meet in arms, townsmen or strangers. Leave me to settle with these peasants by fair means or foul."

But ere Kilian could obey his master's commands, a shout arose in the rear, where they cried, "Bâle! Bâle!—Freedom! freedom!—The day is our own!"

Onward came the youth of Bâle, who had not been at such a distance but that Rudolph had contrived to recall them—onward came many Swiss who had hovered around the embassy, holding themselves in readiness for such a piece of service; and onward came the armed citizens of La Ferette, who, compelled to take arms and mount guard by the tyranny of De Hagenbach, had availed themselves of the opportunity to admit the Bâlese, at the sallyport through which Philipson had lately made his escape.

The garrison, somewhat discouraged before by the firm aspect of the Swiss who had held their numbers at defiance, were totally disconcerted by this new and unexpected insurrection. Most of them prepared rather to fly than to fight, and they threw themselves in numbers from the walls, as the best chance of escaping. Kilian and some others, whom pride prevented from flying, and despair from asking quarter, fought with fury, and were killed on the spot. In the midst of this confusion

the Landamman kept his own bands unmoved, permitting them to take no share in the action, save to repel such violence as was offered to them.

"Stand fast all!" sounded the deep voice of Arnold Biederman along their little body. "Where is Rudolph?—Save lives, but take none.—Why, how now, Arthur Philipson! stand fast, I say."

"I cannot stand fast," said Arthur, who was in the act of leaving the ranks. "I must seek my father in the dungeons; they may be slaying him in this confusion while I stand idle here."

"By our Lady of Einsiedlen, you say well," answered the Landamman; "that I should have forgot my noble guest! I will help thee to search for him, Arthur—the affray seems well-nigh ended.—Ho, there, Sir Banneret, worthy Adam Zimmerman, my good friend Nicholas Bonstetten, keep our men standing firm.—Have nothing to do with this affray, but leave the men of Bâle to answer their own deeds. I return in a few minutes."

So saying, he hurried after Arthur Philipson, whose recollection conducted him, with sufficient accuracy, to the head of the dungeon stairs. There they met an ill-looking man clad in a buff jerkin, who bore at his girdle a bunch of rusted keys, which intimated the nature of his calling.

"Show me the prison of the English merchant," said Arthur Philipson, "or thou diest by my hand!"

"Which of them desire you to see?" answered the official:—"the old man, or the young one?"

"The old," said young Philipson. "His son has escaped thee."

"Enter here then, gentlemen," said the jailer, undoing the spring-bolt of a heavy door.

At the upper end of the apartment lay the man they came to seek for, who was instantly raised from the ground, and loaded with their embraces.

"My dear father!"—"My worthy guest!" said his son and friend at the same moment, "how fares it with you?"

"Well," answered the elder Philipson, "if you, my friend, and son, come, as I judge from your arms and countenance, as conquerors, and at liberty—ill, if you come to share my prison-house."

"Have no fear of that," said the Landamman; "we have been in danger, but are remarkably delivered.—Your evil lair has benumbed you. Lean on me, my noble guest, and let me assist you to better quarters."

Here he was interrupted by a heavy clash, as it seemed, of

iron, and differing from the distant roar of the popular tumult, which they still heard from the open street, as men hear the deep voice of a remote and tempestuous ocean.

"By Saint Peter of the fetters!" said Arthur, who instantly discovered the cause of the sound, "the jailer has cast the door to the staple, or it has escaped his grasp. The spring-lock has closed upon us, and we cannot be liberated saving from the outside.—Ho, jailer dog! villain! open the door, or thou diest!"

"He is probably out of hearing of your threats," said the elder Philipson, "and your cries avail you nothing. But are you sure the Swiss are in possession of the town?"

"We are peaceful occupants of it," answered the Landamman, "though without a blow given on our side."

"Why then," said the Englishman, "your followers will soon find you out. Arthur and I are paltry ciphers, and our absence might easily pass over unobserved; but you are too important a figure not to be missed and looked after, when the sum of your number is taken."

"I well hope it will prove so," said the Landamman, "though methinks I show but scurvily, shut up here like a cat in a cupboard, when he has been stealing cream—Arthur, my brave boy, dost thou see no means of shooting back the bolt?"

Arthur, who had been minutely examining the lock, replied in the negative; and added, that they must take patience perforce, and arm themselves to wait calmly their deliverance, which they could do nothing to accelerate.

Arnold Beiderman, however, felt somewhat severely the neglect of his sons and companions.

"All my youths, uncertain whether I am alive or dead, are taking the opportunity of my absence, doubtless, for pillage and license—and the politic Rudolph, I presume, cares not if I should never reappear on the stage—the Banneret, and the white-bearded fool Bonstetten, who calls me his friend—every neighbor has deserted me—and yet they know that I am anxious for the safety of the most insignificant of them all, as dearer to me than my own. By heaven! it looks like stratagem; and shows as if the rash young men desired to get rid of a rule too regular and peaceful to be pleasing to those who are eager for war and conquest."

The Landamman, fretted out of his usual serenity of temper, and afraid of the misbehavior of his countrymen in his absence, thus reflected upon his friends and companions, while the distant noise soon died away into the most absolute and total silence.

"What is to do now?" said Arthur Philipson. "I trust they will take the opportunity of quiet to go through the roll-call, and inquire then who are amissing."

It seemed as if the young man's wish had some efficacy, for he had scarce uttered it before the lock was turned, and the door set ajar by some one who escaped upstairs from behind it, before those who were set at liberty could obtain a glance of their deliverer.

"It is the jailer, doubtless," said the Landamman, "who may be apprehensive, as he has some reason, that we might prove more incensed at our detention in the dungeon, than grateful for our deliverance."

As they spoke thus, they ascended the narrow stairs, and issued from the door of the Gate-house tower, where a singular spectacle awaited them. The Swiss Deputies, and their escort, still remained standing fast and firm on the very spot where Hagenbach had proposed to assail them. A few of the late Governor's soldiers, disarmed, and cowering from the rage of a multitude of the citizens, who now filled the streets, stood with downcast looks behind the phalanx of the mountaineers, as their safest place of retreat. But this was not all.

The cars, so lately placed to obstruct the passage of the street, were now joined together, and served to support a platform, or scaffold, which had been hastily constructed of planks. On this was placed a chair, in which sat a tall man with his head, neck, and shoulders bare, the rest of his body clothed in bright armor. His countenance was as pale as death, yet young Philipson recognized the hard-hearted Governor, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He appeared to be bound to the chair. On his right, and close beside him, stood the Priest of Saint Paul's, muttering prayers, with his breviary in his hand; while, on his left, and somewhat behind the captive, appeared a tall man, attired in red, and leaning with both hands on the naked sword, which has been described on a former occasion. The instant that Arnold Biederman appeared, and before the Landamman could open his lips to demand the meaning of what he saw, the priest drew back, the executioner stepped forward the sword was brandished, the blow was struck, and the victim's head rolled on the scaffold. A general acclamation and clapping of hands, like that by which a crowded theatre approves of some well-graced performer, followed this feat of dexterity. While the headless corpse shot streams from the arteries, which were drunk up by the sawdust that strewed the scaffold, the executioner gracefully presented himself alternately at the four corners of the

stage, modestly bowing, as the multitude him greeted with cheers of approbation.

"Nobles, knights, gentlemen of freeborn blood, and good citizens," he said, "who have assisted at this act of high justice, I pray you to bear me witness that this judgment hath been executed after the form of the sentence, at one blow, and without stroke missed or repeated."

The acclamations were reiterated.

"Long live our Scharfgerichter Steinernherz, and many a tyrant may he do his duty on!"

"Noble friends," said the executioner, with the deepest obeisance, "I have yet another word to say, and it must be a proud one.—God be gracious to the soul of this good and noble knight, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He was the patron of my youth, and my guide to the path of honor. Eight steps have I made toward freedom and nobility on the heads of freely born knights and nobles, who have fallen by his authority and command; and the ninth, by which I have attained it, is upon his own, in grateful memory of which I will expend this purse of gold, which but an hour since he bestowed on me, in masses for his soul. Gentlemen, noble friends, and now my equals, La Ferette has lost a nobleman, and gained one. Our Lady be gracious to the departed knight, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach, and bless and prosper the progress of Stephen Steinernherz von Blut-sacker, now free and noble of right!" *

With that he took the feather out of the cap of the deceased, which, soiled with the blood of the wearer, lay near his body upon the scaffold, and, putting it into his own official bonnet, received the homage of the crowd in loud huzzas, which were partly in earnest, partly in ridicule of such an unusual transformation.

Arnold Biederman at length found breath, which the extremity of surprise had at first denied him. Indeed, the whole execution had passed much too rapidly for the possibility of his interference.

"Who has dared to act this tragedy?" he said indignantly; "and by what right has it taken place?"

A cavalier, richly dressed in blue, replied to the question—

"The free citizens of Bâle have acted for themselves, as the fathers of Swiss liberty set them an example; and the tyrant, De Hagenbach, has fallen by the same right which put to death the tyrant Geysler. We bore with him till his cup was brimming over, and then we bore no longer."

* Note C. Public executioner.

"I said not but that he deserved death," replied the Landamman; "but for your own sake and for ours, you should have forborne him till the Duke's pleasure was known."

"What tell you us of the Duke?" answered Laurenz Neipperg, the same blue cavalier whom Arthur had seen at the secret rendezvous of the Bâlese youth, in company with Rudolph,—"Why talk you of Burgundy to us, who are none of his subjects? The Emperor, our only rightful lord, had no title to pawn the town and fortifications of La Ferette, being as it is a dependency of Bâle, to the prejudice of our free city He might have pledged the revenue indeed; and supposing him to have done so the debt has been paid twice over by the exactions levied by yonder oppressor, who has now received his due. But pass on, Landamman of Unterwalden. If our actions displease you, abjure them at the footstool of the Duke of Burgundy; but, in doing so, abjure the memory of William Tell and Stauffacher, of Furst and Melchtal, the fathers of Swiss freedom."

"You speak truth," said the Landamman; "but it is in an ill-chosen and unhappy time. Patience would have remedied your evils, which none felt more deeply, or would have redressed more willingly, than I. But oh, imprudent young man you have thrown aside the modesty of your age, and the subjection you owe to your elders. William Tell and his brethren were men of years and judgment, husbands and fathers, having a right to be heard in council, and to be foremost in action. Enough—I leave it with the fathers and senators of your own city, to acknowledge or to reprove your actions.—But you, my friends—you, Banneret of Berne—you, Rudolph—above all, you, Nicholas Bonstetten, my comrade and my friend, why did you not take this miserable man under your protection? The action would have shown Burgundy that we were slandered by those who have declared us desirous of seeking a quarrel with him, or of inciting his subjects to revolt. Now, all these prejudices will be confirmed in the minds of men naturally more tenacious of evil impressions than of those which are favorable."

"As I live by bread, good gossip and neighbor," answered Nicholas Bonstetten, "I thought to obey your injunctions to a tittle; so much so, that I once thought of breaking in and protecting the man, when Rudolph Donnerhugel reminded me that your last orders were, to stand firm, and let the men of Bâle answer for their own actions; and surely, said I to myself, my gossip Arnold knows better than all of us what is fitting to be done."

"Ah, Rudolph, Rudolph," said the Landamman, looking on him with a displeased countenance, "wert thou not ashamed thus to deceive an old man?"

"To say I deceived him is a hard charge; but from you, Landamman," answered the Bernese, with his usual deference, "I can bear anything. I will only say, that, being a member of this embassy, I am obliged to think, and to give my opinion as such, especially when he is not present who is wise enough to lead and direct us all."

"Thy words are always fair, Rudolph," replied Arnold Biederman, "and I trust so is thy meaning. Yet there are times when I somewhat doubt it.—But let disputes pass, and let me have your advice, my friends; and for that purpose go we where it may best profit us, even to the Church, where we will first return our thanks for our deliverance from assassination, and then hold counsel what next is to be done."

The Landamman led the way, accordingly, to the church of St. Paul's, while his companions and associates followed in their order. This gave Rudolph, who, as youngest, suffered the others to precede him, an opportunity to beckon to him the Landamman's eldest son, Rudiger, and whispered to him to get rid of the two English merchants.

"Away with them, my dear Rudiger, by fair means, if possible; but away with them directly. Thy father is besotted with these two English pedlers, and will listen to no other counsel; and thou and I know, dearest Rudiger, that such men as these are unfit to give laws to free-born Switzers. Get the trumpery they have been robbed of, or as much of it as is extant, together as fast as thou canst, and send them a-traveling in Heaven's name."

Rudiger nodded intelligently, and went to offer his services to expedite the departure of the elder Philipson. He found the sagacious merchant as desirous to escape from the scene of confusion now presented in the town, as the young Swiss could be to urge his departure. He only waited to recover the casket of which De Hagenbach had possessed himself, and Rudiger Biederman set on foot a strict search after it, which was the more likely to be successful, that the simplicity of the Swiss prevented them from setting the true value upon its contents. A strict and hasty search was immediately instituted, both on the person of the dead De Hagenbach, on which the precious packet was not to be found, and on all who had approached him at his execution, or were supposed to enjoy his confidence.

Young Arthur Philipson would gladly have availed himself of a few moments to bid farewell to Anne of Geierstein. But

the grey wimple was no longer seen in the ranks of the Switzers, and it was reasonable to think, that, in the confusion which followed the execution of De Hagenbach, and the retreat of the leaders of the little battalion, she had made her escape into some of the adjacent houses, while the soldiers around her, no longer restrained by the presence of their chiefs, had dispersed, some to search for the goods of which the Englishmen had been despoiled, others doubtless to mingle with and join in the rejoicings of the victorious youth of Bâle, and of those burghers of La Ferette by whom the fortifications of the town had been so gently surrendered.

The cry amongst them was universal, that Breisach, so long considered as the curb of the Swiss confederates, and the barrier against their commerce, should henceforth be garrisoned, as their protection against the encroachments and exactions of the Duke of Burgundy and his officers. The whole town was in a wild but joyful jubilee, while the citizens vied with each other in offering to the Swiss every species of refreshment, and the youths who attended upon the mission hurried gayly, and in triumph, to profit by the circumstances, which had so unexpectedly converted the ambuscade so treacherously laid for them, into a genial and joyous reception.

Amid this scene of confusion, it was impossible for Arthur to quit his father, even to satisfy the feelings which induced him to wish for a few moments at his own disposal. Sad, thoughtful, and sorrowful, amid the general joy, he remained with the parent whom he had so much reason to love and honor, to assist him in securing and placing on their mule the various packages and bales which the honest Switzers had recovered after the death of De Hagenbach, and which they emulated each other in bringing to their rightful owner ; while they were with difficulty prevailed on to accept the guerdon which the Englishman, from the means which he had still left upon his person, was disposed not merely to offer, but to force upon the restorers of his property, and which, in their rude and simple ideas, seemed greatly to exceed the value of what they had recovered for him.

This scene had scarcely lasted ten or fifteen minutes, when Rudolph Donnerhugel approached the elder Philipson, and in a tone of great courtesy invited him to join the council of the Chiefs of the Embassy of the Swiss Cantons, who, he said, were desirous of having the advantage of his experience upon some important questions respecting their conduct on these unexpected occurrences.

" See to our affairs, Arthur, and stir not from the spot

on which I leave you," said Philipson to his son. "Look especially after the sealed packet of which I was so infamously and illegally robbed; its recovery is of the utmost consequence."

So speaking, he instantly prepared himself to attend the Bernese, who, in confidential manner, whispered, as he went arm-and-arm with him toward the Church of St. Paul's—

"I think a man of your wisdom will scarce advise us to trust ourselves to the mood of the Duke of Burgundy, when he has received such an injury as the loss of this fortress, and the execution of his officer. You, at least, would be too judicious to afford us any further the advantage of your company and society, since to do so would be wilfully to engage in our shipwreck."

"I will give my best advice," answered Philipson, "when I shall be more particularly acquainted with the circumstances under which it is asked of me."

Rudolph muttered an oath, or angry exclamation, and led Philipson to the church without further argument.

In a small chapel adjoining to the church, and dedicated to St. Magnus the Martyr, the four deputies were assembled in close conclave around the shrine in which the sainted hero stood, armed as when he lived. The Priest of St. Paul's was also present, and seemed to interest himself deeply in the debate which was taking place. When Philipson entered, all were for a moment silent, until the Landamman addressed him thus :—

"Seignor Philipson, we esteem you a man far traveled, well versed in the manners of foreign lands, and acquainted with the conditions of this Duke Charles of Burgundy; you are therefore fit to advise us in a matter of great weight. You know with what anxiety we go on this mission for peace with the Duke; you also know what has this day happened, which may probably be represented to Charles in the worst colors;—would you advise us, in such a case, to proceed to the Duke's presence, with the odium of this action attached to us; or should we do better to return home, and prepare for war with Burgundy?"

"How do your own opinions stand on the subject?" said the cautious Englishman.

"We are divided," answered the Banneret of Berne.—"I have borne the banner of Berne against her foes for thirty years; I am more willing to carry it against the lances of the knights of Hainault and Lorraine, than to undergo the rude treatment which we must look to meet at the footstool of the Duke."

"We put our heads in the lion's mouth if we go forward,"

said Zimmerman of Soleure:—"my opinion is, that we draw back."

"I would not advise retreat," said Rudolph Donnerhugel, "were my life alone concerned: but the Landamman of Unterwalden is the father of the United Cantons, and it would be parricide if I consented to put his life in peril. My advice is, that we return, and that the Confederacy stand on their defence."

"My opinion is different," said Arnold Biederman; "nor will I forgive any man, who, whether in sincere or feigned friendship, places my poor life in the scale with the advantage of the Cantons. If we go forward, we risk our heads—be it so. But if we turn back we involve our country in war with a power of the first magnitude in Europe. Worthy citizens! you are brave in fight,—show your fortitude as boldly now; and let us not hesitate to incur such personal danger as may attend ourselves, if by doing so we can gain a chance of peace for our country."

"I think and vote with my neighbor and gossip, Arnold Beiderman," said the laconic deputy from Schwytz.

"You hear how we are divided in opinion," said the Landamman to Philipson; "What is your opinion?"

"I would first ask of you," said the Englishman, what has been your part in the storming of a town occupied by the Duke's forces, and putting to death his Governor?"

"So help me, Heaven!" said the Landamman, "as I knew not of any purpose of storming the town until it unexpectedly took place."

"And for the execution of De Hagenbach," said the Black Priest, "I swear to you, stranger, by my holy order, that it took place under the direction of a competent court, whose sentence Charles of Burgundy himself is bound to respect, and whose proceedings the Deputies of the Swiss mission could neither have advanced nor retarded."

"If such be the case, and if you can really prove yourselves free of these proceedings," answered Philipson, "which must needs be highly resented by the Duke of Burgundy, I would advise you by all means to proceed upon your journey; with the certainty that you will obtain from that prince a just and impartial hearing, and it may be a favorable answer. I know Charles of Burgundy; I may even say that, our different ranks and walks of life considered, I know him well. He will be deeply incensed by the first tidings of what has here chanced, which he will no doubt interpret to your disfavor. But if, in the course of investigation, you are able to clear yourselves of

these foul imputations, a sense of his own injustice may perhaps turn the balance in your favor; and in that case, he will rush from the excess of censure into that of indulgence. But your cause must be firmly stated to the Duke, by some tongue better acquainted with the language of courts than yours; and such a friendly interpreter might I have proved to you, had I not been plundered of the valuable packet which I bore with me in order to present to the Duke, and in testimony of my commission to him."

"A paltry fetch," whispered Donnerhugel to the Banneret, "that the trader may obtain from us satisfaction for the goods of which he has been plundered."

The Landamman himself was perhaps for a moment of the same opinion.

"Merchant," he said, "we hold ourselves bound to make good to you,—that is, if our substance can effect it,—whatever loss you may have sustained, trusting to our protection."

"Ay, that we will," said the old man of Schwytz, "should it cost us twenty zechins to make it good."

"To your guarantee of immunity I can have no claim," said Philipson, "seeing I parted company with you before I sustained any loss. And I regret the loss, not so much for its value, although that is greater than you may fancy; but chiefly because, that the contents of the casket I bore being a token betwixt a person of considerable importance and the Duke of Burgundy, I shall not, I fear, now that I am deprived of them, receive from his grace that credence which I desire, both for my own sake and yours. Without them, and speaking only in the person of a private traveler, I may not take upon me as I might have done, when using the names of the persons whose mandates I carried."

"This important packet," said the Landamman, "shall be most rigorously sought for, and carefully re-delivered to thee. For ourselves, not a Swiss of us knows the value of its contents; so that, if they are in the hands of any of our men, they will be returned of course as baubles, upon which they set no value."

As he spoke, there was a knocking at the door of the chapel. Rudolph, who stood nearest to it, having held some communication with those without, observed with a smile, which he instantly repressed, lest it had given offence to Arnold Biederman,—"It is Sigismund, the good youth—Shall I admit him to our council?"—

"To what purpose, poor simple lad?" said his father, with a sorrowful smile.

"Yet let me undo the door," said Philipson; "he is anxious to enter, and perhaps he brings news. I have observed, Landamman, that the young man, though with slowness of ideas and expression, is strong in his principles, and sometimes happy in his conceptions."

He admitted Sigismund accordingly; while Arnold Biederman felt, on the one hand, the soothing compliment which Philipson had paid to a boy, certainly the dullest of his family, and, on the other, feared some public display of his son's infirmity, or lack of understanding. Sigismund, however, seemed all confidence; and he certainly had reason to be so, since, as the shortest mode of explanation, he presented to Philipson the necklace of diamonds, with the casket in which it had been deposited.

"This pretty thing is yours," he said. "I understand so much from your son Arthur, who tells me you would be glad to have it again."

"Most cordially do I thank you," said the merchant. "The necklace is certainly mine; that is, the packet of which it formed the contents was under my charge; and it is at this moment of greater additional value to me than even its actual worth, since it serves as my pledge and token for the performance of an important mission.—And how, my young friend," he continued, addressing Sigismund, "have you been so fortunate as to recover what we have sought for hitherto in vain? Let me return my best acknowledgments; and do not think me over curious if I ask how it reached you?"

"For that matter," said Sigismund, "the story is soon told. I had planted myself as near the scaffold as I could, having never beheld an execution before; and I observed the executioner, who I thought did his duty very cleverly, just in the moment that he spread a cloth over the body of De Hagenbach, snatch something from the dead man's bosom, and huddle it hastily into his own; so, when the rumor arose, that an article of value was amissing, I hurried in quest of the fellow. I found he had bespoke masses to the extent of a hundred crowns at the high altar of St. Paul's; and I traced him to the tavern of the village, where some ill-looking men were joyously drinking to him as a free citizen and a nobleman. So I stepped in amongst them with my partisan, and demanded of his lordship either to surrender to me what he had thus possessed himself of, or to try the weight of the weapon I carried. His lordship, my Lord Hangman, hesitated, and was about to make a brawl. But I was something peremptory, and so he judged it best to give me the parcel, which I trust you, Seignor Philipson, will find

safe and entire as it was taken from you. And—and—I left them to conclude their festivities—and that is the whole of the story."

"Thou art a brave lad," said Philipson; "and with a heart always right, the head can seldom be far wrong. But the Church shall not lose its dues; and I take it on myself, ere I leave La Ferette, to pay for the masses which the man had ordered for the safe of De Hagenbach's soul, snatched from the world so unexpectedly."

Sigismund was about to reply; but Philipson, feared he might bring out some foolery to diminish the sense which his father had so joyously entertained of his late conduct, immediately added, "Hie away, my good youth, and give to my son Arthur this precious casket."

With simple exultation at receiving applause to which he was little accustomed, Sigismund took his leave, and the council were once more left to their own privacy.

There was a moment's silence; for the Landamman could not overcome the feeling of exquisite pleasure at the sagacity which poor Sigismund, whose general conduct warranted no such expectations, had displayed on the present occasion. It was not, however, a feeling to which circumstances permitted him to give vent, and he reserved it for his own secret enjoyment, as a solace to the anxiety which he had hitherto entertained concerning the limited intellect of this simple-minded young man. When he spoke, it was to Philipson, with the usual candor and manliness of his character.

"Seignor Philipson," he said, "we will hold you bound by no offer which you made while these glittering matters were out of your possession; because a man may often think, that if he were in such and such a situation, he would be able to achieve certain ends, which, that position being attained, he may find himself unable to accomplish. But I now ask you, whether, having thus fortunately and unexpectedly regained possession of what you say will give you certain credence with the Duke of Burgundy, you conceive yourself entitled to mediate with him on our behalf, as you formerly proposed?"

All bent forward to hear the merchant's answer.

"Landamman," he replied, "I never spoke the word in difficulty which I was not ready to redeem when that difficulty was removed. You say, and I believe, that you had no concern with this storming of La Ferette. You say also, that the life of De Hagenbach was taken by a judicature over which you had no control, and exercised none—let a protocol be drawn up, averring these circumstances, and, as far as possible, prov-

ing them. Intrust it to me,—under seal if you will,—and if such points be established, I will pledge my word as a—as a —as an honest man and a true-born Englishman, that the Duke of Burgundy will neither detain nor offer you any personal injury. I also hope to show to Charles strong and weighty reasons why a league of friendship betwixt Burgundy and the United Cantons of Helvetia is, on his grace's part, a wise and generous measure. But it is possible I may fail in this last point; and if I do, I shall deeply grieve for it. In warranting your safe passage to the Duke's court, and your safe return from it to your own country, I think I cannot fail. If I do, my own life, and that of my beloved and only child, shall pay the ransom for my excess of confidence in the Duke's justice and honor."

The other deputies stood silent, and looked on the Landamman; but Rudolph Donnerhugel spoke.

"Are we then to trust our own lives, and, what is still dearer to us, that of our honored associate, Arnold Biederman, on the simple word of a foreign trader? We all know the temper of the Duke, and how vindictively and relentlessly he has ever felt toward our country and its interests. Methinks this English merchant should express the nature of his interest at the court of Burgundy more plainly, if he expects us to place such implicit reliance in it."

"That, Seignor Rudolph Donnerhugel," replied the merchant, "I find myself not at liberty to do. I pry not into your secrets, whether they belong to you as a body or as individuals. My own are sacred. If I consulted my own safety merely, I should act most wisely to part company with you here. But the object of your mission is peace; and your sudden return, after what has chanced at La Ferette, will make war inevitable. I think I can assure you of a safe and free audience from the Duke, and I am willing, for the chance of securing the peace of Christendom, to encounter any personal peril which may attach to myself."

"Say no more, worthy Philipson," said the Landamman; "thy good faith is undoubted on our part, and ill luck is his who cannot read it written on thy manly forehead. We go forward, then, prepared to risk our own safety at the hand of a despotic prince, rather than leave undischarged the mission which our country has intrusted us with. He is but half a brave man who will risk his life only in the field of battle. There are other dangers, to front which is equally honorable; and since the weal of Switzerland demands that we should encounter them, not one of us will hesitate to take the risk."

The other members of the mission bowed in assent, and the conclave broke up to prepare for their further entrance into Burgundy.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

Upon the mountain's heathery side,
The day's last lustre shone,
And rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam'd gayly on the Rhone.

SOUTHEY.

THE English merchant was now much consulted by the Swiss Commissioners in all their motions. He exhorted them to proceed with all despatch on their journey, so as to carry to the Duke their own account of the affair of Breisach, and thus anticipate all rumors less favorable to their conduct on the occasion. For this purpose Philipson recommended that the Deputies, dismissing their escort, whose arms and numbers might give umbrage and suspicion, while they were too few for defence, should themselves proceed by rapid journeys on horseback toward Dijon, or wherever the Duke might chance to be for the time.

This proposal was, however, formally resisted by the very person who had hitherto been the most ductile of the party, and the willing echo of the Landamman's pleasure. On the present occasion, notwithstanding that Arnold Biederman declared the advice of Philipson excellent, Nicholas Bonstetten stood in absolute and insurmountable opposition; because, having hitherto trusted to his own limbs for transporting himself to and fro on all occasions, he could by no means be persuaded to commit himself to the discretion of a horse. As he was found obstinately positive on this subject, it was finally determined that the two Englishmen should press forward on their journey, with such speed as they might, and that the elder of them should make the Duke acquainted with so much as to the capture of La Ferette, as he had himself witnessed of the matter. The particulars which had attended the death of De Hagenbach, the Landamman assured him, would be sent to the Duke by a person of confidence, whose attestation on the subject could not be doubted.

This course was adopted, as Philipson expressed his confidence of getting an early and private audience with his grace of Burgundy.

"My best intercession," he said, "you have a good right to reckon upon; and no one can bear more direct testimony than I can, to the ungovernable cruelty and rapacity of De Hagenbach, of which I had so nearly been the victim. But of his trial and execution, I neither know nor can tell anything; and as Duke Charles is sure to demand why execution was done upon his officer without an appeal to his own tribunal, it will be well that you either provide me with such facts as you have to state, or send forward, at least, as speedily as possible, the evidence which you have to lay before him on that most weighty branch of the subject."

The proposal of the merchant created some visible embarrassment on the countenance of the Swiss, and it was with obvious hesitation that Arnold Biederman, having led him aside, addressed him in a whisper—

"My good friend," he said, "mysteries are in general like the hateful mists which disfigure the noblest features of nature; yet, like mists, they will sometimes intervene when we most desire their absence—when we most desire to be plain and explicit. The manner of De Hagenbach's death, you saw—we will take care that the Duke is informed of the authority by which it was inflicted. This is all that I can at present tell you on the subject; and let me add, that the less you speak of it with any one, you will be the more likely to escape inconvenience."

"Worthy Landamman," said the Englishman, "I am also by nature, and from the habits of my country, a hater of mysteries. Yet, such is my firm confidence in your truth and honor, that you shall be my guide in these dark and secret transactions, even as amongst the mists and precipices of your native land, and I rest contented in either case to place unlimited confidence in your sagacity. Let me only recommend that your explanation with Charles be instant, as well as clear and candid. Such being the case, I trust my poor interest with the Duke may be reckoned for something in your favor. Here then we part, but, as I trust, soon to meet again."

The elder Philipson now rejoined his son, whom he directed to hire horses, together with a guide, to conduct them with all speed to the presence of the Duke of Burgundy. By various inquiries in the town, and especially among the soldiers of the slain De Hagenbach, they at length learned that Charles had been of late occupied in taking possession of Lorraine, and, being now suspicious of unfriendly dispositions on the part of the Emperor of Germany, as well as of Sigismund, Duke of Austria, had drawn a considerable part of his army together

near Strassburg, in order to be prepared against any attempt of these princes, or of the Free Imperial Cities, which might interfere with his course of conquest. The Duke of Burgundy, at this period, well deserved his peculiar epithet of the Bold, since, surrounded by enemies, like one of the nobler animals of the chase, he yet astounded, by his stern and daring countenance, not only the princes and states we have mentioned, but even the King of France, equally powerful, and far more politic than himself.

To his camp, therefore, the English travelers bent their way, each full of such deep and melancholy reflection, as, perhaps, prevented his bestowing much attention on the other's state of mind. They rode as men deeply immersed in their own thoughts, and with less intercourse than had been usual betwixt them on their former journeys. The nobleness of the elder Philipson's nature, and his respect for the Landamman's probity, joined with gratitude for his hospitality, had prevented him from separating his cause from that of the Swiss Deputies, nor did he now repent this generosity in adhering to them. But when he recollected the nature and importance of the personal affairs which he himself had to despatch with a proud, imperious, and irritable prince, he could not but regret the circumstances which had involved his own particular mission, of so much consequence to himself and his friends, with that of persons likely to be so highly obnoxious to the Duke as Arnold Biederman and his companions; and, however grateful for the hospitality of Geierstein, he regretted, nevertheless, the circumstances which had obliged him to accept of it.

The thoughts of Arthur were no less anxious. He found himself anew separated from the object to which his thoughts were, almost against his own will, constantly returning. And this second separation had taked place after he had incurred an additional load of gratitude, and found new, as well as more mysterious food for his ardent imagination. How was he to reconcile the character and attributes of Anne of Geierstein, whom he had known so gentle, candid, pure, and simple, with those of the daughter of a sage, and of an elementary spirit, to whom night was as day, and an impervious dungeon the same as the open portico of a temple? Could they be identified as the same being? or, while strictly alike in shape and lineament, was the one a tenant of the earth, the other only a phantom, permitted to show itself among those of a nature in which she did not partake? Above all, must he never see her more, or receive from her own lips an explanation of the mysteries which were so awfully entwined with his recollections of her? Such were

the questions which occupied the mind of the younger traveler, and prevented him from interrupting, or even observing, the reverie in which his father was plunged.

Had either of the travelers been disposed to derive amusement from the country through which their road lay, the vicinity of the Rhine was well qualified to afford it. The ground on the left bank of that noble river is indeed rather flat and tame ; and the mountains of Alsace, a ridge of which sweeps along its course, do not approach so near as greatly to vary the level surface of the valley which divides them from its shores. But the broad stream itself, hurrying forward with dizzy rapidity, and rushing around the islets by which its course is interrupted, is one of the most majestic spectacles in nature. The right bank is dignified at once, and adorned, by the numerous eminences covered with wood, and interspersed with valleys, which constitute the district so well known by the name of the Black Forest, to which superstition attached so many terrors, and credulity such a variety of legends. Terrors, indeed, it had, of a real and existing character. The old castles, seen from time to time on the banks of the river itself, or on the ravines and large brooks which flow into it, were then no picturesque ruins, rendered interesting by the stories which were told about their former inhabitants, but constituted the real and apparently impregnable strongholds of that Robber-chivalry whom we have already frequently mentioned, and of whom, since Goethe, an author born to arouse the slumbering fame of his country, has dramatized the story of Goetz of Berlichingen,* we have had so many spirit-stirring tales. The danger attending the vicinity of these fortresses was only known on the right, or German bank of the Rhine, for the breadth and depth of that noble stream effectually prevented any foray of their inhabitants from reaching Alsace. The former was in possession of the Cities or Free towns of the Empire, and thus the feudal tyranny of the German lords was chiefly exerted at the expense of their own countrymen, who, irritated and exhausted with their rapine and oppression, were compelled to erect barriers against it, of a nature as interesting and extraordinary, as were the wrongs from which they endeavored to protect themselves.

But the left bank of the river, over great part of which Charles of Burgundy exercised his authority, under various characters, was under the regular protection of the ordinary magistrates, who were supported in the discharge of their duty by large bands of mercenary soldiers. These were maintained

* [This Drama, by Goethe, was translated by Sir Walter Scott, and was one of his earliest publications.]

by Charles out of his private revenue ; he, as well as his rival Louis, and other princes of the period, having discovered that the feudal system gave an inconvenient degree of independence to their vassals, and thinking, of course, that it was better to substitute in its place a standing army, consisting of free companies, or soldiers by profession. Italy furnished most of these bands, which composed the strength of Charles's army, at least the part of it in which he most trusted.

Our travelers, therefore, pursued their way by the banks of the river, in as great a degree of security as could well be enjoyed in that violent and distracted time, until at length the father, after having eyed for some time the person whom Arthur had hired to be their guide, suddenly asked of his son who or what the man was. Arthur replied that he had been too eager to get a person who knew the road, and was willing to show it, to be very particular in inquiring into his station or occupation ; but that he thought, from the man's appearance, he must be one of those itinerant ecclesiastics, who travel through the country with relics, pardons, and other religious trinkets, and were in general but slightly respected, excepting by the lower orders, on whom these vendors of superstitious wares were often accused of practicing gross deceptions.

The man's appearance was rather that of a lay devotee, or palmer, bound on his pilgrimage to different shrines, than of a mendicant friar, or questionary. He wore the hat, scrip, staff, and coarse dalmatic, somewhat like the military cloak of the modern hussar, which were used by such persons on their religious peregrinations. Saint Peter's keys, rudely shaped out of some scarlet rag of cloth, appeared on the back of his mantle, placed, as heralds say, saltire-wise. This devotee seemed a man of fifty and upward, well made, and stout, for his age, with a cast of countenance which, though not positively ugly, was far from being well-favored. There was shrewdness, and an alert expression in his eye and actions, which made some occasional contrast with the sanctimonious demeanor of the character he now bore. This difference betwixt his dress and physiognomy was by no means uncommon among persons of his description, many of whom embraced this mode of life, rather to indulge roving and idle habits, than from any religious call.

"Who art thou, good fellow?" said the elder Philipson; "and by what name am I to call thee while we are fellow-travelers?"

"Bartholomew, sir," said the man ; "Brother Bartholomew —I might say Bartholomæus, but it does not become a

poor lay brother like me to aspire to the honor of a learned termination."

"And whither does thy journey tend, good Brother Bartholomew?"

"In whichever direction your worship chooses to travel, and to require my services as guide," answered the Palmer; "always premising, you allow me leisure for my devotions at such holy stations as we pass on our route."

"That is, thine own journey hath no professed or pressing object or end?" said the Englishman.

"None, as your worship says, peculiar," said the itinerant; "or I might rather say, that my journey, good sir, embraces so many objects, that it is matter of indifference to me which of them I accomplish first. My vow binds me for four years to travel from one shrine, or holy place, to another; but I am not directly tied to visit them by any precise rule of rotation."

"That is to say, thy vow of pilgrimage does not prevent thee from hiring thyself to wait upon travelers as their guide," replied Philipson.

"If I can unite the devotion I owe to the blessed saints whose shrines I visit, with a service rendered to a wandering fellow-creature who desires to be directed upon his journey, I do maintain," replied Bartholomew, "that the objects are easily to be reconciled to each other."

"Especially as a little worldly profit may tend to cement the two duties together, if otherwise incompatible," said Philipson.

"It pleases your honor to say so," replied the pilgrim; "but you yourself may, if you will, derive from my good company something more than the mere knowledge of the road in which you propose to travel. I can make your journey more edifying by legends of the blessed saints whose holy relics I have visited, and pleasing, by the story of the wonderful things which I have seen and heard in my travels. I can impart to you an opportunity of providing yourself with his Holiness's pardon, not only for the sins which you have committed, but also granting you indulgence for future errors."

"These things are highly available doubtless," replied the merchant; "but, good Bartholomew, when I desire to speak of them, I apply to my father confessor, to whom I have been uniformly regular in committing the charge of my conscience, and who must be, therefore, well acquainted with my state of mind, and best accustomed to prescribe what its case may require."

"Nevertheless," said Bartholomew, "I trust your worship is too religious a man and too sound a Catholic, to pass any

hallowed station without endeavoring to obtain some share of the benefits which it is the means of dispensing to those who are ready and willing to deserve them. More especially as all men, of whatever trade and degree, hold respect to the holy saint who patroniseth his own mystery; so I hope you, being a merchant, will not pass the Chapel of Our Lady of the Ferry without making some fitting orison."

"Friend Bartholomew," said Philipson, "I have not heard of the shrine which you recommend to me; and, as my business is pressing, it were better worth my while to make a pilgrimage hither on purpose to make mine homage at a fitter season, than to delay my journey at present. This, God willing, I will not fail to do, so that I may be held excused for delaying my reverence till I can pay it more respectfully, and at greater leisure."

"May it please you not to be wroth," said the guide, "if I say that your behavior in this matter is like that of a fool, who, finding a treasure by the road-side, omits to put it in his bosom and carry it along with him, proposing to return from a distance on a future day, of express purpose to fetch it."

Philipson, something astonished at the man's pertinacity, was about to answer hastily and angrily, but was prevented by the arrival of three strangers, who rode hastily up from behind them.

The foremost of these was a young female, most elegantly attired, and mounted upon a Spanish jennet, which she reined with singular grace and dexterity. She wore on her right hand such a glove as that which was used to carry hawks, and had a merlin perched upon it. Her head was covered with a montero cap, and, as was frequently the custom at the period, she wore on her face a kind of black silk visard, which effectually concealed her features. Notwithstanding this disguise, Arthur Philipson's heart sprung high at the appearance of these strangers, for he was at once certain he recognized the matchless form of the Swiss maiden, by whom his mind was so anxiously occupied. Her attendants were a falconer with his hunting-pole, and a female, both apparently her domestics. The elder Philipson, who had no such accuracy of recollection as his son manifested upon the occasion, saw in the fair stranger only some dame or damsel of eminence engaged in the amusement of hawking, and, in return to a brief salutation, merely asked her, with suitable courtesy, as the case demanded, whether she had spent the morning in good sport.

"Indifferent, good friend," said the lady. "I dare not fly my hawk so near the broad river, lest he should soar to the

other side, and so I might lose my companion. But I reckon on finding better game when I have crossed to the other side of the ferry, which we are now approaching."

"Then your ladyship," said Bartholomew, "will hear mass in Hans' Chapel, and pray for your success?"

"I were a heathen to pass the holy place without doing so," replied the damsel.

"That, noble damsel, touches the point we were but now talking of," said the guide Bartholomew; "for know, fair mistress, that I cannot persuade this worthy gentleman how deeply the success of his enterprise is dependent upon his obtaining the blessing of Our Lady of the Ferry."

"The good man," said the young maiden, seriously, and even severely, "must know little of the Rhine. I will explain to the gentleman the propriety of following your advice."

She then rode close to young Philipson, and spoke in Swiss, for she had hitherto used the German language, "Do not start, but hear me!" and the voice was that of Anne of Geierstein. "Do not, I say, be surprised—or at least show not your wonder—you are beset by dangers. On this road, especially, your business is known—your lives are laid in wait for. Cross over the river at the Ferry of the Chapel, or Hans' Ferry, as it is usually termed."

Here the guide drew so near to them that it was impossible for her to continue the conversation without being overheard. At that same moment a woodcock sprung from some bushes, and the young lady threw off her merlin in pursuit.

"Sa ho—sa ho—wo ha!" hollowed the falconer, in a note which made the thicket ring again; and away he rode in pursuit. The elder Philipson and the guide himself followed the chase eagerly with their eyes, so attractive was the love of that brave sport to men of all ranks. But the voice of the maiden was a lure, which would have summoned Arthur's attention from matters more deeply interesting.

"Cross the Rhine," she again repeated, "at the Ferry to Kirch-hoff, on the other side of the river. Take your lodgings at the Golden Fleece, where you will find a guide to Strassburg. I must stay here no longer."

So saying, the damsel raised herself in her saddle, struck her horse lightly with the loose reins, and the mettled animal, already impatient at her delay, and the eager burst of its companions flew forward at such a pace, as if he had meant to emulate the flight of the hawk, and of the prey he pursued. The lady and her attendants soon vanished from the sight of the travelers.

A deep silence for some time ensued, during which Arthur studied how to communicate the warning he had received, without awakening the suspicions of their guide.

But the old man broke silence himself, saying to Bartholomew, "put your horse into more motion, I pray you, and ride onward a few yards ; I would have some private conference with my son."

The guide obeyed, and, as if with the purpose of showing a mind too profoundly occupied by heavenly matters to admit a thought concerning those of this transitory world, he thundered forth a hymn in praise of Saint Wendelin the Shepherd, in a strain so discordant, as startled every bird from every bush by which they passed. There was never a more unmelodious melody, whether sacred or profane, than that under protection of which the elder Philipson thus conferred with his son.

"Arthur," he said, "I am much convinced that this howling hypocritical vagrant has some plot upon us ; and I had well-nigh determined, that the best mode to baffle it would be to consult my own opinion, and not his, as to our places of repose, and the direction of our journey."

"Your judgement is correct, as usual," said his son. "I am well convinced of yonder man's treachery from a whisper in which that maiden informed me that we ought to take the road to Strassburg by the eastern side of the river, and for that purpose cross over to a place called Kirch-hoff, on the opposite bank."

"Do you advise this, Arthur ?" replied his father.

"I will pledge my life for the faith of this young person," replied his son.

"What !" said his father, "because she sits her palfrey fairly, and shows a faultless shape ? Such is the reasoning of a boy—and yet my own old and cautious heart feels inclined to trust her. If our secret is known in this land, there are doubtless many who may be disposed to think they have an interest in barring my access to the Duke of Burgundy, even by the most violent means ; and well you know that I should on my side hold my life equally cheap, could I discharge mine errand at the price of laying it down. I tell thee, Arthur, that my mind reproaches me for taking hitherto over little care of ensuring the discharge of my commission, owing to the natural desire I had to keep thee in my company. There now lie before us two ways, both perilous and uncertain, by which we may reach the Duke's Court. We may follow this guide, and take the chance of his fidelity, or we may adopt the hint of yonder damsel-errant, and cross over to the other side of the Rhine, and again repass the river at Strassburg. Both roads are perhaps equally perilous,

I feel it my duty to diminish the risk of the miscarriage of my commission by sending thee across to the right bank, while I pursue my proposed course upon the left. Thus, if one of us be intercepted, the other may escape, and the important commission which he bears may be duly executed."

"Alas my father!" said Arthur, "How is it possible for me to obey you, when by doing so I must leave you alone, to incur so many dangers, to struggle with so many difficulties, in which my aid might be at least willing, though it could be only weak? Whatever befall us in these delicate and dangerous circumstances, let us at least meet it in company."

"Arthur, my beloved son," said his father, "in parting from thee I am splitting mine own heart in twain; but the same duty which commands us to expose our bodies to death, as peremptorily orders us not to spare our most tender affections. We must part."

"Oh, then," replied his son eagerly, "let me at least prevail in one point. Do thou, my father, cross the Rhine, and let me prosecute the journey by the route originally proposed."

"And why, I pray you," answered the merchant, "should I go one of these roads in preference to the other?"

"Because," said Arthur eagerly, "I would warrant yonder maiden's faith with my life."

"Again, young man?" said his father; "and wherefore so confidant in that young maiden's faith? Is it merely from the confidence which youth reposes in that which is fair and pleasing, or have you had further acquaintance with her than the late brief conversation with her admitted?"

"Can I give you an answer?"—replied his son. "We have been long absent from lands of knights and ladies, and is it not natural that we should give to those who remind us of the honored ties of chivalry and gentle blood, the instinctive credence which we refuse to such a poor wretch as this itinerant mountebank, who gains his existence by cheating, with false relics and forged legends, the poor peasants amongst whom he travels?"

"It is a vain imagination, Arthur," said his father; "not unbefitting, indeed, an aspirant to the honors of chivalry, who draws his ideas of life and its occurrences from the romances of the minstrels, but too visionary for a youth who has seen, as thou hast, how the business of this world is conducted. I tell thee, and thou wilt learn to know I say truth, that around the homely board of our host the Landamman, were ranged truer tongues, and more faithful hearts, than the *Cour pélinère* of a monarch has to boast. Alas! the manly spirit of ancient

faith and honor has fled even from the breast of kings and knights, where, as John of France said, it ought to continue to reside a constant inhabitant, if banished from all the rest of the world."

"Be that as it may, dearest father," replied the younger Philipson, "I pray you to be persuaded by me; and if we must part company, let it be by your taking the right bank of the Rhine, since I am persuaded it is the safest route."

"And if it be the safest," said the father, with a voice of tender reproach, "is that a reason why I should spare my own almost exhausted thread of life, and expose thine, my dear son, which has but begun its course?"

"Nay, father," answered the son with animation, "in speaking thus you do not consider the difference of our importance to the execution of the purpose which you have so long entertained, and which seems now so nigh being accomplished. Think how imperfectly I might be able to discharge it, without knowledge of the Duke's person, or credentials to gain his confidence. I might, indeed, repeat your words, but the circumstances would be wanting to attract the necessary faith, and of consequence, your scheme, for the success of which you have lived, and now are willing to run the risk of death, would miscarry along with me."

"You cannot shake my resolution," said the elder Philipson, "or persuade me that my life is of more importance than yours. You only remind me, that it is you, and not I, who ought to be the bearer of this token to the Duke of Burgundy. Should you be successful in reaching his court or camp, your possession of these gems will be needful to attach credit to your mission; a purpose for which they would be less necessary to me, who can refer to other circumstances under which I might claim credence, if it should please Heaven to leave me alone to acquit myself of this important commission, which may Our Lady, in her mercy, forefend! Understand, therefore, that, should an opportunity occur by which you can make your way to the opposite side of the Rhine, you are to direct your journey so as again to cross to this bank at Strassburg, where you will inquire for news of me at the Flying Stag, a hostelry in that city which you will easily discover. If you hear no tidings of me at that place, you will proceed to the Duke, and deliver to him this important packet."

Here he put into his son's hand, with as much privacy as possible, the case containing the diamond necklace.

"What else your duty calls on you to do," continued the elder Philipson, "you well know; only I conjure you, let no

vain inquiries after my fate interfere with the great duty you have there to discharge. In the meantime, prepare to bid me a sudden farewell, with a heart as bold and confident as when you went before me, and courageously led the way amid the rocks and storms of Switzerland. Heaven was above us then, as it is over us now. Adieu, my beloved Arthur! Should I wait till the moment of separation, there may be but short time to speak the fatal word, and no eye save thine own must see the tear which I now wipe away."

The painful feeling which accompanied this anticipation of their parting, was so sincere on Arthur's part, as well as that of his father, that it did not at first occur to the former, as a source of consolation, that it seemed likely he might be placed under the guidance of the singular female, the memory of whom haunted him. True it was, that the beauty of Anne of Geierstein, as well as the striking circumstances in which she had exhibited herself, had on that very morning been the principal occupation of his mind; but they were now chased from it by the predominant recollection, that he was about to be separated in a moment of danger from a father, so well deserving of his highest esteem and his fondest affection.

Meanwhile, that father dashed from his eye the tear which his devoted stoicism could not suppress, and, as if afraid of softening his resolution by indulging his parental fondness, he recalled the pious Bartholomew, to demand of him how far they were from the Chapel of the Ferry.

"Little more than a mile," was the reply; and when the Englishman required further information concerning the cause of its erection, he was informed, that an old boatman and fisherman, named Hans, had long dwelt at the place, who gained a precarious livelihood by transporting travelers and merchants from one bank of the river to the other. The misfortune, however, of losing first one boat and then a second, in the deep and mighty stream, with the dread inspired in travelers by the repetition of such accidents, began to render his profession an uncertain one. Being a good Catholic, the old man's distress took a devotional turn. He began to look back on his former life, and consider by what crimes he had deserved the misfortunes which darkened the evening of his days. His remorse was chiefly excited by the recollection that he had, on one occasion, when the passage was peculiarly stormy, refused to discharge his duty as a ferryman, in order to transport to the other shore a priest who bore along with him an image of the Virgin, destined for the village of Kirch-hoff, on the opposite or right bank of the Rhine. For this fault, Hans submitted to severe

penance, as he was now disposed to consider as culpable his doubt of the Virgin's power of protecting herself, her priest, and the bark employed in her service; besides which, the offering of a large share of his worldly goods to the church of Kirchhoff expressed the truth of the old man's repentance. Neither did he ever again permit himself to interpose any delay in the journey of men of holy Church; but all ranks of the clergy, from the mitred prelate to the barefooted friar, might at any time of day or night have commanded the services of him and his boat.

While prosecuting so laudable a course of life, it became at length the lot of Hans to find, on the banks of the Rhine, a small image of the Virgin, thrown by the waves, which appeared to him exactly to resemble that which he had formerly ungraciously refused to carry across, when under charge of the sacristan of Kirch-hoff. He placed it in the most conspicuous part of his hut, and poured out his soul before it in devotion, anxiously inquiring for some signal by which he might discover whether he was to consider the arrival of her holy image as a pledge that his offences were forgiven. In the visions of the night, his prayers were answered, and Our Lady, assuming the form of the image, stood by his bedside, for the purpose of telling him wherefore she had come hither.

"My trusty servant," she said, "men of Belial have burned my dwelling at Kirch-hoff, spoiled my chapel, and thrown the sacred image which represents me into the swollen Rhine, which swept me downward. Now, I have resolved to dwell no longer in the neighborhood of the profane doers of this deed, or of the cowardly vassals who dared not prevent it. I am, therefore, compelled to remove my habitation, and, in despite of the opposing current I determined to take the shore on this side, being resolved to fix my abode with thee, my faithful servant, that the land in which thou dwellest may be blessed, as well as thou and thy household."

As the vision spoke, she seemed to wring from her tresses the water in which they had been steeped, while her disordered dress and fatigued appearance was that of one who has been buffeting with the waves.

Next morning brought intelligence, that, in one of the numerous feuds of that fierce period, Kirch-hoff had been sacked, the church destroyed, and the church treasury plundered.

In consequence of the fisherman's vision being thus remarkably confirmed, Hans entirely renounced his profession, and, leaving it to younger men to supply his place as ferryman, he converted his hut into a rustic chapel, and he himself, taking orders, attended upon the shrine as a hermit, or daily chaplain.

The figure was supposed to work miracles, and the ferry became renowned from its being under the protection of the Holy Image of Our Lady, and her no less holy servant.

When Bartholomew had concluded his account of the Ferry and its Chapel, the travelers had arrived at the place itself.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster,
The grapes of juice divine,
Which makes the soldier's jovial courage muster;
O blessed be the Rhine!

DRINKING SONG.*

A COTTAGE or two on the side of the river, beside which were moored one or two fishing-boats, showed the pious Hans had successors in his profession as a boatman. The river, which at a point a little lower was restrained by a chain of islets, expanded more widely, and moved less rapidly, than when it passed these cottages, affording to the ferryman a smoother surface, and a less heavy stream to contend with, although the current was even there too strong to be borne up against, unless the river was in a tranquil state.

On the opposite bank, but a good deal lower than the hamlet which gave name to the ferry, was seated on a small eminence, screened by trees and bushes, the little town of Kirch-hoff. A skiff departing from the left bank was, even on favorable occasions, carried considerably to leeward ere it could attain the opposite side of the deep and full stream of the Rhine, so that its course was oblique toward Kirch-hoff. On the other hand, a boat departing from Kirch-hoff must have great advantage both of wind and oars, in order to land its loading or crew at the Chapel of the Ferry, unless it were under the miraculous influence which carried the image of the Virgin in that direction. The communication, therefore, from the east to the west bank, was only maintained by towing boats up the stream, to such a height on the eastern side, that the leeway which they made during the voyage across might correspond with the point at which they desired to arrive, and enable them to attain it with ease. Hence, it naturally happened, that the passage from

* This is one of the best and most popular of the German ditties:—
"Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsere Reben
Gesegnet sei der Rhein," etc.

Alsace into Swabia being the most easy, the ferry was more used by those who were desirous of entering Germany, than by travelers who came in an opposite direction.

When the elder Philipson had by a glance around him ascertained the situation of the ferry, he said firmly to his son,—"Begone, my dear Arthur, and do what I have commanded thee."

With a heart rent with filial anxiety, the young man obeyed, and took his solitary course toward the cottages, near which the barks were moored, which were occasionally used for fishing, as well as for the purpose of the ferry.

"Your son leaves us?" said Bartholomew to the elder Philipson.

"He does for the present," said his father, "as he has certain inquiries to make in yonder hamlet."

"If they be," answered the guide, "any matters connected with your honor's road, I laud the Saints that I can better answer your inquiries than those ignorant boors, who hardly understand your language."

"If we find that their information needs thy commentary," said Philipson, "we will request it—meanwhile, lead on to the chapel, where my son will join us."

They moved toward the chapel, but with slow steps, each turning his looks aside to the fishing hamlet; the guide as if striving to see whether the younger traveler was returning toward them, the father anxious to descry, on the broad bosom of the Rhine, a sail unloosed, to waft his son across to that which might be considered as the safer side. But though the looks of both guide and traveler were turned in the direction of the river, their steps carried them toward the chapel, to which the inhabitants, in memory of the founder, had given the title of Hans-Chapelle.

A few trees scattered around gave an agreeable and silvan air to the place; and the chapel, that appeared on a rising ground at some distance from the hamlet, was constructed in a style of pleasing simplicity, which corresponded with the whole scene. Its small size confirmed the tradition that it had originally been merely the hut of a peasant; and the cross of fir-trees, covered with bark, attested the purpose to which it was now dedicated. The chapel and all round it breathed peace and solemn tranquility, and the deep sound of the mighty river seemed to impose silence on each human voice which might presume to mingle with its awful murmur.

When Philipson arrived in the vicinity, Bartholomew took the advantage afforded by his silence to thunder forth two

stanzas to the praise of the Lady of the Ferry, and her faithful worshipper Hans, after which he broke forth into the rapturous exclamation,—"Come hither, ye who fear wreck, here is your safe haven!—Come hither, ye who die of thirst, here is a well of mercy open to you!—Come those who are weary and far-traveled, this is your place of refreshment!"—and more to the same purpose he might have said, but Philipson sternly imposed silence on him.

"If thy devotion were altogether true," he said, "it would be less clamorous; but it is well to do what is good in itself, even if it is a hypocrite who recommends it.—Let us enter this holy chapel, and pray for a fortunate issue to our precarious travels."

The pardoner caught up the last words.

"Sure was I," he said, "that your worship is too well advised to pass this holy place without imploring the protection and influence of Our Lady of the Ferry. Tarry but a moment until I find the priest who serves the altar, that he may say a mass on your behalf."

Here he was interrupted by the door of the chapel suddenly opening, when an ecclesiastic appeared on the threshold. Philipson instantly knew the Priest of Saint Paul's, whom he had seen that morning at La Ferette. Bartholomew also knew him, as it would seem; for his officious hypocritical eloquence failed him in an instant, and he stood before the priest with his arms folded on his breast, like a man who waits for the sentence of condemnation.

"Villain," said the ecclesiastic, regarding the guide with a severe countenance, "dost thou lead a stranger into the houses of the Holy Saints, that thou mayst slay him, and possess thyself of his spoils? But Heaven will no longer bear with thy perfidy. Back, thou wretch, to meet thy brother miscreants, who are hastening hitherward. Tell them thy arts were unavailing and that the innocent stranger is under MY protection—under my protection, which those who presume to violate will meet with the reward of Archibald de Hagenbach!"

The guide stood quite motionless, while addressed by the priest in a manner equally menacing and authoritative; and no sooner did the latter cease speaking, than, without offering a word either in justification or reply, Bartholomew turned round, and retreated at a hasty pace by the same road which had conducted the traveler to the chapel.

"And do you, worthy Englishman," continued the priest, "enter into this chapel and perform in safety those devotions, by means of which yonder hypocrite designed to detain you

until his brethren in iniquity came up.—But first, wherefore are you alone? I trust nought evil hath befallen your young companion?"

"My son," said Philipson, "crosses the Rhine at yonder ferry, as we had important business to transact on the other side."

As he spoke thus, a light boat, about which two or three peasants had been for some time busy, was seen to push from the shore, and shoot into the stream, to which it was partly compelled to give way, until a sail stretched along the slender yard, and supporting the bark against the current, enabled her to stand obliquely across the river.

"Now, praise be to God!" said Philipson, who was aware that the bark he looked upon must be in the act of carrying his son beyond the reach of the dangers by which he was himself surrounded.

"Amen!" answered the priest, echoing the pious ejaculation of the traveler. "Great reason have you to return thanks to Heaven."

"Of that I am convinced," replied Philipson; "but yet from you I hope to learn the special cause of danger from which I have escaped?"

"This is neither time nor place for such an investigation," answered the priest of Saint Paul's. "It is enough to say, that yonder fellow, well known for his hypocrisy and his crimes, was present when the young Switzer, Sigismund, reclaimed from the executioner the treasure of which you were robbed by Hagenbach. Thus Bartholomew's avarice was awakened. He undertook to be your guide to Strassburg, with the criminal intent of detaining you by the way till a party came up, against whose numbers resistance would have been in vain. But his purpose has been anticipated.—And now, ere giving vent to other worldly thoughts, whether of hope or fear,—to the chapel, sir, and join in orisons to Him who hath been your aid, and to those who have interceded with Him in your behalf."

Philipson entered the chapel with his guide, and joined in returning thanks to heaven and the tutelary power of the spot, for the escape which had been vouchsafed to him.

When this duty had been performed, Philipson intimated his purpose of resuming his journey, to which the Black Priest replied, "that far from delaying him in a place so dangerous, he would himself accompany him for some part of the journey, since he also was bound to the presence of the Duke of Burgundy."

"You, my father!—you!" said the merchant, with some astonishment.

"And wherefore surprised?" answered the priest. "Is it so strange that one of my order should visit a prince's court? Believe me, there are but too many of them to be found there."

"I do not speak with reference to your order," answered Philipson, "but in regard of the part which you have this day acted, in abetting the execution of Archibald de Hagenbach. Know you so little of the fiery Duke of Burgundy, as to imagine you can dally with his resentment with more safety than you would pull the mane of a sleeping lion?"

"I know his mood well," said the priest; "and it is not to excuse, but to defend the death of De Hagenbach, that I go to his presence. The Duke may execute his serfs and bondsmen at his pleasure, but there is a spell upon my life, which is proof to all his power. But let me retort the question—You, Sir Englishman, knowing the conditions of the Duke so well—you, so lately the guest and traveling companion of the most unwelcome visitors who could approach him—you, implicated, in appearance at least, in the uproar at La Ferette—what chance is there of your escaping his vengeance? and wherefore will you throw yourself wantonly within his power?"

"Worthy father," said the merchant, "let each of us, without offence to the other, keep his own secret. I have, indeed, no spell to secure me for the Duke's resentment—I have limbs to suffer torture and imprisonment, and property which may be seized and confiscated. But I have had in former days many dealings with the Duke; I may even say I have laid him under obligations, and hope my interest with him may in consequence be sufficient, not only to save me from the consequences of this day's procedure, but be of some avail to my friend the Landamman."

"But if you are in reality bound to the court of Burgundy as a merchant," said the priest, "where are the wares in which you traffic? Have you no merchandise save that which you carry on your person? I heard of a sumpter-horse with baggage. Has yonder villain deprived you of it?"

This was a trying question to Philipson, who, anxious about the separation from his son, had given no direction whether the baggage should remain with himself, or should be transported to the other side of the Rhine. He was, therefore, taken at advantage by the priest's inquiry, to which he answered, with some incoherence,—"I believe my baggage is in the hamlet—that is, unless my son has taken it across the Rhine with him."

"That we will soon learn," answered the priest.

Here a novice appeared from the vestiary of the chapel at his call, and received commands to inquire at the hamlet whether Philipson's bales, with the horse which transported them, had been left there, or ferried over along with his son.

The novice, being absent a few minutes, presently retuaned with the baggage-horse, which, with its burden, Arthur, from regard to his father's accommodation, had left on the western side of the river. The priest looked on attentively, while the elder Philipson, mounting his own horse, and taking the rein of the others in his hand, bade the Black Priest adieu in these words,—" And now, father, farewell ! I must pass on with my bales, since there is little wisdom in traveling with them after nightfall, else would I gladly suit my pace, with your permission, so as to share the way with you."

" If it is your obliging purpose to do so, as indeed I was about to propose," said the priest, " know I will be no stay to your journey. I have here a good horse ; and Melchior, who must otherwise have gone on foot, may ride upon your sumpter-horse. I the rather propose, this course, as it will be rash for you to travel by night. I can conduct you to an hostelry about five miles off, which we may reach with sufficient daylight, and where you will be lodged safely for your reckoning."

The English merchant hesitated a moment. He had no fancy for any new companion on the road, and although the countenance of the priest was rather handsome, considering his years, yet the expression was such as by no means inviteds confidence. On the contrary, there was something mysterious and gloomy which clouded his brow, though it was a lofty one, and a similar expression gleamed in his cold gray eye, and intimated severity and even harshness of disposition. But notwithstanding this repulsive circumstance, the priest had lately rendered Philipson a considerable service by detecting the treachery of his hypocritical guide, and the merchant was not a man to be startled from his course by any imaginary prepossessions against the looks or manners of any one, or apprehensions of machinations against himself. He only revolved in his mind the singularity attending his destiny, which, while it was necessary for him to appear before the Duke of Burgundy in the most conciliatory manner, seemed to force upon him the adoption of companions who must needs be obnoxious to that prince ; and such, he was too well aware, must be the case with the Priest of St. Paul's. Having reflected for an instant, he courte ously accepted the offer of the priest to guide him to some place of rest and entertainment, which must be absolutely necessary

for his horse before he reached Strassburg, even if he himself could have dispensed with it.

The party being thus arranged, the novice brought forth the priest's steed, which he mounted with grace and agility, and the neophyte, being probably the same whom Arthur had represented during his escape from La Ferette, took charge, at his master's command of the baggage-horse of the Englishman; and, crossing himself, with a humble inclination of his head, as the priest passed him, he fell into the rear, and seemed to pass the time, like the false brother Bartholomew, in telling his beads, with an earnestness which had perhaps more of affected than of real piety. The Black Priest of St. Paul's, to judge by the glance which he cast upon his novice, seemed to disdain the formality of the young man's devotion. He rode upon a strong black horse, more like a warrior's charger than the ambling palfrey of a priest, and the manner in which he managed him was entirely devoid of awkwardness and timidity. His pride, whatever was its character, was not certainly of a kind altogether professional, but had its origin in other swelling thoughts which arose in his mind, to mingle with and enhance the self-consequence of a powerful ecclesiastic.

As Philipson looked on his companion from time to time, his scrutinizing glance was returned by a haughty smile, which seemed to say, "You may gaze on my form and features, but you cannot penetrate my mystery."

The looks of Philipson, which were never known to sink before mortal man, seemed to retort, with equal haughtiness, "Nor shall you, proud priest, know that you are now in company with one whose secret is far more important than thine own can be."

At length the priest made some advance toward conversation, by allusion to the footing upon which, by a mutual understanding, they seemed to have placed their intercourse.

"We travel then," he said, "like two powerful enchanters, each conscious of his own high and secret purpose; each in his own chariot of clouds, and neither imparting to his companion the direction or purpose of his journey."

"Excuse me, father," answered Philipson, "I have neither asked your purpose, nor concealed my own, so far as it concerns you. I repeat I am bound to the presence of the Duke of Burgundy, and my object, like that of any other merchant, is to dispose of my wares to advantage."

"Doubtless, it would seem so," said the Black Priest, "from the extreme attention to your merchandise which you showed not above half-an-hour since, when you knew not whether your

bales had crossed the river with your son, or were remaining in your own charge. Are English merchants usually so indifferent to the sources of their traffic?"

"When their lives are in danger," said Philipson, "they are sometimes negligent of their fortune."

"It is well," replied the priest, and again resumed his solitary musings; until another half-hour's traveling brought them to a dorff, or village, which the Black Priest informed Philipson was that where he proposed to stop for the night.

"The novice," he said, "will show you the inn, which is of good reputation, and where you may lodge with safety. For me, I have to visit a penitent in this village, who desires my ghostly offices;—perhaps I may see you again this evening, perhaps not till the next morning;—at any rate, adieu for the present."

So saying, the priest stopped his horse, while the novice, coming close up to Philipson's side, conducted him onward through the narrow street of the village, whilst the windows exhibited here and there a twinkling gleam announcing that the hour of darkness was arrived. Finally he led the Englishman through an archway into a sort of courtyard, where there stood a car or two of a particular shape, used occasionally by woman when they travel, and some other vehicles of the same kind. Here the young man threw himself from the sumpter-horse, and placing the rein in Philipson's hand, disappeared in the increasing darkness, after pointing to a large but dilapidated building, along the front of which not a spark of light was to be discovered from any of the narrow and numerous windows, which were dimly visible in the twilight.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

First Carrier.—What, ostler!—a plague on thee, hast never an eye in thy head? Canst thou not hear. An twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain—Come, and be hanged—Hast thou no faith in thee?

Gadshill.—I pray thee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

Second Carrier.—Nay, soft, I pray you—I know a trick worth two of that.

Gadshill.—I prithee lend me thine.

Third Carrier.—Ay, when? Canst tell?—Lend thee my lantern, quotha? Marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

HENRY IV.

THE social spirit peculiar to the French nation had already introduced into the inns of that country the gay and cheerful character of welcome, upon which Erasmus, at a latter period, dwells with strong emphasis, as a contrast to the saturnine and sullen reception which strangers were apt to meet with at a German caravansera. Philipson was, therefore, in expectation of being received by the busy, civil, and talkative host—by the hostess and her daughter, all softness, coquetry, and glee—the smiling and supple waiter—the officious and dimpled chambermaid. The better inns in France boast also separate rooms, where strangers could change or put in order their dress, where they might sleep without company in their bedroom, and where they could deposit their baggage in privacy and safety. But all these luxuries were as yet unknown in Germany; and in Alsace, where the scene now lies, as well as in the other dependencies of the Empire, they regarded as effeminacy everything beyond such provisions as were absolutely necessary for the supply of the wants of travelers; and even these were coarse and indifferent, and, excepting in the article of wine, sparingly ministered.

The Englishman, finding that no one appeared at the gate, began to make his presence known by calling aloud, and finally by alighting, and smiting with all his might on the doors of the hostelry for a long time, without attracting the least attention. At length the head of a grizzled servitor was thrust out at a small window, who, in a voice which sounded like that of one displeased at the interruption, rather than hopeful of advantage from the arrival of a guest, demanded what he wanted.

"Is this an inn?" replied Philipson.

"Yes," bluntly replied the domestic, and was about to withdraw from the window, when the traveler added,—

"And if it be, can I have lodgings?"

"You may come in," was the short and dry answer.

"Send some one to take the horses," replied Philipson.

"No one is at leisure," replied this most repulsive of waiters; "you must litter down your horses yourself, in the way that likes you best."

"Where is the stable?" said the merchant, whose prudence and temper were scarce proof against this Dutch phlegm.

The fellow, who seemed as sparing of his words, as if, like the Princess in the fairy tale, he had dropped ducats with each of them, only pointed to a door in an outer building, more resembling that of a cellar than of a stable, and, as if weary of the conference, drew in his head, and shut the window sharply against the guest, as he would against an importunate beggar.

Cursing the spirit of independence which left a traveler to his own resources and exertions, Philipson, making a virtue of necessity, led the two nags toward the door pointed out as that of the stable, and was rejoiced at heart to see light glimmering through its chinks. He entered with his charge into a place very like the dungeon vault of an ancient castle, rudely fitted up with some racks and mangers. It was of considerable extent in point of length, and at the lower end two or three persons were engaged in tying up their horses, dressing them, and dispensing them their provender.

This last article was delivered by the ostler, a very old lame man, who neither put his hand to wisp nor curry-comb, but sat weighing forth hay by the pound, and counting out corn, as it seemed, by the grain, so anxiously did he bend over his task, by the aid of a blinking light enclosed within a horn lantern. He did not even turn his head at the noise which the Englishman made on entering the place with two additional horses, far less did he seem disposed to give himself the least trouble, or the stranger the smallest assistance.

In respect of cleanliness, the stable of Augeas bore no small resemblance to that of this Alsatian dorff; and it would have been an exploit worthy of Hercules to have restored it to such a state of cleanliness, as would have made it barely decent in the eyes, and tolerable to the nostrils, of the punctilious Englishman. But this was a matter which disgusted Philipson himself much more than those of his party which were principally concerned. They, *videlicet* the two horses, seeming perfectly to understand that the rule of the place was, "first come first

served," hastened to occupy the empty stalls which happened to be nearest to them. In this one of them at least was disappointed, being received by a groom with a blow across the face with a switch.

"Take that," said the fellow, "for forcing thyself into the place taken up for the horses of the Baron of Randelsheim."

"Never in the course of his life had the English merchant more pain to retain possession of his temper than at that moment. Reflecting, however, on the discredit of quarreling with such a man in such a cause, he contented himself with placing the animal, thus repulsed from the stall he had chosen, into one next to that of his companion, to which no one seemed to lay claim.

The merchant then proceeded, notwithstanding the fatigue of the day, to pay all that attention to the mute companions of his journey, which they deserve from every traveler who has any share of prudence, to say nothing of humanity. The unusual degree of trouble which Philipson took to arrange his horses although his dress, and much more his demeanor, seemed to place him above this species of servile labor, appeared to make an impression even upon the iron insensibility of the old ostler himself. He showed some alacrity in furnishing the traveler, who knew the business of a groom so well, with corn, straw, and hay, though in small quantity, and at exorbitant rates, which were instantly to be paid; nay, he even went as far as the door of the stable, that he might point across the court to the well, from which Philipson was obliged to fetch water with his own hands. The duties of the stable being finished, the merchant concluded that he had gained such an interest with the grim master of the horse, as to learn of him whether he might leave his bales safely in the stable.

"You may leave them if you will," said the ostler; "but touching their safety, you will do much more wisely if you take them with you, and give no temptation to any one by suffering them to pass from under your own eyes."

So saying, the man of oats closed his oracular jaws, nor could he he prevailed upon to unlock them again by any inquiry which his customer could devise.

In the course of this cold and comfortless reception, Philipson recollected the necessity of supporting the character of a prudent and wary trader, which he had forgotten once before in the course of the day; and, imitating what he saw the others do, who had been like himself, engaged in taking charge of their horses, he took up his baggage, and removed himself and his property to the inn. Here he was suffered to enter, rather

than admitted, into the general or public *stube*, or room of entertainment, which, like the ark of the patriarch, received all ranks without distinction, whether clean or unclean.

The *stube*, or stove, of a German inn, derived its name from the great hypocaust, which is always strongly heated to secure the warmth of the apartment in which it is placed. There travelers of every age and description assembled—there their upper garments were indiscriminately hung up around the stove to dry or to air—and the guests themselves were seen employed in various acts of ablution or personal arrangement, which are generally, in modern times, referred to the privacy of the dressing-room.

The more refined feelings of the Englishman were disgusted with this scene, and he was reluctant to mingle in it. For this reason he inquired for the private retreat of the landlord himself, trusting that, by some of the arguments powerful among his tribe, he might obtain separate quarters from the crowd, and a morsel of food, to be eaten in private. A gray-haired Ganymede, to whom he put the question where the landlord was, indicated a recess behind the huge stove, where, veiling his glory in a very dark and extremely hot corner, it pleased the great man to obscure himself from vulgar gaze. There was something remarkable about this person. Short, stout, bandylegged, and consequential, he was in these repects like many brethren of the profession in all countries. But the countenance of the man, and still more his manners, differed more from the merry host of France or England, than even the experienced Philipson was prepared to expect. He knew German customs too well to expect the suppliant and serviceable qualities of the master of a French inn, or even the more blunt and frank manners of an English landlord. But such German innkeepers as he had yet seen, though indeed arbitrary and peremptory in their country fashions, yet being humored in these, they, like tyrants in their hours of relaxation, dealt kindly with the guests over whom their sway extended, and mitigated, by jest and jollity, the harshness of their absolute power. But this man's brow was like a tragic volume, in which you were as unlikely to find anything of jest or amusement, as in a hermit's breviary. His answers were short, sudden, and repulsive, and the air and manner with which they were delivered was as surly as their tenor; which will appear from the following dialogue betwixt him and his guest:—

"Good host," said Philipson, in the mildest tone he could assume, "I am fatigued, and far from well—May I request to

have a separate apartment, a cup of wine, and a morsel of food, in my private chamber?"

"You may," answered the landlord; but with a look strangely at variance with the apparent acquiescence which his words naturally implied.

"Let me have such accommodation, then, with your earliest convenience."

"Soft!" replied the innkeeper. "I have said that you may request these things, but not that I would grant them. If you would insist on being served differently from others, it must be at another inn than mine."

"Well, then," said the traveler, "I will shift without supper for a night—nay, more, I will be content to pay for a supper which I do not eat, if you will cause me to be accommodated with a private apartment."

"Seignor traveler," said the innkeeper, "every one here must be accommodated as well as you, since all pay alike. Whoso comes to this house of entertainment must eat as others eat, drink as others drink, sit at table with the rest of my guests, and go to bed when the company have done drinking."

"All this," said Philipson, humbling himself where anger would have been ridiculous, "is highly reasonable; and I do not oppose myself to your laws or customs. But," added he, taking his purse from his girdle, "sickness craves some privilege; and when the patient is willing to pay for it, methinks the rigor of your laws may admit of some mitigation?"

"I keep an inn, Seignor, and not a hospital. If you remain here, you shall be served with the same attention as others,—if you are not willing to do as others do, leave my house and seek another inn."

On receiving this decisive rebuff, Philipson gave up the contest, and retired from the *sanctum sanctorum* of his ungracious host, to await the arrival of supper, penned up like a bullock in a pound amongst the crowded inhabitants of the *stube*. Some of these, exhausted by fatigue, snored away the interval between their own arrival and that of the expected repast; others conversed together on the news of the country, and others again played at dice, or such games as might serve to consume the time. The company were of various ranks, from those who were apparently wealthy and well appointed, to some whose garments and manners indicated that they were but just beyond the grasp of poverty.

A begging friar, a man apparently of a gay and pleasant temper, approached Philipson, and engaged him in conversation. The Englishman was well enough acquainted with the world

to be aware, that whatever of his character and purpose it was desirable to conceal, would be best hidden under a sociable and open demeanor. He, therefore, received the friar's approaches graciously, and conversed with him upon the state of Lorraine, and the interest which the Duke of Burgundy's attempt to seize that fief into his own hands was likely to create both in France and Germany. On these subjects satisfied with hearing his fellow-traveler's sentiments, Philipson expressed no opinion of his own, but, after receiving such intelligence as the friar chose to communicate, preferred rather to talk upon the geography of the country, the facilities afforded to commerce, and the rules which obstructed or favored trade.

While he was thus engaged in the conversation which seemed most to belong to his profession, the landlord suddenly entered the room, and, mounting on the head of an old barrel, glanced his eye slowly and steadily round the crowded apartment, and when he had completed his survey, pronounced, in a decisive tone, the double command—"Shut the gates—Spread the table."

"The Baron St. Antonio be praised," said the friar, "our landlord has given up hope of any more guests to-night, until which blessed time we might have starved for want of food before he had relieved us. Ay, here comes the cloth, the old gates of the courtyard are now bolted fast enough, and when Iohann Mengs has once said, 'Shut the gates,' the stranger may knock on the outside as he will, but we may rest assured that it shall not be open to him."

"Meinherr Mengs maintains strict discipline in his house," said the Englishman.

"As absolute as the Duke of Burgundy," answered the friar. "After ten o'clock, no admittance—the 'seek another inn,' which is before that a conditional hint, becomes, after the clock has struck, and the watchmen have begun their rounds, an absolute order of exclusion. He that is without remains without, and he that is within must, in like manner, continue there until the gates open at break of day. Till then the house is almost like a beleaguered citadel, John Mengs its seneschal"—

"And we its captives, good father," said Philipson. "Well, content am I; a wise traveler must submit to the control of the leaders of the people, when he travels; and I hope a goodly fat potentate, like John Mengs, will be as clement as his station and dignity admit of."

While they were talking in this manner, the aged waiter, with many a weary sigh, and many a groan, had drawn out

certain boards, by which a table, that stood in the midst of the *stube*, had the capacity of being extended, so as to contain the company present, and covered it with a cloth, which was neither distinguished by extreme cleanliness nor fineness of texture. On this table, when it had been accommodated to receive the necessary number of guests, a wooden trencher and spoon, together with a glass drinking cup, were placed before each, he being expected to serve himself with his own knife for the other purposes of the table. As for forks, they were unknown until a much later period, all the Europeans of that day making the same use of the fingers to select their morsels and transport them to the mouth, which the Asiatics now practice.

The board was no sooner arranged, than the hungry guests hastened to occupy their seats around it; for which purpose the sleepers were awakened, the dicers resigned their game, and the idlers and politicians broke off their sage debates, in order to secure their station at the supper-table, and be ready to perform their part in the interesting solemnity which seemed about to take place. But there is much between the cup and the lip, and not less sometimes between the covering of a table and the placing food upon it. The guests sat in order, each with his knife drawn, already menacing the victuals which were still subject to the operations of the cook. They had waited with various degrees of patience for full half-an-hour, when at length the old attendant before mentioned entered with a pitcher of thin Moselle wine, so light and so sharp-tasted, that Philipson put down his cup with every tooth in his head set on edge by the slender portion which he had swallowed. The landlord, John Mengs, who had assumed a seat somewhat elevated at the head of the table, did not omit to observe this mark of insubordination, and to animadvert upon it.

"The wine likes you not, I think, my master!" said he to the English merchant.

"For wine, no," answered Philipson; "but, could I see anything requiring such sauce, I have seldom seen better vinegar."

This jest, though uttered in the most calm and composed manner, seemed to drive the innkeeper to fury.

"Who are you," he exclaimed, "for a foreign pedler, that ventures to quarrel with my wine, which has been approved of by so many princes, dukes, reigning dukes, graves, rhinegraves, counts, barons, and knights of the Empire, whose shoes you are altogether unworthy even to clean? Was it not of this wine that the Count Palatine of Nimmersatt drank six quarts before he ever rose from the blessed chair in which I now sit?"

"I doubt it not, mine host," said Philipson; "nor should I

think of scandalizing the sobriety of your honorable guest, even if he had drunken twice the quantity."

"Silence, thou malicious railer!" said the host; "and let instant apology be made to me, and the wine which you have calumniated, or I will instantly command the supper to be postponed till midnight."

Here there was a general alarm among the guests, all abjuring any part in the censures of Philipson, and most of them proposing that John Mengs should avenge himself on the actual culprit, by turning him instantly out of doors, rather than involve so many innocent and famished persons in the consequences of his guilt. The wine they pronounced excellent; some two or three even drank their glass out, to make their words good; and they all offered, if not with lives and fortunes, at least with hands and feet, to support the ban of the house against the contumacious Englishman. While petition and remonstrance were assailing John Mengs on every side, the friar, like a wise counselor, and a trusty friend, endeavored to end the feud, by advising Philipson to submit to the host's sovereignty.

"Humble thyself, my son," he said; "bend the stubborness of thy heart before the great lord of the spigot and butt. I speak for the sake of others as well as my own; for Heaven alone knows how much longer they or I can endure this extenuating fast!"

"Worthy guests," said Philipson, "I am grieved to have offended our respected host, and am so far from objecting to the wine, that I will pay for a double flagon of it, to be served all round to this honorable company—so, only, they do not ask me to share of it."

These last words were spoken aside; but the Englishman could not fail to perceive, from the wry mouths of some of the party who were possessed of a nicer palate, that they were as much afraid as himself of a repetition of the acid potation.

The friar next addressed the company with a proposal, that the foreign merchant, instead of being amerced in a measure of the liquor which he had scandalized, should be mulcted in an equal quantity of the more generous wines which were usually produced after the repast had been concluded. In this mine host, as well as the guests, found their advantage; and, as Philipson made no objection, the proposal was unanimously adopted, and John Mengs gave, from his seat of dignity, the signal for supper to be served.

The long-expected meal appeared, and there was twice as much time employed in consuming as there had been in expecting it. The articles which the supper consisted, as well as the

mode of serving them up, were as much calculated to try the patience of the company as the delay which had preceded its appearance. Messes of broth and vegetables followed in succession, with platters of meat sodden and roasted, of which each in its turn took a formal course around the ample table, and was specially subjected to every one in rotation. Black-puddings, hung beef, dried fish, also made the circuit, with various condiments, called Botargo, Caviare, and similar names, composed of the roes of fish mixed with spices, and the like preparations calculated to awaken thirst and encourage deep drinking. Flagons of wine accompanied these stimulating dainties. The liquor was so superior in flavor and strength to the ordinary wine which had awakened so much controversy, that it might be objected to on the opposite account, being so heady, fiery, and strong, that, in spite of the rebuffs which his criticism had already procured, Philipson ventured to ask for some cold water to allay it.

"You are too difficult to please, sir guest," replied the landlord, again bending upon the Englishman a stern and offended brow; "if you find the wine too strong in my house, the secret to allay its strength is to drink the less. It is indifferent to us whether you drink or not, so you pay the reckoning of those good fellows who do." And he laughed a gruff laugh.

Philipson was about to reply, but the friar, retaining his character of mediator, plucked him by the cloak, and entreated him to forbear. "You do not understand the ways of the place," said he; "it is not here as in the hostelries of England and France, where each guest calls for what he desires for his own use, and where he pays for what he has required, and for no more. Here we proceed on a broad principle of equality and fraternity. No one asks for anything in particular; but such provisions as the host thinks sufficient are set down before all indiscriminately; and as with the feast, so is it with the reckoning. All pay their proportions alike, without reference to the quantity of wine which one may have swallowed more than another; and thus the sick and infirm, nay, the female and the child, pay the same as the hungry peasant and strolling *lanz-knecht*."

"It seems an unequal custom," said Philipson; "but travelers are not to judge. So that, when a reckoning is called, every one, I am to understand, pays alike?"

"Such is the rule," said the friar,—"excepting, perhaps, some poor brother of our own order, whom Our Lady and St. Francis send into such a scene as this, that good Christians

may bestow their alms upon him, and so make a step on their road to Heaven."

The first words of this speech were spoken in the open and independent tone of which the friar had begun the conversation; the last sentence died away into the professional whine of mendicity proper to the convent, and at once apprised Philipson at what price he was to pay for the friar's counsel and mediation. Having thus explained the custom of the country, good Father Gratian turned to illustrate it by his example, and, having no objection to the new service of wine on account of its strength, he seemed well disposed to signalize himself amongst some stout topers, who, by drinking deeply, appeared determined to have full pennyworths for their share of the reckoning. The good wine gradually did its office, and even the host relaxed his sullen and grim features, and smiled to see the kindling flame of hilarity catch from one to another, and at length embrace almost all the numerous guests at the table-d'hôte, except a few who were too temperate to partake deeply of the wine, or too fastidious to enter into the discussions to which it gave rise. On these the host cast, from time to time, a sullen and displeased eye.

Philipson, who was reserved and silent, both in consequence of his abstinence from the wine-pot, and his unwillingness to mix in conversation with strangers, was looked upon by the landlord as a defaulter in both particulars; and as he aroused his own sluggish nature with the fiery wine, Mengs began to throw out obscure hints about kill-joy, mar-company, spoil-sport, and such-like epithets, which were plainly directed against the Englishman. Philipson replied, with the utmost equanimity, that he was perfectly sensible that his spirits did not at this moment render him an agreeable member of a merry company, and that, with the leave of those present, he would withdraw to his sleeping apartment, and wish them all a good evening, and continuance of their mirth.

But this very reasonable proposal, as it might have elsewhere seemed, contained in it treason against the laws of German compotation.

"Who are you," said John Mengs, "who presume to leave the table before the reckoning is called and settled? Sappercment der teufel! we are not men upon whom such an offence is to be put with impunity! You may exhibit your polite pranks in Rams-Alley if you will, or in Eastcheap, or in Smithfield; but it shall not be in John Mengs's Golden Fleece; nor will I suffer one guest to go to bed to blink out of the reckoning, and so cheat me and all the rest of my company."

Philipson looked round, to gather the sentiments of the company, but saw no encouragement to appeal to their judgment. Indeed, many of them had little judgment left to appeal to, and those who paid any attention to the matter at all, were some quiet old soakers, who were already beginning to think of the reckoning, and were disposed to agree with the host in considering the English merchant as a flincher, who was determined to evade payment of what might be drunk after he left the room; so that John Mengs received the applause of the whole company, when he concluded his triumphant denunciation against Philipson.

"Yes, sir, you may withdraw if you please; but, potz element! it shall not be for this time to seek for another inn, but to the courtyard shall you go, and no further, there to make your bed upon the stable litter; and good enough for the man that will needs be the first to break up good company."

"It is well said, my jovial host," said a rich trader from Ratisbon; "and here are some six of us—more or less—who will stand by you to maintain the good old customs of Germany; and the—umph—laudable and—and praiseworthy rules of the Golden Fleece."

"Nay, be not angry, sir," said Philipson; "yourself and your three companions, whom the good wine has multiplied into six, shall have your own way of ordering the matter; and since you will not permit me to go to bed, I trust that you will will take no offence if I fall asleep in my chair."

"How say you? what think you, mine host?" said the citizen from Ratisbon; "may the gentleman, being drunk, as you see he is, since he cannot tell that three and one make six—I say, may he, being drunk, sleep in the elbow-chair?"

This question introduced a contradiction on the part of the host, who contended that three and one made four, not six; and this again produced a retort from the Ratisbon trader. Other clamors rose at the same time, and were at length with difficulty silenced by the stanzas of a chorus song of mirth and good fellowship, which the friar, now become somewhat oblivious of the rule of St. Francis, thundered forth with better goodwill than he ever sang a canticle of King David. Under cover of this tumult, Philipson drew himself a little aside, and though he felt it impossible to sleep, as he had proposed, was yet enabled to escape the reproachful glances with which John Mengs distinguished all those who did not call for wine loudly, and drink it lustily. His thoughts roamed far from the *stube* of the Golden Fleece, and upon matter very different from that which was discussed around him, when his attention was suddenly re-

called by a loud and continued knocking on the door of the hostelry.

"What have we here?" said John Mengs, his nose reddening with very indignation; "who the foul fiend presses on the Golden Fleece at such an hour, as if he thundered at the door of a bordel? To the turret window some one—Geoffrey, knave ostler, or thou, old Timothy, tell the rash man there is no admittance into the Golden Fleece save at timeous hours."

The men went as they were directed, and might be heard in the *stube* vying with each other in the positive denial which they gave to the ill-fated guest, who was pressing for admission. They returned, however, to inform their master, that they were unable to overcome the obstinacy of the stranger, who refused positively to depart until he had an interview with Mengs himself.

Wroth was the master of the Golden Fleece at this ill-omened pertinacity, and his indignation extended, like a fiery exhalation, from his nose, all over the adjacent regions of his cheeks and brow. He started from his chair, grasped in his hand a stout stick, which seemed his ordinary sceptre or leading staff of command, and muttering something concerning cudgels for the shoulders of fools, and pitchers of fair or foul water for the drenching of their ears, he marched off to the window which looked into the court, and left his guests nodding, winking, and whispering to each other, in full expectation of hearing the active demonstrations of his wrath. It happened otherwise, however; for, after the exchange of a few indistinct words, they were astonished when they heard the noise of the unbolting and unbarring of the gates of the inn, and presently after the footsteps of men upon the stairs; and the landlord entering, with an appearance of clumsy courtesy, prayed those assembled to make room for an honored guest, who came. thought late, to add to their numbers. A tall dark form followed muffled in a traveling cloak; on laying aside which, Philipson at once recognized his late fellow-traveler, the Black Priest of St. Paul's.

There was in the circumstance itself nothing at all surprising, since it was natural that a landlord, however coarse and insolent to ordinary guests, might yet show deference to an ecclesiastic, whether from his rank in Church, or from his reputation for sanctity. But what did appear surprising to Philipson, was the effect produced by the entrance of this unexpected guest. He seated himself, without hesitation, at the highest place of the board, from which John Mengs had dethroned the aforesaid trader from Ratisbon, notwithstanding his zeal for ancient German customs, his steady adherence and loyalty to

the Golden Fleece, and his propensity to brimming goblets. The priest took instant and unscrupulous possession of his seat of honor, after some negligent reply to the host's unwonted courtesy; when it seemed that the effect of his long black vestments, in place of the slashed and flounced coat of his predecessor, as well as of the cold gray eye with which he slowly reviewed the company, in some degree resembled that of the fabulous Gorgon, and if it did not literally convert those who looked upon it into stone, there was yet something petrifying in the steady unmoved glance with which he seemed to survey them, looking as if desirous of reading their very inmost souls, and passing from one to another, as if each upon whom he looked in succession was unworthy of longer consideration.

Philipson felt, in his turn, that momentary examination, in which, however, there mingled nothing that seemed to convey recognition. All the courage and composure of the Englishman could not prevent an unpleasant feeling while under this mysterious man's eye, so that he felt a relief when it passed from him and rested upon upon another of the company, who seemed in turn to acknowledge the chilling effects of that freezing glance. The noise of intoxicated mirth and drunken disputation, the clamorous argument, and the still more boisterous laugh, which had been suspended on the priest's entering the eating apartment, now, after one or two vain attempts to resume them, died away, as if the feast had been changed to a funeral, and the jovial guests had been at once converted into the lugubrious mutes who attend on such solemnities. One little rosy-faced man, who afterward proved to be a tailor from Augsburg, ambitious, perhaps, of showing a degree of courage not usually supposed consistent with his effeminate trade, made a bold effort; and yet it was with a timid and restrained voice, that he called on the jovial friar to renew his song. But whether it was that he did not dare to venture on an uncanonical pastime in presence of a brother in orders, or whether he had some other reason for declining the invitation, the merry churchman hung his head, and shook it with such an expressive air of melancholy, that the tailor drew back as if he had been detected in cabbaging from a cardinal's robes, or cribbing the lace of some cope or altar gown. In short, the revel was hushed into deep silence, and so attentive were the company to what should arrive next, that the bells of the village church, striking the first hour after midnight, made the guests start as if they heard them rung backward, to announce an assault or conflagration. The Black Priest, who had taken some slight and hasty repast, which the host had made no kind of objection to supplying him with,

seemed to think the bells, which announced the service of lauds, being the first after midnight, a proper signal for breaking up the party.

"We have eaten," he said, "that we may support life; let us pray that we may be fit to meet death; which waits upon life as surely as night upon day, or the shadow upon the sunbeam, though we know not when or from whence it is to come upon us."

The company, as if mechanically, bent their uncovered heads while the priest said, with his deep and solemn voice, a Latin prayer, expressing thanks to God for protection throughout the day, and entreating for its continuance during the witching hours which were to pass ere the day again commenced. The hearers bowed their heads in token of acquiescence in the holy petition; and, when they raised them, the Black Priest of St. Paul's had followed the host out of the apartment, probably to that which was destined for his repose. His absence was no sooner perceived, than signs, and nods, and even whispers, were exchanged between the guests; but no one spoke above his breath, or in such connected manner, as that Philipson could understand anything distinctly from them. He himself ventured to ask the friar, who sat near him, observing at the same time the under-tone which seemed to be fashionable for the moment, whether the worthy ecclesiastic who had left them, was not the Priest of St. Paul's on the frontier town of La Ferette.

"And if you know it is he," said the friar, with a countenance and a tone, from which all signs of intoxication were suddenly banished, "why do you ask of me?"

"Because," said the merchant, "I would willingly learn the spell which so suddenly converted so many merry tipplers into men of sober manners, and a jovial company into a convent of Carthusian friars?"

"Friend," said the friar, "thy discourse savoreth mightily of asking after what thou knowest right well. But I am no such silly duck as to be taken by a decoy. If thou knowest the Black Priest, thou canst not be ignorant of the terrors which attend his presence, and that it were safer to pass a broad jest in the holy House of Loretto, than where he shows himself."

So saying, and as if desirous of avoiding further discourse, he withdrew to a distance from Philipson.

At the same moment the landlord again appeared, and, with more of the usual manners of a publican than he had hitherto exhibited, commanded his waiter, Geoffrey, to hand round to the company a sleeping drink, or pillow-cup of distilled water,

mingled with spices, which was indeed as good as Philipson himself had ever tasted. John Mengs, in the meanwhile, with somewhat of more deference, expressed to his guests a hope that his entertainment had given satisfaction ; but this was in so careless a manner, and he seemed so conscious of deserving the affirmative which was expressed on all hands, that it became obvious there was very little humility in proposing the question. The old man, Timothy, was in the meantime mustering the guests, and marking with chalk on the bottom of a trencher the reckoning, the particulars of which were indicated by certain conventional hieroglyphics, while he showed on another the division of the sum total among the company, and proceeded to collect an equal share of it from each. When the fatal trencher, in which each man paid down his money approached the jolly friar, his countenance seemed to be somewhat changed. He cast a piteous look toward Philipson, as the person from whom he had the most hope of relief ; and our merchant, though displeased with the manner in which he had held back from his confidence, yet not unwilling in a strange country to incur a little expense, in the hope of making a useful acquaintance, discharged the mendicant's score as well as his own. The poor friar paid his thanks in many a blessing in good German and bad Latin, but the host cut them short ; for, approaching Philipson with a candle in his hand, he offered his own services to show him where he might sleep, and even had the condescension to carry his mail, or portmanteau, with his own landlordly hands.

"You take too much trouble, mine host," said the merchant, somewhat surprised at the change in the manner of John Mengs, who had hitherto contradicted him at every word.

"I cannot take too much pains for a guest," was the reply, "whom my venerable friend, the Priest of St. Paul's, hath especially recommended to my charge."

He then opened the door of a small bedroom, prepared for the occupation of a guest, and said to Philipson,—"Here you may rest till-morrow at what hour you will, and for as many days more as you incline. The key will secure your wares against theft or pillage of any kind. I do not this for every one ; for, if my guests were every one to have a bed to himself, the next thing they would demand might be a separate table ; and then there would be an end of the good old German customs, and we should be as foppish and frivolous as our neighbors."

He placed the portmanteau on the floor, and seemed about

to leave the apartment, when, turning about, he began a sort of apology for the rudeness of his former behavior.

"I trust there is no misunderstanding between us, my worthy guest. You might as well expect to see one of our bears come aloft and do tricks like a jackanapes, as one of us stubborn old Germans play the feats of a French or an Italian host. Yet I pray you to note, that if our behavior is rude our charges are honest, and our articles what they profess to be. We do not expect to make Moselle pass for Rhenish, by dint of a bow and a grin, nor will we sauce your mess with poison, like the wily Italian, and call you all the time Illustrissimo and Magnifico."

He seemed in these words to have exhausted his rhetoric, for when they were spoken, he turned abruptly and left the apartment.

Philipson was thus deprived of another opportunity to inquire who or what this ecclesiastic could be, that had exercised such influence on all who approached him. He felt, indeed, no desire to prolong a conference with John Mengs, though he had laid aside in such a considerable degree his rude and repulsive manners; yet he longed to know who this man could be, who had power with a word to turn aside the daggers of Alsatian banditti, habituated as they were, like most borderers, to robbery and pillage, and to change into civility the proverbial rudeness of a German innkeeper. Such were the reflections of Philipson, as he doffed his clothes to take his much-needed repose, after a day of fatigue, danger, and difficulty, on the pallet afforded by the hospitality of the Golden Fleece in the Rhein-Thal.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

Macbeth.—How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't ye do?
Witches.—A deed without a name.

MACBETH.

We have said in the conclusion of the last chapter, that, after a day of unwonted fatigue and extraordinary excitation, the merchant, Philipson, naturally expected to forget so many agitating passages in that deep and profound repose, which it at once the consequence and the cure of extreme exhaustion. Bnt he was no sooner laid on his lowly pallet, than he felt that

the bodily machine, over-labored by so much exercise, was little disposed to the charms of sleep. The mind had been too much excited, the body was far too feverish, to suffer him to partake of needful rest. His anxiety about the safety of his son, his conjectures concerning the issue of his mission to the Duke of Burgundy, and a thousand other thoughts which recalled past events, or speculated on those which were to come, rushed upon his mind like the waves of a perturbed sea, and prevented all tendency to repose. He had been in bed about an hour, and sleep had not yet approached his couch, when he felt that the pallet on which he lay was sinking below him, and that he was in the act of descending along with it he knew not whither, The sound of ropes and pulleys was also indistinctly heard, though every caution had been taken to make them run smooth; and the traveler, by feeling around him, became sensible that he and the bed on which he lay had been spread upon a large trap-door which was capable of being let down into the vaults, or apartments beneath.

Philipson felt fear in circumstances so well qualified to produce it; for how could he hope a safe termination to an adventure which had begun so strangely? But his apprehensions were those of a brave, ready-witted man, who, even in the extremity of danger, which appeared to surround him, preserved his presence of mind. His descent seemed to be cautiously managed, and he held himself in readiness to start to his feet and defend himself, as soon as he should be once more upon firm ground. Although somewhat advanced in years, he was a man of great personal vigor and activity, and unless taken at advantage, which no doubt was at present much to be apprehended, he was likely to make a formidable defence. His plan of resistance, however, had been anticipated. He no sooner reached the bottom of the vault, down to which he was lowered, than two men, who had been waiting there till the operation was completed, laid hands on him from either side, and forcibly preventing him from starting up as he intended, cast a rope over his arms, and made him a prisoner as effectually as when he was in the dungeons of La Ferette. He was obliged, therefore, to remain passive and unresisting, and await the termination of this formidable adventure. Secured as he was, he could only turn his head from one side to the other; and it was with joy that he at length saw lights twinkle, but they appeared at a great distance from him.

From the irregular manner in which these scattered lights advanced, sometimes keeping a straight line, sometimes mixing and crossing each other, it might be inferred that the subter-

ranean vault in which they appeared was of very considerable extent. Their number also increased; and as they collected more together, Philipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the Black Friars of Saint Francis's Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment, and while occupied in that employment they sang, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus:—

Measurers of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level,—
Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
Cubits six, from end to end,
Must the fatal bench extend,—
Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the court assembles,
On the west the accused trembles-
Answer, brethren, all and one
Is the ritual rightly done?

A deep chorus seemed to reply to the question. Many voices joined in it, as well of persons already in the subterranean vault, as of others who as yet remained without in various galleries and passages which communicated with it, and whom Philipson now presumed to be very numerous. The answer chanted ran as follows:—

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

The original strain was then renewed in the same manner as before—

How wears the night?—Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine?
What music floats upon his tide?
Do birds the tardy morning chide?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night?

The answer was returned, though less loud than at first, and it seemed that those by whom the reply was given were at a much greater distance than before; yet the words were distinctly heard.

The night is old; on Rhine's broad breast
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.
No beams are twinkling in the east.
There is a voice upon the flood,
The stern still call of blood for blood;
'Tis time we listen the behest.

The chorus replied with many additional voices—

Up, then, up! When day's at rest,
'Tis time that such as we are watchers;
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise!
Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,
He and night are matchers.

The nature of the verses soon led Philipson to comprehend that he was in presence of the Initiated, or the Wise Men; names which were applied to the celebrated Judges of the Secret Tribunal, which continued at that period to subsist in Swabia, Franconia, and other districts of the east of Germany, which was called perhaps, from the frightful and frequent occurrence of executions by command of those invisible judges, the Red Land. Philipson had often heard that the seat of a free Count, or Chief of the Secret Tribunal, was secretly instituted even on the left bank of the Rhine, and that it maintained itself in Alsace, with the usual tenacity of those secret societies, though Duke Charles of Burgundy had expressed a desire to discover and discourage its influence so far as was possible, without exposing himself to danger from the thousands of poniards which that mysterious tribunal could put in activity against his own life;—am awful means of defence, which for a long time rendered it extremely hazardous for the sovereigns of Germany, and even the Emperors themselves, to put down by authority those singular associations.

So soon as this explanation flashed on the mind of Philipson, it gave some clew to the character and condition of the Black Priest of St. Paul's. Supposing him to be a president, or chief official of the secret association, there was little wonder that he should confide so much in the inviolability of his terrible office, as to propose vindicating the execution of De Hagenbach; that his presence should surprise Bartholomew, whom he had power to have judged and executed upon the spot; and that his mere appearance at supper on the preceding evening should have appalled the guests; for though everything about the institution, its proceedings and its officers, was preserved in as much obscurity as is now practiced in freemasonry, yet the secret was not so absolutely well kept as to prevent certain individuals from being guessed or hinted at as men initiated and intrusted

with high authority by the Vehme-gericht, or tribunal of the bounds. When such suspicion attached to an individual, his secret power, and supposed acquaintance with all guilt, however secret, which was committed within the society in which he was conversant, made him at once the dread and hatred of every one who looked on him; and he enjoyed a high degree of personal respect, on the same terms on which it would have been yielded to a powerful enchanter, or a dreaded genie. In conversing with such a person, it was especially necessary to abstain from all questions alluding, however remotely, to the office which he bore in the Secret Tribunal; and, indeed, to testify the least curiosity upon a subject so solemn and mysterious was sure to occasion some misfortune to the inquisitive person.

All these things rushed at once upon the mind of the Englishman, who felt that he had fallen into the hands of an unsparing tribunal, whose proceedings were so much dreaded by those who resided within the circle of their power, that the friendless stranger must stand a poor chance of receiving justice at their hands, whatever might be his consciousness of innocence. While Philipson made this melancholy reflection, he resolved, at the same time, not to forsake his own cause, but defend himself as he best might; conscious as he was that these terrible and irresponsible judges were nevertheless governed by certain rules of right and wrong, which formed a check on the rigors of their extraordinary code.

He lay, therefore, devising the best means of obviating the present danger, while the persons whom he beheld glimmered before him, less like distinct and individual forms than like the phantoms of a fever, or the phantasmagoria with which a disease of the optic nerves has been known to people a sick man's chamber. At length they assembled in the centre of the apartment where they had first appeared, and seemed to arrange themselves into form and order. A great number of black torches were successively lighted, and the scene became distinctly visible. In the centre of the hall, Philipson could now perceive one of the altars which are sometimes to be found in ancient subterranean chapels. But we must pause, in order briefly to describe, not the appearance only, but the nature and constitution, of this terrible court.

Behind the altar, which seemed to be the central point, on which all eyes were bent, there were placed in parallel lines two benches covered with black cloth. Each was occupied by a number of persons, who seemed assembled as judges; but those who held the foremost bench were fewer, and appeared of

a rank superior to those who crowded the seat most remote from the altar. The first seemed to be all men of some consequence, priests high in their order, knights or noblemen; and, notwithstanding an appearance of equality which seemed to pervade this singular institution, much more weight was laid upon their opinion, or testimonies. They were called Free Knights, Counts, or whatever title they might bear, while the inferior class of the judges were only termed Free and worthy Burghers. For it must be observed, that the Vehmique Institution,* which was the name that it commonly bore, although its powers consisted in a wide system of espionage, and the tyrannical application of force which acted upon it, was yet (so rude were the ideas of enforcing public law) accounted to confer a privilege on the country in which it was received, and only freemen were allowed to experience its influence. Serfs and peasants could neither have a place among the Free Judges, their assessors, or assistants; for there was in this assembly even some idea of trying the culprit by his peers.

Besides the dignitaries who occupied the benches, there were others who stood around, and seemed to guard the various entrances to the hall of judgment, or, standing behind the seats on which their superiors were ranged, looked prepared to execute their commands. These were members of the order, though not of the highest ranks. Schöppen is the name generally assigned to them, signifying officials, or sergeants of the Vehmique Court, whose doom they stood sworn to enforce, through good report and bad report, against their own nearest and most beloved, as well as in cases of ordinary malefactors.

The Schöppen, or Scabini, as they were termed in Latin, had another horrible duty to perform—that, namely, of denouncing to the tribunal whatever came under their observation, that might be construed as an offence falling under its cognizance; or, in their language, a crime against the Vehme. This duty extended to the judges as well as the assistants, and was to be discharged without respect of persons; so that, to know, and wilfully conceal, the guilt of a mother or brother, inferred, on the part of the unfaithful official, the same penalty as if he himself had committed the crime which his silence screened from punishment. Such an institution could only prevail at a time when ordinary means of justice were excluded by the

* The word Wehme, pronounced Vehmey, is of uncertain derivation, but was always used to intimate this inquisitorial and secret Court. The members were termed Wissenden, or Initiated, answering to the modern phrase of Illuminati. Mr. Palgrave seems inclined to derive the word *Vehme* from *Ehme*, i.e. *Law*, and he is probably right.

hand of power, and when, in order to bring the guilty to punishment, it required all the influence and authority of such a confederacy. In no other country than one exposed to every species of feudal tyranny, and deprived of every ordinary mode of obtaining justice or redress, could such a system have taken root and flourished.

We must now return to the brave Englishman, who, though feeling all the danger he encountered from so tremendous a tribunal, maintained nevertheless a dignified and unaltered composure.

The meeting being assembled, a coil of ropes, and a naked sword, the well-known signals and emblems of Vehmique authority, were deposited on the altar; where the sword, from its being usually straight, with a cross handle, was considered as representing the blessed emblem of Christian Redemption, and the cord as indicating the right of criminal jurisdiction, and capital punishment. Then the President of the meeting, who occupied the centre seat on the foremost bench, arose, and laying his hand on the symbols, pronounced aloud the formula expressive of the duty of the tribunal, which all the inferior judges and assistants repeated after him, in deep and hollow murmurs.

"I swear by the Holy Trinity, to aid and co-operate, without relaxation, in the things belonging to the Holy Vehme, to defend its doctrines and institutions against father and mother, brother and sister, wife and children; against fire, water, earth, and air; against all that the sun enlightens; against all that the dew moistens; against all created things of heaven and earth, or the waters under the earth; and I swear to give information to this holy judicature, of all that I know to be true, or hear repeated by credible testimony, which, by the rules of the Holy Vehme, is deserving of animadversion or punishment; and that I will not cloak, cover, or conceal, such my knowledge, neither for love, friendship, or family affection, nor for gold, silver, or precious stones; neither will I associate with such as are under the sentence of this Sacred Tribunal, by hinting to a culprit his danger, or advising him to escape, or aiding and supplying him with counsel, or means to that effect; neither will I relieve such culprit with fire, clothes, food, or shelter, though my father should require from me a cup of water in the heat of summer noon, or my brother should request to sit by my fire in the bitterest cold night of winter: And further, I vow and promise to honor this holy association, and do its behests speedily, faithfully, and firmly, in preference to those of any other tribunal whatsoever —so help me God, and his holy Evangelists."

When this oath of office had been taken, the President addressing the assembly, as men who judge in secret, and punish in secret like the Deity, desired them to say, why this "child of the cord" * lay before them bound and helpless? An individual rose from the more remote bench, and in a voice which, though altered and agitated, Philipson conceived that he recognized, declared himself the accuser, as bound by his oath, of the child of the cord, or prisoner, who lay before them.

"Bring forward the prisoner," said the President, "duly secured, as is the order of our secret law; but not with such severity as may interrupt his attention to the proceedings of the tribunal, or limit his power of hearing and replying."

Six of the assistants immediately dragged forward the pallet and platform of boards on which Philipson lay, and advanced it toward the foot of the altar. This done, each unsheathed his dagger, while two of them unloosed the cords by which the merchant's hands were secured, and admonished him in a whisper, that the slightest attempt to resist or escape, would be the signal to stab him dead.

"Arise!" said the President; "listen to the charge to be preferred against you, and believe you shall in us find judges equally just and inflexible."

Philipson, carefully avoiding any gesture which might indicate a desire to escape, raised his body on the lower part of the couch, and remained seated, clothed as he was in his under-vest and *caleçons*, or drawers, so as exactly to face the muffled President of the terrible court. Even in these agitating circumstances, the mind of the undaunted Englishman remained unshaken, and his eyelid did not quiver, nor his heart beat quicker, though he seemed, according to the expression of Scripture, to be a pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, beset by numerous snares, and encompassed by total darkness, where light was most necessary for safety.

The President demanded his name, country, and occupation.

"John Philipson," was the reply; "by birth an Englishman, by profession a merchant."

"Have you ever borne any other name and profession?" demanded the Judge.

"I have been a soldier, and, like most others, had then a name by which I was known in war."

"What was that name?"

* The term *Strick-kind*, or child of the cord, was applied to the person accused before these awful assemblies.

"I laid it aside when I resigned my sword, and I do not desire again to be known by it. Moreover, I never bore it where your institutions have weight and authority," answered the Englishman.

"Know you before whom you stand?" continued the Judge.

"I may at least guess," replied the merchant.

"Tell your guess, then," continued the interrogator. "Say who we are, and wherefore are you before us?"

"I believe that I am before the Unknown, or Secret Tribunal, which is called Vehme-gericht."

"Then are you aware," answered the Judge, "that you would be safer if you were suspended by the hair over the Abyss of Schaffhausen, or if you lay below an axe, which a thread of silk alone kept back from the fall. What have you done to deserve such a fate?"

"Let those reply by whom I am subjected to it," answered Philipson, with the same composure as before.

"Speak, accuser," said the President, "to the four quarters of Heaven!—To the ears of the free judges of this tribunal, and the faithful executors of their doom!—And to the face of the child of the cord, who denies or conceals his guilt, make good the substance of thine accusation!"

"Most dreaded," answered the accuser, addressing the President, "this man hath entered the Sacred Territory, which is called the Red Land,—a stranger under a disguised name and profession. When he was yet on the eastern side of the Alps, at Turin, in Lombardy, and elsewhere, he at various times spoke of the Holy Tribunal in terms of hatred and contempt, and declared that were he Duke of Burgundy, he would not permit it to extend itself from Westphalia, or Swabia, into his dominions. Also, I charge him, that, nourishing this malevolent intention against the Holy Tribunal, he who now appears before the bench as child of the cord, has intimated his intention to wait upon the court of the Duke of Burgundy, and use his influence with him, which he boasts will prove effectual to stir him up to prohibit the meetings of the Holy Vehme in his dominions, and to inflict on their officers, and the executors of their mandates, the punishment due to robbers and assassins."

"This is a heavy charge, brother!" said the President of the assembly, when the accuser ceased speaking—"How do you purpose to make it good?"

"According to the tenor of those secret statutes, the perusal of which is prohibited to all but the initiated," answered the accuser.

"It is well," said the President; "but I ask thee once more,

What are those means of proof?—You speak to holy and to initiated ears."

"I will prove my charge," said the accuser, "by the confession of the party himself, and by my own oath upon the holy emblems of the Secret Judgment—that is, the steel and the cord."

"It is a legitimate offer of proof," said a member of the aristocratic bench of the assembly; "and it much concerns the safety of the system to which we are bound by such deep oaths, a system handed down to us from the most Christian and Holy Roman Emperor, Charlemagne, for the conversion of the heathen Saracens, and punishing such of them as revolted again to their Pagan practices, that such criminals should be looked to. This Duke Charles of Burgundy hath already crowded his army with foreigners, whom he can easily employ against this Sacred Court, more especially with the English, a fierce insular people, wedded to their own usages, and hating those of every other nation. It is not unknown to us, that the Duke hath already encouraged opposition to the officials of the Tribunal in more than one part of his German dominions; and that, in consequence, instead of submitting to their doom with reverent resignation, children of the cord have been found bold enough to resist the executioners of the Vehme, striking, wounding, and even slaying those who have received commission to put them to death. This contumacy must be put an end to; and if the accused shall be proved to be one of those by whom such doctrines are harbored and inculcated, I say let the steel and cord do their work on him."

A general murmur seemed to approve what the speaker had said; for all were conscious that the power of the Tribunal depended much more on the opinion of its being deeply and firmly rooted in the general system, than upon any regard or esteem for an institution, of which all felt the severity. It followed, that those of the members who enjoyed consequence by means of their station in the ranks of the Vehme, saw the necessity of supporting its terrors by occasional examples of severe punishment; and none could be more readily sacrificed, than an unknown and wandering foreigner. All this rushed upon Philipson's mind, but did not prevent his making a steady reply to the accusation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "good citizens, burgesses, or by whatever other name you please to be addressed, know, that in my former days I have stood in as great peril as now, and have never turned my heel to save my life. Cords and daggers are not calculated to strike terror into those who have seen swords and lances. My answer to the accusation is, that I am an

Englishman, one of a nation accustomed to yield and to receive open-handed and equal justice dealt forth in the broad light of day. I am, however, a traveler, who knows that he has no right to oppose the rules and laws of other nations, because they do not resemble those of his own. But this caution can only be called for in lands, where the system about which we converse is in full force and operation. If we speak of the institutions of Germany, being at the time in France or Spain, we may, without offence to the country in which they are current, dispute concerning them, as students debate upon a logical thesis in a university. The accuser objects to me, that at Turin, or elsewhere in the north of Italy, I spoke with censure of the institution under which I am now judged. I will not deny that I remember something of the kind; but it was in consequence of the question being in a manner forced upon me by two guests, with whom I chanced to find myself at table. I was much and earnestly solicited for an opinion ere I gave one."

"And was that opinion," said the presiding Judge, "favorable or otherwise to the Holy and Secret Vehme-gericht? Let truth rule your tongue—remember, life is short, judgment is eternal!"

"I would not save my life at the expense of a falsehood. My opinion was unfavorable; and I expressed myself thus:—No laws or judicial proceedings can be just or commendable, which exist and operate by means of a secret combination. I said, that justice could only live and exist in the open air, and that when she ceased to be public, she degenerated into revenge and hatred. I said that a system, of which your own jurists have said, *non frater a fratre, non hospes a hospite, tutus*, was too much adverse to the laws of nature, to be connected with or regulated by those of religion."

These words were scarcely uttered, when there burst a murmur from the Judges highly unfavorable to the prisoner,—"He blasphemes the Holy Vehme—Let his mouth be closed for ever!"

"Hear me," said the Englishman, "as you will one day wish to be yourselves heard! I say such were my sentiments, and so I expressed them—I say also, I had a right to express these opinions, whether sound or erroneous, in a neutral country, where this Tribunal neither did, nor could, claim any jurisdiction. My sentiments are still the same. I would avow them if that sword were at my bosom, or that cord around my throat. But I deny that I have ever spoken against the institutions of your Vehme, in a country where it had its course as a national mode of justice. Far more strongly, if possible, do

I denounce the absurdity of the falsehood, which represents me, a wandering foreigner, as commissioned to traffic with the Duke of Burgundy about such high matters, or to form a conspiracy for the destruction of a system, to which so many seem warmly attached. I never said such a thing, and I never thought it."

"Accuser," said the presiding Judge, "thou hast heard the accused—What is thy reply?"

"The first part of the charge," said the accuser, "he hath confessed in this high presence, namely, that his foul tongue hath basely slandered our holy mysteries; for which he deserves that it should be torn out of his throat. I myself, on my oath of office, will aver, as use and law is, that the rest of the accusation, namely, that which taxes him as having entered into machinations for the destruction of the Vehmique institutions, is as true as those which he has found himself unable to deny."

"In justice," said the Englishman, "the accusation, if not made good by satisfactory proof, ought to be left to the oath of the party accused, instead of permitting the accuser to establish by his own deposition the defects in his own charge."

"Stranger," replied the presiding Judge, "we permit to thy ignorance a longer and more full defence than consists with our usual forms. Know that the right of sitting among these venerable judges confers on the person of him who enjoys it a sacredness of character which ordinary men cannot attain to. The oath of one of the initiated must counterbalance the most solemn asseveration of every one that is not acquainted with our holy secrets. In the Vehmique court all must be Vehmique. The averment of the Emperor, he being uninitiated, would not have so much weight in our counsels as that of one of the meanest of these officials. The affirmation of the accuser can only be rebutted by the oath of a member of the same Tribunal, being of superior rank."

"Then, God be gracious to me, for I have no trust save in Heaven!" said the Englishman in solemn accents. "Yet I will not fall without an effort. I call upon thee, thyself, dark spirit, who presidest in this most deadly assembly—I call upon thyself, to declare on thy faith and honor, whether thou holdest me guilty of what is thus boldly averred by this false calumniator—I call upon thee by thy sacred character—by the name of"——

"Hold!" replied the presiding Judge. "The name by which we are known in open air must not be pronounced in this subterranean judgment-seat."

He then proceeded to address the prisoner and the assem-

bly,—"I, being called on in evidence, declare that the charge against thee is so far true as it is acknowledged by thyself, namely, that thou hast in other lands than the Red Soil,* spoken lightly of this holy institution of justice. But I believe in my soul, and will bear witness on my honor, that the rest of the accusation is incredible and false. And this I swear, holding my hand on the dagger and the cord.—What is your judgment, my brethren, upon the case which you have investigated?"

A member of the first-seated and highest class amongst the judges, muffled like the rest, but the tone of whose voice, and the stoop of whose person, announced him to be more advanced in years than the other two who had before spoken, arose with difficulty, and said with a trembling voice,—

"The child of the cord, who is before us, has been convicted of folly and rashness in slandering our holy institution. But he spoke his folly to ears which had never heard our sacred laws—He has, therefore, been acquitted by irrefragable testimony, of combining for the important purpose of undermining our power, or stirring up princes against our holy association, for which death were too light a punishment—He hath been foolish, then, but not criminal; and as the holy laws of the Vehme bear no penalty save that of death, I propose for judgment that the child of the cord be restored without injury to society, and to the upper world, having been first duly admonished of his errors."

"Child of the cord," said the presiding Judge, "thou hast heard thy sentence of acquittal. But as thou desirest to sleep in an unbloody grave, let me warn thee, that the secrets of this night shall remain with thee, as a secret not to be communicated to father nor mother, to spouse, son, or daughter; neither to be spoken aloud nor whispered; to be told in words or written in characters; to be carved or to be painted, or to be otherwise communicated, either directly or by parable and emblem. Obey this behest, and thy life is in surety. Let thy heart then rejoice within thee, but let it rejoice with trembling. Never more let thy vanity persuade thee that thou art secure from the servants and Judges of the Holy Vehme. Though a thousand leagues lie between thee and the Red Land, and thou speakest in that

* The parts of Germany subjected to the operation of the Secret Tribunal were called, from the blood which it spilt, or from some other reason (Mr. Palgrave suggests the ground tincture of the ancient banner of the district) the Red Soil. Westphalia, as the limits of that country were understood in the middle ages, which are considerably different from the present boundaries, was the principal theatre of the Vehme.

where our power is not known; though thou shouldst be sheltered by thy native island, and defended by thy kindred ocean, yet, even there, I warn thee to cross thyself when thou dost so much as think of the Holy and Invisible Tribunal, and to retain thy thoughts within thine own bosom; for the Avenger may be beside thee, and thou mayst die in thy folly. Go hence, be wise, and let the fear of the Holy Vehme never pass from before thine eyes."

At the concluding words, all the lights were at once extinguished with a hissing noise. Philipson felt once more the grasp of the hands of the officials, to which he resigned himself as the safest course. He was gently prostrated on his pallet-bed, and transported back to the place from which he had been advanced to the foot of the altar. The cordage was again applied to the platform, and Philipson was sensible that his couch rose with him for a few moments, until a slight shock apprised him that he was again brought to a level with the floor of the chamber in which he had been lodged on the preceding night, or rather morning. He pondered over the events that had passed, in which he was sensible that he owed Heaven thanks for a great deliverance. Fatigue at length prevailed over anxiety, and he fell into a deep and profound sleep, from which he was only awakened by returning light. He resolved on an instant departure from so dangerous a spot, and without seeing any one of the household but the old ostler, pursued his journey to Strassburg, and reached that city without further accident.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

Away with these!—True Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties, streams, and dells—
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells,
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, *Canto* III.

WHEN Arthur Philipson left his father, to go on board the bark which was to waft him across the Rhine, he took but few precautions for his own subsistence, during a separation of which he calculated the duration to be very brief. Some necessary

change of raiment, and a very few pieces of gold, were all which he thought it needful to withdraw from the general stock ; the rest of the baggage and money he left with the sumpter-horse, which he concluded his father might need, in order to sustain his character as an English trader. Having embarked with his horse and his slender appointments on board a fishing skiff, she instantly raised her temporary mast, spread a sail across the yard, and, supported by the force of the wind against the downward power of the current, moved across the river obliquely in the direction of Kirch-hoff, which, as we have said, lies somewhat lower on the river than Hans-Chapelle. Their passage was so favorable, that they reached the opposite side in a few minutes, but not until Arthur, whose eye and thoughts were on the left bank, had seen his father depart from the Chapel of the Ferry, accompanied by two horsemen, whom he readily concluded to be the guide Bartholomew, and some chance traveler who had joined him ; but the second of whom was in truth the Black Priest of St. Paul's, as has been already mentioned.

This augmentation of his father's company was, he could not but think, likely to be attended with an increase of his safety, since it was not probable he would suffer a companion to be forced upon him, and one of his own choosing might be a protection, in case his guide should prove treacherous. At any rate, he had to rejoice that he had seen his father depart in safety from the spot where they had reason to apprehend some danger awaited him. He resolved, therefore, to make no stay at Kirch-hoff, but to pursue his way, as fast as possible, toward Strassburg, and rest, when darkness compelled him to stop, in one of the dorffs, or villages, which were situated on the German side of the Rhine. At Strassburg, he trusted, with the sanguine spirit of youth, he might again be able to rejoin his father ; and if he could not altogether subdue his anxiety on their separation, he fondly nourished the hope that he might meet him in safety. After some short refreshment and repose afforded to his horse, he lost no time in proceeding on his journey down the eastern bank of the broad river.

He was now upon the most interesting side of the Rhine, walled in and repelled as the river is on that shore by the most romantic cliffs, now mantled with vegetation of the richest hue, tinged with all the variegated colors of autumn ; now surmounted by fortresses, over whose gates were displayed the pennons of their proud owners ; or studded with hamlets, where the richness of the soil supplied to the poor laborer the food of which the oppressive hand of his superior threatened altogether

to deprive him. Every stream which here contributes its waters to the Rhine winds through its own tributary dell, and each valley possesses a varying and separate character, some rich with pastures, cornfields, and vineyards, some frowning with crags and precipices, and other romantic beauties.

The principles of taste were not then explained or analyzed as they have been since, in countries where leisure has been found for this investigation. But the feelings arising from so rich a landscape as is displayed by the valley of the Rhine, must have been the same in every bosom, from the period when our Englishman took his solitary journey through it, in doubt and danger, till that in which it heard the indignant Childe Harold bid a proud farewell to his native country, in the vain search of a land in which his heart might throb less fiercely.

Arthur enjoyed the scene, although the fading daylight began to remind him that, alone as he was, and traveling with a very valuable charge, it would be matter of prudence to look out for some place of rest during the night. Just as he had formed the resolution of inquiring at the next habitation he passed, which way he should follow for this purpose, the road he pursued descended into a beautiful amphitheatre filled with large trees, which protected from the heats of summer the delicate and tender herbage of the pasture. A large brook flowed through it and joined the Rhine. At a short mile up the brook, its waters made a crescent round a steep craggy eminence, crowned with flanking walls, and Gothic towers, and turrets enclosing a feudal castle of the first order. A part of the savanna that has been mentioned had been irregularly cultivated for wheat, which had grown a plentiful crop. It was gathered in, but the patches of deep yellow stubble contrasted with the green of the undisturbed pasture land, and with the seared and dark-red foliage of the broad oaks which stretched their arms athwart the level space. There a lad, in a rustic dress, was employed in the task of netting a brood of partridges with the assistance of a trained spaniel ; while a young woman, who had the air rather of a domestic in some family of rank, than that of an ordinary villager, sat on the stump of a decayed tree, to watch the progress of the amusement. The spaniel, whose duty it was to drive the partridges under the net, was perceptibly disturbed at the approach of the traveler ; his attention was divided, and he was obviously in danger of marring the sport, by barking and putting up the covey, when the maiden quitted her seat, and advancing toward Philipson, requested him for courtesy to pass at a greater distance, and not interfere with their amusement.

The traveler willingly complied with her request.

"I will ride, fair damsel," he said "at whatever distance you please. And allow me, in guerdon, to ask, whether there is convent, castle, or good man's house, where a stranger, who is belated and weary, might receive a night's hospitality?"

The girl, whose face he had not yet distinctly seen, seemed to suppress some desire to laugh, as she replied, "Hath not yon castle, think you," pointing to the distant towers, "some corner which might accommodate a stranger in such extremity?"

"Space enough, certainly," said Arthur; "but perhaps little inclination to grant it."

"I myself," said the girl, "being one, and a formidable part of the garrison, will be answerable for your reception. But as you parley with me in such hostile fashion, it is according to martial order that I should put down my visor."

So saying, she concealed her face under one of those riding masks, which at that period women often wore when they went abroad, whether for protecting their complexion, or screening themselves from intrusive observation. But ere she could accomplish this operation, Arthur had detected the merry countenance of Annette Veilchen, a girl who, though her attendance on Anne of Geierstein was in a menial capacity, was held in high estimation at Geierstein. She was a bold wench, unaccustomed to the distinctions of rank, which were little regarded in the simplicity of the Helvetian hills, and she was ready to laugh, jest, and flirt with the young men of the Landamman's family. This attracted no attention, the mountain manners making little distinction between the degrees of attendant and mistress, further than that the mistress was a young woman who required help, and the maiden one who was in a situation to offer and afford it. This kind of familiarity would perhaps have been dangerous in other lands, but the simplicity of Swiss manners, and the turn of Annette's disposition, which was resolute and sensible, though rather bold and free, when compared to the manners of more civilized countries, kept all intercourse betwixt her and the young men of the family in the strict path of honor and innocence.

Arthur himself had paid considerable attention to Annette, being naturally, from his feelings toward Anne of Geierstein, heartily desirous to possess the good graces of her attendant; a point which was easily gained by the attentions of a handsome young man, and the generosity with which he heaped upon her small presents of articles of dress or ornament, which the damsel, however faithful, could find no heart to refuse.

The assurance that he was in Anne's neighborhood, and

that he was likely to pass the night under the same roof, both of which circumstances were intimated by the girl's presence and language, sent the blood in a hastier current through Arthur's veins; for though, since he had crossed the river, he had sometimes nourished hopes of again seeing her who had made so strong an impression on his imagination, yet his understanding had as often told him how slight was the chance of their meeting, and it was even now chilled by the reflection, that it could be followed only by the pain of a sudden and final separation. He yielded himself, however, to the prospect of promised pleasure, without attempting to ascertain what was to be its duration or its consequence. Desirous, in the meantime, to hear as much of Anne's circumstances as Annette chose to tell, he resolved not to let that merry maiden perceive that she was known by him, until she chose of her own accord to lay aside her mystery.

While these thoughts passed rapidly through his imagination, Annette bade the lad drop his nets, and directed him that, having taken two of the best fed partridges from the covey, and carried them into the kitchen, he was to set the rest at liberty.

"I must provide supper," said she to the traveler, "since I am bringing home unexpected company."

Arthur earnestly expressed his hope that his experiencing the hospitality of the castle would occasion no trouble to the inmates, and received satisfactory assurances upon the subject of his scruples.

"I would not willingly be the cause of inconvenience to your mistress," pursued the traveler.

"Look you there," said Annette Veilchen, "I have said nothing of master or mistress, and this poor forlorn traveler has already concluded in his own mind that he is to be harbored in a lady's bower!"

"Why, did you not tell me," said Arthur, somewhat confused at his blunder, "that you were the person of second importance in the place? A damsel, I judged, could only be an officer under a female governor."

"I do not see the justness of the conclusion," replied the maiden. "I have known ladies bear offices of trust in lords' families; nay, and over the lords themselves."

"Am I to understand, fair damsel, that you hold so predominant a situation in the castle which we are now approaching, and of which I pray you to tell me the name?"

"The name of the castle is Arnheim," said Annette.

"Your garrison must be a large one," said Arthur, looking

at the extensive building, "if you are able to man such a labyrinth of walls and towers."

"In that point," said Annette, "I must needs own we are very deficient. At present we rather hide in the castle than inhabit it; and yet it is well enough defended by the reports which frighten every other person who might disturb its seclusion."

"And yet you yourselves dare to reside in it?" said the Englishman, recollecting the tale which had been told by Rudolph Donnerhugel, concerning the character of the Barons of Arnheim, and the final catastrophe of the family.

"Perhaps," replied his guide, "we are too intimate with the cause of such fears to feel ourselves strongly oppressed with them—perhaps we have means of encountering the supposed terrors proper to ourselves—perhaps, and it is not the least likely conjecture, we have no choice of a better place of refuge. Such seems to be your own fate at present, sir, for the tops of the distant hills are gradually losing the lights of the evening; and if you rest not in Arnheim, well contented or not, you are likely to find no safe lodging for many a mile."

As she thus spoke she separated from Arthur, taking, with the fowler who attended her, a very steep but short footpath, which ascended straight up to the site of the castle; at the same time motioning to the young Englishman to follow a horse-track, which, more circuitous, led to the same point, and, though less direct, was considerably more easy.

He soon stood before the south front of Arnheim Castle, which was a much larger building than he had conceived, either from Rudolph's description, or from the distant view. It had been erected at many different periods, and a considerable part of the edifice was less in the strict Gothic than in what has been termed the Saracenic style, in which the imagination of the architect is more florid than that which is usually indulged in the North,—rich in minarets, cupolas, and similar approximations to Oriental structures. This singular building bore a general appearance of desolation and desertion, but Rudolph had been misinformed when he declared that it had become ruinous. On the contrary, it had been maintained with considerable care; and when it fell into the hands of the Emperor, although no garrison was maintained within its precincts, care was taken to keep the building in repair; and though the prejudices of the country people prevented any one from passing the night within the fearful walls, yet it was regularly visited from time to time by a person having commission from the imperial chancery to that effect. The occupation of the domain

around the castle was a valuable compensation for this official person's labor, and he took care not to endanger the loss of it by neglecting his duty. Of late this officer had been withdrawn, and now it appeared that the young Baroness of Arnheim had found refuge in the deserted towers of her ancestors.

The Swiss damsel did not leave the youthful traveler time to study particularly the exterior of the castle, or to construe the meaning of emblems and mottoes, seemingly of an Oriental character, with which the oustide was inscribed, and which expressed in various modes, more or less directly, the attachment of the builders of this extensive pile to the learning of the eastern sages. Ere he had time to take more than a general survey of the place, the voice of the Swiss maiden called him to an angle of the wall in which there was a projection, from whence a long plank extended over a dry moat, and was connected with a window in which Annette was standing.

"You have forgotten your Swiss lessons already," said she, observing that Arthur went rather timidly about crossing the temporary and precarious drawbridge.

The reflection that Anne, her mistress, might make the same observation, recalled the young traveler to the necessary degree of composure. He passed over the plank with the same *sang froid* with which he had learned to brave the far more terrific bridge, beneath the ruinous Castle of Geierstein. He had no sooner entered the window than Annette, taking off her mask, bade him welcome to Germany, and to old friends with new names.

"Anne of Geierstein," she said, "is no more; but you will presently see the Lady Baroness of Arnheim, who is extremely like her; and I who was Annette Veilchen in Switzerland, the servant to a damsel who was not esteemed much greater than myself, am now the young Baroness's waiting woman, and make everybody of less quality stand back."

"If, in such circumstances," said young Philipson, "you have the influence due to your consequence, let me beseech of you to tell the Baroness, since we must now call her so, that my present intrusion on her is occasioned by my ignorance."

"Away, away," said the girl laughing, "I know better what to say in your behalf. You are not the first poor man and pedler that has got the graces of a great lady; but I warrant you it was not by making humble apologies, and talking of unintentional intrusion. I will tell her of love, which all the Rhine cannot quench, and which has driven you hither leaving you no other choice than to come or to perish!"

"Nay, but Annette, Annette"——

"Fie on you for a fool,—make a shorter name of it,—cry Anne, Anne! and there will be more prospect of your being answered."

So saying, the wild girl ran out of the room, delighted, as a mountaineer of her description was likely to be, with the thought of having done as she would desire to be done by, in her benevolent exertions to bring two lovers together, when on the eve of inevitable separation.

In this self-approving disposition, Annette sped up a narrow turnpike stair to a closet, or dressing-room, where her young mistress was seated, and exclaimed, with open mouth,—"Anne of Gei——, I mean my Lady Baroness, they are come—they are come!"

"The Philipsons?" said Anne, almost breathless as she asked the question.

"Yes—no—" answered the girl; "that is, yes,—for the best of them is come, and that is Arthur."

"What meanest thou, girl? Is not Seignor Philipson, the father, along with his son?"

"Not he, indeed," answered Veilchen, "nor did I ever think of asking about him. He was no friend of mine, nor of any one else, save the old Landamman; and well met they were for a couple of wiseacres, with eternal proverbs in their mouths, and care upon their brows."

"Unkind, inconsiderate girl, what hast thou done?" said Anne of Geierstein. "Did I not warn and charge thee to bring them both hither? and you have brought the young man alone to a place where we are nearly in solitude? What will he—what can he think of me?"

"Why, what should I have done?" said Annette, remaining firm in her argument. "He was alone, and should I have sent him down to the dorff to be murdered by the Rhinegrave's Lanz-knechts? All is fish, I trow, that comes to their net; and how is he to get through this country, so beset with wandering soldiers, robber barons (I beg your ladyship's pardon), and roguish Italians, flocking to the Duke of Burgundy's standard?—Not to mention the greatest terror of all, that is never in one shape or other absent from one's eyes or thought."

"Hush, hush, girl! add not utter madness to the excess of folly; but let us think what is to be done. For our sake, for his own, this unfortunate young man must leave this castle instantly."

"You must take the message yourself then, Anne—I beg pardon, most noble Baroness;—it may be very fit for a lady of

high birth to send such a message, which, indeed, I have heard the minne-singers tell in their romances; but I am sure it is not a meet one for me, or any frank-hearted Swiss girl, to carry. No more foolery; but remember, if you were born Baroness of Arnheim, you have been bred and brought up in the bosom of the Swiss hills, and should conduct yourself like an honest and well-meaning damsel."

"And in what does your wisdom reprehend my folly, good Mademoiselle Annette?" replied the Baroness.

"Ah, marry! now our noble blood stirs in our veins. But remember, gentle my lady, that it was a bargain between us when I left yonder noble mountains, and the free air that blows over them, to coop myself up in this land of prisons and slaves, that I should speak my mind to you as freely as I did when our heads lay on the same pillow."

"Speak, then," said Anne, studiously averting her face as she prepared to listen; "but beware that you say nothing which it is unfit for me to hear."

"I will speak nature and common sense; and if your noble ears are not made fit to hear and understand these, the fault lies in them, and not in my tongue. Look you, you have saved this youth from two great dangers,—one at the earth-shoot at Geierstein, the other this very day, when his life was beset. A handsome young man he is, well spoken, and well qualified to gain deservedly a lady's favor. Before you saw him, the Swiss youth were at least not odious to you. You danced with them,—you jested with them,—you were the general object of their admiration,—and, as you well know, you might have had your choice through the Canton—Why, I think it possible a little urgency might have brought you to think of Rudolph Donnerhugel as your mate."

"Never, wench, never!" exclaimed Anne.

"Be not so very positive, my lady. Had he recommended himself to the uncle in the first place, I think, in my poor sentiment, he might at some lucky moment have carried the niece. But since we have known this young Englishman, it has been little less than contemning, despising, and something like hating, all the men whom you could endure well enough before."

"Well, well," said Anne, "I will detest and hate thee more than any of them, unless you bring your matters to an end."

"Softly, noble lady, fair and easy go far. All this argues you love the young man, and let those say that you are wrong, who think there is anything wonderful in the matter. There is much to justify you, and nothing that I know against it."

"What, foolish girl! Remember my birth forbids me to love

a mean man—my condition to love a poor man—my father's commands to love one whose addresses are without his consent—above all, my maidenly pride forbids me fixing my affections on one who cares not for me,—nay, perhaps, is prejudiced against me by appearances."

"Here is a fine homily!" said Annette; "but I can clear every point of it as easily as Father Francis does his text in a holiday sermon. Your birth is a silly dream, which you have only learned to value within these two or three days, when, having come to German soil, some of the old German weed, usually called family pride, has begun to germinate in your heart. Think of such folly as you thought when you lived at Geierstein, that is, during all the rational part of your life, and this great terrible prejudice will sink into nothing. By condition, I conceive you mean estate. But Philipson's father, who is the most free-hearted of men, will surely give his son as many zechins as will stock a mountain farm. You have firewood for the cutting, and land for the occupying, since you are surely entitled to part of Geierstein, and gladly will your uncle put you in possession of it. You can manage the dairy, Arthur can shoot, hunt, fish, plough, harrow, and reap."

Anne of Geierstein shook her head, as if she greatly doubted her lover's skill in the last of the accomplishments enumerated.

"Well, well, he can learn, then," said Annette Veilchen; "and you will only live the harder the first year or so. Besides, Sigismund Biederman will aid him willingly, and he is a very horse at labor; and I know another besides, who is a friend"——

"Of thine own, I warrant," quoth the young Baroness.

"Marry, it is my poor friend Martin Sprenger; and I'll never be so false-hearted as to deny my bachelor."

"Well, well, but what is to be the end of all this?" said the Baroness, impatiently.

"The end of it, in my opinion," said Annette, "is very simple. Here are priests and prayer-books within a mile—go down to the parlor, speak your mind to your lover, or hear him speak his mind to you; join hands, go quietly back to Geierstein in the character of man and wife, and get everything ready to receive your uncle on his return. This is the way that a plain Swiss wench would cut off the romance of a German Baroness"——

"And break the heart of her father," said the young lady, with a sigh.

"It is more tough than you are aware of," replied Annette; "he hath not lived without you so long but that he will be

able to spare you for the rest of his life a great deal more easily than you, with all your new-fangled ideas of quality, will be able to endure his schemes of wealth and ambition, which will aim at making you the wife of some illustrious Count, like De Hagenbach, whom we saw not long since make such an edifying end, to the great example of all Robber-Chivalry upon the Rhine."

"Thy plan is naught, wench; a childish vision of a girl, who never knew more of life than she has heard told over her milking-pail. Remember that my uncle entertains the highest ideas of family discipline, and that, to act contrary to my father's will, would destroy us in his good opinion. Why else am I here? wherefore has he resigned his guardianship? and why am I obliged to change the habits that are dear to me, and assume the manners of a people that are strange, and therefore unpleasing to me?"

"Your uncle," said Annette, firmly, "is Landamman of the Canton of Unterwalden; respects its freedom, and is the sworn protector of its laws, of which, when you, a denizen of the Confederacy, claim the protection, he cannot refuse it to you."

"Even then," said the young Baroness, "I should forfeit his good opinion, his more than paternal affection; but it is needless to dwell upon this. Know, that although I could have loved the young man, whom I will not deny to be as amiable as your partiality paints him—Know,"—she hesitated for a moment,—"that he has never spoken a word to me on such a subject as you, without knowing either his sentiments or mine, would intrude on my consideration."

"Is it possible?" answered Annette. "I thought—I believed, though I have never pressed on your confidence—that you must—attached as you were to each other—have spoken together, like true maid and true bachelor, before now. I have done wrong, when I thought to do for the best.—Is it possible!—such things have been heard of even in our Canton—is it possible he can have harbored so unutterably base purposes, as that Martin of Breisach, who made love to Adela of the Sundgau, enticed her to folly—the thing, though almost incredible, is true,—fled—fled from the country and boasted of his villainy, till her cousin Raymond silenced forever his infamous triumph, by beating his brains out with his club, even in the very street of the villain's native town? By the Holy Mother of Einsiedlen! could I suspect this Englishman of meditating such treason, I would saw the plank across the moat till a fly's weight would break it, and it should be at six fathom deep that he should

abye the perfidy which dared to meditate dishonor against an adopted daughter of Switzerland."

As Annette Veilchen spoke, all the fire of her mountain courage flashed from her eyes, and she listened reluctantly while Anne of Geierstein endeavored to obliterate the dangerous impression which her former words had impressed on her simple but faithful attendant.

"On my word"—she said, "on my soul—you do Arthur Philipson injustice—foul injustice, in intimating such a suspicion;—his conduct toward me has ever been upright and honorable—a friend to a friend—a brother to a sister—could not, in all he has done and said, have been more respectful, more anxiously affectionate, more undeviatingly candid. In our frequent interviews and intercourse he has indeed seemed very kind—very attached. But had I been disposed—at times I may have been too much so—to listen to him with endurance,"—the young lady here put her hand on her forehead, but the tears streamed through her slender fingers,—"he has never spoken of any love—any preference; if he indeed entertains any, some obstacle, insurmountable on his part, has interfered to prevent him."

"Obstacle!" replied the Swiss damsel. "Ay, doubtless—some childish bashfulness—some foolish idea about your birth being so high above his own—some dream of modesty pushed to extremity which considers as impenetrable the ice of a spring frost. This delusion may be broken by a moment's encouragement, and I will take the task on myself to spare your blushes, my dearest Anne."

"No, no; for heaven's sake, no, Veilchen!" answered the Baroness, to whom Annette had so long been a companion and confident, rather than a domestic. "You cannot anticipate the nature of the obstacles which may prevent his thinking on what you are so desirous to promote. Hear me—My early education, and the instructions of my kind uncle, have thought me to know something more of foreigners and their fashions, than I ever could have learned in our happy retirement of Geierstein; I am well-nigh convinced that these Philipsons are of rank, as they are of manners and bearing, far superior to the occupation which they appear to hold. The father is a man of deep observation, of high thoughts and pretension, and lavish of gifts, far beyond what consists with the utmost liberality of a trader."

"That is true," said Annette; "I will say for myself that the silver chain he gave me weighs against ten silver crowns, and the cross which Arthur added to it, the day after the long ride we had together up toward Mont Pilatre, is worth, they

tell me, as much more. There is not the like of it in the Cantons. Well, what then? They are rich, so are you. So much the better."

"Alas! Annette, they are not only rich, but noble. I am persuaded of this; for I have observed often, that even the father retreated, with an air of quiet and dignified contempt, from discussions with Donnerhugel and others, who, in our plain way, wished to fasten a dispute upon him. And when a rude observation or blunt pleasantry was pointed at the son, his eyes flashed, his cheek colored, and it was only a glance from his father which induced him to repress the retort of no friendly character which rose to his lips."

"You have been a close observer," said Annette. "All this may be true, but I noted it not. But what then, I say once more? If Arthur has some fine noble name in his own country, are not you yourself Baroness of Arnheim? And I will frankly allow it as something of worth, if it smooths the way to a match, where I think you must look for happiness—I hope so, else I am sure it should have no encouragement from me."

"I do believe so, my faithful Veilchen; but, alas! how can you, in the state of natural freedom in which you have been bred, know, or even dream, of the various restraints which this gilded or golden chain of rank and nobility hangs upon those whom it fetters and encumbers, I fear, as much as it decorates? In every country, the distinction of rank binds men to certain duties. It may carry with it restrictions, which may prevent alliances in foreign countries—it often may prevent them from consulting their inclinations when they wed in their own. It leads to alliances in which the heart is never consulted, to treaties of marriage, which are often formed when the parties are in the cradle, or in leading strings, but which are not the less binding on them in honor and faith. Such may exist in the present case. These alliances are often blended and mixed up with state policy; and if the interest of England, or what he deems such, should have occasioned the elder Philipson to form such an engagement, Arthur would break his own heart—the heart of any one else—rather than make false his father's word."

"The more shame to them that formed such an engagement!" said Annette. "Well, they talk of England being a free country; but if they can bar young men and women of the natural privilege to call their hands and hearts their own, I would as soon be a German serf.—Well, lady, you are wise, and I am ignorant. But what is to be done? I have brought this young man here, expecting, God knows, a happier issue to your meeting. But it

is clear you cannot marry him without his asking you. Now, although I confess that, if I could think him willing to forfeit the hand of the fairest maid of the Cantons, either from want of manly courage to ask it, or from regard to some ridiculous engagement, formed betwixt his father and some other nobleman of their island of noblemen, I would not in either case grudge him a ducking in the moat ; yet it is another question, whether we should send him down to be murdered among those cut-throats of the Rhinegrave ; and unless we do so, I know not how to get rid of him."

"Then let the boy William give attendance on him here, and do you see to his accommodation. It is best we do not meet."

"I will," said Annette ; "yet what am I to say for you ? Unhappily, I let him know that you were here."

"Alas, imprudent girl ! Yet why should I blame thee," said Anne of Geierstein, "when the imprudence has been so great on my own side ? It is myself, who, suffering my imagination to rest too long upon this young man and his merits, have led me into this entanglement. But I will show thee that I can overcome this folly, and I will not seek in my own error a cause for evading the duties of hospitality. Go, Veilchen, get some refreshment ready. Thou shalt sup with us, and thou must not leave us. Thou shalt see me behave as becomes both a German lady and a Swiss maiden. Get me first a candle, however, my girl, for I must wash these tell-tales, my eyes, and arrange my dress."

To Annette this whole explanation had been one scene of astonishment, for, in the simple ideas of love and courtship in which she had been brought up amid the Swiss mountains, she had expected that the two lovers would have taken the first opportunity of the absence of their natural guardians, and have united themselves forever ; and she had even arranged a little secondary plot, in which she herself and Martin Sprenger, her faithful bachelor, were to reside with the young couple as friends and dependants. Silenced, therefore, but not satisfied, by the objections of her young mistress, the zealous Annette retreated murmuring to herself,—"That little hint about her dress is the only natural and sensible word she has said in my hearing. Please God, I will return and help her in the twinkling of an eye. That dressing my mistress is the only part of a waiting-lady's life that I have the least fancy for—it seems so natural for one pretty maiden to set off another—in faith we are but learning to dress ourselves at another time."

And with this sage remark Annette Veilchen tripped down stairs.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Tell me not of it—I could ne'er abide
The mummery of all that forced civility,
"Pray, seat yourself, my lord." With cringing hams
The speech is spoken, and, with bended knee,
Heard by the smiling courtier.—"Before you, sir?
It must be on the earth then." Hang it all!
The pride which cloaks itself in such poor fashion
Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar's bosom.

OLD PLAY.

UP stairs and down stairs tripped Annette Veilchen, the soul of all that was going on in the only habitable corner of the huge castle of Arnheim. She was equal to every kind of service, and therefore popped her head into the stable to be sure that William attended properly to Arthur's horse, looked into the kitchen to see that the old cook, Marthon, roasted the partridges in due time (an interference for which she received little thanks), rummaged out a flask or two of Rhine wine from the huge Dom Daniel of a cellar, and finally, just peeped into the parlor to see how Arthur was looking; when, having the satisfaction to see he had, in the best manner he could, sedulously arranged his person, she assured him that he should shortly see her mistress, who was rather indisposed, yet could nor refrain from coming down to see so valued an acquaintance.

Arthur blushed when she spoke thus, and seemed so handsome in the waiting-maid's eye, that she could not help saying to herself, as she went to her young lady's room—"Well, if true love cannot manage to bring that couple together, in spite of all the obstacles that they stand boggling at, I will never believe that there is such a thing as true love in the world, let Martin Sprenger say what he will, and swear to it on the gospels."

When she reached the young Baroness's apartment, she found, to her surprise, that, instead of having put on what finery she possessed, that young lady's choice had preferred the same simple kirtle which she had worn during the first day that Arthur had dined at Geierstein. Annette looked at first puzzled and doubtful, then suddenly recognized the good taste which had dictated the attire, and exclaimed—"you are right—you are right—it is best to meet him as a free-hearted Swiss maiden."

Anne also smiled as she replied—"But at the same time, in the walls of Arnheim, I must appear in some respect as the daughter of my father.—Here, girl, aid me to put this gem upon the ribbon which binds my hair."

It was an aigrette, or plume, composed of two feathers of a vulture, fastened together by an opal, which changed to the changing light with a variability which enchanted the Swiss damsel, who had never seen anything resembling it in her life.

"Now, Baroness Anne," said she, "if that pretty thing be really worn as a sign of your rank, it is the only thing belonging to your dignity that I should ever think of coveting; for it doth shimmer and change color after a most wonderful fashion, even something like one's own cheek when one is fluttered."

"Alas, Annette!" said the Baroness, passing her hand across her eyes, "of all the gauds which the females of my house have owned, this perhaps hath been the most fatal to its possessors."

"And why then wear it?" said Annette. "Why wear it now of all days in the year?"

"Because it best reminds me of my duty to my father and family. And now, girl, look thou sit with us at table, and leave not the apartment; and see thou fly not to and fro to help thyself or others with anything on the board, but remain quiet and seated till William helps you to what you have occasion for."

"Well, that is a gentle fashion, which I like well enough," said Annette, "and William serves us so debonairly, that it is a joy to see him; yet, ever and anon, I feel as I were not Annette Veilchen herself, but only Annette Veilchen's picture, since I can neithet rise, sit down, run about, nor stand still, without breaking some rule of courtly breeding. It is not so, I dare say, with you who are always mannerly."

"Less courtly than thou seemest to think," said the high-born maiden; "but I feel the restraint more on the green-sward, and under heaven's free air, than when I undergo it closed within the walls of an apartment."

"Ah, true—the dancing," said Annette; "that was something to be sorry for indeed."

"But most am I sorry, Annette, that I cannot tell whether I act precisely right or wrong in seeing this young man, though it must be for the last time. Were my father to arrive?—Were Ital Schreckenwald to return"——

"Your father is too deeply engaged on some of his dark and mystic errands," said the flippant Swiss; "sailed to the moun-

tains of the Brockenberg, were witches hold their sabbath, or gone on a hunting-party with the Wild Huntsman."

"Fie, Annette, how dare you talk thus of my father?"

"Why, I know little of him personally," said the damsel, "and you yourself do not know much more. And how should that be false which all men say is true?"

"Why, fool, what do they say?"

"Why, that the Count is a wizard—that your grandmother was a will-of-wisp, and old Ital Schreckenwald a born devil incarnate; and there is some truth in that, whatever comes of the rest."

"Where is he?"

"Gone down to spend the night in the village, to see the Rhinegrave's men quartered, and keep them in some order, if possible; for the soldiers are disappointed of pay which they had been promised; and when this happens, nothing resembles a Lanz-knecht except a chafed bear."

"Go we down then, girl; it is perhaps the last night which we may spend, for years, with a certain degree of freedom."

I will not pretend to describe the marked embarrassment with which Arthur Philipson and Anne of Geierstein met; neither lifted their eyes, neither spoke intelligibly, as they greeted each other, and the maiden herself did not blush more deeply than her modest visitor; while the good-humored Swiss girl, whose ideas of love partook of the freedom of a more Arcadian country and its customs, looked on with eyebrows a little arched, much in wonder, and a little in contempt at a couple, who, as she might think, acted with such unnatural and constrained reserve. Deep was the reverence and the blush with which Arthur offered his hand to the young lady, and her acceptance of the courtesy had the same character of extreme bashfuluess, agitation, and embarrassment. In short, though little or nothing intelligible passed between this very handsome and interesting couple, the interview itself did not on that account lose any interest. Arthur handed the maiden, as was the duty of a gallant of the day, into the next room where their repast was prepared; and Annette, who watched with singular attention everything which occurred, felt with astonishment, that the forms and ceremonies of the higher orders of society had such an influence, even over her free-born mind, as the rites of the Druids over that of the Roman general, when he said,

"I scorn them, yet they awe me."

"What can have changed them?" said Annette; "when at Geierstein, they looked but like another girl and bachelor,

only that Anne is so very handsome ; but now they move in time and manner as if they were leading a stately pavin, and behave to each other with as much formal respect as if he were Landamman of the Unterwalden, and she the first lady of Berne. 'Tis all very fine, doubtless, but it is not the way that Martin Sprenger makes love."

Apparently, the circumstances in which each of the young people were placed, recalled to them the habits of lofty, and somewhat formal courtesy, to which they might have been accustomed in former days ; and while the Baroness felt it necessary to observe the strictest decorum, in order to qualify the reception of Arthur into the interior of her retreat, he, on the other hand, endeavored to show, by the profoundness of his respect, that he was incapable of misusing the kindness with which he had been treated. They placed themselves at table, scrupulously observing the distance which might become a "virtuous gentleman and maid." The youth William did the service of the entertainment with deftness and courtesy, as one well accustomed to such duty; and Annette, placing herself between them, and endeavoring, as closely as she could, to adhere to the ceremonies which she saw them observe, made practice of the civilities which were expected from the attendant of a baroness. Various, however, were the errors which she committed. Her demeanor in general was that of a greyhound in the slips, ready to start up every moment; and she was only withheld by the recollection that she was to ask for that which she had far more mind to help herself to.

Other points of etiquette were transgressed in their turn, after the repast was over, and the attendant had retired. The waiting damsel often mingled too unceremoniously in the conversation, and could not help calling her mistress by her Christian name of Anne, and, in defiance of all decorum, addressed her, as well as Philipson, with the pronoun *thou*, which then, as well as now, was a dreadful solecism in German politeness. Her blunders were so far fortunate, that by furnishing the young lady and Arthur with a topic foreign to the peculiarities of their own situation, they enabled them to withdraw their attentions from its embarrassments, and to exchange smiles at poor Annette's expense. She was not long of perceiving this, and half nettled, half availing herself of the apology to speak her mind, said, with considerable spirit, "You have both been very merry, forsooth, at my expense, and all because I wished rather to rise and seek what I wanted, than wait till the poor fellow, who was kept trotting between the board and beauffet, found leisure to bring it to me. You laugh at me now, because I call you by your

names, as they were given to you in the blessed church at your christening; and because I say to you *thee* and *thou*, addressing my Yuncker and my Youngfrou as I would do if I were on my knees praying to Heaven. But for all your new world fancies, I can tell you, you are but a couple of children, who do not know your own minds, and are jesting away the only leisure given you to provide for your own happiness. Nay, frown not, my sweet Mistress Baroness; I have looked at Mont Pilatre too often to fear a gloomy brow."

"Peace, Annette," said her mistress, "or quit the room."

"Were I not more your friend than I am my own," said the headstrong and undaunted Annette, "I would quit the room, and the castle to boot, and leave you to hold your house here with your amiable seneschal, Ital Schreckenwald."

"If not for love, yet for shame, for charity, be silent, or leave the room."

"Nay," said Annette, "my bolt is shot, and I have but hinted at what all upon Geierstein Green said, the night when the bow of Buttisholz was bended. You know what the old saw says"——

"Peace! peace, for Heaven's sake, or I must needs fly!" said the young Baroness.

"Nay, then," said Annette, considerably changing her tone, as if afraid that her mistress should actually retire, "if you must fly, necessity must have its course. I know no one who can follow. This mistress of mine, Seignor Arthur, would require for her attendant not a homely girl of flesh and blood like myself, but a waiting woman with a substance composed of gossamer, and breath supplied by the spirit of ether. Would you believe it?—It is seriously held by many, that she partakes of the race of spirits of the elements, which makes her so much more bashful than maidens of this everyday world."

Anne of Geierstein seemed rather glad to lead away the conversation from the turn which her wayward maiden had given to it, and to turn it on more indifferent subjects, though these were still personal to herself.

"Seignor Arthur," she said, "thinks, perhaps, he has some room to nourish some such strange suspicion as your heedless folly expresses, and some fools believe, both in Germany and Switzerland. Confess, Seignor Arthur, you thought strangely of me when I passed your guard upon the bridge of Graffs-lust, on the night last past."

The recollection of the circumstances which had so greatly surprised him at the time, so startled Arthur, that it was with some difficulty he commanded himself, so as to attempt an

answer at all; and what he did say on the occasion was broken and unconnected.

"I did hear, I own—that is, Rudolph Donnerhugel reported—But that I believed that you, gentle lady, were other than a Christian maiden"——

"Nay, if Rudolph were the reporter, said Annette, "you would hear the worst of my lady and her lineage, that is certain. He is one of those prudent personages who depreciate and find fault with the goods he has thoughts of purchasing, in order to deter other offerers. Yes, he told you a fine goblin story, I warrant you, of my lady's grandmother; and truly, it so happened, that the circumstances of the case gave, I dare say, some color in your eyes to"——

"Not so, Annette," answered Arthur; "whatever might be said of your lady that sounded uncouth and strange, fell to the ground as incredible."

"Not quite so much so, I fancy," interrupted Annette, without heeding sign or frown. "I strongly suspect I should have had much more trouble in dragging you hither to this castle, had you known you were approaching the haunt of the Nymph of the Fire, the Salamander, as they call her, not to mention the shock of again seeing the descendant of that Maiden of the Fiery Mantle."

"Peace, once more, Annette," said her mistress; "since Fate has occasioned this meeting, let us not neglect the opportunity to disabuse our English friend, of the absurd report he has listened to with doubt and wonder perhaps, but not with absolute incredulity.

"Seignor Arthur Philipson," she proceeded, "it is true my grandfather, by the mother's side, Baron Herman of Arnheim, was a man of great knowledge in abstruse sciences. He was also a presiding judge of a tribunal of which you must have heard, called the Holy Vehme. One night a stranger, closely pursued by the agents of that body, which (crossing herself) it is not safe even to name, arrived at the castle and craved his protection, and the rights of hospitality. My grandfather, finding the advance which the stranger had made to the rank of Adept, gave him his protection, and became bail to deliver him to answer the charge against him, for a year and a day, which delay he was, it seems, entitled to require on his behalf. They studied together during that term, and pushed their researches into the mysteries of nature, as far, in all probability, as men have the power of urging them. When the fatal day drew nigh on which the guest must part from his host, he asked permission to bring his daughter to the castle, that they might exchange a

last farewell. She was introduced with much secrecy, and after some days, finding that her father's fate was so uncertain, the Baron, with the sage's consent, agreed to give the forlorn maiden refuge in his castle, hoping to obtain from her some additional information concerning the languages and the wisdom of the East. Dannischemend, her father, left this castle, to go to render himself up to the Vehmegericht at Fulda. The result is unknown; perhaps he was saved by Baron Arnheim's testimony, perhaps he was given up to the steel and the cord. On such matters, who dare speak?

"The fair Persian became the wife of her guardian and protector. Amid many excellences, she had one peculiarity allied to imprudence. She availed herself of her foreign dress and manners, as well as of a beauty which was said to have been marvelous, and an agility seldom equaled, to impose upon and terrify the ignorant German ladies, who, hearing her speak Persian and Arabic, were already disposed to consider her as over closely connected with unlawful arts. She was of a fanciful and imaginative disposition, and delighted to place herself in such colors and circumstances as might confirm their most ridiculous suspicions, which she considered only as matter of sport. There was no end to the stories to which she gave rise. Her first appearance in the castle was said to be highly picturesque, and to have inferred something of the marvelous. With the levity of a child, she had some childish passions, and while she encouraged the growth and circulation of the most extraordinary legends amongst some of the neighborhood, she entered into disputes with persons of her own quality, concerning rank and precedence, on which the ladies of Westphalia have at all times set great store. This cost her her life; for, on the morning of the christening of my poor mother, the Baroness of Arnheim died suddenly, even while a splendid company was assembled in the castle chapel to witness the ceremony. It was believed that she died of poison, administered by the Baroness Steinfeldt, with whom she was engaged in a bitter quarrel, entered into chiefly on behalf of her friend and companion, the Countess Waldstetten."

"And the opal gem?—and the sprinkling with water?" said Arthur Philipson.

"Ah!" replied the young Baroness, "I see you desire to hear the real truth of my family history, of which you have yet learned only the romantic legend.—The sprinkling of water was necessarily had recourse to, on my ancestress's first swoon. As for the opal, I have heard that it did indeed grow pale, but only because it is said to be the nature of that noble gem, on

the approach of poison. Some part of the quarrel with the Baroness Steinfeldt was about the right of the Persian maiden to wear this stone, which an ancestor in my family won in battle from the Soldan of Trebizond. All these things were confused in popular tradition, and the real facts turned into a fairy tale."

"But you have said nothing," suggested Arthur Philipson, on—on "——

"On what?" said his hostess.

"On your appearance last night."

"Is it possible," said she, "that a man of sense, and an Englishman, cannot guess at the explanation which I have to give, though not, perhaps, very distinctly? My father, you are aware, has been a busy man in a disturbed country, and has incurred the hatred of many powerful persons. He is, therefore, obliged to move in secret, and avoid unnecessary observation. He was, besides, averse to meet his brother, the Landamman. I was therefore told, on our entering Germany, that I was to expect a signal where and when to join him,—the token was to be a small crucifix of bronze, which had belonged to my poor mother. In my apartment at Graffs-lust I found the token, with a note from my father, making me acquainted with a secret passage proper to such places, which, though it had the appearance of being blocked up, was in fact very slightly barricaded. By this I was instructed to pass to the gate, make my escape into the woods, and meet my father at a place appointed there."

"A wild and perilous adventure," said Arthur.

"I have never been so much shocked," continued the maiden, "as at receiving this summons, compelling me to steal away from my kind and affectionate uncle, and go I knew not whither. Yet compliance was absolutely necessary. The place of meeting was plainly pointed out. A midnight walk, in the neighborhood of protection, was to me a trifle; but the precaution of posting sentinels at the gate might have interfered with my purpose, had I not mentioned it to some of my elder cousins, the Biedermans, who readily agreed to let me pass and repass unquestioned. But you know my cousins; honest and kind-hearted, they are of a rude way of thinking, and as incapable of feeling a generous delicacy as—some other persons." (Here there was a glance toward Annette Veilchen.)—"They exacted from me, that I should conceal myself and my purpose from Sigismund; and as they are always making sport with the simple youth, they insisted that I should pass him in such a manner as might induce him to believe that I was a spiritual

apparition, and out of his terrors for supernatural beings they expected to have much amusement. I was obliged to secure their connivance at my escape on their own terms ; and, indeed, I was too much grieved at the prospect of quitting my kind uncle, to think much of anything else. Yet my surprise was considerable, when, contrary to expectation, I found you on the bridge as sentinel, instead of my cousin Sigismund. Your own ideas I ask not for."

"They were those of a fool," said Arthur, "of a thrice-sodden fool. Had I been aught else, I would have offered my escort. My sword"——

"I could not have accepted your protection," said Anne, calmly. "My mission was in every respect a secret one. I met my father—some intercourse had taken place betwixt him and Rudolph Donnerhugel, which induced him to alter his purpose of carrying me away with him last night. I joined him, however, early this morning, while Annette acted for a time my part amongst the Swiss pilgrims. My father desired that it should not be known when or with whom I left my uncle and his escort. I need scarce remind you that I saw you in the dungeon."

"You were the preserver of my life," said the youth—"the restorer of my liberty."

"Ask me not the reason of my silence. I was then acting under the agency of others, not under mine own. Your escape was effected, in order to establish a communication betwixt the Swiss without the fortress and the soldiers within. After the alarm at La Ferette, I learned from Sigismund Biederman that a party of Banditti were pursuing your father and you, with a view to pillage and robbery. My father had furnished me with the means of changing Anne of Geierstein into a German maiden of quality. I set out instantly, and glad I am to have given you a hint which might free you from danger."

"But my father?" said Arthur.

"I have every reason to hope he is well and safe," answered the young lady. More than I were eager to protect both you and him—poor Sigismund amongst the first.—And now, my friend, these mysteries explained, it is time we part, and forever."

"Part!—and forever!" repeated the youth in a voice like a dying echo.

"It is our fate," said the maiden. "I appeal to you if it is not your duty—I tell you it is mine. You will depart with early dawn to Strassburg—and—and—we never meet again."

With an ardor of passion which he could not repress, Arthur

Philipson threw himself at the feet of the maiden, whose faltering tone had clearly expressed that she felt deeply in uttering the words. She looked round for Annette, but Annette had disappeared at the most critical moment ; and her mistress for a second or two was not perhaps sorry for her absence.

" Rise," she said, " Arthur—rise. You must not give way to feelings that might be fatal to yourself and me."

" Hear me, lady, before I bid you adieu, and forever—the word of a criminal is heard, though he plead the worst cause—I am a belted knight, and the son and heir of an Earl, whose name has been spread throughout England and France, and wherever valor has had fame."

" Alas ! " said she, faintly, " I have but too long suspected what you now tell me—Rise, I pray you, rise."

" Never till you hear me," said the youth, seizing one of her hands, which trembled, but hardly could be said to struggle in his grasp.—" Hear me," he said, with the enthusiasm of first love, when the obstacles of bashfulness and diffidence are surmounted—" My father and I are—I acknowledge it—bound on a most hazardous and doubtful expedition. You will very soon learn its issue for good or bad. If it succeed, you shall hear of me in my own character.—If I fall, I must—I will—I do claim a tear from Anne of Geierstein. If I escape, I have yet a horse, a lance, and a sword ; and you shall hear nobly of him whom you have thrice protected from imminent danger."

" Arise—arise," repeated the maiden, whose tears began to flow fast, as, struggling to raise her lover, they fell thick upon his head and face. " I have heard enough—to listen to more were indeed madness, both for you and myself."

" Yet one single word," added the youth ; " while Arthur has a heart, it beats for you—while Arthur can wield an arm, it strikes for you, and in your cause."

Annette now rushed into the room.

" Away, away ! " she cried—" Schreckenwald has returned from the village with some horrible tidings, and I fear me he comes this way."

Arthur had started to his feet at the first signal of alarm.

" If there is danger near your lady, Annette, there is at least one faithful friend by her side."

Annette looked anxiously at her mistress.

" But Schreckenwald," she said—" Schreckenwald, your father's steward—his confidant.—Oh, think better of it—I can hide Arthur somewhere."

The noble-minded girl had already resumed her composure,

and replied with dignity—"I have done nothing," she said, "to offend my father. If Schreckenwald be my father's steward, he is my vassal. I hide no guest to conciliate him. Sit down," (addressing Arthur), "and let us receive this man—Introduce him instantly, Annette, and let us hear his tidings—and bid him remember, that when he speaks to me he addresses his mistress."

Arthur resumed his seat, still more proud of his choice from the noble and fearless spirit displayed by one who had so lately shown herself sensible to the gentlest feelings of the female sex.

Annette, assuming courage from her mistress's dauntless demeanor, clapped her hands together as she left the room, saying, but in a low voice, "I see that after all it is something to be a Baroness, if one can assert her dignity conformingly. How could I be so frightened for this rude man!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

> ——— Affairs that walk
> (As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
> In them a wilder nature than the business
> That seeks despatch by day.
>
> HENRY VIII., *Act* 5.

THE approach of the steward was now boldly expected by the little party. Arthur, flattered at once and elevated by the firmness which Anne had shown when this person's arrival was announced, hastily considered the part which he was to act in the approaching scene, and prudently determined to avoid all active and personal interference, till he should observe, from the demeanor of Anne, that such was likely to be useful or agreeable to her. He resumed his place, therefore, at a distant part of the board, on which their meal had been lately spread, and remained there, determined to act in the manner Anne's behavior should suggest as most prudent and fitting,—veiling, at the same time, the most acute internal anxiety, by an appearance of that deferential composure, which one of inferior rank adopts when admitted to the presence of a superior. Anne, on her part, seemed to prepare herself for an interview of interest. An air of conscious dignity succeeded the extreme agitation which she had so lately displayed, and, busying herself with some articles of female work, she also seemed to

expect with tranquility the visit, to which her attendant was disposed to attach so much alarm.

A step was heard upon the stair, hurried and unequal, as that of some one in confusion as well as haste; the door flew open, and Ital Schreckenwald entered.

This person, with whom the details given to the elder Philipson by the Landamman Biederman have made the reader in some degree acquainted, was a tall, well-made, soldierly-looking man. His dress, like that of persons of rank at the period in Germany, was more varied in color, more cut and ornamented, slashed and jagged, than the habit worn in France and England. The never-failing hawk's feather decked his cap, secured with a medal of gold, which served as a clasp. His doublet was of buff, for defence, but *laid down*, as it was called in the tailor's craft, with rich lace on each seam, and displayed on the breast a golden chain, the emblem of his rank in the Baron's household. He entered with rather a hasty step, and busy and offended look, and said somewhat rudely,—"Why, how now, young lady —wherefore this? Strangers in the castle at this period of night!"

Anne of Geierstein, though she had been long absent from her native country, was not ignorant of its habits and customs, and knew the haughty manner in which all who were noble exerted their authority over their dependants.

"Are you a vassal of Arnheim, Ital Schreckenwald, and do you speak to the Lady of Arnheim in her own castle with an elevated voice, a saucy look, and bonneted withal? Know your place; and, when you have demanded pardon for your insolence, and told your errand in such terms as befit your condition and mine, I may listen to what you have to say."

Schreckenwald's hand, in spite of him, stole to his bonnet, and uncovered his haughty brow.

"Noble lady, he said, in a somewhat milder tone, "excuse me if my haste be unmannerly, but the alarm is instant. The soldiery of the Rhinegrave have mutinied, plucked down the banners of their master, and set up an independent ensign, which they call the pennon of St. Nicholas, under which they declare that they will maintain peace with God, and war with all the world. This castle cannot escape them, when they consider that the first course to maintain themselves, must be to take possession of some place of strength. You must up then, and ride with the very peep of dawn. For the present, they are busy with the wine-skins of the peasants; but when they wake in the morning, they will unquestionably march hither; and you may chance to fall into the hands of those who will

think of the terrors of the castle of Arnheim as the figments of a fairy tale, and laugh at its mistress's pretensions to honor and respect."

"Is it impossible to make resistance? The castle is strong," said the young lady, "and I am unwilling to leave the house of my fathers without attempting somewhat in our defence."

"Five hundred men," said Schreckenwald, "might garrison Arnheim, battlement and tower. With a less number it were madness to attempt to keep such an extent of walls; and how to get twenty soldiers together, I am sure I know not.—So, having now the truth of the story, let me beseech you to dismiss this guest,—too young, I think, to be the inmate of a lady's bower,—and I will point to him the nighest way out of the castle; for this is a strait in which we must all be contented with looking to our own safety."

"And whither is it that you propose to go?" said the Baroness, continuing to maintain, in respect to Ital Schreckenwald, the complete and calm assertion of absolute superiority, to which the seneschal gave way with such marks of impatience, as a fiery steed exhibits under the management of a complete cavalier.

"To Strassburg I propose to go,—that is, if it so please you,—with such slight escort as I can get hastily together by daybreak. I trust we may escape being observed by the mutineers; or, if we fall in with a party of stragglers, I apprehend but little difficulty in forcing my way."

"And wherefore do you prefer Strassburg as a place of asylum?"

"Because I trust we shall there meet your excellency's father, the noble Count Albert of Geierstein."

"It is well," said the young lady.—"You also, I think, Seignor Philipson, spoke of directing your course to Strassburg. If it consist with your convenience, you may avail yourself of the protection of my escort as far as that city, where you expect to meet your father."

It will readily be believed that Arthur cheerfully bowed assent to a proposal which was to prolong their remaining in society together; and might possibly, as his romantic imagination suggested, afford him an opportunity, on a road beset with dangers, to render some service of importance.

Ital Schreckenwald attempted to remonstrate.

"Lady!—lady!"—he said, with some marks of impatience.

"Take breath and leisure, Schreckenwald," said Anne, "and you will be more able to express yourself with distinctness and with respectful propriety."

The impatient vassal muttered an oath betwixt his teeth, and answered with forced civility,—" Permit me to state, that our case requires we should charge ourselves with the care of no one but you. We shall be few enough for your defence, and I cannot permit any stranger to travel with us."

" If," said Arthur, " I conceived that I was to be a useless encumbrance on the retreat of this noble young lady, worlds, Sir Squire, would not induce me to accept her offer. But I am neither child nor woman—I am a full-grown man, and ready to show such good service as manhood may, in defence of your lady."

" If we must not challenge your valor and ability, young sir," said Schreckenwald, " who shall answer for your fidelity ? "

" To question that elsewhere," said Arthur, " might be dangerous."

But Anne interfered between them. " We must straight to rest, and remain prompt for alarm, perhaps even before the hour of dawn. Schreckenwald, I trust to your care for due watch and ward.—You have men enough at least for that purpose.—And hear and mark—It is my desire and command that this gentleman be accommodated with lodgings here for this night, and that he travel with us to-morrow. For this I will be responsible to my father, and your part is only to obey my commands. I have long had occasion to know both the young man's father and himself, who were ancient guests of my uncle, the Landamman. On the journey you will keep the youth beside you, and use such courtesy to him as your rugged temper will permit."

Ital Schreckenwald intimated his acquiescence with a look of bitterness, which it were vain to attempt to describe. It expressed spite, mortification, humbled pride, and reluctant submission. He did submit, however, and ushered young Philipson into a decent apartment with a bed, which the fatigue and agitation of the preceding day rendered very acceptable.

Notwithstanding the ardor with which Arthur expected the rise of the next dawn, his deep repose, the fruit of fatigue, held him until the reddening of the east, when the voice of Schreckenwald exclaimed, " Up, Sir Englishman, if you mean to accomplish your boast of loyal service. It is time we were in the saddle, and we shall tarry for no sluggards."

Arthur was on the floor of the apartment, and dressed in almost an instant, not forgetting to put on his shirt of mail and assume whatever weapons seemed most fit to render him an efficient part of the convoy. He next hastened to seek out the stable, to have his horse in readiness ; and descending for that

purpose into the under story of the lower mass of buildings, he was wandering in search of the way which led to the offices, when the voice of Annette Veilchen softly whispered, "This way, Seignor Philipson; I would speak with you."

The Swiss maiden, at the same time, beckoned him into a small room, where he found her alone.

"Were you not surprised," she said, "to see my lady, queen it so over Ital Schreckenwald, who keeps every other person in awe with his stern looks and cross words? But the air of command seems so natural to her, that, instead of being a baroness, she might have been an empress. It must come of birth, I think, after all, for I tried last night to take state upon me, after the fashion of my mistress, and, would you think it, the brute Schreckenwald threatened to throw me out of the window? But if ever I see Martin Sprenger again, I'll know if there is strength in a Swiss arm, and virtue in a Swiss quarter-staff.—But here I stand prating, and my lady wishes to see you for a minute ere we take to horse."

"Your lady?" said Arthur, starting, "why did you lose an instant?—why not tell me before?"

"Because I was only to keep you here till she came, and—here she is."

Anne of Geierstein entered, fully attired for her journey. Annette, always willing to do as she would wish to be done by, was about to leave the apartment, when her mistress, who had apparently made up her mind concerning what she had to do or say, commanded her positively to remain.

"I am sure, she said, "Seignor Philipson will rightly understand the feelings of hospitality—I will say of friendship—which prevented my suffering him to be expelled from my castle last night, and which have determined me this morning to admit of his company on the somewhat dangerous road to Strassburg. At the gate of that town we part, I to join my father, you to place yourself under the direction of yours. From that moment intercourse between us ends, and our remembrance of each other must be as the thoughts which we pay to friends deceased."

"Tender recollections," said Arthur, passionately, "more dear to our bosoms than all we have surviving upon earth."

"Not a word in that tone," answered the maiden. "With night delusion should end, and reason awaken with dawning. One word more—Do not address me on the road; you may, by doing so, expose me to vexatious and insulting suspicion, and yourself to quarrels and peril.—Farewell, our party is ready to take horse."

She left the apartment, where Arthur remained for a moment deeply bewildered in grief and disappointment. The patience, nay, even favor, with which Anne of Geierstein had, on the previous night, listened to his passion, had not prepared him for the terms of reserve and distance which she now adopted toward him. He was ignorant that noble maids, if feeling or passion has for a moment swayed them from the strict path of principle and duty, endeavor to atone for it, by instantly returning, and severely adhering, to the line from which they have made a momentary departure. He looked mournfully on Annette, who, as she had been in the room before Anne's arrival, took the privilege of remaining a minute after her departure ; but he read no comfort in the glances of the confidant, who seemed as much disconcerted as himself.

"I cannot imagine what hath happened to her," said Annette ; "to me she is kind as ever, but to every other person about her she plays countess and baroness with a witness ; and now she is begun to tyrannize over her own natural feelings—and—if this be greatness, Annette Veilchen trusts always to remain the penniless Swiss girl ; she is mistress of her own freedom, and at liberty to speak with her bachelor when she pleases, so as religion and maiden modesty suffer nothing in the conversation. Oh, a single daisy twisted with content into one's hair, is worth all the opals in India, if they bind us to torment ourselves and other people, or hinder us from speaking our mind, when our heart is upon our tongue. But never fear, Arthur ; for if she has the cruelty to think of forgetting you, you may rely on one friend who, while she has a tongue, and Anne has ears, will make it impossible for her to do so."

So saying, away tripped Annette, having first indicated to Philipson the passage by which he would find the lower court of the castle. There his steed stood ready among about twenty others. Twelve of these were accoutred with war saddles and frontlets of proof, being intended for the use of as many cavaliers, or troopers, retainers of the family of Arnheim, whom the seneschal's exertions had been able to collect on the spur of the occasion. Two palfreys, somewhat distinguished by their trappings, were designed for Anne of Geierstein and her favorite female attendant. The other menials, chiefly boys and women servants, had inferior horses. At a signal made, the troopers took their lances and stood by their steeds, till the females were mounted and in order ; they then sprang into their saddles and began to move forward, slowly and with great precaution. Schreckenwald led the van, and kept Arthur Philipson close beside him. Anne and her attendant were in

the centre of the little body, followed by the unwarlike train of servants, while two or three experienced cavaliers brought up the rear, with strict orders to guard against surprise.

On their being put into motion, the first thing which surprised Arthur was, that the horses' hoofs no longer sent forth the sharp and ringing sound arising from the collision of iron and flint, and as the morning light increased, he could perceive that the fetlock and hoof of every steed, his own included, had been carefully wrapped around with a sufficient quantity of wool to prevent the usual noise which accompanied their motions. It was a singular thing to behold the passage of the little body of cavalry down the rocky road which led from the castle, unattended with the noise, which we are disposed to consider as inseparable from the motions of horse, the absence of which seemed to give a peculiar and almost an unearthly appearance to the cavalcade.

They passed in this manner the winding path which led from the castle of Arnheim to the adjacent village, which, as was the ancient feudal custom, lay so near the fortress, that its inhabitants, when summoned by their lord, could instantly repair for its defence. But it was at present occupied by very different inhabitants, the mutinous soldiers of the Rhinegrave. When the party from Arnheim approached the entrance of the village, Schreckenwald made a signal to halt, which was instantly obeyed by his followers. He then rode forward in person to reconnoitre, accompanied by Arthur Philipson, both moving with the utmost steadiness and precaution. The deepest silence prevailed in the deserted streets. Here and there a soldier was seen, seemingly designed for a sentinel, but uniformly fast asleep.

"The swinish mutineers!" said Schreckenwald; "a fair night-watch they keep, and a beautiful morning's rouse would I treat them with, were not the point to protect yonder peevish wench.—Halt thou here, stranger, while I ride back and bring them on—there is no danger."

Schreckenwald left Arthur as he spoke, who, alone in the street of a village filled with banditti, though they were lulled into temporary insensibility, had no reason to consider his case as very comfortable. The chorus of a wassel-song, which some reveler was trolling over in his sleep; or, in its turn, the growling of some village cur, seemed the signal for a hundred ruffians to start up around him. But in the space of two or three minutes, the noiseless cavalcade, headed by Ital Schreckenwald, again joined him, and followed their leader, observing the utmost precaution not to give an alarm. All went well

till they reached the further end of the village, where, although the Baaren-hauter * who kept guard was as drunk as his companions on duty, a large shaggy dog which lay beside him was more vigilant. As the little troop approached, the animal sent forth a ferocious yell, loud enough to have broken the rest of the Seven Sleepers, and which effectually dispelled the slumbers of its master. The soldier snatched up his carabine and fired, he knew not well at what, or for what reason. The ball, however, struck Arthur's horse under him, and, as the animal fell, the sentinel rushed forward to kill or make prisoner the rider.

"Haste on, haste on, men of Arnheim! care for nothing but the young lady's safety," exclaimed the leader of the band.

"Stay, I command you;—aid the stranger on your lives!" —said Anne, in a voice which, usually gentle and meek, she now made heard by those around her, like the note of a silver clarion. "I will not stir till he is rescued."

Schreckenwald had already spurred his horse for flight; but, perceiving Anne's reluctance to follow him, he dashed back, and seizing a horse, which, bridled and saddled, stood picketed near him, he threw the reins to Arthur Philipson; and pushing his own horse, at the same time, betwixt the Englishman and the soldier, he forced the latter to quit the hold he had on his person. In an instant Philipson was again mounted, when, seizing a battle-axe which hung at the saddle-bow of his new steed, he struck down the staggering sentinel, who was endeavoring again to seize upon him. The whole troop then rode off at a gallop, for the alarm began to grow general in the village; some soldiers were seen coming out of their quarters, and others were beginning to get upon horseback. Before Schreckenwald and his party had ridden a mile, they heard more than once the sound of bugles; and when they arrived upon the summit of an eminence commanding a view of the village, their leader, who, during the retreat, had placed himself in the rear of his companions, now halted to reconnoitre the enemy they had left behind them. There was bustle and confusion in the street, but there did not appear to be any pursuit; so that Schreckenwald followed his route down the river, with speed and activity indeed, but with so much steadiness at the same time, as not to distress the slowest horse of his party.

When they had ridden two hours or more, the confidence of their leader was so much augmented, that he ventured to command a halt at the edge of a pleasant grove, which served

* *Baaren-hauter*—he of the Bear's hide—a nickname for a German private soldier.

to conceal their number, whilst both riders and horses took some refreshment, for which purpose forage and provisions had been borne along with them. Ital Schreckenwald, having held some communication with the Baroness, continued to offer their traveling companion a sort of surly civility. He invited him to partake of his own mess, which was indeed little different from that which was served out to the other troopers, but was seasoned with a glass of wine from a more choice flask.

"To your health, brother," he said; "if you tell this day's story truly, you will allow that I was a true comrade to you two hours since, in riding through the village of Arnheim."

"I will never deny it, fair sir," said Philipson, "and I return you thanks for your timely assistance; alike, whether it sprang from your mistress's order or your own good-will."

"Ho! ho! my friend," said Schreckenwald, laughing, "you are a philosopher, and can try conclusions while your horse lies rolling above you, and a Baaren-hauter aims his sword at your throat?—Well, since your wit hath discovered so much, I care not if you know, that I should not have had much scruple to sacrifice twenty such smooth-faced gentlemen as yourself, rather than the young Baroness of Arnheim had incurred the slightest danger."

"The propriety of the sentiment," said Philipson, "is so undoubtedly correct, that I subscribe to it, even though it is something discourteously expressed toward myself."

In making this reply, the young man, provoked at the insolence of Schreckenwald's manner, raised his voice a little. The circumstance did not escape observation, for, on the instant, Annette Veilchen stood before them, with her mistress's commands on them both to speak in whispers, or rather to be altogether silent.

"Say to your mistress that I am mute," said Philipson.

"Our mistress, the Baroness says," continued Annette, with an emphasis on the title, to which she began to ascribe some talismanic influence—"the Baroness, I tell you, says, that silence much concerns our safety, for it were most hazardous to draw upon this little fugitive party the notice of any passengers who may pass along the road during the necessary halt; and so, sirs, it is the Baroness's request that you will continue the exercise of your teeth as fast as you can, and forbear that of your tongues till you are in a safer condition."

"My lady is wise," answered Ital Schreckenwald, "and her maiden is witty. I drink, Mistress Annette, in a cup of Rudesheimer, to the continuance of her sagacity, and of your amiable

liveliness of disposition. Will it please you, fair mistress, to pledge me in this generous liquor?"

"Out, thou German wine-flask!—Out, thou eternal swill-flagon!—Heard you ever of a modest maiden who drank wine before she had dined?"

"Remain without the generous inspiration, then," said the German, "and nourish thy satirical vein on sour cider or acid whey."

A short space having been allowed to refresh themselves, the little party again mounted their horses, and traveled with such speed, that long before noon they arrived at the strongly-fortified town of Kehl, opposite to Strassburg, on the eastern bank of the Rhine.

It is for local antiquaries to discover whether the travelers crossed from Kehl to Strassburg by the celebrated bridge of boats which at present maintain the communication across the river, or whether they were wafted over by some other mode of transportation. It is enough that they passed in safety, and had landed on the other side, where—whether she dreaded that he might forget the charge she had given him, that here they were to separate, or whether she thought that something more might be said in the moment of parting—the young Baroness, before remounting her horse, once more approached Arthur Philipson, who too truly guessed the tenor of what she had to say.

"Gentle stranger," she said, "I must now bid you farewell. But first let me ask if you know whereabouts you are to seek your father?"

"In an inn called the Flying Stag," said Arthur, detectedly; "but where that is situated in this large town I know not."

"Do you know the place, Ital Schreckenwald?"

"I, young lady?—Not I—I know nothing of Strassburg and its inns. I believe most of our party are as ignorant as I am."

"You and they speak German, I suppose," said the Baroness, dryly, "and can make inquiry more easily than a foreigner? Go, sir, and forget not than humanity to the stranger is a religious duty."

With that shrug of the shoulders which testifies a displeased messenger, Ital went to make some inquiry, and, in his absence, brief as it was, Anne took an opportunity to say apart—"Farewell!—Farewell! Accept this token of friendship, and wear it for my sake. May you be happy!"

Her slender fingers dropped into his hand a very small parcel. He turned to thank her, but she was already at some distance; and Schreckenwald, who had taken his place by his

side, said in his harsh voice, "Come, Sir Squire, I have found out your place of rendezvous, and I have but little time to play the gentleman-usher."

He then rode on; and Philipson, mounted on his military charger, followed him in silence to the point where a large street joined, or rather crossed, that which led from the quay on which they had landed.

"Yonder swings the Flying Stag," said Ital, pointing to an immense sign, which, mounted on a huge wooden frame, crossed almost the whole breadth of the street. "Your intelligence can, I think, hardly abandon you, with such a guide-post in your eye."

So saying, he turned his horse without further farewell, and rode back to join his mistress and her attendants.

Philipson's eyes rested on the same group for a moment, when he was recalled to a sense of his situation by the thoughts of his father; and, spurring his jaded horse down the cross street, he reached the hostelry of the Flying Stag.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

> ——— I was, I must confess,
> Great Albion's Queen in former golden days;
> But now mischance hath trod my title down,
> And with dishonor laid me on the ground;
> Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
> And to my humble seat conform myself.
>
> HENRY IV. *Part III.*

THE hostelry of the Flying Stag, in Strassburg, was, like every inn in the empire at that period, conducted with much the same discourteous inattention to the wants and accommodation of the guests, as that of John Mengs. But the youth and good looks of Arthur Philipson, circumstances which seldom or never fail to produce some effect where the fair are concerned, prevailed upon a short, plump, dimpled, blue-eyed, fair-skined yungfrou, the daughter of the landlord of the Flying Stag (himself a fat old man, pinned to the oaken chair in the *stube*), to carry herself to the young Englishman with a degree of condescension, which, in the privileged race to which she belonged, was little short of degradation. She not only put her light buskins and her pretty ankles in danger of being soiled by tripping across the yard to point out an unoccupied stable,

but, on Arthur's inquiry after his father, condescended to recollect that such a guest as he described had lodged in the house last night, and had said he expected to meet there a young person, his fellow-traveler.

"I will send him out to you, fair sir," said the little yungfrou, with a smile, which, if things of the kind are to be valued by their rare occurrence, must have been reckoned inestimable.

She was as good as her word. In a few instants the elder Philipson entered the stable, and folded his son in his arms.

"My son—my dear son!" said the Englishman, his usual stoicism broken down and melted by natural feeling and parental tenderness,—"Welcome to me at all times—welcome, in a period of doubt and danger—and most welcome of all, in a moment which forms the very crisis of our fate. In a few hours I shall know what we may expect from the Duke of Burgundy.—Hast thou the token!"

Arthur's hand first sought that which was nearest to his heart, both in the literal and allegorical sense—the small parcel, namely, which Anne had given him at parting. But he recollected himself in the instant, and presented to his father the packet, which had been so strangely lost and recovered at La Ferette.

"It hath run its own risk since you saw it," he observed to his father, "and so have I mine. I received hospitality at a castle last night, and behold a body of *lanz-knechts* in the neighborhood began in the morning to mutiny for their pay. The inhabitants fled from the castle to escape their violence, and as we passed their leaguer in the gray of the morning, a drunken Baaren-hauter shot my poor horse, and I was forced, in the way of exchange, to take up with his heavy Flemish animal, with its steel saddle, and its clumsy chaffron."

"Our road is beset with perils," said his father. "I too have had my share, having been in great danger" (he told not its precise nature) "at an inn, where I rested last night. But I left it in the morning, and proceeded hither in safety. I have at length, however, obtained a safe escort to conduct me to the Duke's camp near Dijon; and I trust to have an audience of him this evening. Then, if our last hope should fail, we will seek the seaport of Marseilles, hoist sail for Candia or for Rhodes, and spend our lives in defence of Christendom, since we may no longer fight for England."

Arthur heard these ominous words without reply; but they did not the less sink upon his heart, deadly as the doom of the judge which secludes the criminal from society and all its joys, and condemns him to an eternal prison house. The bells from

the cathedral began to toll at this instant, and reminded the elder Philipson of the duty of hearing mass, which was said at all hours in some one or other of the separate chapels which are contained in that magnificent pile. His son followed, on an intimation of his pleasure.

In approaching the access to this superb cathedral, the travelers found it obstructed, as is usual in Catholic countries, by the number of mendicants of both sexes, who crowded round the entrance to give the worshippers an opportunity of discharging the duty of alms-giving, so positively enjoined as a chief observance of their Church. The Englishmen extricated themselves from their importunity by bestowing, as is usual on such occasions, a donative of small coin upon those who appeared, most needy, of most deserving of their charity. One tall woman stood on the steps close to the door, and extended her hand to the elder Philipson, who, struck with her appearance, exchanged for a piece of silver the copper coins which he had been distributing amongst others.

"A marvel!" she said, in the English language, but in a tone calculated only to be heard by him alone, although his son also caught the sound and sense of what she said,—"Ay, a miracle!—An Englishmen still possesses a silver piece, and can afford to bestow it on the poor!"

Arthur was sensible that his father started somewhat at the voice or words, which bore, even in his ear, something of deeper import than the observation of an ordinary mendicant. But after a glance at the female who thus addressed him, his father passed onward into the body of the church, and was soon engaged in attending to the solemn ceremony of the mass, as it was performed by a priest at the altar of a chapel, divided from the main body of the splendid edifice, and dedicated, as it appeared from the image over the altar, to Saint George; that military Saint, whose real history is so obscure, though his popular legend rendered him an object of peculiar veneration during the feudal ages. The ceremony was begun and finished with all customary forms. The officiating priest, with his attendants withdrew, and though some of the few worshippers who had assisted at the solemnity remained telling their beads, and occupied with the performance of their private devotions, far the greater part left the chapel to visit other shrines, or to return to the prosecution of their secular affairs.

But Arthur Philipson remarked, that whilst they dropped off one after another, the tall woman who had received his father's alms continued to kneel near the altar; and he was yet more surprised to see that his father himself, who, he had many

reasons to know, was desirous to spend in the church no more time then the duties of devotion absolutely claimed, remained also on his knees, with his eyes resting on the form of the veiled devotee (such she seemed from her dress), as if his own motions were to be guided by hers. By no idea which occurred to him, was Arthur able to form the least conjecture as to his father's motives—he only knew that he was engaged in a critical and dangerous negotiation, liable to influence or interruption from various quarters ; and that political suspicion was so generally awake both in France, Italy, and Flanders, that the most important agents were often obliged to assume the most impenetrable disguises, in order to insinuate themselves without suspicion into the countries where their services were required. Louis XI. in particular, whose singular policy seemed in some degree to give a character to the age in which he lived, was well known to have disguised his principal emissaries and envoys in the fictitious garbs of medicant monks, minstrels, gypsies, and other privileged wanderers of the meanest description.

Arthur concluded, therefore, that it was not improbable that this female might, like themselves, be something more than her dress imported ; and he resolved to observe his father's deportment toward her, and regulate his own actions accordingly. A bell at last announced that mass, upon a more splendid scale, was about to be celebrated before the high altar of the cathedral itself, and its sound withdrew from the sequestered chapel of St. George the few who had remained at the shrine of the military saint, excepting the father and son, and the female penitent who kneeled opposite to them. When the last of the worshippers had retired, the female arose and advanced toward the elder Philipson, who, folding his arms on his bosom, and stooping his head, in an attitude of obeisance which his son had never before seen him assume, appeared rather to wait what she had to say, than to propose addressing her.

There was a pause. Four lamps, lighted before the shrine of the saint, cast a dim radiance on his armor and steed, represented as he was in the act of transfixing with his lance the prostrate dragon, whose outstretched wings and writhing neck were in part touched by their beams. The rest of the chapel was dimly illuminated by the autumnal sun, which could scarce find its way through the stained panes of the small lanceolated window, which was its only aperture to the open air. The light fell doubtful and gloomy, tinged with the various hues through which it passed, upon the stately, yet somewhat broken and dejected form of the female, and on those of the melancholy and anxious father, and his son, who, with all the eager inter-

est of youth, suspected and anticipated extraordinary consequences from so singular an interview.

At length the female approached to the same side of the shrine with Arthur and his father, as if to be more distinctly heard, without being obliged to raise the slow solemn voice in which she had spoken.

"Do you here worship," she said, "the St. George of Burgundy, or the St. George of merry England, the flower of chivalry?"

"I serve," said Philipson, folding his hands humbly on his bosom, "the saint to whom this chapel is dedicated, and the Deity with whom I hope for his holy intercession, whether here or in my native country."

"Ay—you," said the female, "even you can forget—you, even you, who have been numbered among the mirror of knighthood—can forget that you have worshipped in the royal fane of Windsor—that you have there bent a *gartered* knee, where kings and princes kneeled around you—you can forget this, and make your orisons at a foreign shrine, with a heart undisturbed with the thoughts of what you have been,—praying, like some poor peasant, for bread and life during the day that passes over you."

"Lady," replied Philipson, "in my proudest hours, I was, before the Being to whom I preferred my prayers, but as a worm in the dust—In His eyes I am now neither less nor more, degraded as I may be in the opinion of my fellow reptiles."

"How canst thou think thus?" said the devotee; "and yet it is well with thee that thou canst. But what have thy losses been, compared to mine!"

She put her hand to her brow, and seemed for a moment overpowered by agonizing recollections.

Arthur pressed to his father's side, and inquired, in a tone of interest which could not be repressed, "Father, who is this lady?—Is it my mother?"

"No, my son," answered Philipson;—"peace, for the sake of all you hold dear or holy!"

The singular female, however, heard both the question and answer, though expressed in a whisper.

"Yes," she said, "young man—I am—I should say I was—your mother; the mother, the protectress, of all that was noble in England—I am Margaret of Anjou."

Arthur sank on his knees before the dauntless widow of Henry the Sixth, who so long, and in such desperate circumstances, upheld by unyielding courage and deep policy the sinking cause of her feeble husband; and who, if she occa-

sionally abused victory by cruelty and revenge, had made some atonement by the indomitable resolution with which she had supported the fiercest storms of adversity. Arthur had been bred in devoted adherence to the now dethroned line of Lancaster, of which his father was one of the most distinguished supporters; and his earliest deeds of arms, which, though unfortunate, were neither obscure nor ignoble, had been done in their cause. With an enthusiasm belonging to his age and education, he in the same instant flung his bonnet on the pavement, and knelt at the feet of his ill-fated sovereign.

Margaret threw back the veil which concealed those noble and majestic features, which even yet,—though rivers of tears had furrowed her cheeks—though care, disappointment, domestic grief, and humbled pride, had quenched the fire of her eye, and wasted the smooth dignity of her forehead—even yet showed the remains of that beauty which once was held unequaled in Europe. The apathy with which a succession of misfortunes and disappointed hopes had chilled the feelings of the unfortunate Princess, was for a moment melted by the sight of the fair youth's enthusiasm. She abandoned one hand to him, which he covered with tears and kisses, and with the other stroked with maternal tenderness his curled locks, as she endeavored to raise him from the posture he had assumed. His father, in the meanwhile, shut the door of the chapel, and placed his back against it, withdrawing himself thus from the group, as if for the purpose of preventing any stranger from entering during a scene so extraordinary.

"And thou, then," said Margaret, in a voice where female tenderness combated strangely with her natural pride of rank, and with the calm, stoical indifference induced by the intensity of her personal misfortunes; "thou, fair youth, art the last scion of the noble stem, so many fair boughs of which have fallen in our hapless cause. Alas, alas! what can I do for thee? Margaret has not even a blessing to bestow! So wayward is her fate, that her benedictions are curses, and she has but to look on you, and wish you well, to ensure your speedy and utter ruin. I—I have been the fatal poison-tree, whose influence has blighted and destroyed all the fair plants that arose beside and around me, and brought death upon every one, yet am myself unable to find it!"

"Noble and royal mistress," said the elder Englishman, "let not your princely courage, which has borne such extremities, be dismayed, now that they are passed over, and that a chance at least of happier times is approaching to you and to England."

"To England, to *me*, noble Oxford!" said the forlorn and widowed Queen.—"If to-morrow's sun could place me once more on the throne of England, could it give back to me what I have lost? I speak not of wealth or power—they are as nothing in the balance—I speak not of the hosts of noble friends who have fallen in defence of me and mine—Somersets, Percys, Staffords, Cliffords—they have found their place in fame, in the annals of their country—I speak not of my husband, he has exchanged the state of a suffering saint upon earth, for that of a glorified saint in Heaven—But O Oxford! my son—my Edward!—Is it possible for me to look on this youth, and not remember that thy countess and I on the same night gave birth to two fair boys? How oft we endeavored to prophesy their future fortunes, and to persuade ourselves that the same constellation which shone on their birth, would influence their succeeding life, and hold a friendly and equal bias till they reached some destined goal of happiness and honor? Thy Arthur lives; but, alas! my Edward, born under the same auspices, fills a bloody grave!"

She wrapped her head in her mantle, as if to stifle the complaints and groans which maternal affection poured forth at these cruel recollections. Philipson, or the exiled Earl of Oxford, as we may now term him, distinguished in those changeful times by the steadiness with which he had always maintained his loyalty to the line of Lancaster, saw the imprudence of indulging his sovereign in her weakness.

"Royal mistress," he said, "life's journey is that of a brief winter's day, and its course will run on, whether we avail ourselves of its progress or no. My sovereign is, I trust, too much mistress of herself to suffer lamentation for what is past to deprive her of the power of using the present time. I am here in obedience to your command; I am to see Burgundy forthwith, and if I find him pliant to the purpose to which we would turn him, events may follow which will change into gladness our present mourning. But we must use our opportunity with speed as well as zeal. Let me know then, madam, for what reason your Majesty hath come hither, disguised and in danger? Surely it was not merely to weep over this young man, that the high-minded Queen Margaret left her father's court, disguised herself in mean attire, and came from a place of safety to one of doubt at least, if not of danger?"

"You mock me, Oxford," said the unfortunate Queen, "or you deceive yourself, if you think you still serve that Margaret whose word was never spoken without a reason, and whose slightest action was influenced by a motive. Alas! I am no

longer the same firm and rational being. The feverish character of grief, while it makes one place hateful to me, drives me to another in very impotence and impatience of spirit. My father's residence, thou say'st, is safe ; but is it tolerable for such a soul as mine ? Can one who has been deprived of the noblest and richest kingdom of Europe—one who has lost hosts of noble friends—one who is a widowed consort, a childless mother—one upon whose head Heaven hath poured forth its last vial of unmitigated wrath—can she stoop to be the companion of a weak old man, who, in sonnets and in music, in mummery and folly, in harping and rhyming, finds a comfort for all that poverty has that is distressing ; and, what is still worse, even a solace in all that is ridiculous and contemptible ? "

" Nay, with your leave, madam," said her counselor, " blame not the good King René, because, persecuted by fortune, he has been able to find out for himself humbler sources of solace which your prouder spirit is disposed to disdain. A contention among his minstrels has for him the animation of a knightly combat ; and a crown of flowers, twined by his troubadours, and graced by their sonnets, he accounts a valuable compensation for the diadems of Jerusalem, of Naples, and of both Sicilies, of which he only possesses the empty titles."

" Speak not to me of the pitiable old man," said Margaret ; " sunk below even the hatred of his worst enemies, and never thought worthy of anything more than contempt. I tell thee, noble Oxford, I have been driven nearly mad with my forced residence at Aix, in the paltry circle which he calls his court, My ears, turned as they now are only to sounds of affliction, are not so weary of the eternal tinkling of harps, and squeaking of rebecks, and snapping of castanets—my eyes are not so tired of the beggarly affectation of court ceremonial, which is only respectable when it implies wealth and expresses power—as my very soul is sick of the paltry ambition which can find pleasure in spangles, tassels, and trumpery, when the reality of all that is great and noble hath passed away. No, Oxford, if I am doomed to lose the last cast which fickle fortune seems to offer me, I will retreat into the meanest convent in the Pyrenean hills, and at least escape the insult of the idiot gayety of my father.—Let him pass from our memory as from the page of history, in which his name will never be recorded. I have much of more importance both to hear and to tell.—And now, my Oxford, what news from Italy ? Wilt the Duke of Milan afford us assistance with his counsels or with his treasures ? "

" With his counsels willingly, madam ; but how you will

relish them I know not, since he recommends to us submission to our hapless fate, and resignation to the will of Providence."

"The wily Italian! Will not, then, Galeasso advance any part of his hoards, or assist a friend, to whom he hath in his time full often sworn faith?"

"Not even the diamonds which I offered to deposit in his hands," answered the earl, "could make him unlock his treasury to supply us with ducats for our enterprise. Yet he said if Charles of Burgundy should think seriously of an exertion in our favor, such was his regard for that great prince, and his deep sense of your majesty's misfortunes, that he would consider what the state of his exchequer, though much exhausted, and the condition of his subjects, though impoverished by taxes and talliages, would permit him to advance in your behalf."

"The double-faced hypocrite!" said Margaret. "If the assistance of the princely Burgundy lends us a chance of regaining what is our own, then he will give us some paltry parcel of crowns, that our restored prosperity may forget his indifference to our adversity!—But what of Burgundy? I have ventured hither to tell you what I have learned, and to hear report of your proceedings—a trusty watch provides for the secrecy of our interview. My impatience to see you brought me hither in this mean disguise. I have a small retinue at a convent a mile beyond the town—I have had your arrival watched by the faithful Lambert—and now I come to know your hopes or your fears, and to tell you my own."

"Royal lady," said the Earl, "I have not seen the Duke. You know his temper to be wilful, sudden, haughty and unpersuadable. If he can adopt the calm and sustained policy which the times require, I little doubt his obtaining full amends of Louis, his sworn enemy, and even of Edward his ambitious brother-in-law. But if he continues to yield to extravagant fits of passion, with or without provocation, he may hurry into a quarrel with the poor but hardy Helvetians, and is likely to engage in a perilous contest, in which he cannot be expected to gain anything, while he undergoes a chance of the most serious losses."

"Surely," replied the Queen, "he will not trust the usurper Edward, even in the very moment when he is giving the greatest proof of treachery to his alliance?"

"In what respect, madam?" replied Oxford. "The news you allude to has not reached me."

"How, my lord? Am I then the first to tell you, that Edward of York has crossed the sea with such an army, as

scarce even the renowned Henry V., my father-in-law, ever transported from France to Italy?"

"So much I have indeed heard was expected," said Oxford, "and I anticipated the effect as fatal to our cause."

"Edward is arrived," said Margaret, "and the traitor and usurper hath sent defiance to Louis of France, and demanded of him the crown of that kingdom as his own right—that crown which was placed on the head of my unhappy husband, when he was yet a child in the cradle."

"It is then decided—the English are in France?" answered Oxford, in a tone expressive of the deepest anxiety.—"And whom brings Edward with him on this expedition?"

"All—all the bitterest enemies of our house and cause—The false, the traitorous, the dishonored George, whom he calls Duke of Clarence—the blood-drinker, Richard—the licentious Hastings—Howard—Stanley—in a word, the leaders of all those traitors whom I would not name, unless by doing so my curses could sweep them from the face of the earth."

"And—I tremble to ask," said the Earl—"Does Burgundy prepare to join them as a brother of the war, and make common cause with this Yorkish host against King Louis of France?"

"By my advices," replied the Queen, "and they are both private and sure, besides that they are confirmed by the bruit of common fame—No, my good Oxford, no!"

"For that may the saints be praised!" answered Oxford. "Edward of York—I will not malign even an enemy—is a bold and fearless leader—But he is neither Edward the Third, nor the heroic Black Prince—nor is he that fifth Henry of Lancaster, under whom I won my spurs, and to whose lineage the thoughts of his glorious memory would have made me faithful, had my plighted vows of allegiance ever permitted me to entertain a thought of varying, or of defection. Let Edward engage in war with Louis without the aid of Burgundy, on which he has reckoned. Louis is indeed no hero, but he is a cautious and skilful general, more to be dreaded, perhaps, in these politic days, than if Charlemagne could again raise the Oriflamme, surrounded by Roland and all his paladins. Louis will not hazard such fields as those of Cressy, of Poictiers, or of Agincourt. With a thousand lances from Hainault, and twenty thousand crowns from Burgundy, Edward shall risk the loss of England, while he is engaged in a protracted struggle for the recovery of Normandy and Guienne. But what are the movements of Burgundy?"

"He has menaced Germany," said Margaret, "and his

troops are now employed in overrunning Lorraine, of which he has seized the principal towns and castles."

"Where is Ferrand de Vaudemont—a youth, it is said, of courage and enterprise, and claiming Lorraine in right of his mother, Yolande of Anjou, the sister of your Grace?"

"Fled," replied the Queen, "into Germany or Helvetia."

"Let Burgundy beware of him," said the experienced Earl; "for should the disinherited youth obtain confederates in Germany, and allies among the hardy Swiss, Charles of Burgundy may find him a far more formidable enemy than he expects. We are strong for the present, only in the Duke's strength, and if it is wasted in idle and desultory efforts, our hopes, alas! vanish with his power, even if he should be found to have the decided will to assist us. My friends in England are resolute not to stir without men and money from Burgundy."

"It is a fear," said Margaret, "but not our worst fear. I dread more the policy of Louis, who, unless my espials have grossly deceived me, has even already proposed a secret peace to Edward, offering with large sums of money to purchase England to the Yorkists, and a truce of seven years."

"It cannot be," said Oxford. "No Englishman, commanding such an army as Edward must now lead, dares for very shame to retire from France without a manly attempt to recover his lost provinces."

"Such would have been the thoughts of a rightful prince," said Margaret, "who left behind him an obedient and faithful kingdom. Such may not be the thoughts of this Edward, misnamed Plantagenet, base perhaps in mind as in blood, since they say his real father was one Blackburn, an archer of Middleham—usurper, at least, if not bastard—such will not be his thoughts.* Every breeze that blows from England will bring with it apprehensions of defection amongst those over whom he has usurped authority. He will not sleep in peace till he returns to England with those cut-throats, whom he relies upon for the defence of his stolen crown. He will engage in no war with Louis, for Louis will not hesitate to soothe his pride by humiliation—to gorge his avarice and pamper his voluptuous prodigality by sums of gold—and I fear much we shall soon hear of the English army retiring from France with the idle boast, that they have displayed their banners once more, for a week or two, in the provinces which were formerly their own."

"It the more becomes us to be speedy in moving Burgundy to decision," replied Oxford; "and for that purpose I post to

* The Lancastrian party threw the imputation of bastardy (which was totally unfounded) upon Edward IV.

Dijon Such an army as Edward's cannot be transported over the narrow seas in several weeks. The probability is, that they must winter in France, even if they should have truce with King Louis. With a thousand Hainault lances from the eastern part of Flanders I can be soon in the North, where we have many friends, besides the assurance of help from Scotland. The faithful west will rise at a signal—a Clifford can be found, though the mountain mists have hid him from Edward's researches—the Welsh will assemble at the rallying word of Tudor—the Red Rose raises its head once more—and so, God save King Henry!"

"Alas!" said the Queen—"But no husband—no friend of mine—the son but of my mother-in-law by a Welsh chieftain—cold, they say, and crafty—But be it so—let me only see Lancaster triumph, and obtain revenge upon York, and I will die contented!"

"It is then your pleasure that I should make the proffers expressed by your Grace's former mandates, to induce Burgundy to stir himself in our cause? If he learns the proposal of a truce betwixt France and England, it will sting sharper than aught I can say."

"Promise all, however," said the Queen. "I know his inmost soul—it is set upon extending the dominions of his House in every direction. For this he has seized Gueldres—for this he now overruns and occupies Lorraine—for this he covets such poor remnants of Provence as my father still calls his own. With such augmented territories, he proposes to exchange his ducal diadem for an arched crown of independent sovereignty. Tell the Duke, Margaret can assist his views—tell him, that my father René shall disown the opposition made to the Duke's seizure of Lorraine—He shall do more—he shall declare Charles his heir in Provence, with my ample consent—tell him, the old man shall cede his dominions to him upon the instant that his Hainaulters embark for England, some small pension deducted to maintain a concert of fiddlers, and a troop of morrice-dancers. These are René's only earthly wants. Mine are still fewer—Revenge upon York, and a speedy grave!—For the paltry gold which we may need, thou hast jewels to pledge—For the other conditions, security if required."

"For these, madam, I can pledge my knightly word, in addition to your royal faith; and if more is required, my son shall be a hostage with Burgundy."

"Oh, no—no!" exclaimed the dethroned Queen, touched by perhaps the only tender feeling, which repeated and extraordinary misfortunes had not chilled into insensibility,—"Hazard

not the life of the noble youth—he that is the last of the loyal and faithful House of Vere—he that should have been the brother-in-arms of my beloved Edward—he that had so nearly been his companion in a bloody and untimely grave! Do not involve this poor child in these fatal intrigues, which have been so baneful to his family. Let him go with me. Him at least I will shelter from danger whilst I live, and provide for when I am no more."

"Forgive me, madam," said Oxford, with the firmness which distinguished him. "My son, as you deign to recollect, is a De Vere, destined, perhaps, to be the last of his name. Fall he may, but it must not be without honor. To whatever dangers his duty and allegiance call him, be it from sword or lance, axe or gibbet, to these he must expose himself frankly, when his doing so can mark his allegiance. His ancestors have shown him how to brave them all."

"True, true," exclaimed the unfortunate Queen, raising her arms wildly,—"All must perish—all that have honored Lancaster—all that have loved Margaret, or whom she has loved! The destruction must be universal—the young must fall with the old—not a lamb of the scattered flock shall escape!"

"For God's sake, gracious madam," said Oxford, "compose yourself!—I hear them knock on the chapel door."

"It is the signal of parting," said the exiled Queen, collecting herself. "Do not fear, noble Oxford, I am not often thus; but how seldom do I see those friends, whose faces and voices can disturb the composure of my despair! Let me tie this relic about thy neck, good youth, and fear not its evil influence, though you receive it from an ill-omened hand. It was my husband's, blessed by many a prayer, and sanctified by many a holy tear; even my unhappy hands cannot pollute it. I should have bound it on my Edward's bosom on the dreadful morning of Tewkesbury fight; but he armed early—went to the field without seeing me, and all my purpose was vain."

She passed a golden chain round Arthur's neck as she spoke, which contained a small gold crucifix of rich but barbarous manufacture. It had belonged, said tradition, to Edward the Confessor. The knock at the door of the chapel was repeated.

"We must not tarry," said Margaret; "let us part here—you for Dijon—I to Aix, my abode of unrest in Provence. Farewell—we may meet in a better hour—yet how can I hope it? Thus I said on the morning before the fight of St. Albans—thus on the dark dawning of Towton—thus on the yet more bloody field of Tewkesbury—and what was the event? Yet

hope is a plant which cannot be rooted out of a noble breast, till the last heart-string crack as it is pulled away."

So saying, she passed through the chapel door, and mingled in the miscellaneous assemblage of personages who worshipped or indulged in their curiosity, or consumed their idle hours amongst the aisles of the cathedral.

Philipson and his son, both deeply impressed with the singular interview which had just taken place, returned to their inn, where they found a pursuivant, with the Duke of Burgundy's badge and livery, who informed them that if they were the English merchants who were carrying wares of value to the court of the Duke, he had orders to afford them the countenance of his escort and inviolable character. Under his protection they set out from Strassburg; but such was the uncertainty of the Duke of Burgundy's motions, and such the numerous obstacles which occurred to interrupt their journey, in a country disturbed by the constant passage of troops and preparations for war, that it was evening on the second day ere they reached the plain near Dijon, on which the whole, or great part of his power, lay encamped.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

> Thus said the Duke—thus did the Duke infer.
> RICHARD III.

THE eyes of the elder traveler was well accustomed to sights of martial splendor, yet even he was dazzled with the rich and glorious display of the Burgundian camp, in which, near the walls of Dijon, Charles, the wealthiest prince in Europe, had displayed his own extravagance, and encouraged his followers to similar profusion. The pavilions of the meanest officers were of silk and samite, while those of the nobility and great leaders glittered with cloth of silver, cloth of gold, variegated tapestry, and other precious materials, which in no other situation would have been employed as a cover from the weather, but would themselves have been thought worthy of the most careful protection. The horsemen and infantry who mounted guard, were arrayed in the richest and most gorgeous armor. A beautiful and very numerous train of artillery was drawn up near the entrance of the camp, and in its commander, Philipson (to give the Earl the traveling name to which our

readers are accustomed) recognized Henry Colvin, an English man of inferior birth, but distinguished for his skill in conducting these terrible engines, which had of late come into general use in war. The banners and pennons which were displayed by every knight, baron, and man of rank, floated before their tents, and the owners of these transitory dwellings sat at the door half-armed, and enjoyed the military contests of the soldiers, in wrestling, pitching the bar, and other athletic exercises.

Long rows of the noblest horses were seen at picket, prancing and tossing their heads, as impatient of the inactivity to which they were confined, or were heard neighing over the provender, which was spread plentifully before them. The soldiers formed joyous groups around the minstrels and strolling jugglers, or were engaged in drinking parties at the sutlers' tent; others strolled about with folded arms, casting their eyes now and then to the sinking sun, as if desirous that the hour should arrive which would put an end to a day unoccupied, and therefore tedious.

At length the travelers reached, amidst the dazzling varieties of this military display, the pavilion of the Duke himself, before which floated heavily in the evening breeze the broad and rich banner, in which glowed the armorial bearings and quarterings of a prince, Duke of six provinces, and Count of fifteen counties, who was, from his power, his disposition, and the success which seemed to attend his enterprise, the general dread of Europe. The pursuivant made himself known to some of the household, and the Englishmen were immediately received with courtesy, though not such as to draw attention upon them, and conveyed to a neighboring tent, the residence of a general officer, which they were given to understand was destined for their accommodation, and where their packages accordingly were deposited, and refreshments offered them.

"As the camp is filled," said the domestic who waited upon them, "with soldiers of different nations and uncertain dispositions, the Duke of Burgundy, for the safety of your merchandise, has ordered you the protection of a regular sentinel. In the meantime, be in readiness to wait on his Highness, seeing you may look to be presently sent for."

Accordingly, the elder Philipson was shortly after summoned to the Duke's presence, introduced by a back entrance into the ducal pavilion, and into that part of it which, screened by close curtains and wooden barricades, formed Charles's own separate apartment. The plainness of the furniture, and the coarse apparatus of the Duke's toilet, formed a strong contrast to the

appearance of the exterior of the pavilion; for Charles, whose character was in that, as in other things, far from consistent, exhibited in his own person during war an austerity, or rather coarseness of dress, and sometimes of manners also, which was more like the rudeness of a German lanz-knecht, than the bearing of a prince of exalted rank; while, at the same time, he encouraged and enjoined a great splendor of expense and display amongst his vassals and courtiers, as if to be rudely attired, and to despise every restraint, even of ordinary ceremony, were a privilege of the sovereign alone. Yet, when it pleased him to assume state in person and manners, none knew better than Charles of Burgundy how he ought to adorn and demean himself.

Upon his toilet appeared brushes and combs which might have claimed dismissal as past the term of service, over-worn hats and doublets, dog-leashes, leather belts, and other such paltry articles; amongst which lay at random, as it seemed, the great diamond called Sanci,—the three rubies termed the Three Brothers of Antwerp, another great diamond called the Lamp of Flanders, and other precious stones of scarcely inferior value and rarity. This extraordinary display somewhat resembled the character of the Duke himself who mixed cruelty with justice, magnanimity with meanness of spirit, economy with extravagance, and liberality with avarice; being, in fact, consistent in nothing excepting in his obstinate determination to follow the opinion he had once formed, in every situation of things, and through all variety of risks.

In the midst of the valueless and inestimable articles of his wardrobe and toilet, the Duke of Burgundy called out to the English traveler, "Welcome, Herr Philipson—welcome, you of a nation whose traders are princes, and their merchants the mighty ones of the earth. What new commodities have you brought to gull us with? You merchants, by St. George, are a wily generation."

"Faith, no new merchandise I, my lord," answered the elder Englishman; "I bring but the commodities which I showed your Highness the last time I communicated with you, in the hope of a poor trader, that your Grace may find them more acceptable upon a review, than when you first saw them."

"It is well, Sir—Philipville, I think they call you?—you are a simple trader, or you take me for a silly purchaser, that you think to gull me with the same wares which I fancied not formerly. Change of fashion, man,—novelty—is the motto of commerce; your Lancaster wares have had their day, and I

have bought of them like others, and was like enough to have paid dear for them too. York is all the vogue now."

"It may be so among the vulgar," said the Earl of Oxford; "but for souls like your Highness, faith, honor, and loyalty are jewels which change of fancy or mutability of taste cannot put out of fashion."

"Why, it may be, noble Oxford," said the Duke, "that I preserve in my secret mind some veneration for these old-fashioned qualities, else how should I have such regard for your person, in which they have ever been distinguished? But my situation is painfully urgent, and should I make a false step at this crisis, I might break the purposes of my whole life. Observe me, Sir Merchant. Here has come over your old competitor, Blackburn, whom some call Edward of York and of London, with a commodity of bows and bills such as never entered France since King Arthur's time; and he offers to enter into joint adventure with me, or in plain speech, to make common cause with Burgundy, till we smoke out of his earths the old fox Louis, and nail his hide to the stable-door. In a word, England invites me to take part with him against my most wily and inveterate enemy the King of France; to rid myself of the chain of vassalage, and to ascend into the rank of independent princes;—how think you, noble Earl, can I forego this seducing temptation?"

"You must ask this of some of your counselors of Burgundy," said Oxford; "it is a question fraught too deeply with ruin to my cause, for me to give a fair opinion on it."

"Nevertheless," said Charles, "I ask thee as an honorable man, what objections you see to the course proposed to me? Speak your mind, and speak it freely."

"My lord, I know it is in your Highness's nature to entertain no doubts of the facility of executing anything which you have once determined shall be done. Yet, though this prince-like disposition may in some cases prepare for its own success, and has often done so, there are others, in which persisting in our purpose, merely because we have once willed it, leads not to success, but to ruin. Look, therefore, at this English army; winter is approaching, where are they to be lodged? how are they to be victualed? by whom are they to be paid? Is your Highness to take all the expense and labor of fitting them for the summer campaign? for, rely on it, an English army never was, nor will be, fit for service, till they have been out of their own island long enough to accustom them to military duty. They are men, I grant, the fittest for soldiers in the world;

but they are not soldiers as yet, and must be trained to become such at your Highness's expense."

"Be it so," said Charles; "I think the Low Countries can find food for the beef-consuming knaves for a few weeks, and villages for them to lie in, and officers to train their sturdy limbs to war, and provost-marshals enough to reduce their refractory spirit to discipline."

"What happens next?" said Oxford. "You march to Paris, add to Edward's usurped power another kingdom; restore to him all the possessions which England ever had in France, Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Gascony, and all besides.—Can you trust this Edward when you shall have thus fostered his strength, and made him far stronger than this Louis whom you have united to pull down?"

"By St. George, I will not dissemble with you! It is in that very point that my doubts trouble me. Edward is indeed my brother-in-law, but I am a man little inclined to put my head under my wife's girdle."

"And the times," said Philipson, "have too often shown the inefficiency of family alliances to prevent the most gross breaches of faith."

"You say well, Earl. Clarence betrayed his father-in-law; Louis poisoned his brother—Domestic affections, pshaw! they sit warm enough by a private man's fireside, but they cannot come into fields of battle, or princes' halls, where the wind blows cold. No, my alliance with Edward by marriage were little succor to me in time of need. I would as soon ride an unbroken horse, with no better bridle than a lady's garter. But what then is the result? He wars on Louis; whichever gains the better, I, who must be strengthened in their mutual weakness, receive the advantage—The Englishmen slay the French with their cloth-yard shafts, and the Frenchmen, by skirmishes, waste, weaken, and destroy the English. With spring I take the field with an army superior to both, and then, St. George for Burgundy!"

"And if, in the meanwhile, your Highness will deign to assist, even in the most trifling degree, a cause the most honorable that ever knight laid lance in rest for,—a moderate sum of money, and a small body of Hainault lances, who may gain both fame and fortune by the service, may replace the injured heir of Lancaster in the possession of his native and rightful dominion."

"Ay, marry, Sir Earl," said the Duke, "you come roundly to the point; but we have seen, and indeed partly assisted at, so many turns betwixt York and Lancaster, that we have some

doubt which is the side to which Heaven has given the right, and the inclinations of the people the effectual power; we are surprised into absolute giddiness by so many extraordinary revolutions of fortune as England has exhibited."

"A proof, my lord, that these mutations are not yet ended, and that your generous aid may give to the better side an effectual turn of advantage."

"And lend my cousin, Margaret of Anjou, my arm to dethrone my wife's brother? Perhaps he deserves small goodwill at my hands, since he and his insolent nobles have been urging me with remonstrances, and even threats, to lay aside all my own important affairs, and join Edward, forsooth, in his knight-errant expedition against Louis. I will march against Louis at my own time, and not sooner; and, by St. George! neither island king, nor island noble, shall dictate to Charles of Burgundy. You are fine conceited companions, you English of both sides, that think the matters of your own bedlam island are as interesting to all the world as to yourselves. But neither York nor Lancaster; neither brother Blackburn, nor cousin Margaret of Anjou, not with John de Vere to back her, shall gull me. Men lure no hawks with empty hands."

Oxford, familiar with the Duke's disposition, suffered him to exhaust himself in chafing, that any one should pretend to dictate his course of conduct, and, when he was at length silent, replied with calmness—"Do I live to hear the noble Duke of Burgundy, the mirror of European chivalry, say that no reason has been shown to him for an adventure where a helpless queen is to be redressed—a royal house raised from the dust? Is there not immortal *los* and honor—the trumpet of fame to proclaim the sovereign, who, alone in a degenerate age, has united the duties of a generous knight with those of a princely sovereign.

The Duke interrupted him, striking him at the same time on the shoulder—"And King René's five hundred fiddlers to tune their cracked violins in my praise! and King René himself to listen to them, and say—'Well fought, Duke—well played, fiddler!' I tell thee, John of Oxford, when thou and I wore maiden armor, such words as fame, honor, *los*, knightly glory, lady's love, and so forth, were good mottoes for our snow-white shields, and a fair enough argument for splintering lances—Ay, and in tilt-yard, though somewhat old for these fierce follies, I would jeopard my person in such a quarrel yet, as becomes a knight of the order. But when we come to paying down of crowns, and embarking of large squadrons, we must have to propose to our subjects some substantial excuse for plunging

them in war; some proposal for the public good—or, by St George! for our own private advantage, which is the same thing. This is the course the world runs, and Oxford, to tell the plain truth, I mean to hold the same bias."

"Heaven forbid that I should expect your Highness to act otherwise than with a view to your subjects' welfare—the increase, that is, as your Grace happily expresses it, of your own power and dominion. The money we require is not in benevolence, but in loan; and Margaret is willing to deposit these jewels, of which I think your Grace knows the value, till she shall repay the sum which your friendship may advance in her necessity."

"Ha, ha!" said the Duke, "would our cousin make a pawnbroker of us, and have us deal with her like a Jewish usurer with his debtor?—Yet, in faith, Oxford, we may need the diamonds, for if this business were otherwise feasible, it is possible that I myself must become a borrower to aid my cousin's necessities. I have applied to the States of the Duchy, who are now sitting, and expect, as is reasonable, a large supply. But there are restless heads and close hands among them, and they may be niggardly—So place the jewels on the table in the meanwhile.—Well, say I am to be no sufferer in purse by this feat of knight-errantry which you propose to me, still princes enter not into war without some view of advantage?"

"Listen to me, noble sovereign. You are naturally bent to unite the great estates of your father, and those you have acquired by your own arms, into a compact and firm duke-dom"——

"Call it kingdom," said Charles; "it is the worthier word."

"Into a kingdom, of which the crown shall sit as fair and even on your Grace's brow as that of France on your present suzerain, Louis."

"It needs not such shrewdness as yours to descry that such is my purpose," said the Duke; "else, wherefore am I here with helm on my head, and sword by my side? And wherefore are my troops seizing on the strong places in Lorraine, and chasing before them the beggarly De Vaudemont, who has the insolence to claim it as his inheritance? Yes, my friend, the aggrandizement of Burgundy is a theme for which the duke of that fair province is bound to fight, while he can put foot in stirrup."

"But think you not," said the English Earl, "since you allow me to speak freely with your Grace, on the footing of old acquaintanceship, think you not that in this chart of your dominions, otherwise so fairly bounded, there is something on

the southern frontier which might be arranged more advantageously for a King of Burgundy?"

"I cannot guess whither you would lead me," said the Duke, looking at a map of the Duchy and his other possessions, to which the Englishman had pointed his attention, and then turning his broad keen eye upon the face of the banished Earl.

"I would say," replied the latter, "that, to so powerful a prince as your Grace, there is no safe neighbor but the sea. Here is Provence, which interferes betwixt you and the Mediterranean; Provence, with its princely harbors, and fertile cornfields and vineyards. Were it not well to include it in your map of sovereignty, and thus touch the middle sea with one hand, while the other rested on the sea-coast of Flanders?"

"Provence, said you?"—replied the Duke, eagerly; "why, man, my very dreams are of Provence. I cannot smell an orange but it reminds me of its perfumed woods and bowers, its olives, citrons, and pomegranates. But how to frame pretensions to it? Shame it were to disturb René, the harmless old man, nor would it become a near relation. Then he is the uncle of Louis; and most probably, failing his daughter Margaret, or perhaps in preference to her, he hath named the French King his heir."

"A better claim might be raised up in your Grace's own person," said the Earl of Oxford, "if you will afford Margaret of Anjou the succor she requires by me."

"Take the aid thou requirest," replied the Duke; "take double the amount of it in men and money! Let me but have a claim upon Provence, though thin as a single thread of thy Queen Margaret's hair, and let me alone for twisting it into the tough texture of a quadruple cable.—But I am a fool to listen to the dreams of one, who, ruined himself, can lose little by holding forth to others the most extravagant hopes."

Charles breathed high, and changed complexion as he spoke.

"I am not such a person, my Lord Duke," said the Earl. "Listen to me—René is broken with years, fond of repose, and too poor to maintain his rank with the necessary dignity; too good-natured, or too feeble-minded, to lay further imposts on his subjects; weary of contending with bad fortune, and desirous to resign his territories"——

"His territories!" said Charles.

"Yes, all he actually possesses; and the much more extensive dominions which he had claim to, but which have passed from his sway."

"You take away my breath!" said the Duke. "René

resign Provence ! and what says Margaret—the proud, the high-minded Margaret—will she subscribe to so humiliating a proceeding ?"

"For the chance of seeing Lancaster triumph in England, she would resign, not only dominion, but life itself. And in truth, the sacrifice is less than it may seem to be. It is certain that, when René dies, the King of France will claim the old man's county of Provence as a male fief, and there is no one strong enough to back Margaret's claim of inheritance, however just it may be."

"It is just," said Charles ; "it is undeniable ! I will not hear of its being denied or challenged—that is, when once it is established in our own person. It is the true principle of the war for the public good, that none of the great fiefs be suffered to revert again to the crown of France, least of all while it stands on a brow so astucious and unprincipled as that of Louis. Burgundy joined to Provence—a dominion from the German Ocean to the Mediterranean ! Oxford—thou art my better angel !"

"Your Grace must, however, reflect," said Oxford, "that honorable provision must be made for King René."

"Certainly, man, certainly ; he shall have a score of fiddlers and jugglers to play, roar, and recite to him from morning till night. He shall have a court of Troubadours, who shall do nothing but drink, flute, and fiddle to him, and pronounce *arrests* of *love*, to be confirmed or reversed by an appeal to himself, the supreme *Roi d'Amour*. And Margaret shall also be honorably sustained, in the manner you may point out."

"That will be easily settled," answered the English Earl. "If our attempts on England succeed, she will need no aid from Burgundy. If she fails, she retires into a cloister, and it will not be long that she will need the honorable maintenance which, I am sure, your Grace's generosity will willingly assign her."

"Unquestionably," answered Charles ; "and on a scale which will become us both ;—but, by my halidome, John of Vere, the abbess into whose cloister Margaret of Anjou shall retire, will have an ungovernable penitent under her charge. Well do I know her ; and, Sir Earl, I will not clog our discourse by expressing any doubts, that if she pleases, she can compel her father to resign his estates to whomsoever she will. She is like my brache, Gorgon, who compels whatsoever hound is coupled with her to go the way she chooses, or she strangles him if he resists. So has Margaret acted with her simple-minded husband, and I am aware that her father, a fool of a different cast, must

of necessity be equally tractable. I think *I* could have matched her,—though my very neck aches at the thought of the struggles we should have had for mastery. But you look grave, because I jest with the pertinacious temper of my unhappy cousin."

"My lord," said Oxford, "whatever are or have been the defects of my mistress, she is in distress, and almost in desolation. She is my sovereign, and your Highness's cousin not the less."

"Enough said, Sir Earl," answered the Duke. "Let us speak seriously. Whatever we may think of the abdication of King René, I fear we shall find it difficult to make Louis XI. see the matter as favorably as we do. He will hold that the county of Provence is a male fief, and that neither the resignation of René, nor the consent of his daughter, can prevent its reverting to the crown of France, as the King of Sicily, as they call him, hath no male issue."

"That, may it please your Grace, is a question for battle to decide; and your Highness has successfully braved Louis for a less important stake. All I can say is, that if your Grace's active assistance enables the young Earl of Richmond to succeed in his enterprise, you shall have the aid of three thousand English archers, if old John of Oxford, for want of a better leader, were to bring them over himself."

"A noble aid," said the Duke; "graced still more by him who promises to lead them. Thy succor, noble Oxford, were precious to me, did you but come with your sword by your side, and a single page at your back. I know you well, both heart and head. But let us to this gear; exiles, even the wisest, are privileged in promises, and sometimes—excuse me, noble Oxford—impose on themselves as well as on their friends. What are the hopes on which you desire me again to embark on so troubled and uncertain an ocean, as these civil contests of yours?"

The Earl of Oxford produced a schedule, and explained to the Duke the plan of his expedition, to be backed by an insurrection of the friends of Lancaster, of which it is enough to say that it was bold to the verge of temerity; but yet so well compacted and put together as to bear in those times of rapid revolution, and under a leader of Oxford's approved military skill and political sagacity, a strong appearance of probable success.

While Duke Charles mused over the particulars of an enterprise attractive and congenial to his own disposition,—while he counted over the affronts which he had received from his brother-in-law, Edward IV., the present opportunity for taking a signal revenge, and the rich acquisition which he hoped to make in Provence by the cession in his favor of René of Anjou

and his daughter, the Englishman failed not to press on his consideration the urgent necessity of suffering no time to escape.

"The accomplishment of this scheme," he said, "demands the utmost promptitude. To have a chance of success, I must be in England, with your Grace's auxiliary forces, before Edward of York can return from France with his army."

"And, having come hither," said the Duke, "our worthy brother will be in no hurry to return again. He will meet with black-eyed French women and ruby-colored French wine, and brother Blackburn is no man to leave such commodities in a hurry."

"My Lord Duke, I will speak truth of my enemy. Edward is indolent and luxurious when things are easy around him, but let him feel the spur of necessity and he becomes as eager as a pampered steed. Louis, too, who seldom fails in finding means to accomplish his ends, is bent on determining the English king to recross the sea; therefore speed, noble Prince, speed is the soul of your enterprise."

"Speed!" said the Duke of Burgundy,—"Why, I will go with you and see the embarkation myself; and tried, approved soldiers you shall have, such as are nowhere to be found save in Artois and Hainault."

"But pardon yet, noble Duke, the impatience of a drowning wretch urgently pressing for assistance. When shall we to the coast of Flanders to order this important measure?"

"Why, in a fortnight, or perchance a week, or, in a word, so soon as I shall have chastised to purpose a certain gang of thieves and robbers who, as the scum of the caldron will always be uppermost, have got up into the fastnesses of the Alps, and from thence annoy our frontiers by contraband traffic, pillage and robbery."

"Your highness means the Swiss Confederates?"

"Ay, the peasant churls give themselves such a name. They are a sort of manumitted slaves of Austria, and like a ban-dog whose chain is broken, they avail themselves of their liberty to annoy and rend whatever comes in their way."

"I traveled through their country from Italy," said the exiled Earl, "and I heard it was the purpose of the Cantons to send envoys to solicit peace of your Highness."

"Peace!" exclaimed Charles; "a proper sort of peaceful proceedings those of their embassy have been! Availing themselves of a mutiny of the burghers of La Ferette, the first garrison town they entered, they stormed it, seized on Archibald de Hagenbach, who commanded the place, on

my part, and put him to death in the market-place. Such an insult must be punished, Sir John de Vere; and if you do not see me in the storm of passion which it well deserves, it is because I have already given orders to hang up the base runagates who call themselves ambassadors."

"For God's sake, noble Duke," said the Englishman, throwing himself at Charles's feet—"for your own character, for the sake of the peace of Christendom, revoke such an order if it is really given!"

"What means this passion?" said Duke Charles.—"What are these men's lives to thee, excepting that the consequences of a war may delay your expedition for a few days?"

"May render it altogether abortive," said the Earl; "nay, *must* needs do so.—Hear me, Lord Duke. I was with these men on a part of their journey."

"You!" said the Duke—"you a companion of the paltry Swiss peasants? Misfortune has sunk the pride of English nobility to a low ebb, when you selected such associates."

"I was thrown amongst them by accident," said the Earl. "Some of them are of noble blood, and are, besides, men for whose peaceable intentions I ventured to constitute myself their warrant."

"On my honor, my Lord of Oxford, you graced them highly, and me no less, in interfering between the Swiss and myself! Allow me to say that I condescend, when, in deference to past friendship, I permit you to speak to me of your own English affairs. Methinks you might well spare me your opinion upon topics with which you have no natural concern."

"My Lord of Burgundy," replied Oxford, "I followed your banner to Paris, and had the good luck to rescue you in the fight at Mont L'Hery, when you were beset by the French men-at-arms"——

"We have not forgot it," said Duke Charles; "and it is a sign that we keep the action in remembrance that you have been suffered to stand before us so long, pleading the cause of a set of rascals, whom we are required to spare from the gallows that groans for them, because forsooth they have been the fellow-travelers of the Earl of Oxford!"

"Not so, my lord. I ask their lives only because they are upon a peaceful errand, and the leaders amongst them, at least, have no accession to the crime of which you complain."

The Duke traversed the apartment with unequal steps, in much agitation, his large eyebrows drawn down over his eyes, his hands clenched, and his teeth set, until at length he seemed

to take a resolution. He rung a hand-bell of silver which stood upon his table.

"Here, Contay," he said to the gentleman of his chamber who entered, "are these mountain fellows yet executed?"

"No, may it please your Highness; but the executioner waits them so soon as the priest hath confessed them."

"Let them live," said the Duke. "We will hear to-morrow in what manner they propose to justify their proceedings towards us."

Contay bowed and left the apartment; then, turning to the Englishman, the Duke said, with an indescribable mixture of haughtiness with familiarity and even kindness, but having his brows cleared, and his looks composed,—"We are now clear of obligation, my Lord of Oxford—you have obtained life for life—nay, to make up some inequality which there may be betwixt the value of the commodities bestowed, you have obtained six lives for one. I will, therefore, pay no more attention to you, should you again upbraid me with the stumbling horse at Mont L'Hery or you own achievements on that occasion. Most princes are contented with privately hating such men as have rendered them extraordinary services—I feel no such disposition—I only detest being reminded of having had occasion for them.—Pshaw! I am half-choked with the effort of foregoing my own fixed resolution.—So ho! who waits there? Bring me to drink."

An usher entered, bearing a large silver flagon, which, instead of wine, was filled with tisanne, slightly flavored by aromatic herbs.

"I am so hot and choleric by nature," said the Duke, "that our leeches prohibit me from drinking wine. But you, Oxford, are bound by no such regimen. Get thee to thy countryman, Colvin, the general of our artillery. We commend thee to his custody and hospitality till to-morrow, which must be a busy day, since I expect to receive the answer of these wiseacres of the Dijon assembly of estates; and have also to hear (thanks to your lordship's interference) these miserable Swiss envoys, as they call themselves. Well, no more on't.—Good night, You may communicate freely with Colvin, who is, like yourself, an old Lancastrian.—But hark ye not a word respecting Provence—not even in your sleep.—Contay, conduct this English gentleman to Colvin's tent. He knows my pleasure respecting him."

"So please your Grace," answered Contay, "I left the English gentleman's son with Monsieur de Colvin."

"What! thine own son, Oxford? And with thee here?

Why did you not tell me of him? Is he a true scion of the ancient tree?"

"It is my pride to believe so, my lord. He has been the faithful companion of all my dangers and wanderings."

"Happy man!" said the Duke with a sigh. "You, Oxford, have a son to share your poverty and distress—I have none to be partner and successor to my greatness."

"You have a daughter, my lord," said the noble De Vere, "and it is to be hoped she will one day wed some powerful prince, who may be the stay of your Highness's house."

"Never! By Saint George, never!" answered the Duke, sharply and shortly. "I will have no son-in-law, who may make the daughter's bed a stepping-stone to reach the father's crown. Oxford, I have spoken more freely than I am wont, perhaps more freely than I ought—but I hold some men trustworthy, and believe you, Sir John de Vere, to be one of them."

The English nobleman bowed, and was about to leave his presence, but the Duke presently recalled him.

"There is one thing more, Oxford.—The cession of Provence is not quite enough. René and Margaret must disavow this hot-brained Ferrand de Vaudemont, who is making some foolish stir in Lorraine, in right of his mother Yolande."

"My lord," said Oxford, "Ferrand is the grandson of King René, the nephew of Queen Margaret; but yet"——

"But yet, by Saint George, his rights, as he calls them, on Lorraine, must positively be disowned. You talk of their family feelings, while you are urging me to make war on my own brother-in-law!"

"René's best apology for deserting his grandson," answered Oxford, "will be his total inability to support and assist him. I will communicate your Grace's condition, though it is a hard one."

So saying, he left the pavilion.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

I humbly thank your Highness ;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder.

KING HENRY VIII.

COLVIN, the English officer to whom the Duke of Burgundy, with splendid pay and appointments, committed the charge of his artillery, was owner of the tent assigned for the Englishman's lodging, and received the Earl of Oxford with the respect due to his rank, and to the Duke's especial orders upon that subject. He had been himself a follower of the Lancaster faction, and of course was well disposed toward one of the very few men of distinction whom he had known personally, and who had constantly adhered to that family through the train of misfortunes by which they seemed to be totally overwhelmed. A repast, of which his son had already partaken, was offered to the Earl by Colvin, who omitted not to recommend, by precept and example, the good wine of Burgundy, from which the sovereign of the province was himself obliged to refrain.

"His Grace shows command of passion in that," said Colvin. "For, sooth to speak, and only conversing betwixt friends, his temper grows too headlong to bear the spur which a cup of cordial beverage gives to the blood, and he, therefore, wisely restricts himself to such liquid as may cool rather than inflame his natural fire of disposition."

"I can perceive as much," said the Lancastrian noble. "When I first knew the noble Duke, who was then Earl of Charolois, his temper, though always sufficiently fiery, was calmness to the impetuosity which he now displays on the smallest contradiction. Such is the course of an uninterrupted flow of prosperity. He has ascended, by his own courage and the advantage of circumstances, from the doubtful place of a feudatory and tributary prince, to rank with the most powerful sovereigns in Europe, and to assume independent majesty. But I trust the noble starts of generosity, which atoned for his wilful and wayward temper, are not more few than formerly?"

"I have good right to say that they are not," replied the soldier of fortune, who understood generosity in the restricted

sense of liberality, "The Duke is a noble and open-handed master."

"I trust his bounty is conferred on men who are as faithful and steady in their service as you, Colvin, have ever been. But I see a change in your army. I know the banners of most of the old houses in Burgundy—How is it that I observe so few of them in the Duke's camp? I see flags, and pennons, and pennoncelles; but even to me, who have been so many years acquainted with the nobility both of France and Flanders, their bearings are unknown."

"My noble Lord of Oxford," answered the officer, "it ill becomes a man who lives on the Duke's pay to censure his conduct; but his Highness hath of late trusted too much, as it seems to me, to the hired arms of foreign levies, and too little to his own native subjects and retainers. He holds it better to take into his pay large bands of German and Italian mercenary soldiers, than to repose confidence in the knights and squires, who are bound to him by allegiance and feudal faith. He uses the aid of his own subjects but as the means of producing him sums of money, which he bestows on his hired troops. The Germans are honest knaves enough while regularly paid; but Heaven preserve me from the Duke's Italian bands, and that Campo-Basso their leader, who waits but the highest price to sell his Highness like a sheep for the shambles!"

"Think you so ill of him?" demanded the Earl.

"So very ill indeed, that I believe," replied Colvin, "there is no sort of treachery which the heart can devise, or the arm perpetrate, that hath not ready reception in his breast, and prompt execution at his hand. It is painful, my lord, for an honest Englishman like me to serve in an army where such traitors have command. But what can I do, unless I could once more find me a soldier's occupation in my native country? I often hope it will please merciful Heaven again to awaken those brave civil wars in my own dear England, where all was fair fighting, and treason was unheard of."

Lord Oxford gave his host to understand that there was a possibility that his pious wish of living and dying in his own country, and in the practice of his profession, was not to be despaired of. Meantime he requested of him, that early on the next morning he would procure him a pass and an escort for his son, whom he was compelled to despatch forthwith to Nancy, the residence of King René.

"What!" said Colvin, is my young Lord of Oxford to take a degree in the Court of Love? for no other business is listened to at King René's capital, save love and poetry."

"I am not ambitious of such distinction for him, my good host," answered Oxford; "but Queen Margaret is with her father, and it is but fitting that the youth should kiss her hand."

"Enough spoken," said the veteran Lancastrian. "I trust, though winter is fast approaching, the Red Rose may bloom in spring."

He then ushered the Earl of Oxford to the partition of the tent which he was to occupy, in which there was a couch for Arthur also—their host, as Colvin might be termed, assuring them that, with peep of day, horses and faithful attendants should be ready to speed the youth on his journey to Nancy.

"And now, Arthur," said his father, "we must part once more. I dare give thee, in this land of danger, no written communication to my mistress, Queen Margaret; but say to her, that I have found the Duke of Burgundy wedded to his own views of interest, but not averse to combine them with hers. Say, that I have little doubt that he will grant us the required aid, but not without the expected resignation in his favor by herself and King René. Say, I would never have recommended such a sacrifice for the precarious chance of overthrowing the House of York, but that I am satisfied that France and Burgundy are hanging like vultures over Provence, and that the one or other, or both princes, are ready, on her father's demise, to pounce on such possessions as they have reluctantly spared to him during his life. An accommodation with Burgundy may therefore, on the one hand, ensure his active co-operation in the attempt on England; and, on the other, if our high-spirited princess complies not with the Duke's request, the justice of her cause will give no additional security to her hereditary claims on her father's dominion. Bid Queen Margaret, therefore, unless she should have changed her views, obtain King René's formal deed of cession, conveying his estates to the Duke of Burgundy, with her Majesty's consent. The necessary provisions to the King and to herself may be filled up at her Grace's pleasure, or they may be left blank. I can trust to the Duke's generosity to their being suitably arranged. All that I fear is, that Charles may embroil himself"——

"In some silly exploit, necessary for his own honor and the safety of his dominions," answered a voice behind the lining of the tent; "and, by doing so, attend to his own affairs more than to ours? Ha, Sir Earl!"

At the same time the curtain was drawn aside, and a person entered, in whom, though clothed with the jerkin and bonnet of a private soldier of the Walloon guard, Oxford instantly

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THE INTERVIEW WITH CHARLES THE BOLD.

recognized the Duke of Burgundy's harsh features and fierce eyes as they sparkled from under the fur and feather with which the cap was ornamented.

Arthur, who knew not the Prince's person, started at the intrusion, and laid his hand on his dagger; but his father made a signal which stayed his hand, and he gazed with wonder on the solemn respect with which the Earl received the intrusive soldier. The first word informed him of the cause.

"If this masking be done in proof of my faith, noble Duke, permit me to say it is superfluous."

"Nay, Oxford," answered the Duke, "I was a courteous spy; for I ceased to play the eavesdropper at the very moment when I had reason to expect you were about to say something to anger me."

"As I am a true Knight, my Lord Duke, if you had remained behind the arras, you would only have heard the same truths which I am ready to tell in your Grace's presence, though it may have chanced they might have been more bluntly expressed."

"Well, speak them then, in whatever phrase thou wilt—they lie in their throats that say Charles of Burgundy was ever offended by advice from a well-meaning friend."

"I would, then, have said," replied the English Earl, "that all which Margaret of Anjou had to apprehend was, that the Duke of Burgundy, when buckling on his armor to win Provence for himself, and to afford to her his powerful assistance to assert her rights in England, was likely to be withdrawn from such high objects by an imprudently eager desire to avenge himself of imaginary affronts, offered to him, as he supposed, by certain confederacies of Alpine mountaineers, over whom it is impossible to gain any important advantage, or acquire reputation, while on the contrary, there is a risk of losing both. These men dwell amongst rocks and deserts which are almost inaccessible, and subsist in a manner so rude, that the poorest of your subjects would starve if subjected to such diet. They are formed by nature to be the garrison of the mountain fortresses in which she has placed them;—for Heaven's sake meddle not with them, but follow forth your own nobler and more important objects, without stirring a nest of hornets, which, once in motion, may sting you into madness."

The Duke had promised patience, and endeavored to keep his word; but the swollen muscles of his face, and his flashing eyes, showed how painful to him it was to suppress his resentment.

"You are misinformed, my lord," he said; "these men are

not the inoffensive herdsmen and peasants you are pleased to suppose them. If they were, I might afford to despise them. But, flushed with some victories over the sluggish Austrians, they have shaken off all reverence for authority, assume airs of independence, form leagues, make inroads, storm towns, doom and execute men of noble birth at their pleasure.—Thou art dull, and look'st as if thou dost not apprehend me. To rouse thy English blood, and make thee sympathize with my feelings to these mountaineers, know that these Swiss are very Scots to my dominions in their neighborhood—poor, proud, ferocious; easily offended, because they gain by war; ill to be appeased, because they nourish deep revenge; ever ready to seize the moment of advantage, and attack a neighbor when he is engaged in other affairs. The same unquiet, perfidious, and inveterate enemies that the Scots are to England, are the Swiss to Burgundy and to my allies. What say you? Can I undertake anything of consequence till I have crushed the pride of such a people? It will be but a few days' work. I will grasp the mountain-hedgehog, prickles and all, with my steel gauntlet."

"Your Grace will then have shorter work with them," replied the disguised nobleman, "than our English Kings have had with Scotland. The wars there have lasted so long, and proved so bloody, that wise men regret we ever began them."

"Nay," said the Duke, "I will not dishonor the Scots by comparing them in all respects to these mountain churls of the Cantons. The Scots have blood and gentry among them, and we have seen many examples of both; these Swiss are a mere brood of peasants, and the few gentlemen of birth they can boast must hide their distinction in the dress and manners of clowns. They will, I think, scarce stand against a charge of Hainaulters."

"Not if the Hainaulters find ground to ride upon. But"——

"Nay, to silence your scruples," said the Duke, interrupting him, "know, that these people encourage, by their countenance and aid, the formation of the most dangerous conspiracies in my dominions. Look here—I told you that my officer, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach, was murdered when the town of Breisach was treacherously taken by these harmless Switzers of yours. And here is a scroll of parchment, which announces that my servant was murdered by doom of the Vehme-gericht, a band of secret assassins, whom I will not permit to meet in any part of my dominions. Oh, could I but catch them above ground as they are found lurking below, they should know

what the life of a nobleman is worth! Then, look at the insolence of their attestation."

The scroll bore, with the day and date adjected, that judgment had been done on Archibald de Hagenbach, for tyranny, violence, and oppression, by order of the Holy Vehme, and that it was executed by their officials, who were responsible for the same to their tribunal alone. It was countersigned in red ink, with the badges of the Secret Society, a coil of ropes and a drawn dagger.

"This document I found stuck to my toilet with a knife." said the Duke; another trick by which they give mystery to their murderous jugglery."

The thought of what he had undergone in John Mengs's house, and reflections upon the extent and omnipresence of these Secret Associations, struck even the brave Englishman with an involuntary shudder.

"For the sake of every saint in heaven," he said, "forbear, my lord, to speak of these tremendous societies, whose creatures are above, beneath, and around us. No man is secure of his life, however guarded, if it be sought by a man who is careless of his own. You are surrounded by Germans, Italians, and other strangers—How many amongst these may be bound by the secret ties which withdraw men from every other social bond, to unite them together in one inextricable, though secret compact? Beware, noble Prince, of the situation on which your throne is placed, though it still exhibits all the splendor of power, and all the solidity of foundation that belongs to so august a structure. I—the friend of thy house—were it with my dying breath—must needs tell thee, that the Swiss hang like an avalanche over thy head; and the Secret Associations work beneath thee like the first throes of the coming earthquake. Provoke not the contest, and the snow will rest undisturbed on the mountain-side—the agitation of the subterranean vapors will be hushed to rest; but a single word of defiance, or one flash of indignant scorn, may call their terrors into instant action."

"You speak," said the Duke, "with more awe of a pack of naked churls, and a band of midnight assassins, than I have seen you show for real danger. Yet I will not scorn your counsel—I will hear the Swiss envoys patiently, and I will not, if I can help it, show the contempt with which I cannot but regard their pretensions to treat as independent States. On the Secret Associations I will be silent, till time gives me the means of acting in combination with the Emperor, the Diet, and the

Princes of the Empire, that they may be driven from all their burrows at once.—Ha, Sir Earl, said I well?"

"It is well thought, my lord, but it may be unhappily spoken. You are in a position, where one word, overheard by a traitor might produce death and ruin."

"I keep no traitors about me," said Charles. "If I thought there was such in my camp, I would rather die by them at once, than live in perpetual terror and suspicion."

"Your Highness's ancient followers and servants," said the Earl, "speak unfavorably of the Count of Campo-Basso, who holds so high a rank in your confidence."

"Ay," replied the Duke, with composure, "it is easy to decry the most faithful servant in a court by the unanimous hatred of all the others. I warrant me your bull-headed countryman, Colvin, has been railing against the Count like the rest of them, for Campo-Basso sees nothing amiss in any department, but he reports it to me without fear or favor. And then his opinions are cast so much in the same mould with my own, that I can hardly get him to enlarge upon what he best understands, if it seems in any respect different from my sentiments. Add to this, a noble person, grace, gayety, skill in the exercises of war, and in the courtly arts of peace—such is Campo-Basso; and being such, is he not a gem for a prince's cabinet?"

"The very materials out of which a favorite is formed," answered the Earl of Oxford, "but something less adapted for making a faithful counselor."

"Why, thou mistrustful fool," said the Duke, "must I tell thee the very inmost secret respecting this man, Campo-Basso, and will nothing short of it stay these imaginary suspicions which thy new trade of an itinerant merchant hath led thee to entertain so rashly?"

"If your Highness honors me with your confidence," said the Earl of Oxford, "I can only say that my fidelity shall deserve it."

"Know, then, thou misbelieving mortal, that my good friend and brother, Louis of France, sent me private information, through no less a person than his famious barber, Oliver le Diable, that Campo-Basso had for a certain sum offered to put my person into his hands, alive or dead.—You start!"

"I do indeed—recollecting your Highness's practice of riding out lightly armed, and with a very small attendance, to reconnoitre the ground, and visit the outposts, and therefore how easily such a treacherous device might be carried into execution."

"Pshaw!" answered the Duke.—"Thou seest the danger

as if it were real, whereas nothing can be more certain than that, if my cousin of France had ever received such an offer, he would have been the last person to have put me on my guard against the attempt. No—he knows the value I set on Campo-Basso's services, and forged the accusation to deprive me of them."

"And yet, my lord," replied the English Earl, "your Highness, by my counsel, will not unnecessarily or impatiently fling aside your armor of proof, or ride without the escort of some score of your trusty Walloons."

"Tush, man, thou wouldst make a carbonado of a fever-stirred wretch like myself, betwixt the bright iron and the burning sun. But I will be cautious though I jest thus—and you, young man, may assure my cousin, Margaret of Anjou, that I will consider her affairs as my own. And remember, youth, that the secrets of princes are fatal gifts, if he to whom they are imparted blaze them abroad; but if duly treasured up, they enrich the bearer. And thou shalt have cause to say so, if thou canst bring back with thee from Aix the deed of resignation of which thy father hath spoken.—Good-night—good-night!"

He left the apartment.

"You have just seen," said the Earl of Oxford to his son, "a sketch of this extraordinary prince, by his own pencil. It is easy to excite his ambition or thirst of power, but well-nigh impossible to limit him to the just measures by which it is most likely to be gratified. He is ever like the young archer, startled from his mark by some swallow crossing his eye, even careless as he draws the string. Now irregularly and offensively suspicious—now unreservedly lavish of his confidence—not long since the enemy of the line of Lancaster, and the ally of her deadly foe—now its last and only stay and hope. God mend all!—it is a weary thing to look on the game and see how it might be won, while we are debarred by the caprice of others from the power of playing it according to our own skill. How much must depend on the decision of Duke Charles upon the morrow, and how little do I possess the power of influencing him, either for his own safety or our advantage! Good-night, my son, and let us trust events to Him who alone can control them."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my patience.

HENRY IV.

THE dawn of morning roused the banished Earl of Oxford and his son, and its lights were scarce abroad on the eastern heaven ere their host, Colvin, entered with an attendant, bearing some bundles, which he placed on the floor of the tent, and instantly retired. The officer of the Duke's ordnance then announced that he came with a message from the Duke of Burgundy.

"His Highness," he said, "has sent four stout yeomen, with a commission of credence to my young master of Oxford, and an ample purse of gold, to furnish his expenses to Aix, and while his affairs may detain him there. Also a letter of credence to King René, to ensure his reception, and two suits of honor for his use, as for an English gentleman desirous to witness the festive solemnities of Provence, and in whose safety the Duke deigns to take deep interest. His further affairs there, if he hath any, his Highness recommends to him to manage with prudence and secrecy. His Highness hath also sent a couple of horses for his use,—one an ambling jennet for the road, and another a strong barbed horse of Flanders, in case he hath aught to do. It will be fitting that my young master change his dress, and assume attire more near his proper rank. His attendants know the road, and have power, in case of need, to summon, in the Duke's name, assistance from all faithful Burgundians. I have but to add, the sooner the young gentleman sets forward, it will be the better sign of a successful journey."

"I am ready to mount the instant that I have changed my dress," said Arthur.

"And I," said his father, "have no wish to detain him on the service in which he is now employed. Neither he nor I will say more than God be with you. How and where we are to meet again, who can tell?"

"I believe," said Colvin, "that must rest on the motions of the Duke, which, perchance, are not yet determined upon; but his Highness depends upon your remaining with him, my noble

lord, till the affairs of which you come to treat may be more fully decided. Something I have for your lordship's private ear, when your son hath parted on his journey."

While Colvin was thus talking with his father, Arthur, who was not above half dressed when he entered the tent, had availed himself of an obscure corner, in which he exchanged the plain garb belonging to his supposed condition as a merchant, for such a riding suit as became a young man of some quality attached to the Court of Burgundy. It was not without a natural sensation of pleasure that the youth resumed an apparel suitable to his birth, and which no one was personally more fitted to become ; but it was with much deeper feeling that he hastily, and as secretly is possible, flung round his neck, and concealed under the collar and folds of his ornamented doublet, a small thin chain of gold, curiously linked in what was called Morisco work. This was the contents of the parcel which Anne of Geierstein had indulged his feelings, and perhaps her own, by putting into his hands as they parted. The chain was secured by a slight plate of gold, on which a bodkin, or a point of a knife, had traced on the one side, in distinct though light characters, ADIEU FOR EVER ! while, on the reverse, there was much more obscurely traced the word REMEMBER !— A. VON G.

All who may read this are, have been, or will be, lovers ; and there is none, therefore, who may not be able to comprehend why this token was carefully suspended around Arthur's neck, so that the inscription might rest on the region of his heart, without the interruption of any substance which could prevent the pledge from being agitated by every throb of that busy organ.

This being hastily ensured, a few minutes completed the rest of his toilet ; and he kneeled before his father to ask his blessing, and his further commands for Aix.

His father blessed him almost inarticulately, and then said, with recovered firmness, that he was already possessed of all the knowledge necessary for success on his mission.

" When you can bring me the deeds wanted," he whispered with more firmness, " you will find me near the person of the Duke of Burgundy."

They went forth of the tent in silence, and found before it the four Burgundian yeomen, tall and active-looking men, ready mounted themselves, and holding two saddled horses—the one accoutred for war, the other a spirited jennet, for the purposes of the journey. One of them led a sumpter-horse, on which Colvin informed Arthur he would find the change of habit

necessary when he should arrive at Aix ; and at the same time delivered to him a heavy purse of gold.

" Thiebault," he continued, pointing out the eldest of the attendant troopers, " may be trusted—I will be warrant for his sagacity and fidelity. The other three are picked men, who will not fear their skin-cutting."

Arthur vaulted into the saddle with a sensation of pleasure, which was natural to a young cavalier who had not for many months felt a spirited horse beneath him. The lively jennet reared with impatience. Arthur, sitting firm on his seat, as if he had been a part of the animal, only said, " Ere we are long acquainted, thy spirit, my fair roan, will be something more tamed."

" One word more, my son," said his father, and whispered in Arthur's ear, as he stooped from the saddle ; " If you receive a letter from me, do not think yourself fully acquainted with the contents till the paper has been held opposite to a hot fire."

Arthur bowed, and motioned to the elder trooper to lead the way, when all, giving rein to their horses, rode off through the encampment at a round pace, the young leader signing an adieu to his father and Colvin.

The Earl stood like a man in a dream, following his son with his eyes, in a kind of reverie, which was only broken when Colvin said, " I marvel not, my lord, that you are anxious about my young master; he is a gallant youth, well worth a father's caring for, and the times we live in are both false and bloody."

" God and St. Mary be my witness," said the Earl, " that if I grieve, it is not for my own house only ;—if I am anxious, it is not for the sake of my own son alone ;—but it is hard to risk a last stake in a cause so perilous.—What commands brought you from the Duke ? "

" His Grace," said Colvin, " will get on horseback after he has breakfasted. He sends you some garments, which, if not fitting your quality, are yet nearer to suitable apparel than those you now wear, and he desires that, observing your incognito as an English merchant of eminence, you will join him in his cavalcade to Dijon, where he is to receive the answer of the Estates of Burgundy concerning matters submitted to their consideration, and thereafter give public audience to the Deputies from Switzerland. His Highness has charged me with the care of finding you suitable accommodation during the ceremonies of the day, which, he thinks, you will, as a stranger, be pleased to look upon. But he probably told you all this himself, for I

think you saw him last night in disguise—Nay, look as strange as you will—the Duke plays that trick too often to be able to do it with secrecy; the very horse-boys know him while he traverses the tents of the common soldiery, and sutler women give him the name of the spied spy. If it were only honest Harry Colvin who knew this, it should not cross his lips. But it is practiced too openly, and too widely known. Come, noble lord, though I must teach my tongue to forego that courtesy, will you along to breakfast?"

The meal, according to the practice of the time, was a solemn and solid one; and a favored officer of the great duke of Burgundy lacked no means, it may be believed, of rendering due hospitality to a guest having claims of such high respect. But ere the breakfast was over a clamorous flourish of trumpets announced that the Duke, with his attendants and retinue, was sounding to horse. Philipson, as he was still called, was, in the name of the Duke, presented with a stately charger, and with his host mingled in the splendid assembly which began to gather in front of the Duke's pavilion. In a few minutes the Prince himself issued forth, in the superb dress of the Order of the Golden Fleece, of which his father Philip had been the founder, and Charles was himself the patron and sovereign. Several of his courtiers were dressed in the same magnificent robes, and with their followers and attendants displayed so much wealth and splendor of appearance as to warrant the common saying, that the Duke of Burgundy maintained the most magnificent court in Christendom. The officers of his household attended in their order, together with heralds and pursuivants, the grotesque richness of whose habits had a singular effect among those of the high clergy in their albes and dalmatiques, and of the knights and crown vassals who were arrayed in armor. Among these last, who were variously equipped, according to the different character of their service, rode Oxford, but in a peaceful habit, neither so plain as to be out of place among such splendor, nor so rich as to draw on him a special or particular degree of attention. He rode by the side of Colvin, his tall muscular figure, and deep-marked features, forming a strong contrast to the rough, almost ignoble cast of countenance, and stout thick-set form, of the less distinguished soldier of fortune.

Ranged into a solemn procession, the rear of which was closed by a guard of two hundred picked arquebusiers, a description of soldiers who were just then coming into notice, and as many mounted men-at-arms, the Duke and his retinue, leaving the barriers of the camp, directed their march to the town,

or rather city, of Dijon, in those days the capital of all Burgundy.

It was a town well secured with walls and ditches, which last were filled by means of a small river, named the Ousche, which combines its waters for that purpose with a torrent called Suzon. Four gates, with appropriate barbicans, outworks, and drawbridges, corresponded nearly to the cardinal points of the compass, and gave admission to the city. The number of towers, which stood high above its walls, and defended them at different angles, was thirty-three ; and the walls themselves, which exceeded in most places the height of thirty feet, were built of stones hewn and squared, and were of great thickness. This stately city was surrounded on the outside with hills covered with vineyards, while from within its walls rose the towers of many noble buildings, both public and private, as well as the steeples of magnificent churches, and of well-endowed convents, attesting the wealth and devotion of the House of Burgundy.

When the trumpets of the Duke's procession had summoned the burgher guard at the gate of St. Nicholas, the drawbridge fell, the portcullis rose, the people shouted joyously, the windows were hung with tapestry, and as, in the midst of his retinue, Charles himself came riding on a milk-white steed, attended only by six pages under fourteen years old, with each a gilded partisan in his hand, the acclamations with which he was received on all sides showed that, if some instances of misrule had diminished his popularity, enough of it remained to render his reception into his capital decorous at least, if not enthusiastic. It is probable that the veneration attached to his father's memory counteracted for a long time the unfavorable effect which some of his own actions were calculated to produce on the public mind.

The procession halted before a large Gothic building in the centre of Dijon. This was then called Maison du Duc, as, after the union of Burgundy with France, it was termed Maison du Roy. The Maire of Dijon attended on the steps before this palace, accompanied by his official brethren, and escorted by a hundred able-bodied citizens, in black velvet cloaks, bearing half-pikes in their hands. The Maire kneeled to kiss the stirrup of the Duke, and at the moment when Charles descended from his horse, every bell in the city commenced so thundering a peal, that they might almost have awakened the dead who slept in the vicinity of the steeples, which rocked with their clangor. Under the influence of this stunning peal of welcome, the Duke entered the great hall of the building, at the upper end of which were erected a throne for the sovereign, seats

for his more distinguished officers of state and higher vassals, with benches behind for persons of less note. On one of these, but in a spot from which he might possess a commanding view of the whole assembly, as well as of the Duke himself, Colvin placed the noble Englishman; and Charles, whose quick stern eye glanced rapidly over the party when they were seated, seemed, by a nod so slight as to be almost imperceptible to those around him, to give his approbation of the arrangement adopted.

When the Duke and his assistants were seated and in order, the Maire, again approaching, in the most humble manner, and kneeling on the lowest step of the ducal throne, requested to know if his Highness's leisure permitted him to hear the inhabitants of his capital express their devoted zeal to his person, and to accept the benevolence which, in the shape of a silver cup filled with gold pieces, he had the distinguished honor to place before his feet, in name of the citizens and community of Dijon.

Charles, who at no time affected much courtesy, answered, briefly and bluntly, with a voice which was naturally harsh and dissonant, "All things in their order, good Master Maire. Let us first hear what the Estates of Burgundy have to say to us; we will then listen to the burghers of Dijon."

The Maire rose and retired, bearing in his hand the silver cup, and experiencing probably some vexation, as well as surprise, that its contents had not secured an instant and gracious acceptance.

"I expected," said Duke Charles, "to have met at this hour and place our Estates of the duchy of Burgundy, or a deputation of them, with an answer to our message conveyed to them three days since by our chancellor. Is there no one here on their part?"

The Maire, as none else made any attempt to answer, said that the members of the Estates had been in close deliberation the whole of that morning, and doubtless would instantly wait upon his Highness, when they heard that he had honored the town with his presence.

"Go, Toison d'Or," said the Duke to the herald of the Order of the Golden Fleece,* "bear to these gentlemen the tidings that we desire to know the end of their deliberations; and that neither in courtesy nor in loyalty can they expect us to wait long. Be round with them, Sir Herald, or we shall be as round with you."

* The chief order of knighthood in the State of Burgundy.

While the herald was absent on his mission, we may remind our readers, that in all feudalized countries (that is to say, in almost all Europe during the middle ages), an ardent spirit of liberty pervaded the constitution; and the only fault that could be found was, that the privileges and freedom for which the great vassals contended did not sufficiently descend to the lower orders of society, or extend protection to those who were most likely to need it. The two first ranks in the State, the nobles and clergy, enjoyed high and important privileges; and even the third estate, or citizens, had this immunity in peculiar, that no new duties, customs, or taxes of any kind, could be exacted from them save by their own consent.

The memory of Duke Philip, the father of Charles, was dear to the Burgundians; for during twenty years that sage prince had maintained his rank amongst the sovereigns of Europe with much dignity, and had accumulated treasure without exacting or receiving any great increase of supplies from the rich countries which he governed. But the extravagant schemes and immoderate expense of Duke Charles had already excited the suspicion of his Estates; and the mutual good-will betwixt the prince and people began to be exchanged for suspicion and distrust on the one side, and defiance on the other. The refractory disposition of the Estates had of late increased; for they had disapproved of various wars in which their Duke had needlessly embarked; and from his levying such large bodies of mercenary troops, they came to suspect he might finally employ the wealth voted to him by his subjects, for the undue extension of his royal prerogative, and the destruction of the liberties of the people.

At the same time the Duke's uniform success in enterprises which appeared desperate as well as difficult, esteem for the frankness and openness of his character, and dread of the obstinacy and headstrong tendency of a temper which could seldom bear persuasion, and never endured opposition, still threw awe and terror around the throne, which was materially aided by the attachment of the common people to the person of the present Duke, and to the memory of his father. It had been understood, that upon the present occasion there was strong opposition amongst the Estates to the system of taxation proposed on the part of the Duke, and the issue was expected with considerable anxiety by the Duke's counselors, and with fretful impatience by the sovereign himself.

After a space of about ten minutes had elapsed, the Chancellor of Burgundy, who was Archbishop of Vienna, and a prelate of high rank, entered the hall with his train; and passing behind the ducal throne to occupy one of the most distinguished

places in the assembly, he stopped for a moment to urge his master to receive the answer of his Estates in a private manner, giving him at the same time to understand that the result of the deliberations had been by no means satisfactory.

"By Saint George of Burgundy, my Lord Archbishop," answered the Duke, sternly and loud, "we are not a prince of a mind so paltry that we need to shun the moody looks of a discontented and insolent faction. If the Estates of Burgundy send a disobedient and disloyal answer to our paternal message, let them deliver it in open court, that the assembled people may learn how to decide between their Duke and those petty yet intriguing spirits, who would interfere with our authority."

The Chancellor bowed gravely, and took his seat; while the English Earl observed that most of the members of the assembly, excepting such as in doing so could not escape the Duke's notice, passed some observations to their neighbors, which were received with a half-expressed nod, shrug, or shake of the head, as men treat a proposal upon which it is dangerous to decide. At the same time, Toison d'Or, who acted as master of the ceremonies, introduced into the hall a committee of the Estates, consisting of twelve members, four from each branch of the Estates, announced as empowered to deliver the answer of that assembly to the Duke of Burgundy.

When the deputation entered the hall, Charles arose from his throne according to ancient custom, and taking from his head his bonnet, charged with a huge plume of feathers. "Health and welcome," he said, "to my good subjects of the Estates of Burgundy!" All the numerous train of courtiers rose and uncovered their heads with the same ceremony. The members of the states then dropped on one knee, the four ecclesiastics, among whom Oxford recognized the Black Priest of St. Paul's, approaching nearest to the Duke's person, the nobles kneeling behind them, and the burgesses in the rear of the whole.

"Noble Duke," said the Priest of St. Paul's, "will it best please you to hear the answer of your good and loyal Estates of Burgundy by the voice of one member speaking for the whole, or by three persons, each delivering the sense of the body to which he belongs?"

"As you will," said the Duke of Burgundy.

"A Priest, a noble, and a free burgher," said the churchman, still on one knee, "will address your Highness in succession. For though, blessed be the God who leads brethren to dwell together in unity! we are agreed in the general answer, yet each body of the Estates may have special and separate reasons to allege for the common opinion."

"We will hear you separately," said Duke Charles, casting his hat upon his head, and throwing himself carelessly back into his seat. At the same time, all who were of noble blood, whether in the committee or amongst the spectators, vouched their right to be peers of their sovereign by assuming their bonnets; and a cloud of waving plumes at once added grace and dignity to the assembly.

When the Duke resumed his seat, the deputation arose from their knees, and the Black Priest of St. Paul's, again stepping forth, addressed him in these words:—

"My Lord Duke, your royal and faithful clergy have considered your Highness's proposal to lay a talliage on your people, in order to make war on the Confederate Cantons in the country of the Alps. The quarrel, my liege lord, seems to your clergy an unjust and oppressive one on your Highness's part; nor can they hope that God will bless those who arm in it. They are therefore compelled to reject your Highness's proposal."

The Duke's eye lowered gloomily on the deliverer of this unpalatable message. He shook his head with one of those stern and menacing looks which the harsh composition of his features rendered them peculiarly qualified to express. "You have spoken, Sir Priest," was the only reply which he deigned to make.

One of the four nobles, the Sire de Myrebeau, then expressed himself thus:—

"Your Highness has asked of your faithful nobles to consent to new imposts and exactions, to be levied through Burgundy, for the raising of additional bands of hired soldiers for the maintenance of the quarrels of the state. My lord, the swords of the Burgundian nobles, knights, and gentlemen, have been ever at your Highness's command, as those of our ancestors have been readily wielded for your predecessors. In your Highness's just quarrel we will go further, and fight firmer, than any hired fellows who can be procured, whether from France, or Germany, or Italy. We will not give our consent that the people should be taxed for paying mercenaries to discharge that military duty which it is alike our pride and our exclusive privilege to render."

"You have spoken, Sire de Myrebeau," were again the only words of the Duke's reply. He uttered them slowly and with deliberation, as if afraid lest some phrase of imprudent violence should escape along with what he purposed to say. Oxford thought he cast a glance toward him before he spoke, as if the consciousness of his presence was some additional restraint on

his passion. "Now, Heaven grant," he said to himself, "that this opposition may work its proper effect, and induce the Duke to renounce an imprudent attempt, so hazardous and so unnecessary!"

While he muttered these thoughts, the Duke make a sign to one of the *tiers état*, or commons, to speak in his turn. The person who obeyed the signal was Martin Block, a wealthy butcher and grazier of Dijon. His words were these:—"Noble Prince, our fathers were the dutiful subjects of your predecessors; we are the same to you; our children will be alike the liegemen of your successors. But touching the request your chancellor has made to us, it is such as our ancestors never complied with; such as we are determined to refuse, and such as will never be conceded by the Estates of Burgundy, to any prince whatsoever, even to the end of time."

Charles had borne with impatient silence the speeches of the two former orators, but this blunt and hardy reply of the third Estate excited him beyond what his nature could endure. He gave way to the impetuosity of his disposition, stamped on the floor till the throne shook, and the high vault rung over their heads, and overwhelmed the bold burgher with reproaches. "Beast of burden," he said, "am I to be stunned with thy braying, too? The nobles may claim leave to speak, for they can fight; the clergy may use their tongues, for it is their trade; but thou, that hast never shed blood, save that of bullocks, less stupid than thou art thyself—must thou and thy herd come hither, privileged, forsooth, to bellow at a prince's footstool? Know, brute as thou art, that steers are never introduced into temples but to be sacrificed, or butchers and mechanics brought before their sovereign, save that they may have the honor to supply the public wants from their own swelling hoards!"

A murmur of displeasure, which even the terror of the Duke's wrath could not repress, ran through the audience at these words; and the burgher of Dijon, a sturdy plebeian, replied, with little reverence,—"Our purses, my Lord Duke, are our own—we will not put the strings of them into your Highness's hands, unless we are satisfied with the purposes to which the money is to be applied; and we know well how to protect our persons and our goods against foreign ruffians and plunderers."

Charles was on the point of ordering the deputy to be arrested, when, having cast his eye toward the Earl of Oxford, whose presence, in despite of himself, imposed a certain degree

of restraint upon him, he exchanged that piece of imprudence for another.

"I see," he said, addressing the committee of Estates, "that you are all leagued to disappoint my purposes, and doubtless to deprive me of all the power of a sovereign, save that of wearing a coronet, and being served on the knee like a second Charles the Simple, while the Estates of my kingdom divide the power among them. But you shall know that you have to do with Charles of Burgundy, a prince, who, though he has deigned to consult you, is fully able to fight battles without the aid of his nobles, since they refuse him the assistance of their swords—to defray the expense without the help of his sordid burghers—and, it may be, to find out a path to Heaven, without the assistance of an ungrateful priesthood. I will show all that are here present, how little my mind is affected, or my purpose changed, by your seditious reply to the message with which I honored you.—Here, Toison d'Or, admit into our presence these men from the confederated towns and cantons, as they call themselves, of Switzerland."

Oxford, and all who really interested themselves in the Duke's welfare, heard, with the utmost apprehension, his resolution to give an audience to the Swiss Envoys, prepossessed as he was against them, and in the moment when his mood was chafed to the uttermost by the refusal of the Estates to grant him supplies. They were aware that obstacles, opposed to the current of his passion, were like rocks in the bed of a river, whose course they cannot interrupt, while they provoke it to rage and foam. All were sensible that the die was cast, but none who were not endowed with more than mortal prescience, could have imagined how deep was the pledge which depended upon it. Oxford, in particular, conceived that the execution of his plan of a descent upon England was the principal point compromised by the Duke in his rash obstinacy; but he suspected not—he dreamed not of supposing—that the life of Charles himself, and the independence of Burgundy as a separate kindom, hung quivering in the same scales.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers. Why, she defies us,
Like Turk to Christian.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE doors of the hall were now opened to the Swiss Deputies, who for the preceding hour had been kept in attendance on the outside of the building, without receiving the slightest of those attentions which among civilized nations are universally paid to the representatives of a foreign State. Indeed, their very appearance, dressed in coarse gray frocks, like mountain hunters or shepherds, in the midst of an assembly blazing with divers-colored garments, gold and silver lace, embroidery, and precious stones, served to confirm the idea that they could only have come hither in the capacity of the most humble petitioners.

Oxford, however, who watched closely the deportment of his late fellow-travelers, failed not to observe that they retained each in his own person the character of firmness and indifference which formerly distinguished them. Rudolph Donnerhugel preserved his bold and haughty look; the Banneret the military indifference which made him look with apparent apathy on all around him; the burgher of Soleure was as formal and important as ever; nor did any of the three show themselves affected in the slightest degree by the splendor of the scene around them, or embarrassed by the consideration of their own comparative inferiority of appointments. But the noble Landamman, on whom Oxford chiefly bent his attention, seemed overwhelmed with a sense of the precarious state in which his country was placed; fearing, from the rude and unhonored manner in which they were received, that war was unavoidable, while, at the same time, like a good patriot, he mourned over the consequences of ruin to the freedom of his country by defeat, or injury to her simplicity and virtuous indifference of wealth, by the introduction of foreign luxuries, and the evils attending on conquest.

Well acquainted with the opinions of Arnold Biederman, Oxford could easily explain his sadness, while his comrade Bonstetten, less capable of comprehending his friend's feelings, looked at him with the expression which may be seen in the

countenance of a faithful dog, when the creature indicates sympathy with his master's melancholy, though unable to ascertain or appreciate its cause. A look of wonder now and then glided around the splendid assembly on the part of all the forlorn group, excepting Donnerhugel and the Landamman; for the indomitable pride of the one, and the steady patriotism of the other, could not for even an instant be diverted by external objects from their own deep and stern reflections.

After a silence of nearly five minutes, the Duke spoke, with the haughty and harsh manner which he might imagine belonged to his place, and which certainly expressed his character.

"Men of Berne, of Schwytz, or of whatever hamlet and wilderness you may represent, know that we had not honored you, rebels as you are to the dominion of your lawful superiors, with an audience in our own presence, but for the intercession of a well-esteemed friend, who has sojourned among your mountains, and whom you may know by the name of Philipson, an Englishman, following the trade of a merchant, and charged with certain valuable matters of traffic to our court. To his intercession we have so far given way, that instead of commanding you, according to your demerits, to the gibbet and the wheel in the Place de Morimont, we have condescended to receive you into our own presence, sitting in our *cour plénière*, to hear from you such submission as you can offer for your outrageous storm of our town of La Ferette, the slaughter of many of our liege men, and the deliberate murder of the noble knight, Archibald of Hagenbach, executed in your presence, and by your countenance and device. Speak—if you can say aught in defence of your felony and treason, either to deprecate just punishment, or crave undeserved mercy."

The Landamman seemed about to answer; but Rudolph Donnerhugel, with his characteristic boldness and hardihood, took the task of reply on himself. He confronted the proud Duke with an eye unappalled, and a countenance as stern as his own.

"We came not here," he said, "to compromise our own honor, or the dignity of the free people whom we represent, by pleading guilty in their name, or our own, to crimes of which we are innocent. And when you term us rebels, you must remember, that a long train of victories, whose history is written in the noblest blood of Austria, has restored to the confederacy of our communities the freedom, of which an unjust tyranny in vain attempted to deprive us. While Austria was a just and beneficent mistress, we served her with our lives;—when she became oppressive and tyrannical, we assumed inde-

pendence. If she has aught yet to claim from us, the descendants of Tell, Faust, and Stauffacher, will be as ready to assert their liberties as their fathers were to gain them. Your Grace —if such be your title—has no concern with any dispute betwixt us and Austria. For your threats of gibbet and wheel, we are here defenceless men, on whom you may work your pleasure; but we know how to die, and our countrymen, know how to avenge us."

The fiery Duke would have replied by commanding the instant arrest, and probably the immediate execution, of the whole deputation. But his chancellor, availing himself of the privilege of his office, rose, and doffing his cap with a deep reverence to the Duke, requested leave to reply to the misproud young man, who had, he said, so greatly mistaken the purpose of his Highness's speech.

Charles, feeling perhaps at the moment too much irritated to form a calm decision, threw himself back in his chair of state, and with an impatient and angry nod gave his chancellor permission to speak.

"Young man," said that high officer, "you have mistaken the meaning of the high and mighty sovereign in whose presence you stand. Whatever be the lawful rights of Austria over the revolted villages which have flung off their allegiance to their native superior, we have no call to enter on that argument. But that for which Burgundy demands your answer, is, wherefore, coming here in the guise, and with the character, of peaceful envoys, on affairs touching your own communities and the rights of the Duke's subjects, you have raised war in our peaceful dominions, stormed a fortress, massacred its garrison, and put to death a noble knight, its commander?—all of them actions contrary to the law of nations, and highly deserving of the punishment with which you have been justly threatened, but with which I hope our gracious sovereign will dispense, if you express some sufficient reason for such outrageous insolence, with an offer of due submission to his Highness's pleasure, and satisfactory reparation for such a high injury."

"You are a priest, grave sir?" answered Rudolph Donnerhugel, addressing the Chancellor of Burgundy. "If there be a soldier in this assembly who will avouch your charge, I challenge him to the combat, man to man. We did not storm the garrison of La Ferette—we were admitted into the gates in a peaceful manner, and were there instantly surrounded by the soldiers of the late Archibald de Hagenbach, with the obvious purpose of assaulting and murdering us on our peaceful mission. I promise you there had been news of more men dying

than us. But an uproar broke out among the inhabitants of the town, assisted, I believe, by many neighbors, to whom the insolence and oppression of Archibald de Hagenbach had become odious, as to all who were within his reach. We rendered them no assistance; and, I trust, it was not expected that we should interfere in the favor of men who had stood prepared to do the worst against us. But not a pike or sword belonging to us or our attendants was dipped in Burgundian blood. Archibald de Hagenbach perished, it is true, on a scaffold, and I saw him die with pleasure, under a sentence pronounced by a competent court, such as is recognized in Westphalia, and its dependencies on this side of the Rhine. I am not obliged to vindicate their proceedings; but I aver, that the Duke has received full proof of his regular sentence; and, in fine, that it was amply deserved by oppression, tyranny, and foul abuse of his authority, I will uphold against all gainsayers, with the body of a man. There lies my glove."

And with an action suited to the language he used, the stern Swiss flung his right-hand glove on the floor of the hall. In the spirit of the age, with the love of distinction in arms which it nourished, and perhaps with the desire of gaining the Duke's favor, there was a general motion among the young Burgundians to accept the challenge, and more than six or eight gloves were hastily doffed by the young knights present, those who were more remote flinging them over the heads of the nearest, and each proclaiming his name and title as he proffered the gage of combat.

"I set at all," said the daring young Swiss, gathering the gauntlets as they fell clashing around him. "More, gentlemen, more! a glove for every finger! come on, one at once—fair lists, equal judges of the field, the combat on foot, and the weapons two-handed swords, and I will not budge for a score of you."

"Hold, gentlemen; on your allegiance, hold!" said the Duke, gratified at the same time, and somewhat appeased, by the zeal which was displayed in his cause—moved by the strain of reckless bravery evinced by the challenger, with a hardihood akin to his own—perhaps also not unwilling to display, in the view of his *cour plénière*, more temperance than he had been at first capable of. "Hold, I command you all.—Toison d'Or, gather up these gauntlets, and return them each to its owner. God and St. George forbid that we should hazard the life of even the least of our noble Burgundian gentry against such a churl as this Swiss peasant, who never so much as mounted a horse, and knows not a jot of knightly courtesy, or the grace of

chivalry.—Carry your vulgar brawls elsewhere, young man, and know that, on the present occasion, the Place Morimont were your only fitting lists, and the hangman your meet antagonist. And you, sirs, his companions—whose behavior in suffering this swaggerer to take the lead amongst you, seems to show that the laws of nature, as well as of society, are inverted, and that youth is preferred to age, and peasants to gentry—you white-bearded men, I say, is there none of you who can speak your errand in such language as it becomes a sovereign prince to listen to?"

"God forbid else," said the Landamman, stepping forward and silencing Rudolph Donnerhugel, who was commencing an answer of defiance—"God forbid," he said, "noble Duke, that we should not be able to speak so as to be understood before your Highness, since, I trust, we shall speak the language of truth, peace, and justice. Nay, should it incline your Highness to listen to us the more favorably for our humility, I am willing to humble myself rather than you should shun to hear us. For my own part, I can truly say, that though I have lived, and by free choice have resolved to die, a husbandman and a hunter on the Alps of the Unterwald, I may claim by birth the hereditary right to speak before Dukes and Kings, and the Emperor himself. There is no one, my Lord Duke, in this proud assembly, who derives his descent from a nobler source than Geierstein."

"We have heard of you," said the Duke. "Men call you the peasant-count. Your birth is your shame; or perhaps your mother's, if your father had happened to have a handsome ploughman, the fitting father of one who has become a willing serf."

"No serf, my lord," answered the Landamman, but a free man, who will neither oppress others, nor be himself tyrannized over. My father was a noble lord, my mother a most virtuous lady. But I will not be provoked, by taunt or scornful jest, to refrain from stating with calmness what my country has given me in charge to say. The inhabitants of the bleak and inhospitable regions of the Alps desire, mighty sir, to remain at peace with all their neighbors, and to enjoy the government they have chosen, as best fitted to their condition and habits, leaving all other states and countries to their free-will in the same respects. Especially, they desire to remain at peace, and in unity with the princely House of Burgundy, whose dominions approach their possessions on so many points. My lord they desire it, they entreat it, they even consent to pray for it. We have been termed stubborn, intractable, and insolent contemners of autho-

rity, and headers of sedition and rebellion. In evidence of the contrary, my Lord Duke, I, who never bent a knee but to Heaven, feel no dishonor in kneeling before your Highness, as before a sovereign prince in the *cour plénière* of his dominions, where he has a right to exact homage from his subjects out of duty, and from strangers out of courtesy. No vain pride of mine," said the noble old man, his eyes swelling with tears, as he knelt on one knee, "shall prevent me from personal humiliation, when peace—that blessed peace, so dear to God, so inappreciably valuable to man—is in danger of being broken off."

The whole assembly, even the Duke himself, were affected by the noble and stately manner in which the brave old man made a genuflection, which was obviously dictated by neither meanness nor timidity. "Arise, sir," said Charles "if we have said aught which can wound your private feelings, we retract it as publicly as the reproach was spoken, and sit prepared to hear you as a fair-meaning envoy."

"For that, my noble lord, thanks; and I shall hold it a blessed day, if I can find words worthy of the cause I have to plead. My lord, a schedule in your Highness's hands has stated the sense of many injuries received at the hand of your Highness's officers, and those of Romont, Count of Savoy, your strict ally and adviser, we have a right to suppose, under your Highness's countenance. For Count Romont—he has already felt with whom he has to contend; but we have as yet taken no measures to avenge injuries, affronts, interruptions to our commerce, from those who have availed themselves of your Highness's authority to intercept our countrymen, spoil our goods, impress their persons, and even in some instances, take their lives. The affray at La Ferette—I can vouch for what I saw—had no origin or abettance from us; nevertheless, it is impossible an independent nation can suffer the repetition of such injuries, and free and independent we are determined to remain, or to die in defence of our rights. What then must follow, unless your Highness listens to the terms which I am commissioned to offer? War, a war to extermination; for so long as one of our Confederacy can wield a halberd, so long, if this fatal strife once commences, there will be war betwixt your powerful realms and our poor and barren states. And what can the noble Duke of Burgundy gain by such a strife?—is it wealth and plunder? Alas, my Lord, there is more gold and silver on the very bridle-bits of your Highness's household troops, than can be found in the public treasures or private hordes of our whole Confederacy. Is it fame and glory you aspire to? There is little honor to be won by a numerous army over a few scattered bands, by men

clad in mail over half-armed husbandmen and shepherds—of such conquest small were the glory. But if, as all Christian men believe, and as it is the constant trust of my countrymen, from memory of the times of our fathers,—if the Lord of Hosts should cast the balance in behalf of the fewer numbers and worse-armed party, I leave it with your Highness to judge, what would, in that event, be the diminution of worship and fame. Is it extent of vassalage and dominion your Highness desires, by warring with your mountain neighbors? Know that you may, if it be God's will, gain our barren and rugged mountains; but, like our ancestors of old, we will seek refuge in wilder and more distant solitudes, and when we have resisted to the last, we will starve in the icy wastes of the Glaciers. Ay, men, women, and children, we will be frozen into annihilation together, ere one free Switzer will acknowledge a foreign master."

The speech of the Landamman made an obvious inpression on the assembly. The Duke observed it, and his hereditary obstinacy was irritated by the general disposition which he saw entertained in favor of the ambassador. This evil principle overcame some impression which the address of the noble Biederman had not failed to make upon him. He answered with a lowering brow, interrupting the old man as he was about to continue his speech—"You argue falsely, Sir Count, or Sir Landamman, or by whatever name you call yourself, if you think we war on you from any hope of spoil, or any desire of glory. We know as well as you can tell us, that there is neither profit nor fame to be achieved by conquering you. But sovereigns, to whom Heaven has given the power, must root out a band of robbers, though there is dishonor in measuring swords with them; and we hunt to death a herd of wolves, though their flesh is carrion, and their skins are nought."

The Landamman shook his gray head, and replied, without testifying emotion, and even with something approaching to a smile—"I am an older woodsman than you, my Lord Duke—and, it may be, a more experienced one. The boldest, the hardiest hunter, will not safely drive the wolf to his den. I have shown your Highness the poor chance of gain and the great risk of loss, which even you, powerful as you are, must incur by risking a war with determined and desperate men. Let me now tell what we are willing to do to secure a sincere and lasting peace with our powerful neighbor of Burgundy. Your Grace is in the act of engrossing Lorraine, and it seems probable, under so vigorous and enterprising a Prince, your authority may be extended to the shores of the Mediterranean—be our noble

friend and sincere ally, and our mountains, defended by warriors familiar with victory, will be your barriers against Germany and Italy. For your sake we will admit the Count of Savoy to terms, and restore to him our conquests, on such conditions as your Highness shall yourself judge reasonable. Of past subjects of offence on the part of your lieutenants and governors upon the frontier, we will be silent, so we have assurance of no such aggressions in future. Nay, more, and it is my last and proudest offer, we will send three thousand of our youth to assist your Highness in any war which you may engage in, whether against Louis of France, or the Emperor of Germany. They are a different set of men—proudly and truly may I state it—from the scum of Germany and Italy, who form themselves into mercenary bands of soldiers. And if Heaven should decide your Highness to accept our offer, there will be one corps in your army which will leave their carcasses on the field ere a man of them break their plighted troth."

A swarthy, but tall and handsome man, wearing a corselet richly engraved with arabasque work, started from his seat with the air of one provoked beyond the bounds of restraint. This was the Count de Campo-Basso, commander of Charles's Italian mercenaries, who possessed, as has been alluded to, much influence over the Duke's mind, chiefly obtained by accommodating himself to his master's opinions and prejudices, and placing before the Duke specious arguments to justify him for following his own way.

"This lofty presence must excuse me," he said, "if I speak in defence of my honor, and those of my bold lances, who have followed my fortunes from Italy to serve the bravest Prince in Christendom. I might, indeed, pass over without resentment the outrageous language of this gray-haired churl, whose words cannot affect a knight and a nobleman more than the yelling of a peasant's mastiff. But when I hear him propose to associate his band of mutinous misgoverned ruffians with your Highness's troops, I must let him know that there is not a horse-boy in my ranks who would fight in such fellowship. No, even I myself, bound by a thousand ties of gratitude, could not submit to strive abreast with such comrades. I would fold up my banners, and lead five thousand men to seek, not a nobler master, for the world has none such, but wars in which we might not be obliged to blush for our assistants."

"Silence, Campo-Basso," said the Duke, "and be assured you serve a prince who knows your worth too well to exchange it for the untried and untrustful services of those, whom we have only known as vexatious and malignant neighbors."

Then addressing himself to Arnold Biederman, he said coldly and sternly, "Sir Landamman, we have heard you fairly. We have heard you, although you come before us with hands dyed deep in the blood of our servant, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach; for, supposing he was murdered by a villainous association—which, by Saint George! shall never, while we live and reign, raise its pestilential head on this side of the Rhine—yet it is not the less undeniable and undenied, that you stood by in arms, and encouraged the deed the assassins performed under your countenance. Return to your mountains, and be thankful that you return in life. Tell those who sent you that I will be presently on their frontiers. A deputation of your most notable persons, who meet me with halters round their necks, torches in their left hands, in their right their swords held by the point, may learn on what conditions we will grant you peace."

"Then farewell peace, and welcome war," said the Landamman; "and be its plagues and curses on the heads of those who choose blood and strife rather than peace and union. We will meet you on our frontiers with our naked swords, but the hilts, not their points, shall be in our grasp. Charles of Burgundy, Flanders, and Lorraine, Duke of seven dukedoms, Count of seventeen earldoms, I bid you defiance; and declare war against you in the name of the Confederate Cantons, and such others as shall adhere to them. There," he said, "are my letters of defiance."

The herald took from Arnold Biederman the fatal denunciation.

"Read it not, Toison d'Or!" said the haughty Duke. "Let the executioner drag it through the streets at his horse's tail, and nail it to the gibbet, to show in what account we hold the paltry scroll, and those who sent it.—Away, sirs," speaking to the Swiss, "trudge back to your wildernesses with such haste as your feet can use. When we next meet, you shall better know whom you have offended.—Get our horse ready—the council is broken up."

The Maire of Dijon, when all were in motion to leave the hall, again approached the Duke, and timidly expressed some hopes that his Highness would deign to partake of a banquet which the magistracy had prepared, in expectation he might do them such an honor.

"No, by Saint George of Burgundy, Sir Maire," said Charles, with one of the withering glances by which he was wont to express indignation mixed with contempt; "you have not pleased us so well with our breakfast as to induce us to trust our dinner to the loyalty of our good town of Dijon."

So saying, he rudely turned off from the mortified chief magistrate, and, mounting his horse, rode back to his camp, conversing earnestly on the way with the Count of Campo-Basso.

"I would offer you dinner, my Lord of Oxford," said Colvin to that nobleman, when he alighted at his tent, "but I foresee, ere you could swallow a mouthful, you will be summoned to the Duke's presence; for it is our Charles's way, when he has fixed on a wrong course, to wrangle with his friends and counselors, in order to prove it is a right one. Marry, he always makes a convert of yon supple Italian."

Colvin's augury was speedily realized; for a page almost immediately summoned the English merchant, Philipson, to attend the Duke. Without waiting an instant, Charles poured forth an incoherent tide of reproaches against the Estates of his dukedom, for refusing him their countenance in so slight a matter, and launched out in explanations of the necessity which he alleged there was for punishing the audacity of the Swiss. And thou, too, Oxford," he concluded, "art such an impatient fool as to wish me to indulge in a distant war with England, and transport forces over the sea, when I have such insolent mutineers to chastise on my own frontiers?"

When he was at length silent, the English Earl laid before him, with respectful earnestness, the danger that appeared to be involved in engaging with a people, poor indeed, but universally dreaded, from their discipline and courage, and that under the eye of so dangerous a rival as Louis of France, who was sure to support the Duke's enemies underhand, if he did not join them openly. On this point the Duke's resolution was immovable. "It shall never," he said, "be told of me, that I uttered threats which I dared not execute. These boors have declared war against me, and they shall learn whose wrath it is that they have wantonly provoked; but I do not, therefore, renounce thy scheme, my good Oxford. If thou canst procure me this same cession of Provence, and induce old René to give up the cause of his grandson, Ferrand of Vaudemont, in Lorraine, thou wilt make it well worth my while to send thee brave aid against my brother Blackburn, who, while he is drinking healths pottle-deep in France, may well come to lose his lands in England. And be not impatient because I cannot at this very instant send men across the seas. The march which I am making toward Neufchatel, which is, I think, the nearest point where I shall find these churls, will be but like a morning's excursion. I trust you will go with us, old companion. I

should like to see if you have forgotten, among yonder mountains, how to back a horse and lay a lance in rest."

"I will wait on your Highness," said the Earl, "as is my duty, for my motions must depend upon your pleasure. But I will not carry arms, especially against those people of Helvetia, from whom I have experienced hospitality, unless it be for my own personal defence."

"Well," replied the Duke, "e'en be it so; we shall have in you an excellent judge, to tell us who best discharges his devoir against the mountain clowns."

At this point in the conversation there was a knocking at the entrance of the pavilion, and the Chancellor of Burgundy presently entered in great haste and anxiety. "News, my Lord—news of France and England," said the prelate, and then, observing the presence of a stranger, he looked at the Duke, and was silent.

"It is a faithful friend, my Lord Bishop," said the Duke; "you may tell your news before him."

"It will soon be generally known," said the Chancellor—"Louis and Edward are fully accorded. Both the Duke and the English Earl started.

"I expected this," said the Duke, "but not so soon."

"The Kings have met," answered his minister.

"How—in battle?" said Oxford, forgetting himself in his extreme eagerness.

The chancellor was somewhat surprised, but as the Duke seemed to expect him to give an answer, he replied, "No, Sir Stranger, not in battle, but upon appointment, and in peace and amity."

"The sight must have been worth seeing," said the Duke; "when the old fox Louis, and my brother Black—I mean my brother Edward—met. Where held they their rendezvous?"

"On a bridge over the Seine, at Picquigny."

"I would thou hadst been there," said the Duke, looking to Oxford, "with a good axe in thy hand, to strike one fair blow for England, and another for Burgundy. My grandfather was treacherously slain at just such a meeting, at the Bridge of Montereau, upon the Yonne."

"To prevent a similar chance," said the chancellor, "a strong barricade, such as closes the cages in which men keep wild beasts, was raised in the midst of the bridge, and prevented the possibility of their even touching each other's hands."

"Ha, ha! By Saint George, that smells of Louis's craft and caution; for the Englishman, to give him his due, is as little acquainted with fear as with policy. But what terms have they

made? Where do the English army winter? What towns, fortresses, and castles, are surrendered to them, in pledge or in perpetuity?"

"None, my liege," said the chancellor. "The English army returns into England as fast as shipping can be procured to transport them; and Louis will accommodate them with every sail and oar in his dominions, rather than they should not instantly evacuate France."

"And by what confessions has Louis bought a peace so necessary to his affairs?"

"By fair words," said the chancellor, "by liberal presents, and by some five hundred tuns of wine."

"Wine!" exclaimed the Duke—"Heard'st thou ever the like, Seignor Philipson? Why, your countrymen are little better than Esau who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Marry, I must confess I never saw an Englishman who loved a dry-lipped bargain."

"I can scarce believe this news," said the Earl of Oxford.

"If this Edward were content to cross the sea with fifty thousand Englishmen merely to return again, there are in his camp both proud nobles and haughty commons enough to resist his disgraceful purpose."

"The money of Louis," said the statesman, "has found noble hands willing to clutch it. The wine of France has flooded every throat in the English army—the riot and uproar was unbounded—and at one time the town of Amiens, where Louis himself resided, was full of so many English archers, all of them intoxicated, that the person of the King of France was almost in their hands. Their sense of national honor has been lost in the universal revel, and those amongst them who would be more dignified and play the wise politicians say, that having come to France by connivance of the Duke of Burgundy, and that prince having failed to join them with his forces, they have done well, wisely, and gallantly, considering the season of the year, and the impossibility of obtaining quarters, to take tribute of France, and return home in triumph."

"And leave Louis," said Oxford, "at undisturbed freedom to attack Burgundy with all his forces?"

"Not so, friend Philipson," said Duke Charles; "know, that there is a truce betwixt Burgundy and France for the space of seven years, and had not this been granted and signed, it is probable that we might have found some means of marring the treaty betwixt Edward and Louis, even at the expense of affording those voracious islanders beef and beer during the

winter months.—Sir Chancellor, you may leave us, but be within reach of a hasty summons."

When his minister left the pavilion, the Duke, who, with his rude and imperious character united much kindness, if it could not be termed generosity of disposition, came up to the Lancastrian lord, who stood like one at whose feet a thunderbolt has just broken, and who is still appalled by the terrors of the shock.

"My poor Oxford," he said, "thou art stupefied by this news, which thou canst not doubt must have a fatal effect on the plan which thy brave bosom cherishes with such devoted fidelity. I would for thy sake I could have detained the English a little longer in France; but had I attempted to do so, there were an end of my truce with Louis, and of course to my power to chastise these paltry Cantons, or send forth an expedition to England. As matters stand, give me but a week to punish these mountaineers, and you shall have a larger force than your modesty has requested of me for your enterprise; and, in the meanwhile, I will take care that Blackburn and his cousin-archers have no assistance of shipping from Flanders, Tush, man, never fear it—thou wilt be in England long ere they; and, once more, rely on my assistance—always, thou knowest, the cession of Provence being executed, as in reason. Our cousin Margaret's diamonds we must keep for a time; and perhaps they may pass as a pledge, with some of our own, for the godly purpose of setting at freedom the imprisoned angels of our Flemish usurers, who will not lend even to their sovereign unless on good current security. To such straits has the disobedient avarice of our estates for the moment reduced us."

"Alas! my Lord," said the dejected nobleman, "I were ungrateful to doubt the sincerity of your good intentions. But who can presume on the events of war, especially when time presses for instant decision? You are pleased to trust me. Let your Highness extend your confidence thus far: I will take my horse and ride after the Landamman, if he hath already set forth. I have little doubt to make such an accommodation with him that you may be secure on all your south-eastern frontiers. You may then with security work your will in Lorraine and Provence."

"Do not speak of it," said the Duke, sharply; "thou forget'st thyself and me, when thou supposest that a prince, who has pledged his word to his people, can recall it like a merchant chaffering for his paltry wares. Go to—we will assist you, but we will be ourselves judge of the time and manner. Yet,

having both kind will to our distressed cousin of Anjou, and being your good friend, we will not linger in the matter. Our host have orders to break up this evening and direct their march against Neufchatel, where these proud Swiss shall have a taste of the fire and sword which they have provoked."

Oxford sighed deeply, but made no further remonstrance; in which he acted wisely, since it was likely to have exasperated the fiery temper of the sovereign to whom it was addressed, while it was certain that it would not in the slightest degree alter his resolution.

He took farewell of the Duke, and returned to Colvin, whom he found immersed in the business of his department, and preparing for the removal of the artillery, an operation which the clumsiness of the ordnance, and the execrable state of the roads, rendered at that time a much more troublesome operation than at present, though it is even still one of the most laborious movements attending the march of an army. The Master of the Ordnance welcomed Oxford with much glee, and congratulated himself on the distinguished honor of enjoying his company during the campaign, and acquainted him, that, by the especial command of the Duke, he had made fitting preparations for his accommodation, suitable to the disguised character which he meant to maintain, but in every other respect as convenient as a camp could admit of.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

A mirthful man he was—the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gayety,
Even in life's closing, touch'd his teeming brain
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.

OLD PLAY.

LEAVING the Earl of Oxford in attendance on the stubborn Duke of Burgundy during an expedition, which the one represented as a brief excursion more resembling a hunting party than a campaign, and which the other considered in a much graver and more perilous light, we return to Arthur de Vere, or the younger Philipson, as he continued to be called, who was conducted by his guide with fidelity and success, but certainl very slowly, upon his journey into Provence.

The state of Lorraine, overrun by the Duke of Burgundy's army, and infested at the same time by different scattered bands, who took the field, or held out the castles, as they alleged, for the interest of Count Ferrand de Vaudemont, rendered journeying so dangerous, that it was often necessary to leave the main road, and to take circuitous tracks, in order to avoid such unfriendly encounters as travelers might otherwise have met with.

Arthur, taught by sad experience to distrust strange guides, found himself nevertheless, in this eventful and perilous journey, disposed to rest considerable confidence in his present conductor, Thiebault, a Provençal by birth, intimately acquainted with the roads which they took, and, as far as he could judge, disposed to discharge his office with fidelity. Prudence alike, and the habits which he had acquired in traveling, as well as the character of a merchant which he still sustained, induced him to waive the *morgue*, or haughty superiority of a knight and noble toward an inferior personage, especially as he rightly conjectured that free intercourse with this man, whose acquirements seemed of a superior cast, was likely to render him a judge of his opinions and disposition toward him. In return for his condescension, he obtained a good deal of information concerning the province which he was approaching.

As they drew near the boundaries of Provence, the communications of Thiebault became more fluent and interesting. He could not only tell the name and history of each romantic castle which they passed, in their devious and doubtful route, but had at his command the chivalrous history of the noble knights and barons to whom they now pertained, or had belonged in earlier days, and could recount their exploits against the Saracens, by repelling their attacks upon Christendom, or their efforts to recover the Holy Sepulchre from Pagan hands. In the course of such narrations, Thiebault was led to speak of the Troubadours, a race of native poets of Provençal origin, differing widely from the minstrels of Normandy, and the adjacent provinces of France, with whose tales of chivalry, as well as the numerous translations of their works into Norman-French and English, Arthur, like most of the noble youth of his country, was intimately acquainted and deeply imbued. Thiebault boasted that his grandsire, of humble birth indeed, but of distinguished talent, was one of this gifted race, whose compositions produced so great an effect on the temper and manners of their age and country, It was, however, to be regretted, that, inculcating as the prime duty of life a fantastic spirit of gallantry, which sometimes crossed the Platonic bound

prescribed to it, the poetry of the Troubadours was too frequently used to soften and seduce the heart, and corrupt the principles.*

Arthur's attention was called to this peculiarity, by Thiebault singing, which he could do with good skill, the history of a Troubadour, named William Cabestainy, who loved, *par amours*, a noble and beautiful lady, Margaret, the wife of a baron called Raymond de Roussillon. The jealous husband obtained proof of his dishonor, and having put Cabestainy to death by assassination, he took his heart from his bosom, and causing it to be dressed like that of an animal, ordered it to be served up to his lady; and when she had eaten of the horrible mess, told her of what her banquet was composed. The lady replied, that since she had been made to partake of food so precious, no coarser morsel should ever after cross her lips. She persisted in her resolution, and thus starved herself to death. The Troubadour, who celebrated this tragic history, had displayed in his composition a good deal of poetic art. Glossing over the error of the lovers as the fault of their destiny, dwelling on their tragical fate with considerable pathos, and finally, execrating the blind fury of the husband with the full fervor of poetical indignation, he recorded, with vindictive pleasure, how every bold knight and true lover in the south of France assembled to besiege the baron's castle, stormed it by main force, left not one stone upon another, and put the tyrant himself to an ignominious death. Arthur was interested in the melancholy tale, which even beguiled him of a few tears; but as he thought further on its purport, he dried his eyes, and said with some sternness—"Thiebault, sing me no more such lays. I have heard my father say, that the readiest mode to corrupt a Christian man, is to bestow upon vice the pity and the praise which are due only to virtue. Your Baron of Roussillon is a monster of cruelty; but your unfortunate lovers were not the less guilty. It is by giving fair names to foul actions, that those who would start at real vice are led to practice its lessons, under the disguise of virtue."

"I would you knew, Seignor," answered Thiebault, "that this Lay of Cabestainy and the Lady Margaret of Roussillon is reckoned a masterpiece of the joyous science. Fie, sir, you are too young to be so strict a censor of morals. What will you do when your head is gray, if you are thus severe when it is scarcely brown?"

* Note D. Provençal Troubadours.

"A head which listens to folly in youth will hardly be honorable in old age," answered Arthur.

Thiebault had no mind to carry the dispute further.

"It is not for me to contend with your worship. I only think, with every true son of chivalry and song, that a knight without a mistress is like a sky without a star."

"Do I not know that?" answered Arthur; "but yet better remain in darkness than be guided by such false lights as shower down vice and pestilence."

"Nay, it may be your seignorie is right," answered the guide. "It is certain, that even in Provence here we have lost much of our keen judgment on matters of love,—its difficulties, its intricacies, and its errors,—since the Troubadours are no longer regarded as usual, and since the High and Noble Parliament of Love * has ceased to hold its sittings."

"But in these latter days," continued the Provençal, "kings, dukes, and sovereigns, instead of being the foremost and most faithful vassals of the Court of Cupid, are themselves the slaves of selfishness and love of gain. Instead of winning hearts by breaking lances in the lists, they are breaking the hearts of their impoverished vassals by the most cruel exactions—instead of attempting to deserve the smile and favors of their lady-loves, they are meditating how to steal castles, towns, and provinces from their neighbors. But long life to the good and venerable King René! While he has an acre of land left, his residence will be the resort of valiant knights, whose only aim is praise in arms, of true lovers who are persecuted by fortune, and of high-toned harpers who know how to celebrate faith and valor."

Arthur, interested in learning something more precise than common fame had taught him on the subject of this prince, easily induced the talkaive Provençal to enlarge upon the virtues of his old sovereign's character, as just, joyous, and debonair, a friend to the most noble exercises of the chase and the tilt-yard, and still more so to the joyous science of Poetry and Music; who gave away more revenue that he received, in largesses to knights-errant and itinerant musicians, with whom his petty court was crowded, as one of the very few in which the ancient hospitality was still maintained.

Such was the picture which Thiebault drew of the last minstrel-monarch; and though the eulogium was exaggerated, perhaps the facts were not overcharged.

Born of royal parentage, and with high pretensions, René had at no period of his life been able to match his fortunes to

* Note E. Parliament of Love.

his claims. Of the kingdoms to which he asserted right, nothing remained in his possession but the county of Provence itself, a fair and fertile principality, but diminished by the many claims which France had acquired upon portions of it by advances of money to supply the personal expenses of its master, and by other portions, which Burgundy, to whom René had been a prisoner, held in pledge for his ransom. In his youth he engaged in more than one military enterprise, in the hope of attaining some part of the territory of which he was styled sovereign. His courage is not impeached, but fortune did not smile on his military adventures; and he seems at last to have become sensible, that the power of admiring and celebrating warlike merit is very different from possessing that quality. In fact, René was a prince of very moderate parts, endowed with a love of the fine arts, which he carried to extremity, and a degree of good humor, which never permitted him to repine at fortune, but rendered its possessor happy, when a prince of keener feelings would have died of despair. This insouciant, light-tempered, gay, and thoughtless disposition, conducted René, free from all the passions which embitter life, and often shorten it, to a hale and mirthful old age. Even domestic losses, which often affect those who are proof against mere reverses of fortune, made no deep impression on the feelings of this cheerful old monarch. Most of his children had died young; René took it not to heart. His daughter Margaret's marriage with the powerful Henry of England was considered a connection much above the fortunes of the King of the Troubadours. But in the issue, instead of René deriving any splendor from the match, he was involved in the misfortunes of his daughter, and repeatedly obliged to impoverish himself to supply her ransom. Perhaps in his private soul the old king did not think these losses so mortifying, as the necessity of receiving Margaret into his court and family. On fire when reflecting on the losses she had sustained, mourning over friends slain and kingdoms lost, the proudest and most passionate of princesses was ill suited to dwell with the gayest and best-humored of sovereigns, whose pursuits she contemned, and whose lightness of temper, for finding comfort in such trifles, she could not forgive. The discomfort attached to her presence and vindictive recollections, embarrassed the good-humored old monarch, though it was unable to drive him beyond his equanimity.

Another distress pressed him more sorely.—Yolande, a daughter of his first wife, Isabella, had succeeded to his claims upon the Duchy of Lorraine, and transmitted them to her son, Ferrand, Count of Vaudemont, a young man of courage and

spirit, engaged at this time in the apparently desperate undertaking of making his title good against the Duke of Burgundy, who, with little right, but great power, was seizing upon and overrunning this rich Duchy, which he laid claim to as a male fief. And to conclude, while the aged king on one side beheld his dethroned daughter in hopeless despair, and on the other his disinherited grandson, in vain attempting to recover part of their rights, he had the additional misfortune to know, that his nephew, Louis of France, and his cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, were secretly contending which should succeed him in that portion of Provence which he still continued to possess; and that it was only jealousy of each other which prevented his being despoiled of this last remnant of his territory. Yet amid all this distress, René feasted and received guests, danced, sang, composed poetry, used the pencil or brush with no small skill, devised and conducted festivals and processions, and, studying to promote, as far as possible, the immediate mirth and good-humor of his subjects, if he could not materially enlarge their more permanent prosperity, was never mentioned by them, excepting as *Le bon Roi René*, a distinction conferred on him down to the present day, and due to him certainly by the qualities of his heart, if not by those of his head.

Whilst Arthur was receiving from his guide a full account of the peculiarities of King René, they entered the territories of that merry monarch. It was late in the autumn, and about the period when the south-eastern counties of France rather show to least advantage. The foliage of the olive-tree is then decayed and withered, and as it predominates in the landscape and resembles the scorched complexion of the soil itself, an ashen and arid hue is given to the whole. Still, however, there were scenes in the hilly and pastoral parts of the country, where the quantity of evergreens relieved the eye even in this dead season.

The appearance of the country in general had much in it that was peculiar.

The travelers perceived at every turn some marks of the King's singular character. Provence, as the part of Gaul which first received Roman civilization, and as having been still longer the residence of the Grecian colony who founded Marseilles, is more full of the splendid relics of ancient architecture than any other country in Europe, Italy and Greece excepted. The good taste of the King René had dictated some attempts to clear out and restore these memorials of antiquity. Was there a triumphal arch, or an ancient temple—huts and hovels were cleared away from its vicinity, and means were used at least to retard

the approach of ruin. Was there a marble fountain, which superstition had dedicated to some sequestered naiad—it was surrounded by olives, almonds and orange trees—its cistern was repaired, and taught once more to retain its crystal treasures. The huge amphitheatres, and gigantic colonnades, experienced the same anxious care, attesting that the noblest specimens of the fine arts found one admirer and preserver in King René, even during the course of those which are termed the dark and barbarous ages.

A change of manners could also be observed in passing from Burgundy and Lorraine, where society relished of German bluntness, into the pastoral country of Provence, where the influence of a fine climate and melodious language, joined to the pursuits of the romantic old monarch, with the universal taste for music and poetry, had introduced a civilization of manners, which approached to affectation. The shepherd literally marched abroad in the morning, piping his flocks forth to the pasture, with some love sonnet, the composition of an amorous Troubadour; and his "fleecy care" seemed actually to be under the influence of his music, instead of being ungraciously insensible to its melody, as is the case in colder climates. Arthur observed, too, that the Provençal sheep, instead of being driven before the shepherd, regularly followed him, and did not disperse to feed until the swain, by turning his face round to them, remaining stationary, and executing variations on the air which he was playing, seemed to remind them that it was proper to do so. While in motion, his huge dog, of a species which is trained to face the wolf, and who is respected by the sheep as their guardian, and not feared as their tyrant, followed his master with his ears pricked, like the chief critic and prime judge of the performance, at some tones of which he seldom failed to intimate disapprobation; while the flock, like the generality of an audience, followed in unanimous though silent applause. At the hour of noon, the shepherd had sometimes acquired an augmentation to his audience, as some comely matron or blooming maiden, with whom he had rendezvoused by such a fountain as we have described, and who listened to the husband's or lover's chalumeau, or mingled her voice with his in the duets, of which the songs of the Troubadours have left so many examples. In the cool of the evening, the dance on the village green, or the concert before the hamlet door; the little repast of fruits, cheese, and bread, which the traveler was readily invited to share, gave new charms to the illusion, and seemed in earnest to point out Provence as the Arcadia of France.

But the greatest singularity was, in the eyes of Arthur, the total absence of armed men and soldiers in this peaceful country. In England, no man stirred without his long-bow, sword, and buckler. In France, the hind wore armor even when he was betwixt the stilts of his plough. In Germany, you could not look along a mile of highway, but the eye was encountered by clouds of dust, out of which were seen, by fits, waving feathers and flashing armor. Even in Switzerland, the peasant, if he had a journey to make, though but of a mile or two, cared not to travel without his halbert and two-handed sword. But in Provence all seemed quiet and peaceful, as if the music of the land had lulled to sleep all its wrathful passions. Now and then a mounted cavalier might pass them, the harp at whose saddle-bow, or carried by one of his attendants, attested the character of a Troubadour, which was affected by men of all ranks; and then only a short sword on his left thigh, borne for show rather than use, was a necessary and appropriate part of his equipment.

"Peace" said Arthur, as he looked around him, "is an inestimable jewel; but it will be soon snatched from those who are not prepared with heart and hand to defend it."

The sight of the ancient and interesting town of Aix, where King René held his court, dispelled reflections of a general character, and recalled to the young Englishman the peculiar mission on which he was engaged.

He then required to know from the Provençal, Thiebault, whether his instructions were to leave him, now that he had successfully attained the end of his journey.

"My instructions," answered Thiebault, "are to remain in Aix while there is any chance of your seignorie's continuing there to be of such use to you as you may require, either as a guide or an attendant, and to keep these men in readiness to wait upon you when you have occasion for messengers or guards. With your approbation, I will see them disposed of in fitting quarters, and receive my further instructions from your seignorie wherever you please to appoint me. I propose this separation, because I understand it is your present pleasure to be private."

"I must go to court," answered Arthur, "without any delay. Wait for me in half-an-hour by that fountain in the street, which projects into the air such a magnificent pillar of water, surrounded, I would almost swear, by a vapor like steam, serving as a shroud to the jet which it envelops."

"The jet is so surrounded," answered the Provençal, "because it is supplied by a hot spring rising from the bowels of the earth, and the touch of frost on this autumn morning makes the vapor

more distinguishable than usual.—But if it is good King René whom you seek, you will find him at this time walking in his chimney. Do not be afraid of approaching him, for there never was a monarch so easy of access, especially to good-looking strangers like your seignorie."

"But his ushers," said Arthur, "will not admit me into his hall."

"His hall!" repeated Thiebault—"Whose hall?"

"Why, King René's, I apprehend. If he is walking in a chimney, it can only be in that of his hall, and a stately one it must be to give him room for such exercise."

"You mistake my meaning," said the guide, laughing.—"What we call King René's chimney is the narrow parapet yonder; it extends between these two towers, has an exposure to the south, and is sheltered in every other direction. Yonder it is his pleasure to walk and enjoy the beams of the sun, on such cool mornings as the present. It nurses, he says, his poetical vein. If you approach his promenade he will readily speak to you, unless, indeed, he is in the very act of a poetical composition."

Arthur could not forbear smiling at the thoughts of a king, eighty years of age, broken down with misfortunes and beset with dangers, who yet amused himself with walking in an open parapet, and composing poetry in presence of all such of his loving subjects as chose to look on.

"If you will walk a few steps this way," said Thiebault, "you may see the good King, and judge whether or not you will accost him at present. I will dispose of the people, and await your orders at the fountain in the Corso."

Arthur saw no objection to the proposal of his guide, and was not unwilling to have an opportunity of seeing something of the good King René, before he was introduced to his presence.

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

> Ay, this is he who wears the wreath of bays
> Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,
> Which Jove's dread lightning scathes not. He hath doft
> The cumbrous helm of steel, and flung aside
> The yet more galling diadem of gold;
> While, with a leafy circlet round his brows,
> He reigns the King of Lovers and of Poets.

A CAUTIOUS approach to the chimney, that is, the favorite walk of the King, who is described by Shakspeare as bearing

> —— the style of the King of Naples,
> Of both the Sicilies, and Jerusalem,
> Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman,

gave Arthur the perfect survey of his Majesty in person. He saw an old man, with locks and beard, which, in amplitude and whiteness, nearly rivaled those of the envoy from Schwytz, but with a fresh and ruddy color in his cheek, and an eye of great vivacity. His dress was showy to a degree almost inconsistent with his years; and his step, not only firm, but full of alertness and vivacity, while occupied in traversing the short and sheltered walk, which he had chosen, rather for comfort than for privacy, showed juvenile vigor still animating an aged frame. The old King carried his tablets and a pencil in his hand, seeming totally abstracted in his own thoughts, and indifferent to being observed by several persons from the public street beneath his elevated promenade.

Of these, some, from their dress and manner, seemed themselves Troubadours; for they held in their hands rebecks, rotes, small portable harps, and other indications of their profession. Such appeared to be stationary, as if engaged in observing and recording their remarks on the meditations of their Prince. Other passengers, bent on their own more serious affairs, looked up to the King as to some one whom they they were accustomed to see daily, but never passed without doffing their bonnets, and expressing, by suitable obeisance, a respect and affection toward his person, which appeared to make up in cordiality of feeling what is wanted in deep and solemn deference.

Rene, in the meanwhile, was apparently unconscious both of

the gaze of such as stood still, or the greeting of those who passed on, his mind seeming altogether engrossed with the apparent labor of some arduous task in poetry or music. He walked fast or slow as best suited the progress of composition. At times he stopped to mark hastily down on his tablets something which seemed to occur to him as deserving of preservation; at other times he dashed out what he had written, and flung down the pencil as if in a sort of despair. On these occasions, the Sibylline leaf was carefully picked up by a beautiful page, his only attendant, who reverently observed the first suitable opportunity of restoring it again to his royal hand. The same youth bore a viol, on which, at a signal from his master, he occasionally struck a few musical notes, to which the old King listened, now with a soothed and satisfied air, now with a discontented and anxious brow. At times, his enthusiasm rose so high, that he even hopped and skipped with an activity which his years did not promise; at other times his motions were extremely slow, and occasionally he stood still, like one wrapped in the deepest and most anxious meditation. When he chanced to look on the group which seemed to watch his motions, and who ventured even to salute him with a murmur of applause, it was only to distinguish them with a friendly and good-humored nod; a salutation with which, likewise, he failed not to reply to the greeting of the occasional passengers, when his earnest attention to his task, whatever it might be, permitted him to observe them.

At length the royal eye lighted upon Arthur, whose attitude of silent observation, and the distinction of his figure, pointed him out as a stranger. René beckoned to his page, who, receiving his master's commands in a whisper, descended from the royal chimney, to the broader platform beneath, which was open to general resort. The youth, addressing Arthur with much courtesy, informed him the King desired to speak with him. The young Englishman had no alternative but that of approaching, though pondering much in his own mind how he ought to comport himself toward such a singular specimen of royalty.

When he drew near, King René addressed him in a tone of courtesy not unmingled with dignity, and Arthur's awe in his immediate presence was greater than he himself could have anticipated from his previous conception of the royal character.

"You are, from your appearance, fair sir," said King Rene, "a stranger in this country. By what name must we call you, and to what business are we to ascribe the happiness of seeing you at our court?"

Arthur remained a moment silent, and the good old man, imputing it to awe and timidity, proceeded in an encouraging tone.

"Modesty in youth is ever commendable; you are doubtless an acolyte in the noble and joyous science of Minstrelsy and Music, drawn hither by the willing welcome which we afford to the professors of those arts, in which—praise be to Our Lady and the Saints!—we have ourself been deemed a proficient."

"I do not aspire to the honors of a Troubadour," answered Arthur.

"I believe you," answered the King, "for your speech smacks of the northern, or Norman-French, such as is spoken in England and other unrefined nations. But you are a minstrel perhaps, from these ultramontane parts. Be assured we depise not their efforts; for we have listened, not without pleasure and instruction, to many of their bold and wild romaunts, which, though rude in device and language, and therefore far inferior to the regulated poetry of our Troubadours, have yet something in their powerful and rough measure, which occasionally rouses the heart like the sound of a trumpet."

"I have felt the truth of your Grace's observation, when I have heard the songs of my country," said Arthur; "but I have neither skill nor audacity to imitate what I admire—My latest residence has been in Italy."

"You are perhaps then a proficient in painting," said René; "an art which applies itself to the eye as poetry and music do to the ear, and is scarce less in esteem with us. If you are skilful in the art, you have come to a monarch who loves it, and the fair country in which it is practiced."

"In simple truth, Sire, I am an Englishman, and my hand has been too much welk'd and hardened by practice of the bow, the lance, and the sword, to touch the harp, or even the pencil."

"An Englishman!" said René, obviously relaxing in the warmth of his welcome; "and what brings your here? England and I have long had little friendship together."

"It is even on that account that I am here," said Arthur, "I come to pay my homage to your Grace's daughter, the Princess Margaret of Anjou, whom I and many true Englishmen regard still as our Queen, though traitors have usurped her title."

"Alas, good youth," said René, "I must grieve for you, while I respect your loyalty and faith. Had my daughter Margaret been of my mind, she had long since abandoned preten-

sions, which have drowned in seas of blood the noblest and bravest of her adherents."

The King seemed about to say more, but checked himself.

"Go to my palace," he said; "inquire for the Seneschal Hugh de Saint Cyr, he will give thee the means of seeing Margaret, that is, if it be her will to see thee. If not, good English youth, return to my palace, and thou shalt have hospitable entertainment; for a King who loves minstrelsy, music, and painting, is ever most sensible to the claims of honor, virtue, and loyalty; and I read in thy looks thou art possessed of these qualities, and willingly believe thou may'st, in more quiet times, aspire to share the honors of the joyous science. But if thou hast a heart to be touched by the sense of beauty and fair proportion, it will leap within thee at the first sight of my palace, the stately grace of which may be compared to the faultless form of some high-bred dame, or the artful, yet seemingly simple modulations of such a tune as we have been now composing."

The King seemed disposed to take his instrument, and indulge the youth with a rehearsal of the strain he had just arranged; but Arthur at that moment experienced the painful internal feeling of that peculiar species of shame, which well-constructed minds feel when they see others express a great assumption of importance, with a confidence that they are exciting admiration, when in fact they are only exposing themselves to ridicule. Arthur, in short, took leave, "in very shame," of the King of Naples, both the Sicilies, and Jerusalem, in a manner somewhat more abrupt than ceremony demanded. The King looked after him, with some wonder at this want of breeding, which however, he imputed to his visitor's insular education, and then again began to twangle his viol.

"The old fool!" said Arthur; "his daughter is dethroned, his dominions crumbling to pieces, his family on the eve of becoming extinct, his grandson driven from one lurking-place to another, and expelled from his mother's inheritance,—and he can find amusement in these fopperies! I thought him, with his long white beard, like Nicholas Bonstetten; but the old Swiss is a Solomon compared with him."

As these and other reflections, highly disparaging to King René, passed through Arthur's mind, he reached the place of rendezvous, and found Thiebault, beneath the steaming fountain, forced from one of those hot springs which had been the delight of the Romans from an early period. Thiebault, having assured his master that his retinue, horse and man,

were so disposed as to be ready on an instant's call, readily undertook to guide him to King René's palace, which, from its singularity, and indeed its beauty of architecture, deserved the eulogium which the old monarch had bestowed upon it. The front consisted of three towers of Roman architecture, two of them being placed on the angles of the palace, and the third, which served the purpose of a mausoleum, forming a part of the group, though somewhat detached from the other buildings. This last was a structure of beautiful proportions. The lower part of the edifice was square, serving as a sort of pedestal to the upper part, which was circular, and surrounded by columns of massive granite. The other two towers at the angles of the palace were round, and also ornamented with pillars, and with a double row of windows. In front of, and connected with, these Roman remains, to which a date has been assigned as early as the fifth or sixth century, arose the ancient palace of the Counts of Provence, built a century or two later, but where a rich Gothic or Moorish front contrasted, and yet harmonized, with the more regular and massive architecture of the lords of the world. It is not more than thirty or forty years since this very curious remnant of antique art was destroyed to make room for new public buildings, which have never yet been erected.

Arthur really experienced some sensation of the kind which the old King had prophesied, and stood looking with wonder at the ever-open gate of the palace, into which men of all kinds seemed to enter freely. After looking around for a few minutes, the young Englishman ascended the steps of a noble portico, and asked of a porter, as old and as lazy as a great man's domestic ought to be, for the seneschal named to him by the King. The corpulent janitor, with great politeness, put the stranger under the charge of a page, who ushered him to a chamber, in which he found another aged functionary of higher rank, with a comely face, a clear composed eye, and a brow which, having never been knit into gravity, intimated that the seneschal of Aix was a proficient in the philosophy of his royal master. He recognized Arthur the moment he addressed him.

"You speak northern French, fair sir; you have lighter hair and a fairer complexion than the natives of this country—You ask after Queen Margaret—By all these marks I read you English—Her Grace of England is at this moment paying a vow at the monastery of Mont Saint Victoire, and if your name be Arthur Philipson, I have commission to forward you to her presence immediately, that is, as soon as you have tasted of the royal provision."

The young man would have remonstrated, but the seneschal left him no leisure.

"Meat and mass," he said, "never hindered work—it is perilous to youth to journey too far on an empty stomach—he himself would take a mouthful with the Queen's guest, and pledge him to boot in a flask of old Hermitage."

The board was covered with an alacrity which showed that hospitality was familiarly exercised in King René's dominions. Pasties, dishes of game, the gallant boar's head, and other delicacies, were placed on the table, and the seneschal played the merry host, frequently apologizing (unnecessarily) for showing an indifferent example, as it was his duty to carve before King René, and the good King was never pleased unless he saw him feed lustily as well as carve featly.

"But for you, sir guest, eat freely, since you may not see food again till sunset; for the good Queen takes her misfortunes so to heart that sighs are her food, and her tears a bottle of drink, as the Psalmist hath it. But I bethink me you will need steeds for yourself and your equipage to reach Mont Saint Victoire, which is seven miles from Aix."

Arthur intimated that he had a guide and horses in attendance, and begged permission to take his adieu. The worthy seneschal, his fair round belly graced with a gold chain, accompanied him to the gate with a step, which a gentle fit of the gout had rendered uncertain, but which, he assured Arthur, would vanish before three days' use of the hot springs. Thiebault appeared before the gate, not with the tired steeds from which they had dismounted an hour since, but with fresh palfreys from the stable of the King.

"They are yours from the moment you have put foot in stirrup," said the seneschal; "the good King René never received back as his property a horse which he had lent to a guest; and that is perhaps one reason why his Highness and we of his household must walk often a-foot."

Here the seneschal exchanged greetings with his young visitor, who rode forth to seek Queen Margaret's place of temporary retirement at the celebrated monastery of Saint Victoire. He demanded of his guide in which direction it lay, who pointed, with an air of triumph, to a mountain three thousand feet and upward in height, which arose at five or six miles' distance from the town, and which its bold and rocky summit rendered the most distinguished object of the landscape. Thiebault spoke of it with unusual glee and energy, so much so as to lead Arthur to conceive that his trusty squire had not neglected to avail himself of the lavish hospitality of *Le bon Roi*

René. Thiebault, however, continued to expatiate on the fame of the mountain and monastery. They derived their name, he said, from a great victory which was gained by a Roman general, named Caio Mario, against two large armies of Saracens with ultramontane names (the Teutones probably and Cimbri), in gratitude to heaven for which victory Caio Mario vowed to build a monastery on the mountain for the service of the Virgin Mary, in honor of whom he had been baptized. With all the importance of a local connoisseur, Thiebault proceeded to prove his general assertion by specific facts.

"Yonder," he said, "was the camp of the Saracens, from which, when the battle was apparently decided, their wives and women rushed, with horrible screams, disheveled hair, and the gestures of furies, and for a time prevailed in stopping the flight of the men." He pointed out too the river, for access to which, cut off by the superior generalship of the Romans, the barbarians, whom he called Saracens, hazarded the action, and whose streams they empurpled with their blood. In short, he mentioned many circumstances which showed how accurately tradition will preserve the particulars of ancient events, even whilst forgetting, misstating, and confounding dates and persons.

Perceiving that Arthur lent him a not unwilling ear,—for it may be supposed that the education of a youth bred up in the heat of civil wars was not well qualified to criticise his account of the wars of a distant period,—the Provençal, when he had exhausted this topic, drew up close to his master's side, and asked, in a suppressed tone, whether he knew, or was desirous of being made acquainted with, the cause of Margaret's having left Aix, to establish herself in the monastery of Saint Victoire?

"For the accomplishment of a vow," answered Arthur; "all the world knows it."

"All Aix knows the contrary," said Thiebault; "and I can tell you the truth, so I were sure it would not offend your seignorie."

"The truth can offend no reasonable man, so it be expressed in the terms of which Queen Margaret must be spoken in the presence of an Englishman."

Thus replied Arthur, willing to receive what information he could gather, and desirous, at the same time, to check the petulance of his attendant.

"I have nothing," replied his follower, "to state in disparagement of the gracious Queen, whose only misfortune is, that, like her royal father, she has more titles than towns. Besides, I know well that you Englishmen, though you speak wildly of

your sovereigns yourselves, will not permit others to fail in respect to them."

"Say on, then," answered Arthur.

"Your seignorie must know, then," said Thiebault, "that the good King René has been much disturbed by the deep melancholy which afflicted Queen Margaret, and has bent himself with all his power to change it into a gayer humor. He made entertainments in public and in private; he assembled minstrels and troubadours, whose music and poetry might have drawn smiles from one on his deathbed. The whole country resounded with mirth and glee, and the gracious Queen could not stir abroad in the most private manner, but before she had gone a hundred paces, she lighted on an ambush, consisting of some pretty pageant, or festivous mummery, composed often by the good King himself, which interrupted her solitude, in purpose of relieving her heavy thoughts with some pleasant pastime. But the Queen's deep melancholy rejected all these modes of dispelling it, and at length she confined herself to her own apartments, and absolutely refused to see even her royal faher, because he generally brought into her presence those whose productions he thought likely to soothe her sorrow. Indeed she seemed to hear the harpers with loathing, and, excepting one wandering Englishman, who sang a rude and melancholy ballad, which threw her into a flood of tears, and to whom she gave a chain of price, she never seemed to look at or be conscious of the presence of any one. And at length, as I have had the honor to tell your seignorie, she refused to see even her royal father unless he came alone; and that he found no heart to do."

"I wonder not at it," said the young man; "by the White Swan, I am rather surprised his mummery drove her not to frenzy."

"Something like it indeed took place," said Thiebault; "and I will tell your seignorie how it chanced. You must know that good King René, unwilling to abandon his daughter to the foul fiend of melancholy, bethought him of making a grand effort. You must know further, that the King, powerful in all the craft of Troubadours and Jongleurs, is held in peculiar esteem for conducting mysteries, and other of these gamesome and delightful sports and processions, with which our holy Church permits her graver ceremonies to be relieved and diversified, to the cheering of the hearts of all true children of religion. It is admitted that no one has ever been able to approach his excellence in the arrangement of the Fête-Dieu; and the tune to which the devils cudgel King Herod, to the great edification of all Christian

spectators, is of our good King's royal composition. He hath danced at Tarascon in the ballet of Saint Martha and the Dragon, and was accounted in his own person the only actor competent to present the Tarrasque. His Highness introduced also a new ritual into the consecration of the Boy Bishop, and composed an entire set of grotesque music for the Festival of Asses. In short, his Grace's strength lies in those pleasing and becoming festivities which strew the path of edification with flowers, and send men dancing and singing on their way to Heaven.

"Now the good King René, feeling his own genius for such recreative compositions, resolved to exert it to the utmost, in the hope that he might thereby relieve the melancholy in which his daughter was plunged, and which infected all that approached her. It chanced, some short time since, that the Queen was absent for certain days, I know not where or on what business, but it gave the good King time to make his preparations. So when his daughter returned, he with much importunity prevailed on her to make part of a religious procession to Saint Sauveur, the principal church in Aix. The Queen, innocent of what was intended, decked herself with solemnity, to witness and partake of what she expected would prove a work of grave piety. But no sooner had she appeared on the esplanade in front of the palace, than more than a hundred masks, dressed up like Turks, Jews, Saracens, Moors, and I know not whom besides, crowded around to offer her their homage, in the character of the Queen of Sheba; and a grotesque piece of music called them to arrange themselves for a ludicrous ballet, in which they addressed the Queen in the most entertaining manner, and with the most extravagant gestures. The Queen, stunned with the noise, and affronted with the petulance of this unexpected onset, would have gone back into the palace; but the doors had been shut by the King's order so soon as she set forth; and her retreat in that direction was cut off. Finding herself excluded from the palace, the Queen advanced to the front of the façade, and endeavored by signs and words to appease the hubbub, but the maskers, who had their instructions, only answered with songs, music, and shouts."

"I would," said Arthur, "there had been a score of English yeomen in presence, with their quarter-staves, to teach the bawling villains respect for one that has worn the crown of England!"

"All the noise that was made before was silence and soft music," continued Thiebault, "till that when the good King

himself appeared, grotesquely dressed in the character of King Solomon"——

"To whom, of all princes, he has the least resemblance," said Arthur——

"With such capers and gesticulations of welcome to the Queen of Sheba, as, I am assured by those who saw it, would have brought a dead man alive again, or killed a living man with laughing. Among other properties, he had in his hand a truncheon, somewhat formed like a fool's bauble"——

"A most fit sceptre for such a sovereign," said Arthur——

"Which was headed," continued Thiebault, "by a model of the Jewish Temple, finely gilded and curiously cut in pasteboard. He managed this with the utmost grace, and delighted every spectator by his gayety and activity, excepting the Queen, who, the more he skipped and capered, seemed to be the more incensed, until, on his approaching her to conduct her to the procession, she seemed roused to a sort of frenzy, struck the truncheon out of his hand, and breaking through the crowd, who felt as if a tigress had leaped amongst them from a showman's cart, rushed into the royal courtyard. Ere the order of the scenic representation, which her violence had interrupted, could be restored, the Queen again issued forth, mounted, and attended by two or three English cavaliers of her Majesty's suite. She forced her way through the crowd, without regarding either their safety or her own, flew, like a hail-storm along the streets, and never drew bridle till she was as far up this same Mont Saint Victoire as the road would permit. She was then received into the convent, and has since remained there; and a vow of penance is the pretext to cover over the quarrel betwixt her and her father."

"How long may it be," said Arthur, "since these things chanced?"

"It is but three days since Queen Margaret left Aix in the manner I have told you.—But we are come as far up the mountain as men usually ride. See, yonder is the monastery rising betwixt two huge rocks, which form the very top of Mont Saint Victoire. There is no more open ground than is afforded by the cleft, into which the convent of Saint Mary of Victory is, as it were, niched; and the access is guarded by the most dangerous precipices. To ascend the mountain, you must keep that narrow path which, winding and turning among the cliffs, leads at length to the summit of the hill, and the gate of the monastery."

"And what becomes of you and the horses?" said Arthur.

"We will rest," said Thiebault, "in the hospital maintained

by the good fathers at the bottom of the mountain, for the accommodation of those who attend on pilgrims;—for I promise you the shrine is visited by many who come from afar, and are attended both by man and horse.—Care not for me,—I shall be first under cover; but there muster yonder in the west some threatening clouds, from which your seignorie may suffer inconvenience, unless you reach the convent in time. I will give you an hour to do the feat, and will say you are as active as a chamois hunter, if you reach it within the time."

Arthur looked around him, and did indeed remark a mustering of clouds in the distant west, which threatened soon to change the character of the day, which had hitherto been brilliantly clear, and so serene that the falling of a leaf might have been heard. He therefore turned him to the steep and rocky path which ascended the mountain, sometimes by scaling almost precipitous rocks, and sometimes by reaching their tops by a more circuitous process. It winded through thickets of wild boxwood and other low aromatic shrubs, which afforded some pasture for the mountain goats, but were a bitter annoyance to the traveler who had to press through them. Such obstacles were so frequent, that the full hour allowed by Thiebault had elapsed before he stood on the summit of Mont Saint Victoire, and in front of the singular convent of the same name.

We have already said, that the crest of the mountain, consisting entirely of one bare and solid rock, was divided by a cleft or opening into two heads or peaks, between which the convent was built, occupying all the space between them. The front of the building was of the most ancient and sombre cast of the old Gothic, or rather, as it has been termed, the Saxon; and in that respect corresponded with the savage exterior of the naked cliffs, of which the structure seemed to make a part, and by which it was entirely surrounded, excepting a small open space of more level ground, where, at the expense of much toil, and by carrying earth up the hill, from different spots where they could collect it in small quantities, the good fathers had been able to arrange the accommodations of a garden.

A bell summoned a lay-brother, the porter of this singularly situated monastery, to whom Arthur announced himself as an English merchant, Philipson by name, who came to pay his duty to Queen Margaret. The porter, with much respect, showed the stranger into the convent, and ushered him into a parlor, which, looking toward Aix, commanded an extensive and splendid prospect over the southern and western parts of Provence. This was the direction in which Arthur had ap-

proached the mountain from Aix; but the circuitous path by which he had ascended had completely carried him round the hill. The western side of the monastery, to which the parlor looked, commanded the noble view we have mentioned; and a species of balcony, which, connecting the two twin crags, at this place not above four or five yards asunder, ran along the front of the building, and appeared to be constructed for the purpose of enjoying it. But on stepping from one of the windows of the parlor upon this battlemented bartisan, Arthur became aware that the wall on which the parapet rested stretched along the edge of a precipice, which sank sheer down five hundred feet at least from the foundations of the convent. Surprised and startled at finding himself on so giddy a verge, Arthur turned his eyes from the gulf beneath him to admire the distant landscape, partly illumined, with ominous lustre, by the now westerly sun. The setting beams showed in dark red splendor a vast variety of hill and dale, champaign and cultivated ground, with towns, churches, and castles, some of which rose from among trees, while others seemed founded on rocky eminences; others again lurked by the side of streams or lakes, to which the heat and drought of the climate naturally attracted them.

The rest of the landscape presented similar objects when the weather was serene, but they were not rendered indistinct, or altogether obliterated, by the sullen shade of the approaching clouds, which gradually spread over great part of the horizon, and threatened altogether to eclipse the sun, though the lord of the horizon still struggled to maintain his influence, and, like a dying hero, seemed most glorious even in the moment of defeat. Wild sounds, like groans and howls, formed by the wind in the numerous caverns of the rocky mountain, added to the terrors of the scene, and seemed to foretell the fury of some distant storm, though the air in general was even unnaturally calm and breathless. In gazing on this extraordinary scene, Arthur did justice to the monks who had chosen this wild and grotesque situation, from which they could witness Nature in her wildest and grandest demonstrations, and compare the nothingness of humanity with her awful convulsions.

So much was Arthur awed by the scene before him, that he had almost forgotten, while gazing from the bartisan, the important business which had brought him to this place, when it was suddenly recalled by finding himself in the presence of Margaret of Anjou, who, not seeing him in the parlor of reception, had stepped upon the balcony, that she might meet with him the sooner.

The Queen's dress was black, without any ornament except a gold coronal of an inch in breadth, restraining her long black tresses, of which advancing years, and misfortunes, had partly altered the hue. There was placed within the circlet a black plume with a red rose, the last of the season which the good father who kept the garden had presented to her that morning as the badge of her husband's house. Care, fatigue, and sorrow, seemed to dwell on her brow and her features. To another messenger, she would in all probability have administered a sharp rebuke, for not being alert in his duty to receive her as she entered; but Arthur's age and appearance corresponded with that of her loved and lost son. He was the son of a lady whom Margaret had loved with almost sisterly affection, and the presence of Arthur continued to excite in the dethroned Queen the same feelings of maternal tenderness which had been awakened on their first meeting in the Cathedral of Strassburg. She raised him as he kneeled at her feet, spoke to him with much kindness, and encouraged him to detail at full length his father's message, and such other news as his brief residence at Dijon had made him acquainted with.

She demanded which way Duke Charles had moved with his army.

"As I was given to understand by the master of his artillery," said Arthur, "toward the Lake of Neufchatel, on which side he proposes his first attack on the Swiss."

"The headstrong fool!" said Queen Margaret,—"he resembles the poor lunatic, who went to the summit of the mountain, that he might meet the rain half-way.—Does thy father, then," continued Margaret, "advise me to give up the last remains of the extensive territories, once the dominions of our royal House, and for some thousand crowns, and the paltry aid of a few hundred lances, to relinquish what is left of our patrimony to our proud and selfish kinsman of Burgundy, who extends his claim to our all, and affords so little help, or even promise of help, in return?"

"I should have ill discharged my father's commission," said Arthur, "if I had left your Highness to think that he recommends so great a sacrfice. He feels most deeply the Duke of Burgundy's grasping desire of dominion. Nevertheless, he thinks that Provence must, on King René's death, or sooner, fall either to the share of Duke Charles, or to Louis of France, whatever opposition your Highness may make to such a destination; and it may be that my father, as a knight and a soldier, hopes much from obtaining the means to make another

attempt on Britain. But the decision must rest with your Highness."

"Young man," said the Queen, "the contemplation of a question so doubtful almost deprives me of reason!"

As she spoke, she sank down, as one who needs rest, on a stone seat placed on the very verge of the balcony, regardless of the storm, which now began to rise with dreadful gusts of wind, the course of which being intermitted and altered by the crags round which they howled, it seemed as if in very deed Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, unchaining the winds from every quarter of heaven, were contending for mastery round the convent of our Lady of Victory. Amid this tumult, and amid billows of mist which concealed the bottom of the precipice, and masses of clouds which racked fearfully over their heads, the roar of the descending waters rather resembled the fall of cataracts than the rushing of torrents of rain. The seat on which Margaret had placed herself was in a considerable degree sheltered from the storm, but its eddies, varying in every direction, often tossed aloft her disheveled hair; and we cannot describe the appearance of her noble and beautiful, yet ghastly and wasted features, agitated strongly by anxious hesitation and conflicting thoughts, unless to those of our readers, who have had the advantage of having seen our inimitable Siddons * in such a character as this. Arthur, confounded by anxiety and terror, could only beseech her Majesty to retire before the fury of the approaching storm, into the interior of the convent.

"No," she replied with firmness; "roofs and walls have ears, and monks, though they have forsworn the world, are not the less curious to know what passes beyond their cells. It is in this place you must hear what I have to say; as a soldier you should scorn a blast of wind or a shower of rain; and to me, who have often held counsel amidst the sound of trumpets and clash of arms, prompt for instant fight, the war of elements is an unnoticed trifle. I tell thee, young Arthur Vere, as I would to your father—as I would to my son—if indeed Heaven had left such a blessing to a wretch forlorn"——

She paused, and then proceeded.

"I tell thee, as I would have told my beloved Edward, that Margaret, whose resolutions were once firm and immovable as these rocks among which we are placed, is now doubtful and variable as the clouds which are drifting around us. I told your father, in the joy of meeting once more a subject of such inappreciable loyalty, of the sacrifices I would make to assure

* [Mrs. Siddons the tragedian—died 1831.]

the assistance of Charles of Burgundy to so gallant an undertaking as that proposed to him by the faithful Oxford. But since I saw him I have had cause of deep reflection. I met my aged father only to offend, and, I say it with shame, to insult the old man in presence of his people. Our tempers are as opposed as the sunshine, which a short space since gilded a serene and beautiful landscape, differs from the tempests which are now wasting it. I spurned with open scorn and contempt what he, in his mistaken affection, had devised for means of consolation, and, disgusted with the idle follies which he had devised for curing the melancholy of a dethroned Queen, a widowed spouse—and alas! a childless mother,—I retired hither from the noisy and idle mirth, which was the bitterest aggravation of my sorrows. Such and so gentle is René's temper, that even my unfilial conduct will not diminish my influence over him; and if your father had announced, that the Duke of Burgundy, like a knight and a sovereign, had cordially and nobly entered into the plan of the faithful Oxford, I could have found it in my heart to obtain the cession of territory his cold and ambitious policy requires, in order to ensure the assistance, which he now postpones to afford till he has gratified his own haughty humor by settling needless quarrels with his unoffending neighbors. Since I have been here, and calmness and solitude have given me time to reflect, I have thought on the offences I have given the old man, and on the wrongs I was about to do him. My father, let me do him justice, is also the father of his people. They have dwelt under their vines and fig-trees, in ignoble ease perhaps, but free from oppression and exaction, and their happiness has been that of their good King. Must I change all this?—Must I aid in turning over these contented people to a fierce, headlong, arbitrary prince?—May I not break even the easy and thoughtless heart of my poor old father, should I succeed in urging him to do so?—These are questions which I shudder even to ask myself. On the other hand, to disappoint the toils, the venturous hopes of your father, to forego the only opportunity which may ever again offer itself, of revenge on the bloody traitors of York, and restoration of the House of Lancaster!—Arthur, the scene around us is not so convulsed by the fearful tempest and the driving clouds, as my mind is by doubt and uncertainty."

"Alas!" replied Arthur, "I am too young and inexperienced to be your Majesty's adviser in a case so arduous. I would my father had been in presence himself."

"I know what he would have said," replied the Queen; "but, knowing all, I despair of aid from human counselors—I

have sought others, but they also are deaf to my entreaties. Yes, Arthur, Margaret's misfortunes have rendered her superstitious. Know, that beneath these rocks, and under the foundation of this convent, there runs a cavern, entering by a secret and defended passage a little to the westward of the summit, and running through the mountain, having an opening to the south, from which, as from this bartisan, you can view the landscape so lately seen from the balcony, or the strife of winds and confusion of clouds which we now behold. In the middle of this cavernous thoroughfare is a natural pit, or perforation, of great but unknown depth. A stone dropped into it is heard to dash from side to side, until the noise of its descent, thundering from cliff to cliff, dies away in distant and faint tinkling, less loud than that of a sheep's bell at a mile's distance. The common people, in their jargon, call this fearful gulf Lou Garagoule; and the traditions of the monastery annex wild and fearful recollections to a place in itself sufficiently terrible. Oracles, it is said, spoke from thence in pagan days by subterranean voices, arising from the abyss; and from these the Roman general is said to have heard, in strange and uncouth rhymes, promises of the victory which gives name to this mountain. These oracles, it is averred, may be yet consulted after performance of strange rites, in which heathen ceremonies are mixed with Christian acts of devotion. The abbots of Mont Saint Victoire have denounced the consultation of Lou Garagoule, and the spirits who reside there, to be criminal. But as the sin may be expiated by presents to the Church, by masses, and penances, the door is sometimes open by the complaisant fathers to those whose daring curiosity leads them, at all risks, and by whatever means, to search into futurity. Arthur, I have made the experiment, and am even now returned from the gloomy cavern in which, according to the traditional ritual, I have spent six hours by the margin of the gulf, a place so dismal, that after its horrors even this tempestuous scene is refreshing."

The Queen stopped, and Arthur, the more struck with the wild tale, that it reminded him of his place of imprisonment at La Ferette, asked anxiously if her inquiries had obtained any answer.

"None whatever," replied the unhappy princess. "The demons of Garagoule, if there be such, are deaf to the suit of an unfortunate wretch like me, to whom neither friends nor fiends will afford counsel or assistance. It is my father's circumstances which prevent my instant and strong resolution. Were my own claims on this piping and paltry notion of Trouba-

dours alone interested, I could, for the chance of once more setting my foot in merry England, as easily and willingly resign them and their paltry coronet, as I commit to the storm this idle emblem of the royal rank which I have lost."

As Margaret spoke, she tore from her hair the sable feather and rose which the tempest had detached from the circlet in which they were placed, and tossed them from the battlement with a gesture of wild energy. They were instantly whirled off in a bickering eddy of the agitated clouds, which swept the feather far distant into empty space, through which the eye could not pursue it. But while that of Arthur involuntarily strove to follow its course, a contrary gust of wind caught the red rose, and drove it back against his breast, so that it was easy for him to catch hold of and retain it.

"Joy, joy, and good fortune, royal mistress!" he said, returning to her the emblematic flower! "the tempest brings back the badge of Lancaster to its proper owner."

"I accept the omen," said Margaret; "but it concerns yourself, noble youth, and not me. The feather which is borne away to waste and desolation is Margaret's emblem. My eyes will never see the restoration of the line of Lancaster. But you will live to behold it, and to aid to achieve it, and to dye our red rose deeper yet in the blood of tyrants and traitors. My thoughts are so strangely poised, that a feather or a flower may turn the scale. But my head is still giddy, and my heart sick.—To-morrow you shall see another Margaret, and till then adieu."

It was time to retire, for the tempest began to be mingled with fiercer showers of rain. When they re-entered the parlor, the Queen clapped her hands, and two female attendants entered.

"Let the Father Abbot know," she said, "that it is our desire that this young gentleman receive for this night such hospitality as befits an esteemed friend of ours.—Till to-morrow, young sir, farewell."

With a countenance which betrayed not the late emotion of her mind, and with a stately courtesy that would have become her when she graced the halls of Windsor, she extended her hand, which the youth saluted respectfully. After her leaving the parlor the Abbot entered, and in his attention to Arthur's entertainment and accommodation for the evening, showed his anxiety to meet and obey Queen Margaret's wishes.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

——Want you a man
Experienced in the world and its affairs?
Here he is for your purpose. He's a monk.
He hath forsworn the world and all its work,
The rather that he knows it passing well,
Special the worst of it, for he's monk.
OLD PLAY.

WHILE the dawn of the morning was yet gray, Arthur was awakened by a loud ringing at the gate of the monastery, and presently afterward the porter entered the cell which had been allotted to him for his lodgings, to tell him, that if his name was Arthur Philipson, a brother of their order had brought him despatches from his father. The youth started up, hastily attired himself, and was introduced, in the parlor, to a Carmelite monk, being of the same order with the community of Saint Victoire.

"I have ridden many a mile, young man, to present you with this letter," said the monk, "having undertaken to your father that it should be delivered without delay. I came to Aix last night during the storm, and, learning at the palace that you had ridden hither, I mounted as soon as the tempest abated, and here I am."

"I am beholden to you, father," said the youth, "and if I could repay your pains with a small donative to your convent "——

"By no means," answered the good father; "I took my personal trouble out of friendship to your father, and mine own errand led me this way. The expenses of my long journey have been amply provided for. But open your packet, I can answer your questions at leisure."

The young man accordingly stepped into an embrasure of the window, and read as follows:—

"SON ARTHUR—Touching the state of the country, in so far as concerns the safety of traveling, know that the same is precarious. The Duke hath taken the towns of Brie and Granson, and put to death five hundred men, whom he made prisoners in garrison there. But the Confederates are approaching with a large force, and God will judge for the right. Howsoever the game may go, these are sharp wars, in which

little quarter is spoken of on either side, and therefore there is no safety for men of our profession, till something decisive shall happen. In the meantime, you may assure the widowed lady that our correspondent continues well disposed to purchase the property which she has in hand; but will scarce be able to pay the price till his present pressing affairs shall be settled, which I hope will be in time to permit us to embark the funds in the profitable adventure I told our friend of. I have employed a friar, traveling to Provence, to carry this letter, which I trust will come safe. The bearer may be trusted.

"Your affectionate father,

JOHN PHILIPSON."

Arthur easily comprehended the latter part of the epistle, and rejoiced he had received it at so critical a moment. He questioned the Carmelite on the amount of the Duke's army, which the monk stated to amount to sixty thousand men, while he said the Confederates, though making every exertion, had not yet been able to assemble the third part of that number. The young Ferrand de Vaudemont was with their army, and had received, it was thought, some secret assistance from France; but as he was little known in arms, and had few followers, the empty title of General which he bore added little to the strength of the Confederates. Upon the whole, he reported that every chance appeared to be in favor of Charles, and Arthur, who looked upon his success as presenting the only chance in favor of his father's enterprise, was not a little pleased to find it ensured, as far as depended on a great superiority of force. He had no leisure to make further inquiries, for the Queen at that moment entered the apartment, and the Carmelite, learning her quality, withdrew from her presence in deep reverence.

The paleness of her complexion still bespoke the fatigues of the day preceding; but as she graciously bestowed on Arthur the greetings of the morning, her voice was firm, her eye clear, and her countenance steady. "I meet you," she said, "not as I left you, but determined in my purpose. I am satisfied that if René does not voluntarily yield up his throne of Provence, by some step like that which we propose, he will be hurled from it by violence, in which, it may be, his life will not be spared. We will, therefore, to work with all speed—the worst is, that I cannot leave this convent till I have made the necessary penances for having visited the Garagoule, without performing which I were no Christian woman. When you return to Aix, inquire at the palace for my secretary, with whom this line

will give you credence. I have, even before this door of hope opened to me, endeavored to form an estimate of King René's situation, and collected the documents for that purpose. Tell him to send to me, duly sealed, and under fitting charge, the small cabinet hooped with silver. Hours of penance for past errors may be employed to prevent others; and from the contents of that cabinet I shall learn whether I am, in this weighty matter, sacrificing my father's interests to my own half-desperate hopes. But of this I have little or no noubt. I can cause the deeds of resignation and transference to be drawn up here under my own direction, and arrange the execution of them when I return to Aix, which shall be the first moment after my penance is concluded."

"And this letter, gracious madam," said Arthur, "will inform you what events are approaching, and of what importance it may be to take time by the forelock. Place me but in possession of these momentous deeds, and I will travel night and day till I reach the Duke's camp. I shall find him most likely in the moment of victory, and with his heart too much open to refuse a boon to the royal kinswoman who is surrendering to him all. We will—we must—in such an hour, obtain princely succors; and we shall soon see if the licentious Edward of York, the savage Richard, the treacherous and perjured Clarence, are hereafter to be lords of merry England, or whether they must give place to a more rightful sovereign and better man. But oh! royal madam, all depends on haste."

"True—yet a few days may—nay, must—cast the die between Charles and his opponents; and, ere making so great a surrender, it were as well to be assured that he whom we would propitiate is in capacity to assist us. All the events of a tragic and varied life have led me to see there is no such thing as an inconsiderable enemy. I will make haste, however, trusting in the interim we may have good news from the banks of the lake at Neufchatel."

"But who shall be employed to draw these most important deeds?" said the young man.

Margaret mused ere she replied—"The Father Guardian is complaisant, and I think faithful; but I would not willingly repose confidence in one of the Provençal monks. Stay, let me think—your father says the Carmelite who brought the letter may be trusted—he shall do the turn. He is a stranger, and will be silent for a piece of money. Farewell, Arthur de Vere.—You will be treated with all hospitality by my father. If thou dost receive further tidings, thou wilt let me know

them; or should I have instructions to send, thou wilt hear from me.—So, benedicite."

Arthur proceeded to wind down the mountain at a much quicker pace than he had ascended on the day before. The weather was now gloriously serene, and the beauties of vegetation, in a country where it never totally slumbers, were at once delicious and refreshing. His thoughts wandered from the crags of Mont Saint Victoire to the cliff of the canton of Unterwalden, and fancy recalled the moments when his walks through such scenery were not solitary, but when there was a form by his side, whose simple beauty was engraved on his memory. Such thoughts were of a pre-occupying nature; and I grieve to say that they entirely drowned the recollection of the mysterious caution given him by his father, intimating that Arthur might not be able to comprehend such letters as he should receive from him, till they were warmed before a fire.

The first thing which reminded him of this singular caution was the seeing a chafing dish of charcoal in the kitchen of the hostelry at the bottom of the mountain, where he found Thiebault and his horses. This was the first fire which he had seen since receiving his father's letter, and it reminded him not unnaturally of what the Earl had recommended. Great was his surprise to see that, after exposing the paper to the fire as if to dry it, a word emerged in an important passage of the letter, and the concluding words now read—"The bearer may *not* be trusted." Well-nigh choked with shame and vexation, Arthur could think of no other remedy than instantly to return to the convent, and acquaint the Queen with this discovery, which he hoped still to convey to her in time to prevent any risk being incurred by the Carmelite's treachery.

Incensed at himself, and eager to redeem his fault, he bent his manly breast against the steep hill, which was probably never scaled in so short a time as by the young heir of De Vere; for, within forty minutes from his commencing the ascent, he stood breathless and panting in the presence of Queen Margaret, who was alike surprised at his appearance and his exhausted condition.

"Trust not the Carmelite!" he exclaimed—"You are betrayed, noble Queen, and it is by my negligence. Here is my dagger—Bid me strike it into my heart!"

Margaret demanded and obtained a more special explanation, and when it was given, she said, "It is an unhappy chance; but your father's instructions ought to have been more distinct. I have told yonder Carmelite the purpose of the contracts, and engaged with him to draw them. He has but

now left me to serve at the choir. There is no withdrawing the confidence I have unhappily placed; but I can easily prevail with the Father Guardian to prevent the monk from leaving the convent till we are indifferent to his secrecy. It is our best chance to secure it, and we will take care that what inconvenience he sustains by his detention shall be well recompensed. Meanwhile, rest thou, good Arthur, and undo the throat of thy mantle. Poor youth, thou art well-nigh exhausted with thy haste."

Arthur obeyed, and sat down on a seat in the parlor; for the speed which he had exerted rendered him almost incapable of standing.

"If I could but see," he said, "the false monk, I would find a way to charm him to secrecy!"

"Better leave him to me," said the Queen; "and, in a word, I forbid you to meddle with him. The coif can treat better with the cowl than the casque can do. Say no more of him. I joy to see you wear around your neck the holy relic I bestowed on you;—but what Moorish charmlet is that you wear beside it? Alas! I need not ask. Your heightened color, almost as deep as when you entered a quarter of an hour hence, confesses a true-love token. Alas! poor boy, hast thou not only such a share of thy country's woes to bear, but also thine own load of affliction, not the less poignant now that future time will show thee how fantastic it is! Margaret of Anjou could once have aided wherever thy affections were placed; but now she can only contribute to the misery of her friends, not to their happiness. But this lady of the charm, Arthur, is she fair—is she wise and virtuous—is she of noble birth—and does she love?" —She perused his countenance with the glance of an eagle, and continued, "To all thou wouldst answer Yes, if shamefacedness permitted thee. Love her, then, in turn, my gallant boy, for love is the parent of brave actions. Go, my noble youth—high-born and loyal, valorous and virtuous, enamoured and youthful, to what mayest thou not rise? The chivalry of ancient Europe only lives in a bosom like thine. Go, and let the praises of a Queen fire thy bosom with the love of honor and achievement. In three days we meet at Aix."

Arthur, highly gratified with the Queen's condescension, once more left her presence.

Returning down the mountain with a speed very different from that which he had used in the ascent, he again found his Provençal squire, who had remained in much surprise at witnessing the confusion in which his master had left the inn, almost immediately after he had entered it without any appar-

ent haste or agitation. Arthur explained his hasty return by alleging he had forgot his purse at the convent. "Nay, in that case," said Thiebault, "considering what you left and where you left it, I do not wonder at your speed; though, Our Lady save me, as I never saw living creature, save a goat with a wolf at his heels, make his way over crag and briers with half such rapidity as you did."

They reached Aix after about an hour's riding, and Arthur lost no time in waiting upon the good King René, who gave him a kind reception, both in respect of the letter from the Duke of Burgundy, and in consideration of his being an Englishman, the avowed subject of the unfortunate Margaret. The placable monarch soon forgave his young guest the want of complaisance with which he had eschewed to listen to his compositions; and Arthur speedily found, that to apologize for his want of breeding in that particular, was likely to lead to a great deal more rehearsing than he could find patience to tolerate. He could only avoid the old King's extreme desire to recite his own poems, and perform his own music, by engaging him in speaking of his daughter Margaret. Arthur had been sometimes induced to doubt the influence which the Queen boasted herself to possess over her aged father; but on being acquainted with him personally, he became convinced that her powerful understanding and violent passions inspired the feeble-minded and passive King with a mixture of pride, affection, and fear, which united to give her the most ample authority over him.

Although she had parted with him but a day or two since, and in a manner so ungracious on her side, René was as much overjoyed at hearing of the probability of her speedy return, as the fondest father could have been at the prospect of being reunited to the most dutiful child, whom he had not seen for years. The old King was impatient as a boy for the day of her arrival, and, still strangely unenlightened on the difference of her taste from his own, he was with difficulty induced to lay aside a project of meeting her in the character of old Palemon,—

"The prince of shepherds, and their pride,"

at the head of an Arcadian procession of nymphs and swains, to inspire whose choral dances and songs, every pipe and tambourine in the country was to be placed in requisition. Even the old seneschal, however, intimated his disapprobation of this species of *joyeuse entrée;* so that René suffered himself at length to be persuaded that the Queen was too much occupied

by the religious impressions to which she had been of late exposed, to receive any agreeable sensation from sights or sounds of levity. The King gave way to reasons which he could not sympathize with; and thus Margaret escaped the shock of welcome, which would perhaps have driven her in her impatience back to the mountain of Saint Victoire, and the sable cavern of Lou Garagoule.

During the time of her absence, the days of the court of Provence were employed in sports and rejoicings of every description; tilting at the barrier with blunted spears, riding at the ring, parties for hare-hunting and falconry, frequented by the youth of both sexes, in the company of whom the King delighted, while the evenings were consumed in dancing and music.

Arthur could not but be sensible, that not long since all this would have made him perfectly happy; but the last months of his existence had developed his understanding and passions. He was now initiated in the actual business of human life, and looked on its amusements with an air of something like contempt; so that among the young and gay noblesse, who composed this merry court, he acquired the title of the youthful philosopher, which was not bestowed upon him, it may be supposed, as inferring anything of peculiar compliment.

On the fourth day news were received, by an express messenger, that Queen Margaret would enter Aix before the hour of noon, to resume her residence in her father's palace. The good King René seemed, as it drew nigh, to fear the interview with his daughter as much as he had previously desired it, and contrived to make all around him partake of his fidgety anxiety. He tormented his steward and cooks to recollect what dishes they had ever observed her to taste of with approbation —he pressed the musicians to remember the tunes which she approved, and when one of them boldly replied he had never known her Majesty endure any strain with patience, the old monarch threatened to turn him out of his service for slandering the taste of his daughter. The banquet was ordered to be served at half-past eleven, as if accelerating it would have had the least effect upon hurrying the arrival of the expected guests; and the old King, with his napkin over his arm, traversed the hall from window to window, wearying every one with questions, whether they saw anything of the Queen of England. Exactly as the bells tolled noon, the Queen, with a very small retinue, chiefly English, and in mourning habits like herself, rode into the town of Aix. King René, at the head of his court, failed not to descend from the front of his stately palace,

and move along the street to meet his daughter. Lofty, proud, and jealous of incurring ridicule, Margaret was not pleased with this public greeting in the market-place. But she was desirous at present to make amends for her late petulance, and therefore she descended from her palfrey; and although something shocked at seeing René equipped with a napkin, she humbled herself to bend the knee to him, asking at once his blessing and forgiveness.

"Thou hast—thou hast my blessing, my suffering dove," said the simple King to the proudest and most impatient princess that ever wept for a lost crown.—"And for thy pardon, how canst thou ask it, who never didst me an offence since God made me father to so gracious a child?—Rise, I say, rise—nay, it is for me to ask thy pardon—True, I said in my ignorance, and thought within myself, that my heart had indited a goodly thing—but it vexed thee. It is therefore for me to crave pardon."—And down sank good King René upon both knees; and the people, who are usually captivated with anything resembling the trick of the scene, applauded with much noise, and some smothered laughter, a situation in which the royal daughter and her parent seemed about to rehearse the scene of the Roman Charity.

Margaret, sensitively alive to shame, and fully aware that her present position was sufficiently ludicrous in its publicity at least, signed sharply to Arthur, whom she saw in the King's suite, to come to her; and using his arm to rise, she muttered to him aside, and in English,—"To what saint shall I vow myself that I may preserve patience when I so much need it!"

"For pity's sake, royal madam, recall your firmness of mind and composure," whispered her esquire, who felt at the moment more embarrassed than honored by his distinguished office, for he could feel that the Queen actually trembled with vexation and impatience.

They at length resumed their route to the palace, the father and daughter arm in arm, a posture most agreeable to Margaret, who could bring herself to endure her father's effusions of tenderness, and the general tone of his conversation, so that he was not overheard by others. In the same manner, she bore with laudable patience the teasing attentions which he addressed to her at table, noticed some of his particular courtiers, inquired after others, led the way to his favorite subjects of conversation on poetry, painting, and music, till the good King was as much delighted with the unwonted civilities of his daughter, as ever was lover with the favorable confessions of his mistress, when, after years of warm courtship, the ice of her bosom is at length

thawed. It cost the haughty Margaret an effort to bend herself to play this part—her pride rebuked her for stooping to flatter her father's foibles, in order to bring him over to the resignation of his dominions—yet having undertaken to do so, and so much having been already hazarded upon this sole remaining chance of success in an attack upon England, she saw, or was willing to see no alternative.

Betwixt the banquet, and the ball by which it was to be followed, the Queen sought an opportunity of speaking to Arthur.

"Bad news, my sage counselor," she said. "The Carmelite never returned to the convent after the service was over. Having learned that you had come back in great haste, he had, I suppose concluded he might stand in suspicion, so he left the convent of Mont Saint Victoire."

"We must hasten the measures which your Majesty has resolved to adopt," answered Arthur.

"I will speak with my father to-morrow. Meanwhile, you must enjoy the pleasures of the evening, for to you they may be pleasures.—Young Lady of Boisgelin, I give you this cavalier to be your partner for the evening."

The black-eyed and pretty Provençale courtesied with due decorum, and glanced at the handsome young Englishman with an eye of approbation; but whether afraid of his character as a philosopher, or his doubtful rank, added the saving clause,—"If my mother approves."

"Your mother, damsel, will scarce, I think, disapprove of any partner whom you receive from the hands of Margaret of Anjou. Happy privilege of youth," added with a sigh, as the youthful couple went off to take their place in the *bransle*,* "which can snatch a flower even on the roughest road."

Arthur acquitted himself so well during the evening, that perhaps the young Countess was only sorry that so gay and handsome a gallant limited his compliments and attentions within the cold bounds of that courtesy enjoined by the rules of ceremony.

* Bransle, in English, brawl—a species of dance.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

For I have given here my full consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king,
Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud Majesty a subject, state a peasant.
RICHARD II.

THE next day opened a grave scene. King René had not forgotten to arrange the pleasures of the day, when to his horror and discomfiture, Margaret demanded an interview upon serious business. If there was a proposition in the world which René from his soul detested, it was any that related to the very name of business.

"What was it that his child wanted?" he said. "Was it money? He would give her whatever ready sums he had, though he owned his exchequer was somewhat bare; yet he had received his income for the season. It was ten thousand crowns. How much should he desire to be paid to her?—the half—three parts—or the whole? All was at her command."

"Alas, my dear father," said Margaret, it is not my affairs, but your own, on which I desire to speak with you."

"If the affairs are mine," said René, "I am surely master to put them off to another day—to some rainy dull day, fit for no better purpose. See, my love, the hawking party are all on their steeds and ready—the horses are neighing and pawing—the gallants and maidens mounted, and ready with hawk on fist—the spaniels struggling in the leash. It were a sin, with wind and weather to friend, to lose so lovely a morning."

"Let them ride their way," said Queen Margaret, "and find their sport; for the matter I have to speak concerning involves honor and rank, life and means of living."

"Nay, but I have to hear and judge between Calezon and John of Acqua Mortis, the two most celebrated Troubadours."

"Postpone their cause till to-morrow," said Margaret, "and dedicate an hour or two to more important affairs."

"If you are peremptory," replied King René, "you are aware, my child, I cannot say you nay."

And with reluctance he gave orders for the hawkers to go on and follow their sport, as he could not attend them that day.

The old King then suffered himself, like an unwilling greyhound withheld from the chase, to be led into a separate apartment. To ensure privacy, Margaret stationed her secretary,

Mordaunt, with Arthur, in an antechamber, giving them orders to prevent all intrusion.

"Nay, for myself, Margaret," said the good-natured old man, "since it must be, I consent to be put *au secret;* but why keep old Mordaunt from taking a walk in this beautiful morning; and why prevent young Arthur from going forth with the rest? I promise you, though they term him a philosopher, yet he showed as light a pair of heels last night with the young Countess de Boisgelin, as any gallant in Provence."

"They are come from a country," said Margaret, "in which men are trained from infancy to prefer their duty to their pleasure."

The poor King, led into the council-closet, saw, with internal shuddering, the fatal cabinet of ebony, bound with silver, which had never been opened but to overwhelm him with weariness, and dolefully calculated how many yawns he must strangle ere he sustained the consideration of its contents. They proved, however, when laid before him, of a kind that excited even his interest, though painfully.

His daughter presented him with a short and clear view of the debts which were secured on his dominions, and for which they were mortgaged in various pieces and parcels. She then showed him, by another schedule, the large claims of which payment was instantly demanded, to discharge which no funds could be found or assigned. The King defended himself like others in his forlorn situation. To every claim of six, seven, or eight thousand ducats, he replied by the assertion, that he had ten thousand crowns in his chancery, and showed some reluctance to be convinced, till repeatedly urged upon him, that the same sum could not be adequate to the discharge of thirty times the amount.

"Then," said the King, somewhat impatiently, "why not pay off those who are most pressing, and let the others wait till receipts come round?"

"It is a practice which has been too often resorted to," replied the Queen, "and it is but a part of honesty to pay creditors who have advanced their all in your Grace's service."

"But are we not," said René, "King of both the Sicilies, Naples, Arragon, and Jerusalem? And why is the monarch of such fair kingdoms to be pushed to the wall, like a bankrupt yeoman, for a few bags of paltry crowns?"

"You are indeed monarch of these kingdoms," said Margaret; "but is it necessary to remind your Majesty that it is but as I am Queen of England, in which I have not an acre of land, and cannot command a penny of revenue? You have no

dominions which are a source of revenue, save those which you see in this scroll, with an exact list of the income they afford. It is totally inadequate, you see, to maintain your state and to pay the large engagements incurred to former creditors."

"It is cruel to press me to the wall thus," said the poor King. "What can I do? If I am poor, I cannot help it. I am sure I would pay the debts you talk of, if I knew the way."

"Royal father, I will show it you.—Resign your useless and unavailing dignity, which, with the pretensions attending it, serves but to make your miseries ridiculous. Resign your rights as a sovereign, and the income which cannot be stretched out to the empty excesses of a beggarly court, will enable you to enjoy, in ease and opulence, all the pleasures you most delight in as a private baron."

"Margaret, you speak folly," answered René, somewhat sternly. "A king and his people are bound by ties which neither can sever without guilt. My subjects are my flock, I am their shepherd. They are assigned to my governance by Heaven, and I dare not renounce the charge of protecting them."

"Were you in condition to do so," answered the Queen, "Margaret would bid you fight to the death. But don your harness, long disused—mount your war-steed—cry, René for Provence! and see if a hundred men will gather round your standard. Your fortresses are in the hands of strangers; army you have none; your vassals may have good-will, but they lack all military skill and soldier-like discipline. You stand but the mere skeleton of monarchy, which France or Burgundy may prostrate on the earth, whichever first puts forth his arm to throw it down."

The tears trickled fast down the old King's cheeks, when this unflattering prospect was set before him, and he could not forbear owning his total want of power to defend himself, and his dominions, and admitting that he had often thought of the necessity of compounding for his resignation with one of his powerful neighbors.

"It was thy interest, Margaret, harsh and severe as you are, which prevented my entering, before now, into measures most painful to my feelings, but perhaps best calculated for my advantage. But I had hoped it would hold on for my day; and thou, my child, with the talents Heaven has given thee, wouldst, I thought, have found remedy for distresses, which I cannot escape, otherwise than by shunning the thoughts of them."

"If it is in earnest you speak of my interest," said Mar-

garet, "know, that your resigning Provence will satisfy the nearest, and almost the only wish that my bosom can form; but, so judge me Heaven, as it is on your account, gracious sire, as well as mine, that I advise your compliance."

"Say no more on't, child; give me the parchment of resignation, and I will sign it: I see thou hast it ready drawn; let us sign it, and then we will overtake the hawkers. We must suffer woe, but there is little need to sit down and weep for it."

"Do you not ask," said Margaret, surprised at his apathy, "to whom you cede your dominions?"

"What boots it," answered the King, "since they must be no more my own? It must be either to Charles of Burgundy, or my nephew Louis—both powerful and politic princes. God send my poor people may have no cause to wish their old man back again, whose only pleasure was to see them happy and mirthful."

"It is to Burgundy you resign Provence," said Margaret.

"I would have preferred him," answered René; "he is fierce, but not malignant. One word more—are my subjects' privileges and immunities fully secured?"

"Amply," replied the Queen; "and your own wants of all kinds honorably provided for. I would not leave the stipulations in your favor in blank, though I might perhaps have trusted Charles of Burgundy, where money alone is concerned."

"I ask not for myself—with my viol and my pencil, René the Troubadour will be as happy as ever was René the King."

So saying, with practical philosophy he whistled the burden of his last composed ariette, and signed away the rest of his royal possessions without pulling off his glove, or even reading the instrument.

"What is this?" he said, looking at another and separate parchment of much briefer contents. "Must my kinsman Charles have both the Sicilies, Catalonia, Naples, and Jerusalem, as well as the poor remainder of Provence? Methinks, in decency, some greater extent of parchment should have been allowed to so ample a cession."

"That deed," said Margaret, "only disowns and relinquishes all countenance of Ferrand de Vaudemont's rash attempt on Lorraine, and renounces all quarrel on that account against Charles of Burgundy."

For once Margaret miscalculated the tractability of her father's temper. René positively started, colored, and stammered with passion, as he interrupted her.—"*Only* disown—*only* relinquish—*only* renounce the cause of my grandchild, the son of my dear Yolande—his rightful claims on his mother's

inheritance!—Margaret, I am ashamed for thee. Thy pride is an excuse for thy evil temper; but what is pride worth which can stoop to commit an act of dishonorable meanness? To desert, nay disown, my own flesh and blood, because the youth is a bold knight under shield, and disposed to battle for his right—I were worthy that harp and horn rung out shame on me, should I listen to thee."

Margaret was overcome in some measure by the old man's unexpected opposition. She endeavored, however, to show that there was no occasion, in point of honor, why René should engage in the cause of a wild adventurer, whose right, be it good be it bad, was only upheld by some petty and underhand supplies of money from France, and the countenance of a few of the restless banditti who inhabit the borders of all nations. But ere René could answer, voices, raised to an unusual pitch, were heard in the antechamber, the door of which was flung open by an armed knight, covered with dust, who exhibited all the marks of a long journey.

"Here I am," he said, "father of my mother—behold your grandson—Ferrand de Vaudemont; the son of your lost Yolande kneels at your feet, and implores a blessing on him and his enterprise."

"Thou hast it," replied René, "and may it prosper with thee, gallant youth, image of thy sainted mother—my blessings, my prayers, my hopes, go with you!"

"And you, fair aunt of England," said the young knight, addressing Margaret, "you who are yourself dispossessed by traitors, will you not own the cause of a kinsman who is struggling for his inheritance?"

"I wish all good to your person, fair nephew," answered the Queen of England, "although your features are strange to me. But to advise this old man to adopt your cause, when it is desperate in the eyes of all wise men, were impious madness."

"Is my cause then so desperate?" said Ferrand; "forgive me if I was not aware of it. And does my aunt Margaret say this, whose strength of mind supported Lancaster so long, after the spirits of her warriors had been quelled by defeat? What—forgive me, for my cause must be pleaded—what would you have said had my mother Yolande been capable to advise her father to disown your own Edward, had God permitted him to reach Provence in safety?"

"Edward," said Margaret, weeping as she spoke, "was incapable of desiring his friends to espouse a quarrel that was irremediable. His, too, was a cause for which mighty princes and peers laid lance in rest."

"Yet Heaven blessed it not"—said Vaudemont.

"Thine," continued Margaret, "is but embraced by the robber nobles of Germany, the upstart burghers of the Rhine cities, the paltry and clownish Confederates of the Cantons."

"But Heaven *has blessed it*," replied Vaudemont. "Know, proud woman, that I come to interrupt your treacherous intrigues; no petty adventurer, subsisting and maintaining warfare by sleight rather than force, but a conqueror from a bloody field of battle, in which Heaven has tamed the pride of the tyrant of Burgundy."

"It is false!" said the Queen, starting; "I believe it not."

"It is true," said De Vaudemont, "as true as heaven is above us.—It is four days since I left the field of Granson, heaped with Burgundy's mercenaries—his wealth, his jewels, his plate, his magnificent decorations, the prize of the poor Swiss, who scarce can tell their value. Know you this, Queen Margaret?" continued the young soldier, showing the well-known jewel which decorated the Duke's order of the Golden Fleece; "think you not the lion was closely hunted when he left such trophies as these behind him?"

Margaret looked, with dazzled eyes and bewildered thoughts, upon a token which confirmed the Duke's defeat, and the extinction of her last hopes. Her father, on the contrary, was struck with the heroism of the young warrior, a quality which, except as it existed in his daughter Margaret, had, he feared, taken leave of his family. Admiring in his heart the youth who exposed himself to danger for the meed of praise, almost as much as he did the poets by whom the warrior's fame is rendered immortal, he hugged his grandson to his bosom, bidding him "gird on his sword in strength," and assuring him, if money could advance his affairs, he, King René, could command ten thousand crowns, any part, or the whole of which, was at Ferrand's command; thus giving proof of what had been said of him, that his head was incapable of containing two ideas at the same time.

We return to Arthur, who, with the Queen of England's secretary, Mordaunt, had been not a little surprised by the entrance of the Count de Vaudemont, calling himself Duke of Lorraine, into the anteroom, in which they kept a kind of guard, followed by a tall strong Swiss, with a huge halberd over his shoulder. The prince naming himself, Arthur did not think it becoming to oppose his entrance to the presence of his grandfather and aunt, especially as it was obvious that his opposition must have created an affray. In the huge staring halberdier,

who had sense enough to remain in the anteroom, Arthur was not a little surprised to recognize Sigismund Biederman, who, after staring wildly at him for a moment, like a dog which suddenly recognizes a favorite, rushed up to the young Englishman with a wild cry of gladness, and in hurried accents told him how happy he was to meet with him, and that he had matters of importance to tell him. It was at no time easy for Sigismund to arrange his ideas, and now they were altogether confused by the triumphant joy which he expressed for the recent victory of his countrymen over the Duke of Burgundy ; and it was with wonder that Arthur heard his confused and rude, but faithful tale.

" Look you, King Arthur, the Duke had come up with his huge army as far as Granson, which is near the outlet of the great lake of Neufchatel. There were five or six hundred Confederates in the place, and they held it till provisions failed, and then you know they were forced to give it over. But though hunger is hard to bear, they had better have borne it a day or two longer, for the butcher Charles hung them all up by the neck, upon trees round the place,—and there was no swallowing for them, you know, after such usage as that. Meanwhile all was busy on our hills, and every man that had a sword or lance accoutred himself with it. We met at Neufchatel, and some Germans joined us with the noble Duke of Lorraine. Ah, King Arthur, there is a leader !—we all think him second but to Rudolph of Donnerhugel—you saw him even now—it was he that went into that room—and you saw him before,—it is he that was the Blue Knight of Bale ; but we called him Laurenz then, for Rudolph said his presence among us must not be known to our father, and I did not know myself at that time who he really was. Well, when we came to Neufchatel we were a goodly company ; we were fifteen thousand stout Confederates, and of others, Germans and Lorraine men, I will warrant you five thousand more. We heard that the Burgundian was sixty thousand in the field ; but we heard at the same time that Charles had hung up our brethren like dogs, and the man was not among us—among the Confederates, I mean—who would stay to count heads, when the question was to avenge them. I would you could have heard the roar of fifteen thousand Swiss demanding to be led against the butcher of their brethren ! My father himself, who, you know, is usually so eager for peace, now gave the first voice for battle ; so, in the gray of the morning, we descended the lake toward Granson, with tears in our eyes and weapons in our hands, determined to have death or vengeance. We came to a sort of

strait, between Vauxmoreux and the lake; there were horse on the level ground between the mountain and the lake; and a large body of infantry on the side of the hill. The Duke of Lorraine and his followers engaged the horse, while we climbed the hill to dispossess the infantry. It was with us the affair of a moment. Every man of us was at home among the crags, and Charles's men were stuck among them as thou wert, Arthur, when thou didst first come to Geierstein. But there were no kind maidens to lend them their hands to help them down. No, no.—There were pikes, clubs, and halberds, many a one, to dash and thrust them from places where they could hardly keep their feet had there been no one to disturb them. So the horsemen, pushed by the Lorrainers, and seeing us upon their flanks, fled as fast as their horses could carry them. Then we drew together again on a fair field, which is *buon campagna*, as the Italian says, where the hills retire from the lake. But lo you, we had scarce arrayed our ranks, when we heard such a din and clash of instruments, such a trample of their great horses, such a shouting and crying of men, as if all the soldiers and all the minstrels in France and Germany were striving which should make the loudest noise. Then there was a huge cloud of dust approaching us, and we began to see we must do or die, for this was Charles and his whole army come to support his vanguard. A blast from the mountain dispersed the dust, for they had halted to prepare for battle. Oh, good Arthur! you would have given ten years of life but to have seen the sight. There were thousands of horse, all in complete array, glancing against the sun, and hundreds of knights with crowns of gold and silver on their helmets, and thick masses of spears on foot, and cannon, as they call them. I did not know what things they were, which they drew on heavily with bullocks, and placed before their army, but I knew more of them before the morning was over. Well, we were ordered to draw up in a hollow square, as we are taught at exercise, and before we pushed forward, we were commanded, as is the godly rule and guise of our warfare, to kneel down and pray to God, Our Lady, and the blessed saints; and we afterward learned that Charles, in his arrogance, thought that we asked for mercy. Ha! ha! ha! a proper jest. If my father once knelt to him, it was for the sake of Christian blood and godly peace; but on the field of battle, Arnold Biederman would not have knelt to him and his whole chivalry, though he had stood alone with his sons on that field. Well, but Charles, supposing we asked grace, was determined to show us that we had asked it at a graceless face, for he cried, 'Fire my cannon on the coward slaves; it is all

the mercy they have to expect from me!'—Bang—bang—bang—off went the things I told you of, like thunder and lightning. and some mischief they did, but the less that we were kneeling; and the saints doubtless gave the huge balls a hoist over the heads of those who were asking grace from them, but from no mortal creatures. So we had the signal to rise and rush on, and I promise you there were no sluggards. Every man felt ten men's strength. My halberd is no child's toy—if you have forgotten it, there it is—and yet it trembled in my grasp as if it had been a willow-wand to drive cows with. On we went, when suddenly the cannon were silent, and the earth shook with another and continued growl and battering, like thunder under ground. It was the men-at-arms rushing to charge us. But our leaders knew their trade, and had seen such a sight before—It was, Halt, halt—kneel down in the front—stoop in the second rank—close shoulder to shoulder like brethren, lean all spears forward, and receive them like an iron wall! On they rushed, and there was a rending of lances that would have served the Unterwalden old women with splinters of firewood for a twelvemonth. Down went armed horse—down went accoutred knight—down went banner and bannerman—down went peaked boot and crowned helmet, and of those who fell not a man escaped with life. So they drew off in confusion, and were getting in order to charge again, when the Noble Duke Ferrand and his horsemen dashed at them in their own way, and we moved onward to support him. Thus on we pressed, and the foot hardly waited for us, seeing their cavalry so handled. Then if you had seen the dust and heard the blows! the noise of a hundred thousand thrashers, the flight of the chaff which they drive about, would be but a type of it. On my word, I almost thought it shame to dash about my halberd, the rout was so helplessly piteous. Hundreds were slain unresisting, and the whole army was in complete flight."

"My father—my father!" exclaimed Arthur; "in such a rout, what can have become of him?"

"He escaped safely," said the Swiss; "fled with Charles."

"It must have been a bloody field ere he fled," replied the Englishman.

"Nay," answered Sigismund, "he took no part in the fight, but merely remained by Charles; and prisoners said it was well for us, for that he is a man of great counsel and action in the wars. And as to flying, a man in such a matter must go back if he cannot press forward, and there is no shame in it, especially if you be not engaged in your own person."

As he spoke thus, their conversation was interrupted by Mordaunt, with "Hush, hush—the King and Queen come forth."

"What am I to do?" said Sigismund, in some alarm. "I care not for the Duke of Lorraine; but what am I to do when Kings and Queens enter?"

"Do nothing but rise, unbonnet yourself, and be silent."

Sigismund did as he was directed.

King René came forth arm in arm with his grandson; and Margaret followed, with deep disappointment and vexation on her brow. She signed to Arthur as she passed, and said to him —"Make thyself master of the truth of this most unexpected news, and bring the particulars to me. Mordaunt will introduce thee."

She then cast a look on the young Swiss, and replied courteously to his awkward salutation. The royal party then left the room, René bent on carrying his grandson to the sporting-party, which had been interrupted, and Margaret to seek the solitude of her private apartment, and await the confirmation of what she regarded as evil tidings.

They had no sooner passed, than Sigismund observed,—"And so that is a King and Queen!—Pest! the King looks somewhat like old Jacomo, the violer, that used to scrape on the fiddle to us when he came to Geierstein in his rounds. But the Queen is a stately creature. The chief cow of the herd, who carries the bouquets and garlands, and leads the rest to the chalet, has not a statelier pace. And how deftly you approached her and spoke to her! I could not have done it with so much grace—but it is like that you have served apprentice to the court trade?"

"Leave that for the present, good Sigismund," answered Arthur, "and tell me more of this battle."

"By Saint Mary, but I must have some victuals and drink first," said Sigismund, "if your credit in this fine place reaches so far."

"Doubt it not, Sigismund," said Arthur; and, by the intervention of Mordaunt, he easily procured, in a more retired apartment, a collation and wine, to which the young Biederman did great honor, smacking his lips with much gusto after the delicious wines, to which, in spite of his father's ascetic precepts, his palate was beginning to be considerably formed and habituated. When he found himself alone with a flask of *cote roti* and a biscuit, and his friend Arthur, he was easily led to continue his tale of conquest.

"Well—where was I?—Oh, where we broke their infantry—well—they never rallied, and fell into greater confusion at every step—and we might have slaughtered one half of them, had we not stopped to examine Charles's camp. Mercy on us,

Arthur, what a sight was there! Every pavilion was full of rich clothes, splendid armor, and great dishes and flagons, which some men said were of silver; but I knew there was not so much silver in the world, and was sure they must be of pewter, rarely burnished. Here there were hosts of laced lackeys and grooms, and pages, and as many attendants as there were soldiers in the army; and thousands, for what I knew, of pretty maidens. By the same token both menials and maidens placed themselves at the disposal of the victors; but I promise you that my father was right severe on any who would abuse the rights of war. But some of our young men did not mind him, till he taught them obedience with the staff of his halberd. Well, Arthur, there was fine plundering, for the Germans and French that were with us rifled everything, and some of our men followed the example—it is very catching—So I got into Charles's own pavilion, where Rudolph and some of his people were trying to keep out every one, that he might have the spoiling of it himself, I think; but neither he, nor any Bernese of them all, dared lay truncheon over my pate; so I entered, and saw them putting piles of pewter trenchers, so clean as to look like silver, into chests and trunks. I pressed through them into the inner-place, and there was Charles's pallet-bed—I will do him justice, it was the only hard one in his camp—and there were fine sparkling stones and pebbles lying about among gauntlets, boots, vambraces, and such-like gear—So I thought of your father and you, and looked for something, when, what should I see but my old friend here" (here he drew Queen Margaret's necklace from his bosom), "which I knew, because you remember I recovered it from the Scharfgerichter at Breisach.—Oho! you pretty sparklers,' said I, 'you shall be Burgundian no longer, but go back to my honest English friends,' and therefore"——

"It is of immense value," said Arthur, "and belongs not to my father or to me, but to the Queen you saw but now."

"And she will become it rarely," answered Sigismund. "Were she but a score, or a score and a half years younger, she were a gallant wife for a Swiss landholder. I would warrant her to keep his household in high order."

"She will reward thee liberally for recovering her property," said Arthur, scarce suppressing a smile at the idea of the proud Margaret becoming the housewife of a Swiss shepherd.

"How—reward!" said the Swiss. "Bethink thee, I am Sigismund Biederman, the son of the Landamman of Unterwalden—I am not a base *lanz-knecht*, to be paid for courtesy with

piastres. Let her grant me a kind word of thanks, or the matter a of kiss, and I am well contented."

"A kiss of her hand, perhaps," said Arthur, again smiling at his friend's simplicity.

"Umph, the hand! Well! it may do for a Queen of some fifty years and odd, but would be poor homage to a Queen of May."

Arthur here brought back the youth to the subject of his battle, and learned that the slaughter of the Duke's forces in the flight had been in no degree equal to the importance of the action.

"Many rode off on horseback," said Sigismund; "and our German *reiters* flew on the spoil when they should have followed the chase. And besides, to speak truth, Charles's camp delayed our very selves in the pursuit; but had we gone half-a-mile further, and seen our friends hanging on trees, not a Confederate would have stopped from the chase while he had limbs to carry him in pursuit."

"And what has become of the Duke?"

"Charles has retreated into Burgundy, like a boar who has felt the touch of the spear, and is more enraged than hurt; but is, they say, sad and sulky. Others report that he has collected all his scattered army, and immense forces besides, and has screwed his subjects to give him money, so that we may expect another brush. But all Switzerland will join us after such a victory."

"And my father is with him?" said Arthur.

"Truly he is, and has in a right godly manner tried to set afoot a treaty of peace with my own father. But it will scarce succeed. Charles is as mad as ever; and our people are right proud of our victory, and so they well may. Nevertheless, my father for ever preaches that such victories, and such heaps of wealth, will change our ancient manners, and that the ploughman will leave his labor to turn soldier. He says much about it; but why money, choice meat and wine, and fine clothing, should do so much harm, I cannot bring my poor brains to see—And many better heads than mine are as much puzzled—Here's to you, friend Arthur—This is choice liquor!"

"And what brings you and your General, Prince Ferrand, post to Nancy?" said the young Englishman.

"Faith, you are yourself the cause of our journey."

"I the cause?" said Arthur.—"Why, how could that be?"

"Why, it is said you and Queen Margaret are urging this old fiddling King René to yield up his territories to Charles, and to disown Ferrand in his claim upon Lorraine. And the

Duke of Lorraine sent a man that you know well—that is, you do not know *him*, but you know some of his family, and he knows more of you than you wot—to put a spoke in your wheel, and prevent your getting for Charles the county of Provence, or preventing Ferrand being troubled or traversed in his natural rights over Lorraine."

"On my word, Sigismund, I cannot comprehend you," said Arthur.

"Well," replied the Swiss, "my lot is a hard one. All our house say that I can comprehend nothing, and I shall be next told that nobody can comprehend me.—Well, in plain language, I mean, my uncle, Count Albert, as he calls himself, of Geierstein—my father's brother."

"Anne of Geierstein's father?" echoed Arthur.

"Ay, truly; I thought we should find some mark to make you know him by."

"But I never saw him."

"Ay, but you have though—An able man he is, and knows more of every man's business than the man does himself. Oh! it was not for nothing that he married the daughter of a Salamander!"

"Pshaw, Sigismund, how can you believe that nonsense?" answered Arthur.

"Rudolph told me you were as much bewildered as I was that night at Graffs-lust," answered the Swiss.

"If I were so, I was the greater ass for my pains," answered Arthur.

"Well, but this uncle of mine has got some of the old conjuring books from the library at Arnheim, and they say he can pass from place to place with more than mortal speed; and that he is helped in his designs by mightier counselors than mere men. Always, however, though so ably and highly endowed, his gifts, whether coming from a lawful or unlawful quarter, bring him no abiding advantage. He is eternally plunged into strife and danger."

"I know few particulars of his life," said Arthur, disguising as much as he could his anxiety to hear more of him; "but I have heard that he left Switzerland to join the Emperor."

"True," answered the young Swiss, "and married the young Baroness of Arnheim—but afterward he incurred my namesake's imperial displeasure, and not less that of the Duke of Austria. They say you cannot live in Rome and strive with the Pope; so my uncle thought it best to cross the Rhine, and betake himself to Charles's court, who willingly received noblemen from all countries, so that they had good sounding names,

with the title of Count, Marquis, Baron, or such-like, to march in front of them. So my uncle was most kindly received; but within this year or two all this friendship has been broken up. Uncle Albert obtained a great lead in some mysterious societies of which Charles disapproved, and set so hard at my poor uncle, that he was fain to take orders and shave his hair, rather than lose his head. But though he cut off his hair, his brain remains as busy as ever; and although the Duke suffered him to be at large, yet he found him so often in his way, that all men believed he waited but an excuse for seizing upon him and putting him to death. But my uncle persists that he fears not Charles: and that, Duke as he is, Charles has more occasion to be afraid of him.—And so you saw how boldly he played his part at La Ferette."

"By Saint George of Windsor!" exclaimed Arthur, "the Black Priest of St. Paul's!"

"Oh, ho! you understand me now. Well, he took it upon him that Charles would not dare to punish him for his share in De Hagenbach's death; and no more did he, although uncle Albert sat and voted in the Estates of Burgundy, and stirred them up all he could to refuse giving Charles the money he asked of them. But when the Swiss war broke out, uncle Albert became assured his being a clergyman would be no longer his protection, and that the Duke intended to have him accused of corresponding with his brother and countrymen; and so he appeared suddenly in Ferrand's camp at Neufchatel, and sent a message to Charles that he renounced his allegiance, and bid him defiance."

"A singular story of an active and versatile man," said the young Englishman.

"Oh, you may seek the world for a man like uncle Albert. Then he knows everything; and he told Duke Ferrand what you were about here, and offered to go and bring more certain information—ay, though he left the Swiss camp but five or six days before the battle, and the distance between Arles and Neufchatel be four hundred miles complete, yet he met him on his return, when Duke Ferrand, with me to show him the way, was hastening hitherward, having set off from the very field of battle."

"Met him!" said Arthur—"Met whom?—Met the Black Priest of St. Paul's?"

"Ay, I mean so," replied Sigismund; "but he was habited as a Carmelite monk."

"A Carmelite!" said Arthur, a sudden light flashing on him; "and I was so blind as to recommend his services to the

Queen! I remember well that he kept his face much concealed in his cowl—and I, foolish beast, to fall so grossly into the snare!—And yet perhaps it is as well the transaction was interrupted, since I fear, if carried successfully through, all must have been disconcerted by this astounding defeat."

Their conversation had thus far proceeded, when Mordaunt appearing, summoned Arthur to his royal mistress's apartment. In that gay palace, a gloomy room, whose windows looked upon some part of the ruins of the Roman edifice, but excluded every other object, save broken walls and tottering columns, was the retreat which Margaret had chosen for her own. She received Arthur with a kindness, more touching that it was the inmate of so proud and fiery a disposition,—of a heart assailed with many woes, and feeling them severely.

"Alas, poor Arthur!" she said, "thy life begins where thy father's threatens to end, in useless labor to save a sinking vessel. The rushing leak pours in its waters faster than human force can lighten or discharge. All—all goes wrong, when our unhappy cause becomes connected with it—Strength becomes weakness, wisdom folly, and valor cowardice. The Duke of Burgundy, hitherto victorious in all his bold undertakings, has but to entertain the momentary thought of yielding succor to Lancaster, and behold his sword is broken by a peasant's flail; and his disciplined army, held to be the finest in the world, flies like chaff before the wind; while their spoils are divided by renegade German hirelings, and barbarous Alpine shepherds!—What more hast thou learned of this strange tale?"

"Little, madam, but what you have heard. The worst additions are, that the battle was shamefully cowardlike, and completely lost, with every advantage to have won it—the best, that the Burgundian army has been rather dispersed than destroyed, and that the Duke himself has escaped, and is rallying his forces in Upper Burgundy."

"To sustain a new defeat, or engage in a protracted and doubtful contest, fatal to his reputation as defeat itself. Where is thy father?"

"With the Duke, madam, as I have been informed," replied Arthur.

"Hie to him, and say I charge him to look after his own safety, and care no further for my interests. This last blow has sunk me, I am without an ally, without a friend, without treasure"——

"Not so, madam," replied Arthur. "One piece of good fortune has brought back to your Grace this inestimable relic of

your fortunes."—And, producing the precious necklace, he gave the history of its recovery.

"I rejoice at the chance which has restored these diamonds," said the Queen, "that in point of gratitude, at least, I may not be utterly bankrupt. Carry them to your father—tell him my schemes are over—and my heart, which so long clung to hope, is broken at last.—Tell him the trinkets are his own, and to his own use let him apply them. They will but poorly repay the noble earldom, of Oxford, lost in the cause of her who sends them."

"Royal madam," said the youth, "be assured my father would sooner live by service as a *schwarzreiter*, than become a burden on your misfortunes."

"He never yet disobeyed command of mine," said Margaret; "and this is the last I will lay upon him. If he is too rich or too proud to benefit by his Queen's behest, he will find enough of poor Lancastrians who have fewer means, or fewer scruples."

"There is yet a circumstance I have to communicate," said Arthur, and recounted the history of Albert of Geierstein, and the disguise of a Carmelite monk.

"Are you such a fool," answered the Queen, "as to suppose this man has any supernatural powers to aid him in his ambitious projects and his hasty journeys?"

"No, madam—but it is whispered that the Count Albert of Geierstein, or this Black Priest of St. Paul's, is a chief amongst the Secret Societies of Germany, which even princes dread whilst they hate them; for the man that can command a hundred daggers must be feared even by those who rule thousands of swords."

"Can this person," said the Queen, "being now a churchman, retain authority amongst those who deal in life and death? It is contrary to the canons."

"It would seem so, royal madam; but everything in these dark institutions differs from what is practiced in the light of day. Prelates are often heads of a Vehmique bench, and the Archbishop of Cologne exercises the dreadful office of their chief as Duke of Westphalia, the principal region in which these societies flourish." * Such privileges attach to the secret influ-

* The Archbishop of Cologne was recognized as head of all the free Tribunals (*i.e.* the Vehmique benches) in Westphalia, by a writ of privilege granted in 1335 by the Emperor Charles IV. Winceslaus confirmed this act by a privilege dated 1382, in which the Archbishop is termed Grand Master of the Vehme, or Grand Inquisitor. And this prelate and other priests were encouraged to exercise such office by Pope Boniface III., whose ecclesiastical discipline permitted them in such cases to assume the right of judging in matters of life and death.

ence of the chiefs of this dark association, as may well seem supernatural to those who are unapprized of circumstances, of which men shun to speak in plain terms."

"Let him be wizard or assassin," said the Queen, "I thank him for having contributed to interrupt my plan of the old man's cession of Provence, which, as events stand, would have stripped René of his dominions without furthering our plan of invading England.—Once more, be stirring with the dawn, and bend thy way back to thy father, and charge him to care for himself, and think no more of me. Bretagne, where the heir of Lancaster resides, will be the safest place of refuge for its bravest follower. Along the Rhine, the Invisible Tribunal, it would seem, haunts both shores, and to be innocent of ill is no security; even here the proposed treaty with Burgundy may take air, and the Provençaux carry daggers as well as crooks and pipes. But I hear the horses fast returning from the hawking party, and the silly old man, forgetting all the eventful proceedings of the day, whistling as he ascends the steps. Well, we will soon part, and my removal will be, I think, a relief to him. Prepare for banquet and ball, for noise and nonsense—above all, to bid adieu to Aix with morning dawn."

Thus dismissed from the Queen's presence, Arthur's first care was to summon Thiebault to have all things in readiness for his departure; his next to prepare himself for the pleasures of the evening, not, perhaps, so heavily affected by the failure of his negotiation as to be incapable of consolation in such a scene; for the truth was, that his mind secretly revolted at the thoughts of the simple old King being despoiled of his dominions to further an invasion of England, in which, whatever interest he might have in his daughter's rights, there was little chance of success.

If such feelings were censurable, they had their punishment. Although few knew how completely the arrival of the Duke of Lorraine, and the intelligence he brought with him, had disconcerted the plans of Queen Margaret, it was well known there had been little love betwixt the Queen and his mother Yolande; and the young Prince found himself at the head of a numerous party in the court of his grandfather, who disliked his aunt's haughty manners, and were wearied by the unceasing melancholy of her looks and conversation, and her undisguised contempt of the frivolities which passed around her. Ferrand, besides, was young, handsome, a victor just arrived from a field of battle, fought gloriously, and gained against all chances to the contrary. That he was a general favorite, and excluded Arthur Philipson, as an adherent of the unpopular Queen, from the notice her influence had on a former evening procured him, was only a nat-

ural consequence of their relative condition. But what somewhat hurt Arthur's feelings was to see his friend Sigismund the Simple, as his brethren called him, shining with the reflected glory of the Duke Ferrand of Lorraine, who introduced to all the ladies present the gallant young Swiss as Count Sigismund of Geierstein. His care had procured for his follower a dress rather more suitable for such a scene than the country attire of the Count, otherwise Sigismund Biederman.

For a certain time, whatever of novelty is introduced into society is pleasing, though it has nothing else to recommend it. The Swiss were little known personally out of their own country, but they were much talked of; it was a recommendation to be of that country. Sigismund's manners were blunt; a mixture of awkwardness and rudeness, which was termed frankness during the moment of his favor. He spoke bad French and worse Italian—it gave *naïveté* to all he said. His limbs were too bulky to be elegant; his dancing, for Count Sigismund failed not to dance, was the bounding and gamboling of a young elephant; yet they were preferred to the handsome proportions and courtly movements of the youthful Englishman, even by the black-eyed Countess, in whose good graces Arthur had made some progress on the preceding evening. Arthur, thus thrown into the shade, felt as Mr. Pepys afterward did when he tore his camlet cloak —the damage was not great, but it troubled him.

Nevertheless, the passing evening brought him some revenge. There are some works of art, the defects of which are not seen till they are injudiciously placed in too strong a light, and such was the case with Sigismund the Simple. The quick-witted, though fantastic Provençaux, soon found out the heaviness of his intellect, and the extent of his good-nature, and amused themselves at his expense, by ironical compliments and well-veiled raillery. It is probable they would have been less delicate on the subject, had not the Swiss brought into the dancing-room along with him his eternal halberd, the size, and weight, and thickness of which boded little good to any one whom the owner might detect in the act of making merry at his expense. But Sigismund did no further mischief that night, except that, in achieving a superb *entrechat*, he alighted with his whole weight on the miniature foot of his pretty partner, which he well-nigh crushed to pieces.

Arthur had hitherto avoided looking toward Queen Margaret during the course of the evening, lest he should disturb her thoughts from the channel in which they were rolling, by seeming to lay a claim on her protection. But there was something so whimsical in the awkward physiognomy of the mal-

adroit Swiss, that he could not help glancing an eye to the alcove where the Queen's chair of state was placed, to see if she observed him. The very first view was such as to rivet his attention. Margaret's head was reclined on the chair, her eyes scarcely open, her features drawn up and pinched, her hands closed with effort. The English lady of honor who stood behind her—old, deaf, and dim-sighted—had not discovered anything in her mistress's position more than the abstracted and indifferent attitude with which the Queen was wont to be present in body and absent in mind during the festivities of the Provençal court. But when Arthur, greatly alarmed, came behind the seat to press her attention to her mistress, she exclaimed, after a minute's investigation, "Mother of Heaven, the Queen is dead!" And it was so. It seemed that the last fibre of life in that fiery and ambitious mind had, as she herself prophesied, given way at the same time with the last thread of political hope.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

Toll, toll the bell!
Greatness is o'er,
The heart has broke,
To ache no more;
An unsubstantial pageant all—
Drop o'er the scene the funeral-pall.

OLD POEM.

THE commotion and shrieks of fear and amazement which were excited among the ladies of the court by an event so singular and shocking, had begun to abate, and the sighs, more serious though less intrusive, of the few English attendants of the deceased Queen began to be heard, together with the groans of old King René, whose emotions were as acute as they were shortlived. The leeches had held a busy but unavailing consultation, and the body that was once a Queen's, was delivered to the Priest of St. Sauveur, that beautiful church in which the spoils of Pagan temples have contributed to fill up the magnificence of the Christian edifice. The stately pile was duly lighted up, and the funeral provided with such splendor as Aix could supply. The Queen's papers being examined, it was found that Margaret, by disposing of jewels and living at small expense, had realized the means of making a

decent provision for life, for her very few English attendants. Her diamond necklace, described in her last will, as in the hands of an English merchant named John Philipson, or his son, or the price thereof, if by them sold or pledged, she left to the said John Philipson and his son Arthur Philipson, with a view to the prosecution of the design which they had been destined to advance, or if that should prove impossible, to their own use and profit. The charge of her funeral rites was wholly intrusted to Arthur, called Philipson, with a request that they should be conducted entirely after the forms observed in England. This trust was expressed in an addition to her will, signed the very day on which she died.

Arthur lost no time in despatching Thiebault express to his father, with a letter, explaining in such terms as he knew would be understood, the tenor of all that had happened since he came to Aix, and above all, the death of Queen Margaret.

Finally, he requested directions for his motions, since the necessary delay occupied by the obsequies of a person of such eminent rank must detain him at Aix till he should receive them.

The old King sustained the shock of his daughter's death so easily, that on the second day after the event, he was engaged in arranging a pompous procession for the funeral, and composing an elegy, to be sung to a tune also of his own composing, in honor of the deceased Queen, who was likened to the goddesses of heathen mythology, and to Judith, Deborah, and all the other holy women, not to mention the saints of the Christian dispensation. It cannot be concealed, that when the first burst of grief was over, King René could not help feeling that Margaret's death cut a political knot which he might have otherwise found it difficult to untie, and permitted him to take open part with his grandson, so far indeed as to afford him a considerable share of the contents of the Provençal treasury, which amounted to no larger sum than ten thousand crowns. Ferrand having received the blessing of his grandfather, in a form which his affairs rendered most important to him, returned to the resolutes whom he commanded; and with him, after a most loving farewell to Arthur, went the stout but simple-minded young Swiss, Sigismund Biederman.

The little court of Aix were left to their mourning. King René, for whom ceremonial and show, whether of a joyful or melancholy character, was always matter of importance, would willingly have bestowed in solemnizing the obsequies of his daughter Margaret what remained of his revenue, but was prevented from doing so, partly by remonstrances from his

ministers, partly by the obstacles opposed by the young Englishman, who, acting upon the presumed will of the dead, interfered to prevent any such fantastic exhibitions being produced at the obsequies of the Queen, as had disgusted her during her life.

The funeral, therefore, after many days had been spent in public prayers, and acts of devotion, was solemnized with the mournful magnificence due to the birth of the deceased, and with which the Church of Rome so well knows how to effect at once the eye, ear, and feelings.

Amid the various nobles who assisted on the solemn occasion, there was one who arrived just as the tolling of the great bells of St. Sauveur had announced that the procession was already on its way to the Cathedral. The stranger hastily exchanged his traveling dress for a suit of deep mourning, which was made after the fashion proper to England. So attired, he repaired to the Cathedral, where the noble mien of the cavalier imposed such respect on the attendants, that he was permitted to approach close to the side of the bier; and it was across the coffin of the Queen for whom he had acted and suffered so much, that the gallant Earl of Oxford exchanged a melancholy glance with his son. The assistants, especially the English servants of Margaret, gazed on them both with respect and wonder, and the elder cavalier, in particular, seemed to them no unapt representative of the faithful subjects of England, paying their last duty at the tomb of her who had so long swayed the sceptre, if not faultlessly, yet always with a bold and resolved hand.

The last sound of the solemn dirge had died away, and almost all the funeral attendants had retired, when the father and son still lingered in mournful silence beside the remains of their sovereign. The clergy at length approached, and intimated they were about to conclude the last duties, by removing the body which had been lately occupied and animated by so haughty and restless a spirit, to the dust, darkness, and silence of the vault, where the long-descended Counts of Provence awaited dissolution. Six priests raised the bier on their shoulders, others bore huge waxen torches before and behind the body, as they carried it down a private staircase which yawned in the floor to admit their descent. The last notes of the requiem, in which the churchmen joined, had died away along the high and fretted arches of the Cathedral, the last flash of light which arose from the mouth of the vault had glimmered and disappeared, when the Earl of Oxford, taking his son by the arm, led him in silence forth into a small cloistered court

behind the building, where they found themselves alone. They were silent for a few minutes, for both, and particularly the father, were deeply affected. At length the Earl spoke.

"And this, then, is her end," said he. "Here, royal lady, all that we have planned and pledged life upon falls to pieces with thy dissolution! The heart of resolution, the head of policy, is gone; and what avails it that the limbs of the enterprise still have motion and life? Alas, Margaret of Anjou! may Heaven reward thy virtues, and absolve thee from the consequence of thine errors! Both belonged to thy station, and if thou didst hoist too high a sail in prosperity, never lived there princess who defied more proudly the storms of adversity, or bore up against them with such dauntless nobility of determination. With this event the drama has closed, and our parts, my son, are ended."

"We bear arms, then, against the infidels, my lord?" said Arthur, with a sigh that was, however, hardly audible.

"Not," answered the Earl, "until I learn that Henry of Richmond, the undoubted heir of the House of Lancaster, has no occasion for my services. In these jewels, of which you wrote me, so strangely lost and recovered, I may be able to supply him with resources more needful than either your services or mine. But I return no more to the camp of the Duke of Burgundy; for in him there is no help."

"Can it be possible that the power of so great a sovereign has been overthrown in one fatal battle?" said Arthur.

"By no means," replied his father. "The loss at Granson was very great; but to the strength of Burgundy it is but a scratch on the shoulders of a giant. It is the spirit of Charles himself, his wisdom at least, and his foresight, which have given way under the mortification of a defeat, by such as he accounted inconsiderable enemies, and expected to have trampled down with a few squadrons of his men-at-arms. Then his temper is become froward, peevish, and arbitrary, devoted to those who flatter, and, as there is too much reason to believe, betray him; and suspicious of those counselors who give him wholesome advice. Even I have had my share of distrust. Thou knowest I refused to bear arms against our late hosts the Swiss; and he saw in that no reason for rejecting my attendance on his march. But since the defeat of Granson, I have observed a strong and sudden change, owing, perhaps, in some degree to the insinuations of Campo-Basso, and not a little to the injured pride of the Duke, who was unwilling that an indifferent person in my situation, and thinking as I do, should witness the disgrace of his arms. He spoke in my hearing of

lukewarm friends, cold-blooded neutrals,—of those who, not being with him, must be against him. I tell thee, Arthur de Vere, the Duke has said that which touched my honor so nearly, that nothing but the commands of Queen Margaret, and the interests of the House of Lancaster, could have made me remain in his camp. That is over—My royal mistress has no more occasion for my poor services—the Duke can spare no aid to our cause—and if he could, we can no longer dispose of the only bribe which might have induced him to afford us succors. The power of seconding his views on Provence is buried with Margaret of Anjou."

"What, then, is your purpose?" demanded his son.

"I propose," said Oxford, "to wait at the court of King René until I can hear from the Earl of Richmond, as we must still call him. I am aware that banished men are rarely welcome at the court of a foreign prince; but I have been the faithful follower of his daughter Margaret. I only propose to reside in disguise, and desire neither notice nor maintenance; so methinks King René will not refuse to permit me to breathe the air of his dominions, untill I learn in what direction fortune or duty shall call me."

"Be assured he will not," answered Arthur. "René is incapable of a base or ignoble thought; and if he could despise trifles as he detests dishonor, he might be ranked high in the list of monarchs."

This resolution being adopted, the son presented his father at King René's court, whom he privately made acquainted that he was a man of quality, and a distinguished Lancastrian. The good King would in his heart have preferred a guest of lighter accomplishments and gayer temper, to Oxford, a statesman and a soldier of melancholy and grave habits. The Earl was conscious of this, and seldom troubled his benevolent and light-hearted host with his presence. He had, however, an opportunity of rendering the old King a favor of peculiar value. This was in conducting an important treaty betwixt René and Louis XI. of France, his nephew. Upon that crafty monarch, René finally settled his principality, for the necessity of extricating his affairs by such a measure was now apparent even to himself, every thought of favoring Charles of Burgundy in the arrangement having died with Queen Margaret. The policy and wisdom of the English Earl, who was intrusted with almost the sole charge of this secret and delicate measure, were of the utmost advantage to good King René, who was freed from personal and pecuniary vexations, and enabled to go piping and taboring to his grave. Louis did not fail to propitiate the plenipotentiary, by throwing

out distant hopes of aid to the efforts of the Lancastrian party in England. A faint and insecure negotiation was entered into upon the subject; and these affairs, which rendered two journeys to Paris necessary on the part of Oxford and his son, in the spring and summer of the year 1476, occupied them until that year was half spent.

In the meanwhile, the wars of the Duke of Burgundy with the Swiss Cantons and Count Ferrand of Lorraine continued to rage. Before midsummer, 1476, Charles had assembled a new army of at least sixty thousand men, supported by one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, for the purpose of invading Switzerland, where the warlike mountaineers easily levied a host of thirty thousand Switzers, now accounted almost invincible, and called upon their confederates, the Free Cities on the Rhine, to support them with a powerful body of cavalry. The first efforts of Charles were successful. He overran the Pays de Vaud, and recovered most of the places which he had lost after the defeat at Granson. But instead of attempting to secure a well-defended frontier, or what would have been still more politic, to achieve a peace upon equitable terms with his redoubtable neighbors, this most obstinate of princes resumed the purpose of penetrating into the recesses of the Alpine mountains, and chastising the mountaineers even within their own strongholds, though experience might have taught him the danger, nay desperation, of the attempt. Thus the news received by Oxford and his son, when they returned to Aix in midsummer, was, that Duke Charles had advanced to Morat (or Murten), situated upon a lake of the same name, at the very entrance of Switzerland. Here report said that Adrian de Bubenburg, a veteran knight of Berne, commanded, and maintained the most obstinate defence, in expectation of the relief which his countrymen were hastily assembling.

"Alas, my old brother-in-arms!" said the Earl to his son, on hearing these tidings, "this town besieged, these assaults repelled, this vicinity of an enemy's country, this profound lake, these inaccessible cliffs, threaten a second part of the tragedy of Granson, more calamitous perhaps than even the former."

On the last week of June the capital of Provence was agitated by one of those unauthorized, yet generally received rumors, which transmit great events with incredible swiftness, as an apple flung from hand to hand by a number of people will pass a given space infinitely faster than if borne by the most rapid series of expresses. The report announced a second defeat of the Burgundians, in terms so exaggerated, as induced the Earl of Oxford to consider the greater part, if not the whole, as a fabrication.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

And is the hostile troop arrived,
And have they won the day?
It must have been a bloody field
Ere Darwent fled away!
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SLEEP did not close the eyes of the Earl of Oxford or his son; for although the success or defeat of the Duke of Burgundy could not now be of importance to their own private or political affairs, yet the father did not cease to interest himself in the fate of his former companion-in-arms; and the son, with the fire of youth, always eager after novelty,* expected to find something to advance or thwart his own progress in every remarkable event which agitated the world.

Arthur had risen from his bed, and was in the act of attiring himself, when the tread of a horse arrested his attention. He had no sooner looked out of the window, than, exclaiming, "News, my father, news from the army!" he rushed into the street, where a cavalier, who appeared to have ridden very hard, was inquiring for the two Philipsons, father and son. He had no difficulty in recognizing Colvin, the master of the Burgundian ordnance. His ghastly look bespoke distress of mind; his disordered array and broken armor, which seemed rusted with rain, or stained with blood, gave the intelligence of some affray in which he had probably been worsted; and so exhausted was his gallant steed, that it was with difficulty the animal could stand upright. The condition of the rider was not much better. When he alighted from his horse to greet Arthur, he reeled so much that he would have fallen without instant support. His horny eye had lost the power of speculation; his limbs possessed imperfectly that of motion, and it was with a half suffocated voice that he muttered, "Only fatigue—want of rest and of food."

Arthur assisted him into the house, and refreshments were procured; but he refused all except a bowl of wine, after tasting which he set it down, and looking at the Earl of Oxford with an eye of the deepest affliction, he ejaculated, "The Duke of Burgundy!"

"Slain?" replied the Earl; "I trust not!"

* Cupidus novarum rerum.

"It might have been better if he were," said the Englishman; "but dishonor has come before death."

"Defeated, then?" said Oxford.

"So completely and fearfully defeated," answered the soldier, "that all that I have seen of loss before was slight in comparison."

"But how, or where?" said the Earl of Oxford; "you were superior in numbers, as we were informed."

"Two to one at least," answered Colvin; "and when I speak of our encounter at this moment, I could rend my flesh with my teeth for being here to tell such a tale of shame. We had sat down for about a week before that paltry town of Murten, or Morat, or whatever it is called. The governor, one of those stubborn mountain bears of Berne, bade us defiance. He would not even condescend to shut his gates, but when we summoned the town, returned for answer, we might enter if we pleased—we should be suitably received. I would have tried to bring him to reason by a salvo or two of artillery, but the Duke was too much irritated to listen to good counsel. Stimulated by that black traitor, Campo-Basso, he deemed it better to run forward with his whole force upon a place, which, though I could soon have battered it about their German ears, was yet too strong to be carried by swords, lances, and hagbuts. We were beaten off with great loss, and much discouragement to the soldiers. We then commenced more regularly, and my batteries would have brought these mad Switzers to their senses. Walls and ramparts went down before the lusty cannoniers of Burgundy; we were well secured also by entrenchments against those whom we heard of as approaching to raise the siege. But on the evening of the twentieth of this month, we learned that they were close at hand, and Charles consulting only his own bold spirit, advanced to meet them, relinquishing the advantage of our batteries and strong position. By his orders, though against my own judgment, I accompanied him with twenty good pieces, and the flower of my people. We broke up on the next morning, and had not advanced far before we saw the lances and thick array of halberds and two-handed swords which crested the mountain. Heaven, too, added its terrors—A thunderstorm, with all the fury of those tempestuous climates, descended on both armies, but did most annoyance to ours, as our troops, especially the Italians, were more sensible to the torrents of rain which poured down, and the rivulets, which swelled into torrents, inundated and disordered our position. The Duke for once saw it necessary to alter his purpose of instant battle. He rode up to me, and directed me to defend

with the cannon the retreat which he was about to commence, adding, that he himself would in person sustain me with the men-at-arms. The order was given to retreat. But the movement gave new spirit to an enemy already sufficiently audacious. The ranks of the Swiss instantly prostrated themselves in prayer —a practice in the field of battle which I have ridiculed—but I will do so no more. When, after five minutes they sprung again on their feet, and began to advance rapidly, sounding their horns and crying their war-cries with all their usual ferocity—behold, my lord, the clouds of Heaven opened, shedding on the Confederates the blessed light of the returning sun, while our ranks were still in the gloom of the tempest. My men were discouraged. The host behind them was retreating; the sudden light thrown on the advancing Switzers showed along the mountain a profusion of banners, a glancing of arms, giving to the enemy the appearance of double the numbers that had hitherto been visible to us. I exhorted my followers to stand fast, but in doing so I thought a thought and spoke a word, which was a grievous sin. 'Stand fast, my brave cannoniers,' I said, 'we will presently let them hear louder thunders, and show them more fatal lightnings, than their prayers have put down!'—My men shouted—But it was an impious thought —a blasphemous speech—and evil came after it. We leveled our guns on the advancing masses as fairly as cannon were ever pointed—I can vouch it, for I laid the Grand Duchess of Burgundy myself—Ah, poor Duchess! what rude hands manage thee now!—The volley was fired, and ere the smoke spread from the muzzles, I could see many a man and many a banner go down. It was natural to think such a discharge should have checked the attack, and whilst the smoke hid the enemy from us, I made every effort again to load our cannon, and anxiously endeavored to look through the mist to discover the state of our opponents. But ere our smoke was cleared away, or the cannon again loaded, they came headlong down on us, horse and foot, old men and boys, men-at-arms and varlets, charging up to the muzzle of the guns, and over them, with total disregard to their lives. My brave fellows were cut down, pierced through and overrun, while they were again loading their pieces, nor do I believe that a single cannon was fired a second time."

"And the Duke?" said the Earl of Oxford, "did he not support you?"

"Most loyally and bravely," answered Colvin, "with his own body-guard of Walloons and Burgundians. But a thousand Italian mercenaries went off, and never showed face again. The pass, too, was cumbered with the artillery, and in itself

narrow, bordering on mountains and cliffs, a deep lake close beside. In short, it was a place totally unfit for horsemen to act in. In spite of the Duke's utmost exertions, and those of the gallant Flemings who fought around him, all were borne back in complete disorder. I was on foot, fighting as I could, without hopes of my life, or indeed thoughts of saving it, when I saw the guns taken and my faithful cannoniers slain. But I saw Duke Charles hard pressed, and took my horse from my page that held him—Thou, too, art lost, my poor orphan boy! I could only aid Monseigneur de la Croye and others to extricate the Duke. Our retreat became a total rout, and when we reached our rear-guard, which we had left strongly encamped, the banners of the Switzers were waving on our batteries, for a large division had made a circuit, through mountain-passes known only to themselves, and attacked our camp, vigorously seconded by that accursed Adrian de Bubenburg, who sallied from the beleagured town, so that our intrenchments were stormed on both sides at once.—I have more to say, but having ridden day and night to bring you these evil tidings, my tongue clings to the roof of my mouth, and I feel that I can speak no more. The rest is all flight and massacre, disgraceful to every soldier that shared in it. For my part, I confess my contumelious self-confidence and insolence to man, as well as blasphemy to Heaven. If I live, it is but to hide my disgraced head in a cowl, and expiate the numerous sins of a licentious life."

With difficulty the broken-minded soldier was prevailed upon to take some nourishment and repose, together with an opiate, which was prescribed by the physician of King René, who recommended it as necessary to preserve even the reason of his patient, exhausted by the events of the battle, and subsequent fatigue.

The Earl of Oxford, dismissing other assistance, watched alternately with his son at Colvin's bedside. Notwithstanding the draught that had been administered, his repose was far from sound. Sudden starts, the perspiration which sprung from his brow, the distortions of his countenance, and the manner in which he clenched his fists and flung about his limbs, showed that in his dreams he was again encountering the terrors of a desperate and forlorn combat. This lasted for several hours; but about noon fatigue and medicine prevailed over nervous excitation, and the defeated commander fell into a deep and untroubled repose till evening. About sunset he awakened, and, after learning with whom and where he was, he partook of refreshments, and without any apparent consciousness of having

told them before, detailed once more all the particulars of the battle of Murten.

"It were little wide of truth," he said, "to calculate that one half of the Duke's army fell by the sword, or were driven into the lake. Those who escaped are great part of them scattered, never again to unite. Such a desperate and irretrievable rout was never witnessed. We fled like deer, sheep, or any other timid animals, which only remain in company because they are afraid to separate, but never think of order or of defence."

"And the Duke?" said the Earl of Oxford.

"We hurried him with us," said the soldier, "rather from instinct than loyalty, as men flying from a conflagration snatch up what they have of value without knowing what they are doing. Knight and knave, officer and soldier, fled in the same panic, and each blast of the horn of Uri in our rear added new wings to our flight."

"And the Duke?" repeated Oxford.

"At first he resisted our efforts, and strove to turn back on the foe; but when the flight became general, he galloped along with us, without a word spoken or a command issued. At first we thought his silence and passiveness, so unusual in a temper so fiery, were fortunate for securing his personal safety. But when we rode the whole day without being able to obtain a word of reply to all our questions—when he sternly refused refreshments of every kind, though he had tasted no food all that disastrous day—when every variation of his moody and uncertain temper was sunk into silent and sullen despair, we took counsel what was to be done, and it was by the general voice that I was despatched to entreat that you, for whose counsels alone Charles has been known to have had some occasional deference, would come instantly to his place of retreat, and exert all your influence to awaken him from this lethargy, which may otherwise terminate his existance."

"And what remedy can I interpose?" said Oxford. "You know how he neglected my advice, when following it might have served my interest as well as his own. You are aware that my life was not safe among the miscreants that surrounded the Duke, and exercised influence over him."

"Most true," answered Colvin; "but I also know he is your ancient companion-in-arms, and it would ill become me to teach the noble Earl of Oxford what the laws of chivalry require. For your lordship's safety, every honest man in the army will give willing security."

"It is for that I care least," said Oxford, indifferently; "and

if indeed my presence can be of service to the Duke—if I could believe that he desired it "——

"He does—he does, my lord!" said the faithful soldier, with tears in his eyes. "We heard him name your name, as if the words escaped him in a painful dream."

"I will go to him, such being the case," said Oxford.—"I will go instantly. Where did he purpose to establish his head-quarters?"

"He had fixed nothing for himself on that or other matters; but Monsieur de Contay named La Rivière, near Salins, in Upper Burgundy, as the place of his retreat."

"Thither, then, will we, my son, with all haste of preparation. Thou, Colvin, hadst better remain here, and see some holy man, to be assoilzied for thy hasty speech on the battle-field of Morat. There was offence in it without doubt, but it will be ill atoned for by quitting a generous master when he hath most need of your good service; and it is but an act of cowardice to retreat into the cloister till we have no longer active duties to perform in this world."

"It is true," said Colvin, "that should I leave the Duke now, perhaps not a man would stay behind that could stell a cannon properly. The sight of your lordship cannot but operate favorably on my noble master, since it has waked the old soldier in myself. If your lordship can delay your journey till to-morrow I will have my spiritual affairs settled, and my bodily health sufficiently restored to be your guide to La Rivière; and for the cloister, I will think of it when I have regained the good name which I have lost at Murten. But I will have masses said, and these right powerful, for the souls of my poor cannoniers."

The proposal of Colvin was adopted, and Oxford, with his son, attended by Thiebault, spent the day in preparation, excepting the time necessary to take formal leave of King René, who seemed to part with them with regret. In company with the ordnance officer of the discomfited Duke, they traversed those parts of Province, Dauphiné, and Franche Compté, which lie between Aix and the place to which the Duke of Burgundy had retreated; but the distance and inconvenience of so long a route consumed more than a fortnight on the road, and the month of July 1476 was commenced, when the travelers arrived in Upper Burgundy, and at the Castle of La Rivière, about twenty miles to the south of the town of Salins. The castle, which was but of small size, was surrounded by very many tents, which were pitched in a crowded, disordered and unsoldierlike manner, very unlike the discipline usually observed in the camp

of Charles the Bold. That the Duke was present there, however, was attested by his broad banner, which, rich with all its quarterings, streamed from the battlements of the castle. The guard turned out to receive the strangers, but in a manner so disorderly, that the Earl looked to Colvin for explanation. The master of the ordnance shrugged up his shoulders, and was silent.

Colvin having sent in notice of his arrival, and that of the English Earl, Monsieur de Contay caused them presently to be admitted, and expressed much joy at their arrival.

"A few of us," he said, "true servants of the Duke, are holding council here, at which your assistance, my noble Lord of Oxford, will be of the utmost importance. Messieurs De la Croye, De Craon, Rubempré, and others, nobles of Burgundy, are now assembled to superintend the defence of the country at this exigence."

They all expressed delight to see the Earl of Oxford, and had only abstained from thrusting their attentions on him the last time he was in the Duke's camp, as they understood it was his wish to observe incognito.

"His Grace," said De Craon, "has asked after you twice, and on both times by your assumed name of Philipson."

"I wonder not at that, my Lord of Craon," replied the English nobleman; "the origin of the name took its rise in former days, when I was here during my first exile. It was then said, that we poor Lancastrian nobles must assume other names than our own, and the good Duke Philip said, as I was brother-in-arms to his son Charles, I must be called after himself, by the name of Philipson. In memory of the good sovereign, I took that name when the day of need actually arrived, and I see that the Duke thinks of our early intimacy by his distinguishing me so.—How fares his Grace?"

The Burgundians looked at each other, and there was a pause.

"Even like a man stunned, brave Oxford," at length De Contay replied. "Sieur d'Argentin,* you can best inform the noble Earl of the condition of our sovereign."

"He is like a man distracted," said the future historian of that busy period. "After the battle of Granson, he was never, to my thinking, of the same sound judgment as before. But then, he was capricious, unreasonable, peremptory, and inconsistent, and resented every counsel that was offered, as if it had been meant in insult; was jealous of the least trespass in point

* [Philip des Comines, Sieur d'Argentin, author of *Historical Memoirs*. See notes to Quentin Durward, pp. 414, 418.]

of ceremonial, as if his subjects were holding him in contempt. Now there is a total change, as if this second blow had stunned him, and suppressed the violent passions which the first called into action. He is silent as a Carthusian, solitary as a hermit, expresses interest in nothing, least of all in the guidance of his army. He was, you know, anxious about his dress; so much so, that there was some affectation even in the rudenesses which he practiced in that matter. But, woe's me, you will see a change now; he will not suffer his hair or nails to be trimmed or arranged. He is totally heedless of respect or disrespect toward him, takes little or no nourishment, uses strong wines, which, however, do not seem to affect his understanding; he will hear nothing of war or state affairs, as little of hunting or of sport. Suppose an anchorite brought from a cell to govern a kingdom, you see in him, except in point of devotion, a picture of the fiery active Charles of Burgundy."

"You speak of a mind deeply wounded, Sieur d'Argentin," replied the Englishman. "Think you it fit I should present myself before the Duke?"

"I will inquire," said Contay; and leaving the apartment, returned presently, and made a sign to the Earl to follow him.

In a cabinet, or closet, the unfortunate Charles reclined in a large arm-chair, his legs carelessly stretched on a footstool, but so changed that the Earl of Oxford could have believed what he saw to be the ghost of the once fiery Duke. Indeed, the shaggy length of hair which, streaming from his head, mingled with his beard; the hollowness of the caverns, at the bottom of which rolled his wild eyes; the falling in of the breast, and the advance of the shoulders, gave the ghastly appearance of one who has suffered the final agony which takes from mortality the signs of life and energy. His very costume (a cloak flung loosely over him) increased his resemblance to a shrouded phantom. De Contay named the Earl of Oxford; but the Duke gazed on him with a lustreless eye, and gave him no answer.

"Speak to him, brave Oxford," said the Burgundian in a whisper; "he is even worse than usual, but perhaps he may know your voice."

Never, when the Duke of Burgundy was in the most palmy state of his fortunes, did the noble Englishman kneel to kiss his hand with such sincere reverence. He respected in him, not only the afflicted friend, but the humbled sovereign, upon whose tower of trust the lightning had so recently broken. It was probably the falling of a tear upon his hand which seemed to awake the Dukes's attention, for he looked toward the

Earl, and said, "Oxford—Philipson—my old—my only friend, hast thou found me out in this retreat of shame and misery?"

"I am not your only friend, my lord," said Oxford. "Heaven has given you many affectionate friends among your natural and loyal subjects. But though a stranger, and saving the allegiance I owe to my lawful sovereign, I will yield to none of them in the respect and deference which I have paid to your Grace in prosperity, and now come to render to you in adversity."

"Adversity, indeed!" said the Duke; "irremediable, intolerable adversity! I was lately Charles of Burgundy, called the Bold—now am I twice beaten by a scum of German peasants; my standard taken, my men-at-arms put to flight, my camp twice plundered, and each time of value more than equal to the price of all Switzerland fairly lost; myself hunted like a caitiff goat or chamois—The utmost spite of hell could never accumulate more shame on the head of a sovereign!"

"On the contrary, my lord," said Oxford, "it is a trial of Heaven, which calls for patience and strength of mind. The bravest and best knight may lose the saddle; he is but a laggard who lies rolling on the sand of the lists after the accident has chanced."

"Ha, laggard, say'st thou?" said the Duke, some part of his ancient spirit awakened by the broad taunt; "Leave my presence, sir, and return to it no more, till you are summoned thither"——

"Which I trust will be no later than your Grace quits your dishabille, and disposes yourself to see your vassals and friends with such ceremony as befits you and them," said the Earl composedly.

"How mean you by that, Sir Earl? You are unmannerly."

"If I be, my lord, I am taught my ill-breeding by circumstances. I can mourn over fallen dignity; but I cannot honor him who dishonors himself by bending, like a regardless boy, beneath the scourge of evil fortune."

"And who am I that you should term me such?" said Charles, starting up in all his natural pride and ferocity; "or who are you but a miserable exile, that you should break in upon my privacy with such disrespectful upbraiding?"

"For me," replied Oxford, "I am, as you say, an unrespected exile; nor am I ashamed of my condition, since unshaken loyalty to my king and his successors has brought me to it. But in you, can I recognize the Duke of Burgundy in a sullen hermit, whose guards are a disorderly soldiery, dreadful only to their friends; whose councils are in confusion for want of their sovereign, and who himself lurks, like a lamed wolf in its den, in an

obscure castle, waiting but a blast of the Switzer's horn to fling open its gates, which there are none to defend ; who wears not a knightly sword to protect his person, and cannot even die like a stag at bay, but must be worried like a hunted fox ? "

" Death and hell, slanderous traitor ! " thundered the Duke, glancing a look at his side, and perceiving himself without a weapon,—" It is well for thee I have no sword, or thou shouldst never boast of thine insolence going unpunished.—Contay step forth like a good knight, and confute the calumniator. Say, are not my soldiers arrayed, disciplined, and in order ? "

" My lord," said Contay, trembling (brave as he was in battle) at the frantic rage which Charles exhibited, " there are a numerous soldiery yet under your command, but they are in evil order, and in worse discipline, I think, than they were wont."

" I see it—I see it." said the Duke ; " idle and evil counselors are ye all.—Hearken, Sir of Contay, what have you and the rest of you been doing, holding as you do large lands and high fiefs of us, that I cannot stretch my limbs on a sick-bed, when my heart is half broken, but my troops must fall into such scandalous disorder as exposes me to the scorn and repoach of each beggarly foreigner ? "

" My lord," replied Contay more firmly, " we have done what we could. But your Grace has accustomed your mercenary generals and leaders of Free Companies to take their orders only from your own mouth, or hand. They clamor also for pay, and the treasurer refuses to issue it without your Grace's order, as he alleges it might cost him his head ; and they will not be guided and restrained, either by us or those who compose your council."

The Duke laughed sternly, but was evidently somewhat pleased with the reply.

" Ha, ha ! " he said, " it is only Burgundy who can ride his own wild horses, and rule his own wild soldiery. Hark thee, Contay—To-morrow I ride forth to review the troops—for what disorder has passed allowance shall be made. Pay also shall be issued—but woe to those who shall have offended too deeply ! Let my grooms of the chamber know to provide me fitting dress and arms. I have got a lesson " (glancing a dark look at Oxford), " and I will not again be insulted without the means of wreaking my vengeance. Begone, both of you. And, Contay, send the treasurer hither with his accounts, and woe to his soul if I find aught to complain of ! Begone, I say, and send him hither."

They left the apartment with suitable obeisance. As they

retired, the Duke said abruptly, "Lord of Oxford, a word with you. Where did you study medicine? In your own famed university, I suppose. Thy physic hath wrought a wonder. Yet, Doctor Philipson, it might have cost thee thy life."

"I have ever thought my life cheap," said Oxford, when the object was to help my friend."

"Thou art indeed a friend," said Charles, "and a fearless one. But go—I have been sore troubled, and thou hast tasked my temper closely. To-morrow we will speak further; meantime, I forgive thee, and I honor thee."

The Earl of Oxford retired to the Council-hall, where the Burgundian nobility, aware of what had passed, crowded around him with thanks, compliments, and congratulations. A general bustle now ensued; orders were hurried off in every direction. Those officers who had duties to perform which had been neglected, hastened to conceal or to atone for their negligence. There was a general tumult in the camp, but it was a tumult of joy; for soldiers are always most pleased when they are best in order for performing their military service; and licence or inactivity, however acceptable at times, are not, when continued, so agreeable to their nature, as strict discipline and a prospect of employment.

The treasurer, who was, luckily for him, a man of sense and method, having been two hours in private with the Duke, returned with looks of wonder, and professed, that never in Charles's most prosperous days, had he showed himself more acute in the department of finance, of which he had but that morning seemed totally incapable; and the merit was universally attributed to the visit of Lord Oxford, whose timely reprimand had, like the shot of a cannon dispersing foul mists, awakened the Duke from his black and bilious melancholy.

On the following day Charles reviewed his troops with his usual attention, directed new levies, made various dispositions of his forces, and corrected the faults of their discipline by severe orders, which were enforced by some deserved punishments (of which the Italian mercenaries of Campo-Basso had a large share), and rendered palatable by the payment of arrears, which was calculated to attach them to the standard under which they served.

The Duke also, after consulting with his council, agreed to convoke meetings of the States in his different territories, redress certain popular grievances, and grant some boons which he had hitherto denied; and thus began to open a new account of popularity with his subjects, in place of that which his rashness had exhausted.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

——Here's a weapon now,
Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,
A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate,
However holy be his offices,
E'en while he serves the altar.
OLD PLAY.

FROM this time all was activity in the Duke of Burgundy's court and army. Money was collected, soldiers were levied, and certain news of the Confederates' motions only were wanting to bring on the campaign. But although Charles was, to all outward appearance, as active as ever, yet those who were more immediately about his person were of opinion that he did not display the soundness of mind, or the energy of judgment, which had been admired in him before these calamities. He was still liable to fits of moody melancholy, similar to those which descended upon Saul, and was vehemently furious when aroused out of them. Indeed, the Earl of Oxford himself seemed to have lost the power which he had exercised over him at first. Nay, though in general Charles was both grateful and affectionate toward him, he evidently felt humbled by the recollection of his having witnessed his impotent and disastrous condition, and was so much afraid of Lord Oxford being supposed to lead his counsels, that he often repelled his advice, merely, as it seemed to show his own independence of mind.

In these froward humors, the Duke was much encouraged by Campo-Basso. That wily traitor now saw his master's affairs tottering to their fall, and he resolved to lend his lever to the work, so as to entitle him to a share of the spoil. He regarded Oxford as one of the most able friends and counselors who adhered to the Duke; he thought he saw in his looks that he fathomed his own treacherous purpose, and therefore he hated and feared him. Besides, in order perhaps to color over, even to his own eyes, the abominable perfidy he meditated, he affected to be exceedingly enraged against the Duke for the late punishment of marauders belonging to his Italian bands. He believed that chastisement to have been inflicted by the advice of Oxford; and he suspected that the measure was pressed with the hope of discovering that the Italians had not pillaged for their own emolument only, but for that of their commander. Believing that Oxford was thus hostile to him,

Campo-Basso would have speedily found means to take him out of his path, had not the Earl himself found it prudent to observe some precautions ; and the lords of Flanders and Burgundy, who loved him for the very reasons for which the Italian abhorred him, watched over his safety with a vigilance, of which he himself was ignorant, but which certainly was the means of preserving his life.

It was not to be supposed that Ferrand of Lorraine should have left his victory so long unimproved ; but the Swiss Confederates, who were the strength of his forces, insisted that the first operations should take place in Savoy and the Pays de Vaud, where the Burgundians had many garrisons, which, though they received no relief, yet were not easily or speedily reduced. Besides, the Switzers being, like most of the national soldiers of the time, a kind of militia, most of them returned home, to get in their harvest, and to deposit their spoil in safety. Ferrand, therefore, though bent on pursuing his success with all the ardor of youthful chivalry, was prevented from making any movement in advance until the month of December 1476. In the meantime the Duke of Burgundy's forces, to be least burdensome to the country, were cantoned in distant places of his dominions, where every exertion was made to perfect the discipline of the new levies. The Duke, if left to himself, would have precipitated the struggle by again assembling his forces, and pushing forward into the Helvetian territories ; but though he inwardly foamed at the recollection of Granson and Murten, the memory of these disasters was too recent to permit such a plan of the campaign. Meantime, weeks glided past, and the month of December was far advanced, when one morning, as the Duke was sitting in council, Campo-Basso suddenly entered, with a degree of extravagant rapture in his countenance, singularly different from the cold, regulated, and subtle smile which was usually his utmost advance toward laughter. " *Guantes*," * he said, " *Guantes*, for luck's sake, if it please your Grace."

" And what of good fortune comes nigh us ? " said the Duke, —" Methought she had forgot the way to our gates,"

" She has returned to them, please pour Highness, with her cornucopia full of choicest gifts, ready to your her fruit, her flowers, her treasures, on the head of the sovereign of Europe most worthy to receive them."

* *Guantes*, used by the Spanish as the French say étrennes, or the English handsell or luckpenny—phrases used by inferiors to their patrons as the bringers of good news.

"The meaning of all this?" said Duke Charles; "riddles are for children."

"The harebrained young madman Ferrand, who calls himself of Lorraine, has broken down from the mountains, at the head of a desultory army of scape-graces like himself; and what think you,—ha! ha! ha!—they are overrunning Lorraine, and have taken Nance—ha! ha! ha!"

"By my good faith, Sir Count," said Contay, astonished at the gay humor with which the Italian treated a matter so serious, "I have seldom heard a fool laugh more gayly at a more scurvy jest, than you, a wise man, laugh at the loss of the principal town of the province we are fighting for."

"I laugh," said Campo-Basso, "among the spears, as my war-horse does—ha! ha!—among the trumpets. I laugh also over the destruction of the enemy, and the dividing of the spoil, as eagles scream their joy over the division of their prey; I laugh"——

"You laugh," said the Lord of Contay, waxing impatient, "when you have all the mirth to yourself, as you laughed after our losses at Granson and Murten."

"Peace, sir!" said the Duke. "The Count of Campo-Basso has viewed the case as I do. This young knight-errant ventures from the protection of his mountains; and Heaven deal with me as I keep my oath, when I swear that the next fair field on which we meet shall see one of us dead! It is now the last week of the old year, and before Twelfth-Day we will see whether he or I shall find the bean in the cake. To arms, my lords; let our camp instantly break up, and our troops move forward toward Lorraine. Send off the Italian and Albanian light cavalry, and the Stradiots, to scour the country in the van—Oxford, thou wilt bear arms in this journey, wilt thou not?"

"Surely," said the Earl. "I am eating your Highness's bread; and when enemies invade, it stands with my honor to fight for your Grace as if I was your born subject. With your Grace's permission, I will despatch a pursuivant, who shall carry letters to my late kind host, the Landamman of Unterwalden, acquainting him with my purpose."

The Duke having given a ready assent, the pursuivant was dismissed accordingly, and returned in a few hours, so near had the armies approached to each other. He bore a letter from the Landamman, in a tone of courtesy and even kindness, regretting that any cause should have occurred for bearing arms against his late guest, for whom he expressed high personal regard. The same pursuivant also brought greetings from the

family of the Biedermans to their friend Arthur, and a separate letter, addressed to the same person, of which the contents ran thus:—

"Rudolph Donnerhugel is desirous to give the young merchant, Arthur Philipson, the opportunity of finishing the bargain which remained unsettled between them in the castle-court of Geierstein. He is the more desirous of this, as he is aware that the said Arthur has done him wrong, in seducing the affections of a certain maiden of rank, to whom he, Philipson, is not, and cannot be, anything beyond an ordinary acquaintance. Rudolph Donnerhugel will send Arthur Philipson word, when a fair and equal meeting can take place on neutral ground. In the meantime, he will be as often as possible in the first rank of the skirmishers."

Young Arthur's heart leapt high as he read the defiance, the piqued tone of which showed the state of the writer's feelings, and argued sufficiently Rudolph's disappointment on the subject of Anne of Geierstein, and his suspicion that she had bestowed her affections on the youthful stranger. Arthur found means of despatching a reply to the challenge of the Swiss, assuring him of the pleasure with which he would attend his commands, either in front of the line or elsewhere, as Rudolph might desire.

Meantime the armies were closely approaching to each other, and the light troops sometimes met. The Stradiots from the Venetian territory, a sort of cavalry resembling that of the Turks, performed much of that service on the part of the Burgundian army, for which, indeed, if their fidelity could have been relied on, they were admirably well qualified. The Earl of Oxford observed, that these men, who were under the command of Campo-Basso, always brought in intelligence that the enemy were in indifferent order, and in full retreat. Besides, information was communicated through their means, that sundry individuals, against whom the Duke of Burgundy entertained peculiar personal dislike, and whom he specially desired to get into his hands, had taken refuge in Nancy. This greatly increased the Duke's ardor for retaking that place, which became perfectly ungovernable when he learned that Ferrand and his Swiss allies had drawn off to a neighboring position called Saint Nicholas, on the news of his arrival. The greater part of the Burgundian counselors, together with the Earl of Oxford, protested against his besieging a place of some strength, while an active enemy lay in the neighborhood to relieve it. They remonstrated on the smallness of his army, on the severity of the weather, on the difficulty of obtaining

provisions, and exhorted the Duke, that having made such a movement as had forced the enemy to retreat, he ought to suspend decisive operations till spring. Charles at first tried to dispute and repel these arguments; but when his counselors reminded him that he was placing himself and his army in the same situation as at Granson and Murten, he became furious at the recollection, foamed at the mouth, and only answered by oaths and imprecations, that he would be master of Nancy before Twelfth-Day.

Accordingly, the army of Burgundy sat down before Nancy, in a strong position, protected by the hollow of a water-course, and covered with thirty pieces of cannon, which Colvin had under his charge.

Having indulged his obstinate temper in thus arranging the campaign, the Duke seemed to give a little more heed to the advice of his counselors touching the safety of his person, and permitted the Earl of Oxford, with his son, and two or three officers of his household, men of approved trust, to sleep within his pavilion, in addition to the usual guard.

It wanted three days of Christmas when the Duke sat down before Nancy, and on that very evening a tumult happened which seemed to justify the alarm for his personal safety. It was midnight, and all in the ducal pavilion were at rest, when a cry of treason arose. The Earl of Oxford, drawing his sword, and snatching up a light which burned beside him, rushed into the Duke's apartment, and found him standing on the floor totally undressed, but with his sword in his hand, and striking around him so furiously, that the Earl himself had difficulty in avoiding his blows. The rest of his officers rushed in, their weapons drawn, and their cloaks wrapped around their left arms. When the Duke was somewhat composed, and found himself surrounded by his friends, he informed them with rage and agitation, that the officers of the Secret Tribunal had, in spite of the vigilant precautions taken, found means to gain entrance into his chamber, and charged him, under the highest penalty, to appear before the Holy Vehme upon Christmas night.

The bystanders heard this story with astonishment, and some of them were uncertain whether they ought to consider it as a reality or a dream of the Duke's irritable fancy. But the citation was found on the Duke's toilet, written, as was the form, upon parchment signeted with three crosses, and stuck to the table with a knife. A slip of wood had been also cut from the table. Oxford read the summons with attention. It named as usual a place, where the Duke was cited to come

unarmed and unattended, and from which it was said he would be guided to the seat of judgment.

Charles, after looking at the scroll for some time, gave vent to his thoughts.

"I know from what quiver this arrow comes," he said. "It is shot by that degenerate noble, apostate priest, and accomplice of sorcerers, Albert of Geierstein. We have heard that he is among the motley group of murderers and outlaws, whom the old fiddler of Provence's grandson has raked together. But, by Saint George of Burgundy! neither monk's cowl, soldier's casque, nor conjuror's cap, shall save him after such an insult as this. I will degrade him from knighthood, hang him from the highest steeple in Nancy, and his daughter shall choose between the meanest herd-boy in my army, and the convent of *filles repentées!*"

"Whatever are your purposes, my lord," said Contay, "it were surely best to be silent, when, from this late apparition, we may conjecture that more than we wot of may be within hearing."

The Duke seemed struck with this hint, and was silent, or at least only muttered oaths and threats betwixt his teeth, while the strictest search was made for the intruder on his repose. But it was in vain.

Charles continued his researches, incensed at a flight of audacity higher than ever had been ventured upon by these Secret Societies, who, whatever might be the dread inspired by them, had not as yet attempted to cope with sovereigns. A trusty party of Burgundians were sent on Christmas night to watch the spot (a meeting of four cross roads) named in the summons, and make prisoners of any whom they could lay hands upon; but no suspicious person appeared at or near the place. The Duke not the less continued to impute the affront he had received to Albert of Geierstein. There was a price set upon his head; and Campo-Basso, always willing to please his master's mood, undertook that some of his Italians, sufficiently experienced in such feats, should bring the obnoxious baron before him, alive or dead. Colvin, Contay, and others, laughed in secret at the Italian's promises.

"Subtle as he is," said Colvin, "he will lure the wild vulture from the heavens before he get Albert of Geierstein into his power."

Arthur, to whom the words of the Duke had given subject for no small anxiety, on account of Anne of Geierstein, and of her father for her sake, breathed more lightly on hearing his menaces held so cheaply.

It was the second day after this alarm that Oxford felt a desire to reconnoitre the camp of Ferrand of Lorraine, having some doubts whether the strength and position of it were accurately reported. He obtained the Duke's consent for this purpose, who at the same time made him and his son a present of two noble steeds of great power and speed, which he himself highly valued.

So soon as the Duke's pleasure was communicated to the Italian Count, he expressed the utmost joy that he was to have the assistance of Oxford's age and experience upon an exploratory party, and selected a chosen band of a hundred Stradiots, whom he said he had sent sometimes to skirmish up to the very beards of the Switzers. The Earl showed himself much satisfied with the active and intelligent manner in which these men performed their duty, and drove before them and dispersed some parties of Ferrand's cavalry. At the entrance of a little ascending valley, Campo-Basso communicated to the English noblemen, that if they could advance to the further extremity they would have a full view of the enemy's position. Two or three Stradiots then spurred on to examine this defile, and returning back, communicated with their leader in their own language, who, pronouncing the passage safe, invited the Earl of Oxford to accompany him. They proceeded through the valley without seeing an enemy, but on issuing upon a plain at the point intimated by Campo-Basso, Arthur, who was in the van of the Stradiots, and separated from his father, did indeed see the camp of Duke Ferrand within half-a-mile's distance; but a body of cavalry had that instant issued from it, and were riding hastily toward the gorge of the valley, from which he had just emerged. He was about to wheel his horse and ride off, but, conscious of the great speed of the animal, he thought he might venture to stay for a moment's more accurate survey of the camp. The Stradiots who attended him did not wait his orders to retire, but went off, as was indeed their duty, when attacked by a surperior force.

Meantime, Arthur observed that the knight who seemed leader of the advancing squadron, mounted on a powerful horse that shook the earth beneath him, bore on his shield the Bear of Berne, and had otherwise the appearance of the massive frame of Rudolph Donnerhugel. He was satisfied of this when he beheld the cavalier halt his party and advance toward him alone, putting his lance in rest, and moving slowly, as if to give him time for preparation. To accept such a challenge, in such a moment, was dangerous, but to refuse it was disgraceful; and while Arthur's blood boiled at the idea

of chastising an insolent rival, he was not a little pleased at heart that their meeting on horseback gave him an advantage over the Swiss, through his perfect acquaintance with the practice of the tournay, in which Rudolph might be supposed more ignorant.

They met, as was the phrase of the time, "manful under shield." The lance of the Swiss glanced from the helmet of the Englishman, against which it was addressed, while the spear of Arthur, directed right against the centre of his adversary's body, was so justly aimed, and so truly seconded by the full fury of the career, as to pierce, not only the shield which hung round the ill-fated warrior's neck, but a breast-plate, and a shirt of mail which he wore beneath it. Passing clear through the body, the steel point of the weapon was only stopped by the back-piece of the unfortunate cavalier, who fell headlong from his horse, as if struck by lightning, rolled twice or thrice over on the ground, tore the earth with his hands, and then lay prostrate a dead corpse.

There was a cry of rage and grief among those men-at-arms whose ranks Rudolph had that instant left, and many couched their lances to avenge him; but Ferrand of Lorraine, who was present in person, ordered them to make prisoner, but not to harm, the successful champion. This was accomplished, for Arthur had not time to turn his bridle for flight, and resistance would have been madness.

When brought before Ferrand, he raised his visor, and said, "Is it well, my lord, to make captive an adventurous knight, for doing his devoir against a personal challenger?"

"Do not complain, Sir Arthur of Oxford," said Ferrand, "before you experience injury—You are free, Sir Knight. Your father and you were faithful to my royal aunt Margaret, and although she was my enemy, I do justice to your fidelity in her behalf; and from respect to her memory, disinherited as she was like myself, and to please my grandfather, who I think had some regard for you, I give you your freedom. But I must also care for your safety during your return to the camp of Burgundy. On this side of the hill we are loyal and true-hearted men, on the other, they are traitors and murderers.—You, Sir Count, will, I think, gladly see our captive placed in safety."

The Knight to whom Ferrand addressed himself, a tall stately man, put himself in motion to attend on Arthur, while the former was expressing to the young Duke of Lorraine the sense he entertained of his chivalrous conduct. "Farewell, Sir Arthur de Vere," said Ferrand. "You have slain a noble

champion, and to me a most useful and faithful friend. But it was done nobly and openly, with equal arms, and in the front of the line; and evil befall him who entertains feud first!" Arthur bowed to his saddlebow. Ferrand returned the salutation, and they parted.

Arthur and his new companion had ridden but a little way up the ascent when the stranger spoke thus:—

"We have been fellow-trávelers before, young man, yet you remember me not."

Arthur turned his eyes on the cavalier, and observing that the crest which adorned his helmet was fashioned like a vulture, strange suspicions began to cross his mind, which were confirmed, when the knight, opening his helmet, showed him the dark and severe features of the Priest of Saint Paul's.

"Count Albert of Geierstein!" said Arthur.

"The same," replied the Count, "though thou hast seen him in other garb and headgear. But tyranny drives all men to arms, and I have resumed, by the license and command of my superiors, those which I had laid aside. A war against cruelty and oppression is holy as that waged in Palestine, in which priests bear armor."

"My Lord Count," said Arthur, eagerly, "I cannot too soon entreat you to withdraw to Sir Ferrand of Lorraine's squadron. Here you are in peril, where no strength or courage can avail you. The Duke has placed a price on your head; and the country betwixt this and Nancy swarms with Stradiots and Italian light horsemen."

"I laugh at them," answered the count. "I have not lived so long in a stormy world, amid intrigues of war and policy, to fall by the mean hand of such as they—besides, thou art with me, and I have seen but now that thou canst bear thee nobly."

"In your defence, my Lord," said Arthur, who thought of his companion as the father of Anne of Geierstein, "I should try to do my best."

"What, youth!" replied Count Albert with a stern sneer, that was peculiar to his countenance; "wouldst thou aid the enemy of the lord under whose banner thou servest, against his waged soldiers?"

Arthur was somewhat abashed at the turn given to his ready offer of assistance, for which he had expected at least thanks; but he instantly collected himself, and replied, "My Lord Count Albert, you have been pleased to put yourself in peril to protect me from partisans of your party—I am equally bound to defend you from those of our side."

"It is happily answered," said the Count;—"yet I think there is a little blind partisan, of whom troubadours and minstrels talk, to whose instigation I might, in case of need, owe the great zeal of my protector."

He did not allow Arthur, who was a good deal embarrassed, time to reply, but proceeded: "Hear me, young man—Thy lance has this day done an evil deed to Switzerland, to Berne, and Duke Ferrand, in slaying their bravest champion. But to me, the death of Rudolph Donnerhugel is a welcome event. Know that he was, as his services grew more indispensable, become importunate in requiring Duke Ferrand's interest with me for my daughter's hand. And the Duke himself, the son of a princess, blushed not to ask me to bestow the last of my house—for my brother's family are degenerate mongrels—upon a presumptuous young man, whose uncle was a domestic in the house of my wife's father, though they boasted some relationship, I believe, through an illegitimate channel, which yonder Rudolph was wont to make the most of, as it favored his suit."

"Surely," said Arthur, "a match with one so unequal in birth, and far more in every other respect, was too monstrous to be mentioned?"

"While I live," replied Count Albert, "never should such union have been formed, if the death both of bride and bridegroom by my dagger could have saved the honor of my house from violation. But when I—I whose days, whose very hours are numbered—shall be no more, what could prevent an undaunted suitor, fortified by Duke Ferrand's favor, by the general applause of his country, and perhaps by the unfortunate prepossession of my brother Arnold, from carrying his point against the resistance and scruples of a solitary maiden?"

"Rudolph is dead," replied Arthur, "and may Heaven assoilzie him from guilt! But were he alive, and urging his suit on Anne of Geierstein, he would find there was a combat to be fought"——

"Which has been already decided," answered Count Albert. "Now, mark me, Arthur de Vere! My daughter has told me of the passages betwixt you and her. Your sentiments and conduct, are worthy of the noble house you descend from, which I well know ranks with the most illustrious in Europe. You are indeed disinherited, but so is Anne of Geierstein, save such pittance as her uncle may impart to her of her paternal inheritance. If you share it together till better days (always supposing your noble father gives his consent, for my child shall enter no house against the will of its head), my daughter

knows that she has my willing consent and my blessing. My brother shall also know my pleasure. He will approve my purpose; for though dead to thoughts of honor and chivalry, he is alive to social feelings, loves his niece, and has friendship for thee and for thy father. What say'st thou, young man, to take a beggarly Countess to aid thee in the journey of life? I believe—nay, I prophesy (for I stand so much on the edge of the grave, that methinks I command a view beyond it) that a lustre will one day, after I have long ended my doubtful and stormy life, beam on the coronets of De Vere and Geierstein."

De Vere threw himself from his horse, clasped the hand of Count Albert, and was about to exhaust himself in thanks; but the Count insisted on his silence.

"We are about to part," he said. "The time is short—the place is dangerous. You are to me, personally speaking, less than nothing. Had any one of the many schemes of ambition which I have pursued led me to success, the son of a banished Earl had not been the son-in-law I had chosen. Rise and remount your horse—thanks are unpleasing when they are not merited."

Arthur arose, and, mounting his horse, threw his raptures into a more acceptable form, endeavoring to describe how his love for Anne, and efforts for her happiness, should express his gratitude to her father, and observing that the Count listened with some pleasure to the picture he drew of their future life, he could not help exclaiming—"And you, my lord—you who have been the author of all this happiness, will you not be the witness and partaker of it? Believe me, we will strive to soften the effect of the hard blows which fortune has dealt to you, and should a ray of better luck shine upon us, it will be the more welcome that you can share it."

"Forbear such folly," said the Count Albert of Geierstein. "I know my last scene is approaching.—Hear and tremble. The Duke of Burgundy is sentenced to die, and the secret and Invisible Judges, who doom in secret, and avenge in secret, like the Deity, have given the cord and the dagger to my hand!"

"Oh, cast from you these vile symbols!" exclaimed Arthur, with enthusiasm; "let them find butchers and common stabbers to do such an office, and not dishonor the noble Lord of Geierstein!"

"Peace, foolish boy!" answered the Count. "The oath by which I am sworn is higher than the clouded sky, more deeply fixed than those distant mountains. Nor think my act

is that of an assassin, though for such I might plead the Duke's own example. I send not hirelings, like these base Stradiots, to hunt his life, without imperiling mine own. I give not his his daughter—innocent of his offences—the choice betwixt a disgraceful marriage and a discreditable retreat from the world. No, Arthur de Vere, I seek Charles with the resolved mind of one, who, to take the life of an adversary, exposes himself to certain death."

"I pray you speak no further of it," said Arthur, very anxiously. "Consider I serve for the present the Prince whom you threaten "——

"And art bound," interrupted the Count, "to unfold to him what I tell you. I desire you should do so; and though he hath already neglected a summons of the Tribunal, I am glad to have this opportunity of sending him personal defiance. Say to Charles of Burgundy, that he has wronged Albert of Geierstein. He who is injured in his honor loses all value for his life, and whoever does so has full command over that of another man. Bid him keep himself well from me, since if he see a second sun of the approaching year rise over the distant Alps, Albert of Geierstein is forsworn.—And now begone, for I see a party approach under a Burgundian banner. They will ensure your safety, but, should I remain longer, would endanger mine."

So saying, the Count of Geierstein turned his horse and rode off.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

Faint the din of battle bray'd
Distant down the heavy wind;
War and terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.
MICKLE.

ARTHUR, left alone, and desirous perhaps to cover the retreat of Count Albert, rode toward the approaching body of Burgundian cavalry, who were arrayed under the Lord Contay's banner.

"Welcome, welcome," said that nobleman, advancing hastily to the young knight. "The Duke of Burgundy is a mile hence, with a body of horse to support the reconnoitring party. It is not half-an-hour since your father galloped up, and stated that you had been led into an ambuscade by the treachery of

the Stradiots, and made prisoner. He has impeached Campo-Basso of treason, and challenged him to the combat. They have both been sent to the camp, under charge of the Grand Marshal, to prevent their fighting on the spot, though I think our Italian showed little desire to come to blows. The Duke holds their gages, and they are to fight upon Twelfth-Day."

"I doubt that day will never dawn for some who look for it," said Arthur; "but if it do, I will myself claim the combat, by my father's permission."

He then turned with Contay, and met a still larger body of cavalry under the Duke's broad banner. He was instantly brought before Charles. The Duke heard, with some apparent anxiety, Arthur's support of his father's accusations against the Italian, in whose favor he was so deeply prejudiced. When assured that the Stradiots had been across the hill, and communicated with their leader just before he encouraged Arthur to advance, as it proved, into the midst of an ambush, the Duke shook his head, lowered his shaggy brows, and muttered to himself,—"Ill will to Oxford, perhaps—these Italians are vindictive."—Then, raising his head, he commanded Arthur to proceed.

He heard with a species of ecstasy the death of Rudolph Donnerhugel, and, taking a ponderous gold chain from his own neck, flung it over Arthur's.

"Why, thou hast forestalled all our honors, young Arthur—this was the biggest bear of them all—the rest are but suckling whelps to him! I think I have found a youthful David to match their huge thick-headed Goliath. But the idiot to think his peasant hand could manage a lance! Well, my brave boy—what more? How camest thou off? By some wily device or agile stratagem, I warrant."

"Pardon me, my lord," answered Arthur. "I was protected by their chief, Ferrand, who considered my encounter with Rudolph Donnerhugel as a personal duel; and, desirous to use fair war, as he said, dismissed me honorably, with my horse and arms."

"Umph!" said Charles, his bad humor returning; "your Prince Adventurer must play the generous—Umph—well, it belongs to his part, but shall not be a line for me to square my conduct by. Proceed with your story, Sir Arthur de Vere."

As Arthur proceeded to tell how and under what circumstances Count Albert of Geierstein named himself to him, the Duke fixed on him an eager look, and trembled with impatience as he fiercely interrupted him with the question—"And you—

you struck him with your poniard under the fifth rib, did you not ?"

"I did not, my Lord Duke—we were pledged in mutual assurance to each other."

"Yet you knew him to be my mortal enemy?" said the Duke. "Go, young man, thy lukewarm indifference has canceled thy merit. The escape of Albert of Geierstein hath counterbalanced the death of Rudolph Donnerhugel."

"Be it so, my lord," said Arthur, boldly. "I neither claim your praises, nor deprecate your censure. I had to move me in either case motives personal to myself.—Donnerhugel was my enemy, and to Count Albert I owe some kindness."

The Burgundian nobles who stood around were terrified for the effect of this bold speech. But it was never possible to guess with accuracy how such things would affect Charles. He looked around him with a laugh—"Hear you this English cockerel, my lords—what a note will he one day sound, that already crows so bravely in a Prince presence !"

A few horsemen now came in from different quarters, recounting that the Duke Ferrand and his company had retired into their encampment, and the country was clear of the enemy.

"Let us then draw back also," said Charles, "since there is no chance of breaking spears to-day. And thou, Arthur de Vere, attend me closely."

Arrived at the Duke's pavilion, Arthur underwent an examination, in which he said nothing of Anne of Geierstein, or her father's designs concerning him, with which he considered Charles as having nothing to do; but he frankly conveyed to him the personal threats which the Count had openly used. The Duke listened with more temper, and when he heard the expression, "That a man who is desperate of his own life might command that of any other person," he said, "But there is a life beyond this, in which he who is treacherously murdered, and his base and desperate assassin, shall each meet their deserts." He then took from his bosom a gold cross, and kissed it, with much appearance of devotion. "In this," said he, "I will place my trust If I fail in this world, may I find grace in the next—Ho, Sir Marshal !" he exclaimed—"Let your prisoners attend us."

The Marshal of Burgundy entered with the Earl of Oxford, and stated that his other prisoner, Campo-Basso, had desired so earnestly that he might be suffered to go and post his sentinels on that part of the camp intrusted to the protection of his troops, shat he, the Marshal, had thought fit to comply with his request.

"It is well," said Burgundy, without further remark—"Then to you, my Lord Oxford, I would present your son, had you not already locked him in your arms. He has won great *los* and honor, and done me brave service. This is a period of the year when good men forgive their enemies;—I know not why—my mind was little apt to be charged with such matters—but I feel an unconquerable desire to stop the approaching combat betwixt you and Campo-Basso. For my sake, consent to be friends, and to receive back your gage of battle, and let me conclude this year—perhaps the last I may see—with a deed of peace."

"My lord," said Oxford, "it is a small thing you ask of me, since your request only enforces a Christian duty. I was enraged at the loss of my son. I am grateful to Heaven and your Grace for restoring him. To be friends with Campo-Basso is to me impossible. Faith and treason, truth and falsehood, might as soon shake hands and embrace. But the Italian shall be to me no more than he has been before this rupture; and that is literally nothing. I put my honor in your Grace's hands;—if he receives back his gage, I am willing to receive mine. John de Vere needs not be apprehensive that the world will suppose that he fears Campo-Basso."

The Duke returned sincere thanks, and detained the officers to spend the evening in his tent. His manners seemed to Arthur to be more placid than he had ever seen them before, while to the Earl of Oxford they recalled the earlier days in which their intimacy commenced, ere absolute power and unbounded success had spoiled Charles's rough but not ungenerous disposition. The Duke ordered a distribution of provisions and wine to the soldiers, and expressed an anxiety about their lodgings, the cure of the wounded, and the health of the army, to which he received only unpleasing answers. To some of his counselors, apart, he said, "Were it not for our vow, we would relinquish this purpose till spring, when our poor soldiers might take the field with less of suffering."

Nothing else remarkable appeared in the Duke's manner, save that he inquired repeatedly after Campo-Basso, and at length received accounts that he was indisposed, and that his physician had recommended rest; he had therefore retired to repose himself, in order that he might be stirring on his duty at peep of day, the safety of the camp depending much on his vigilance.

The Duke made no observation on the apology, which he considered as indicating some lurking disinclination, on the

Italian's part, to meet Oxford. The guests at the ducal pavilion were dismissed an hour before midnight.

When Oxford and his son were in their own tent, the Earl fell into a deep reverie, which lasted nearly ten minutes. At length, starting suddenly up, he said, "My son, give orders to Thiebault and thy yeoman to have horses before the tent by break of day, or rather before it; and it would not be amiss if you ask our neighbor Colvin to ride along with us. I will visit the outposts by daybreak."

"It is a sudden resolution, my lord," said Arthur.

"And yet it may be taken too late," said his father. "Had it been moonlight, I would have made the rounds to-night."

"It is as dark as a wolf's throat," said Arthur. "But wherefore, my lord, can this night in particular excite your apprehensions?"

"Son Arthur, perhaps you will hold your father credulous. But my nurse, Martha Nixon, was a northern woman, and full of superstitions. In particular, she was wont to say, that any sudden and causeless change of man's nature, as from license to sobriety, from temperance to indulgence, from avarice to extravagance, from prodigality to love of money, or the like, indicates an immediate change of his fortunes—that some great alteration of circumstances, either for good or evil (and for evil most likely, since we live in an evil world), is impending over him whose disposition is so much altered. This old woman's fancy has recurred so strongly to my mind, that I am determined to see with mine own eyes, ere to-morrow's dawn, that all our guards and patrols around the camp are on the alert."

Arthur made the necessary communications to Colvin and to Thiebault, and then retired to rest.

It was ere daybreak of the first of January, 1477, a period long memorable for the events which marked it, that the Earl of Oxford, Colvin, and the young Englishman, followed only by Thiebault and two other servants, commenced their rounds of the Duke of Burgundy's encampment. For the greater part of their progress they found sentinels and guards all on the alert and at their posts. It was a bitter morning. The ground was partly covered with snow—that snow had been partly melted by a thaw, which had prevailed for two days, and partly congealed into ice by a bitter frost, which had commenced the preceding evening, and still continued. A more dreary scene could scarcely be witnessed.

But what were the surprise and alarm of the Earl of Oxford and his companions, when they came to that part of the camp which had been occupied the day before by Campo-Basso and

his Italians, who, reckoning men-at-arms and Stradiots, amounted to nigh two thousand men—not a challenge was given—not a horse neighed—no steeds were seen at picket—no guard on the camp. They examined several of the tents and huts—they were empty.

"Let us back to alarm the camp," said the Earl of Oxford; "here is treachery."

"Nay, my lord," said Colvin, "let us not carry back imperfect tidings. I have a battery an hundred yards in advance, covering the access to this hollow way; let us see if my German cannoniers are at their post, and I think I can swear that we shall find them so. The battery commands a narrow pass, by which alone the camp can be approached; and if my men are at their duty, I will pawn my life that we make the pass good till you bring up succors from the main body."

"Forward, then, in God's name!" said the Earl of Oxford.

They galloped, at every risk, over broken ground, slippery with ice in some places, encumbered with snow in others. They came to the cannon, judiciously placed to sweep the pass, which rose toward the artillery on the outward side, and then descended gently from the battery into the lower ground. The waning winter moon, mingling with the dawning light, showed them that the guns were in their places, but no sentinel was visible.

"The villains cannot have deserted!" said the astonished Colvin—"But see, there is light in their cantonment.—Oh, that unhallowed distribution of wine! Their usual sin of drunkenness has beset them. I will soon drive them from their revelry."

He sprung from his horse, and rushed into the tent from whence the light issued. The cannoniers, or most of them, were still there, but stretched on the ground, their cups and flagons scattered around them; and so drenched were they in wassail, that Colvin could only by commands and threats, awaken two or three, who, staggering and obeying him rather from instinct than sense, reeled forward to man the battery. A heavy rushing sound, like that of men marching fast, now was heard coming up the pass.

"It is the roar of a distant avalanche," said Arthur.

"It is an avalanche of Switzers, not of snow," said Colvin. —"Oh, these drunken slaves!—The cannon are deeply loaded, and well pointed—this volley must check them if they were fiends and the report will alarm the camp sooner than we can do.—But, oh, these drunken villains!"

"Care not for their aid," said the Earl; "my son and I will each take a linstock, and be gunners for once."

They dismounted, and bade Thiebault and the grooms look to the horses, while the Earl of Oxford and his son took each a linstock from one of the helpless gunners, three of whom were just sober enough to stand by their guns.

"Bravo!" cried the bold Master of Ordnance, "never was a battery so noble. Now, my mates—your pardon, my lords, for there is no time for ceremony, and you,ye drunken knaves, take heed not to fire till I give the word, and were the ribs of these tramplers as flinty as their Alps, they shall know how old Colvin loads his guns."

They stood breathless, each by his cannon. The dreaded sound approached nearer and more near, till the imperfect light showed a dark and shadowy but dense column of men, armed with long spears, pole-axes, and other weapons, amidst which banners dimly floated. Colvin suffered them to approach to a distance of about forty yards, and then gave the word, Fire! But his own piece alone exploded; a slight flame flashed from the touch-hole of the others, which had beeen spiked by the Italian deserters, and left in reality disabled, though apparently fit for service. Had they been all in the same condition with that fired by Colvin, they would probably have verified his prophecy; for even that single discharge produced an awful effect, and made a long lane of dead and wounded through the Swiss column, in which the first and leading banner was struck down.

"Stand to it yet," said Colvin, "and aid me if possible to reload the piece."

For this, however, no time was allowed. A stately form, conspicuous in the front of the staggered column, raised up the fallen banner, and a voice as of a giant exclaimed, "What, countrymen! have you seen Murten and Granson, and are you daunted by a single gun?—Berne—Uri—Schwytz—banners forward! Unterwalden, here is your standard!—Cry your war-cries, wind your horns; Unterwalden, follow your Landamman!"

They rushed on like a raging ocean, with a roar as deafning, and a course as impetuous. Colvin, still laboring to reload his gun, was struck down in the act. Oxford and his son were overthrown by the multitude, the closeness of which prevented any blows being aimed at them. Arthur partly saved himself by getting under the gun he was posted at; his father, less fortunate, was much trampled upon, and must have been crushed to death but for his armor of proof. The human inundation, consisting of at least four thousand men, rushed down into the

camp, continuing their dreadful shouts, soon mingled with shrill shrieks, groans, and cries of alarm.

A broad red glare rising behind the assailants, and putting to shame the pallid lights of the winter morning, first recalled Arthur to a sense of his condition. The camp was on fire in his rear, and resounded with all the various shouts of conquest and terror that are heard in a town which is stormed. Starting to his feet, he looked around him for his father. He lay near him senseless, as were the gunners, whose condition prevented their attempting an escape. Having opened his father's casque, he was rejoiced to see him give symptoms of re-animation.

"The horses, the horses!" said Arthur. "Thiebault, where art thou?"

"At hand, my lord," said that trusty attendant, who had saved himself and his charge by a prudent retreat into a small thicket, which the assailants had avoided that they might not disorder their ranks.

"Where is the gallant Colvin?" said the Earl; "get him a horse, I will not leave him in jeopardy."

"His wars are ended, my lord," said Thiebault; "he will never mount steed more."

A look and a sigh as he saw Colvin, with the ramrod in his hand, before the muzzle of the piece, his head cleft by a Swiss battle-axe, was all the moment permitted.

"Whither must we take our course?" said Arthur to his father.

"To join the Duke," said the Earl of Oxford. It is not on a day like this that I will leave him."

"So please you," said Thiebault, "I saw the Duke, followed by some half-score of his guards, riding at full speed across this hollow water-course, and making for the open country to the northward. I think I can guide you on the track."

"If that be so," replied Oxford, "we will mount and follow him. The camp has been assailed on several places at once, and all must be over since he has fled."

With difficulty they assisted the Earl of Oxford to his horse, and rode as fast as his returning strength permitted, in the direction which the Provençal pointed out. Their other attendants were dispersed or slain.

They looked back more than once on the camp, now one great scene of conflagration, by whose red and glaring light they could discover on the ground the traces of Charles's retreat. About three miles from the scene of their defeat, the sound of which they still heard, mingled with the bells of Nancy, which were ringing in triumph, they reached a half-frozen

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DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

swamp, round which lay several dead bodies. The most conspicuous was that of Charles of Burgundy, once the possessor of such unlimited power—such unbounded wealth. He was partly stripped and plundered, as were those who lay round him. His body was pierced with several wounds, inflicted by various weapons. His sword was still in his hand, and the singular ferocity which was wont to animate his features in battle, still dwelt on his stiffened countenance. Close behind him, as if they had fallen in the act of mutual fight, lay the corpse of Count Albert of Geierstein; and that of Ital Schreckenwald, the faithful though unscrupulous follower of the latter, lay not far distant. Both were in the dress of the men-at-arms composing the Duke's guard, a disguise probably assumed to execute the fatal commission of the Secret Tribunal. It is supposed that a party of the traitor Campo-Basso's men had been engaged in the skirmish in which the Duke fell, for six or seven of them, and about the same number of the Duke's guards, were found near the spot.

The Earl of Oxford threw himself from his horse, and examined the body of his deceased brother-in-arms, with all the sorrow inspired by early remembrance of his kindness. But as he gave way to the feelings inspired by so melancholy an example of the fall of human greatness, Thiebault, who was looking out on the path they had just pursued, exclaimed, "To horse, my lord! here is no time to mourn the dead, and little to save the living—the Swiss are upon us."

"Fly thyself, good fellow," said the Earl; "and do thou, Arthur, fly also, and save thy youth for happier days. I cannot and will not fly further. I will render me to the pursuers; if they take me to grace, it is well; if not, there is ONE above that will receive me to His."

"I will not fly," said Arthur, "and leave you defenceless; I will stay and share your fate."

"And I will remain also," said Thiebault; "the Switzers make fair war when their blood has not been heated by much opposition, and they have had little enough to-day."

The party of Swiss which came up proved to be Sigismund, with his brother Ernest, and some of the youths of Unterwalden. Sigismund kindly and joyfully received them to mercy; and thus, for the third time, rendered Arthur an important service in return for the kindness he had expressed toward him.

"I will take you to my father," said Sigismund, "who will be right glad to see you; only that he is ill at ease just now for the death of brother Rudiger, who fell with the banner in

his hand, by the only cannon that was fired this morning; the rest could not bark; Campo-Basso had muzzled Colvin's mastiffs, or we should many more of us have been served like poor Rudiger. But Colvin himself is killed."

"Campo-Basso, then, was in your correspondence?" said Arthur.

"Not in ours—we scorn such companions—but some dealing there was between the Italian and Duke Ferrand; and having disabled the cannon, and filled the German gunners soundly drunk, he came off to our camp with fifteen hundred horse, and offered to act with us. But 'No, no!' said my father, 'traitors come not into our Swiss host;' and so, though we walked in at the door which he left open, we would not have his company. So he marched with Duke Ferrand to attack the other extremity of the camp, where he found them entrance by announcing them as the return of a reconnoitring party."

"Nay, then," said Arthur, "a more accomplished traitor never drew breath, nor one who drew his net with such success."

"You say well," answered the young Swiss. "The Duke will never, they say, be able to collect another army?"

"Never, young man," said the Earl of Oxford, "for he lies dead before you." *

Sigismund started; for he had an inherent respect, and somewhat of fear, for the lofty name of Charles the Bold, and could hardly believe that the mangled corpse which now lay before him was once the personage he had been taught to dread. But his surprise was mingled with sorrow when he saw the body of his uncle, Count Albert of Geierstein.

"Oh, my uncle!" he said—"my dear uncle Albert! has all your greatness and your wisdom brought you to a death, at the side of a ditch, like any crazed beggar?—Come, this sad news must be presently told to my father, who will be concerned to hear of his brother's death, which will add gall to bitterness, coming on the back of poor Rudiger's. It is some comfort, however, that father and uncle never could abide each other."

With some difficulty they once more assisted the Earl of Oxford to horseback, and were proceeding to set forward, when the English lord said—"You will place a guard here, to save these bodies from further dishonor, that they may be interred with due solemnity."

* Note F. Charles the Bold.

"By our Lady of Einsiedlen! I thank you for the hint," said Sigismund. "Yes, we should do all that the Church can for uncle Albert. It is to be hoped he has not gambled away his soul beforehand, playing with Satan at odds and evens. I would we had a priest to stay by his poor body; but it matters not, since no one ever heard of a demon appearing just before breakfast."

They proceeded to the Landamman's quarters through sights and scenes which Arthur, and even his father, so well accustomed to war in all its shapes, could not look upon without shuddering. But the simple Sigismund, as he walked by Arthur's side, contrived to hit upon a theme so interesting as to divert his sense of the horrors around them.

"Have you further business in Burgundy, now this Duke of yours is at an end?"

"My father knows best," said Arthur; "but I apprehend we have none. The Duchess of Burgundy, who must now succeed to some sort of authority in her late husband's dominion, is sister to this Edward of York, and a mortal enemy to the House of Lancaster, and to those who have stood by it faithfully. It were neither prudent nor safe to tarry where she has influence."

"In that case," said Sigismund, "my plan will fadge bravely. You shall go back to Geierstein, and take up your dwelling with us. Your father will be a brother to mine, and a better one than uncle Albert, whom he seldom saw or spoke with; while with your father he will converse from morning till night, and leave us all the work of the farm. And you, Arthur, you shall go with us, and be a brother to us all, in place of poor Rudiger, who was, to be sure, my real brother, which you cannot be: nevertheless, I did not like him so well, in respect he was not so good-natured. And then Anne—cousin Anne—is left all to my father's charge, and is now at Geierstein—and you know, King Arthur, we used to call her Queen Guenover."

"You spoke great folly, then," said Arthur.

"But it is great truth—For, look you, I loved to tell Anne tales of our hunting, and so forth, but she would not listen a word till I threw in something of King Arthur, and then I warrant she would sit still as a heath-hen when the hawk is in the heavens. And now Donnerhugel is slain, you know you may marry my cousin when you and she will, for nobody hath interest to prevent it."

Arthur blushed with pleasure under his helmet, and almost forgave that new-year's morning all its complicated distresses.

"You forget," he replied to Sigismund, with as much in-

difference as he could assume, "that I may be viewed in your country with prejudice on account of Rudolph's death."

"Not a whit, not a whit; we bear no malice for what is done in fair fight under shield. It is no more than if you had beat him in wrestling or at quoits—only it is a game cannot be played over again."

They now entered the town of Nancy; the windows were hung with tapestry, and the streets crowded with tumultuous and rejoicing multitudes, whom the success of the battle had relieved from great alarm for the formidable vengeance of Charles of Burgundy.

The prisoners were received with the utmost kindness by the Landamman, who assured them of his protection and friendship. He appeared to support the death of his son Rudiger with stern resignation.

"He had rather," he said, "his son fell in battle than that he should live to despise the old simplicity of his country, and think the object of combat was the gaining of spoil. The gold of the dead Burgundy," he added, "would injure the morals of Switzerland more irretrievably than ever his sword did their bodies."

He heard of his brother's death without surprise, but apparently with emotion.

"It was the conclusion," he said, "of a long tissue of ambitious enterprises, which often offered fair prospects, but uniformly ended in disappointment."

The Landamman further intimated, that his brother had apprized him that he was engaged in an affair of so much danger that he was almost certain to perish in it, and had bequeathed his daughter to her uncle's care, with instructions respecting her.

Here they parted for the present, but shortly after, the Landamman inquired earnestly of the Earl of Oxford what his motions were like to be, and whether he could assist them.

"I think of choosing Bretagne for my place of refuge," answered the Earl, "where my wife has dwelt, since the battle of Tewkesbury expelled us from England."

"Do not so," said the kind Landamman, "but come to Geierstein with the Countess, where, if she can, like you, endure our mountain manners and mountain fare, you are welcome as to the house of a brother, to a soil where neither conspiracy nor treason ever flourished. Bethink you, the Duke of Bretagne is a weak prince, entirely governed by a wicked favorite, Peter Landais. He is as capable—I mean the minister—of selling brave men's blood, as a butcher of selling bullock's flesh; and

you know, there are those, both in France and Burgundy, that thirst after yours."

The Earl of Oxford expressed his thanks for the proposal, and his determination to profit by it, if approved of by Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Richmond, whom he now regarded as his sovereign.

To close the tale, about three months after the battle of Nancy, the banished Earl of Oxford resumed his name of Philipson, bringing with his lady some remnants of their former wealth, which enabled them to procure a commodious residence near to Geierstein; and the Landamman's interest in the state procured for them the right of denizenship. The high blood, and the moderate fortunes, of Anne of Geierstein and Arthur de Vere, joined to their mutual inclination, made their marriage in every respect rational; and Annette with her bachelor took up their residence with the young people, not as servants, but mechanical aids in the duties of the farm; for Arthur continued to prefer the chase to the labors of husbandry, which was of little consequence, as his separate income amounted, in that poor country, to opulence. Time glided on, till it amounted to five years since the exiled family had been inhabitants of Switzerland. In the year 1482, the Landamman Biederman died the death of the righteous, lamented universally, as a model of the true and valiant, simple-minded and sagacious chiefs, who ruled the ancient Switzers in peace, and headed them in battle. In the same year, the Earl of Oxford lost his noble Countess.

But the star of Lancaster, at that period, began again to culminate, and called the banished lord and his son from their retirement, to mix once more in politics. The treasured necklace of Margaret was then put to its destined use, and the produce applied to levy those bands which shortly after fought the celebrated battle of Bosworth, in which the arms of Oxford and his son contributed so much to the success of Henry VII. This changed the destinies of De Vere and his lady. Their Swiss farm was conferred on Annette and her husband; and the manners and beauty of Anne of Geierstein attracted as much admiration at the English Court as formerly in the Swiss Chalet.

NOTES TO ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

Note A, p. xii.—Remarks on the Novel.

[*Anne of Geierstein*, which appeared in May 1829, may be almost called the last work of Scott's imaginative genius, and was received at least as well as the Fair Maid of Perth, or indeed as any novel of his, after the Crusaders. Its pages display in undiminished perfection all the skill and grace of the mere artist, with occasional outbreaks of the old poetic spirit. Indeed, the various play of fancy in the combination of persons and events, and the airy liveliness of both imagery and diction, may well justify us in applying to the Author what he beautifully says of his King René—

> "A mirthful man he was; the snows of age
> Fell, but they did not chill him."—Chap. xxix.

It is a common saying that there is nothing so distinctive of genius as the retention, in advanced years, of the capacity to depict the feelings of youth with all their original glow and purity. But I apprehend this blessed distinction belongs to, and is the just reward, of virtuous genius only. . . . . Perhaps Scott has nowhere painted such feelings more deliciously than in those very scenes of Anne of Geierstein, which offers every now and then, in some incidental circumstance or reflection, the best evidence that they are drawn by a gray-headed man.—J. G. Lockhart.]

Note B, p. 161.—German Dungeon.

[In connection with the description of this dungeon, it may be stated that the Author, in composing this novel, derived considerable assistance from a journal of foreign travel, the work of his intimate friend the late James Skene of Rubislaw. It is also curious to observe, that in the *Archæologia Scotica*, 1823, vol. iii. p. 17, there appears an account by Mr. Skene of a "suite of apartments, excavated from the rocks on which the castle of Baden, in Swabia, stands, supposed to have been connected with the jurisdiction of the Secret Tribunal in that country."]

Note C, p. 184.—Public Executioner.

There is abundant evidence that, in the middle ages, the office of public executioner was esteemed highly honorable all over Germany. It still is, in such parts of that country as retain the old custom of execution by stroke of sword, very far from being held discreditable to the extent to which we carry our feelings on the subject, and which exposed the magistrates of a

Scotch town,—I rather think no less a one than Glasgow,—to a good deal of ridicule, when they advertised, some few years ago, on occasion of the death of their hangman, that "none but persons of respectable character" need apply for the vacant situation. At this day, in China, in Persia, and probably in other Oriental kingdoms, the Chief Executioner is one of the great officers of state, and is as proud of the emblem of his fatal duty as any European Lord Chamberlain of his Golden Key.

The circumstances of the strange trial and execution of the Knight of Hagenbach are detailed minutely by M. de Barante, from contemporary MS. documents; and the reader will be gratified by a specimen of that writer's narrative. A translation is also given for the benefit of many of my kind readers.

"De toutes parts on était accourus par milliers pour assister au procès de ce cruel gouverneur, tant la haine était grande contre lui. De sa prison, il entendait retentir sur le pont le pas des chevaux, et s'enquérait à son geôlier de ceux qui arrivaient: soit pour être ses juges, soit pour être témoins do son supplice. Parfois le geôlier répondait, 'Ce sont des étrangers; je ne les connais pas.' 'Ne sont-ce pas,' disait le prisonnier, 'des gens assez mal vêtus, de haute taille, de forte apparence, montës sur des chevaux aux courtes oreilles?' et si le geôlier répondait: 'Oui.'—'Ah ce sont les Suisses,' s'écriait Hagenbach; 'Mon Dieu ayez pitié de moi!' et il se rappelait toutes les insultes qu'il leur avait faites, toutes ses insolences envers eux. Il pensait, mais trop tard, que c'était leur alliance avec la maison d'Autriche qui était cause de sa perte. Le 4 Mai, 1474, après avoir été mis à la question, il fut, à la diligence d'Hermann d'Eptingen, gouverneur pour l'archiduc, amené devant ses juges, sur la place publique de Brisach. Sa contenance était ferme et d'un homme, qui ne craint pas le mort. Henri Iselin de Bâle porta la parole au nom d'Hermann d'Eptingen, agissant pour le seigneur du pays. Il parla à peu près en ces termes: 'Pierre de Hagenbach, chevalier, maître d'hôtel de Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne, et son gouverneur dans le pays de Sératte et Haute Alsace, aurait dû respecter les privilèges reservés par l'acte d'engagement; mais il n'a pas moins frotté aux pieds les lois de Dieu et des hommes, que les droits jurés et garantis au pays. Il a fait mettre à mort sans jugement quatre honnêtes bourgeois de Sératte; il a depouillé la ville de Brisach de sa jurisdiction, et y a établi juges et consuls de son choix; il a rompu et dispersé les communautés de la bourgeoisie et des métiers; il a levé des impôts par sa seule volonté; il a, contre toutes les lois, logé chez les habitans des gens de guerre—Lombards, Français, Picards, ou Flamands; et a favorisé leur désordres et pillages. Il leur a même commandé d'égorger leurs hôtes durant la nuit, et avait fait préparer, pour y embarquer les femmes et les enfans, des bateaux qui devaient être submergés dans le Rhin. Enfin lors même qu'il rejetterait de telles cruautés sur les ordres qu'il a reçus, comment pourrait il s'excuser d'avoir fait violence et outrage à l'honneur de tant de filles et femmes et même de saintes religieuses?'

"D'autres accusations furent portèes dans les interrogatoires; et des témoins attestêrent les violences faites aux gens de Mulhausen et aux marchands de Bâle.

"Pour suivre toutes les formes de la justice, on evait donné un avocat à l'accusé. 'Messire Pierre de Hagenbach,' dit-il, 'ne reconnait d'autre juge et d'autre seigneur que Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne, dont il avait commission, et recevait les commandemens. Il n'avait nul droit de contrôler les ordres qu'il était chargé d'exécutor; et son devoir était d'obéir. Ne sait-on pas quelle soumission les gens de guerre doivent à leur seigneur et maître? Croit-on que le landvogt de Monseigneur le Duc eût à lui remontrer et à lui résister? Et monseigneur n'a-t-il pas ensuite, par sa pré-

sence, confirmé et ratifié tout ce qui avait été fait en son nom? Si des impôts ont été demandés, c'est qu'il avait besoin d'argent. Pour les recueillir il a bien fallu punir ceux qui se refusaient à payer. C'est ce que Monseigneur le Duc, et même l'empereur, quand ils sont venus, ont reconnu nécessaire. Le logement des gens de guerre était aussi la suite des ordres du Duc. Quant à la jurisdiction de Brisach; le landvogt pouvait-il souffrir cette résistance? Enfin, dans une affaire si grave, où il y va de la vie, convient-il de produire comme un véritable grief, la dernier dont a parlé l'accusateur? Parmi ceux qui écoutent, y en a-t-il un seul qui puisse se vanter de ne pas avoir saisi les occasions de se divertir? N'est-il pas clair que Messire de Hagenbach a seulement profité de la bonne volonté de quelques femmes ou filles; ou, pour mettre les choses au pis, qu'il n'a exercé d'autre contrainte envers elles qu'au moyen de son bon argent?'

"Les juges siégèrent-long temps sur leur tribunal. Douze heures entières passèrent sans que l'affaire fût terminée. Le sire de Hagenbach, toujours ferme et calme, n'allégua d'autres défenses, d'autres excuses, que celles qu'il avait donné déjà sous la torture—les ordres et la volonté de son seigneur, qui était son seul juge, et le seul, qui pût lui demander compte.

"Enfin, à sept heures du soir, à la clarté des flambeaux, les juges, après avoir déclaré qu'à eux appartenait le droit de prononcer sur les crimes imputés au landvogt, le firent rappeler; et rendirent leur sentence qui le condamna à mort. Il ne s'émeut pas d'avantage; et demanda pour toute grace d'avoir seulement la tête tranchée. Huit bourreaux des diverses villes se présentérent pour exécuter l'arrêt. Celui de Colmar, qui passait pour le plus adroit, fut préféré. Avant de le conduire à l'échafaud, les seize chevaliers qui faisaient partie des juges requirent que Messire de Hagenbach fût dégradé de sa dignité de chevalier et de tous ses honneurs. Pour lors s'avança Gaspard Hurter, héraut de l'empereur; it il dit: 'Pierre de Hagenbach, il me déplait grandement que vous ayez si mal employé votre vie mortelle: de sorte qu'il convient que vous prediez non-seulement la dignité et ordre de chevalerie, mais aussi la vie. Votre devoir était de rendre la justice, de protéger la veuve et l'orphelin; de respecter les femmes et les filles, d'honorer les saints prétres; de vous opposer à toute injuste violence; et, au contraire, vous avez commis tout ce que vous deviez empêcher. Ayant ainsi forfait au noble ordre de chevalerie, et aux sermens que vous aviez jurés, les chevaliers ici présens m'ont enjoint de vous en ôter les insignes. Ne les voyant pas sur vous en ce moment, je vous proclame indigne chevalier de Saint George, au nom et à l'honneur duquel on vous avait autrefois honoré de l'ordre de chevalerie.' Puis s'avança Hermann d'Eptingen: 'Puis qu'on vient de te dégrader de chevalerie, je te dépouille de ton collier, chaîne d'or, anneau, poignard, éperon, gantelet. Il les lui prit et lui en frappa le visage, et ajouta: 'Chevaliers, et vous qui désirez le devenir, j'espère que cette punition publique vous servira d'exemple, et que vous vivrez dans la crainte de Dieu, noblement et villamment, selon la dignité de la chevalerie et l'honneur de votre nom.' Enfin, le prévôt d'Einsilheim et maréchal de cette commission de juges se leva, et s'adressant au bourreau, lui dit: 'Faites selon la justice.'

"Tous les juges montèrent à cheval ainsi qu'Hermann d'Eptingen. Au milieu d'eux marchait Pierre de Hagenbach, entre deux prêtres. C'etait pendant la nuit. Des torches éclairaient la marche; une foule immense se pressait autour de ce triste cortège. La condamné s'entretenait avec son confesseur d'un air pieux et recueilli, mais ferme; se recommandant aussi aux prières de tous ceux qui l'entouraient. Arrivé dans une prairie devant la porte de la ville, il monta sur l'échafaud d'un pas assuré; puis élevant le voix:—

'Je n'ai pas peur de la mort,' dit-il; 'encore que je ne l'attendisse pas de cette sort, mais bien les armes á la main; que je plains c'est tout le sang que le mien fera couler. Monseigneur ne laissera point ce jour sans vengeance pour moi. Je ne regrette ni ma vie, ni mon corps. J'étais homme—prieé pour moi.' Il s'entretint encore un instant avec son confesseur, présenta la tete et reçut le coup."—M. DE BARANTE, tom. x. p. 197.

TRANSLATION.

'Such was the detestation in which this cruel governor was held, that multitudes flocked in from all quarters to be present at his trial. He heard from his prison the bridge re-echo with the tread of horses, and would ask of his jailer respecting those who were arriving, whether they might be his judges, or those desirous of witnessing his punishment. Sometimes the jailer would answer, 'These are strangers whom I know not.'—'Are not they,' said the prisoner, 'men meanly clad, tall in stature, and of bold mien, mounted on short-eared horses?' And if the jailer answered in the affirmative, 'Ah, these are the Swiss,' cried Hagenbach. 'My God, have mercy on me!' and he recalled to mind all the insults and cruelties he had heaped upon them. He considered, but too late, that their alliance with the house of Austria had been his destruction.

"On the 4th of May, 1474, after being put to the torture, he was brought before his judges in the public square of Brisach, at the instance of Hermann d'Eptingen, who governed for the Archduke. His countenance was firm, as one who feared not death. Henry Iselin of Bâle first spoke in the name of Hermann d'Eptingen, who acted for the lord of the country. He proceeded in nearly these terms:—'Peter de Hagenbach, knight, steward of my lord the Duke of Burgundy, and his governor in the country of Seratte and Haute Alsace, was bound to observe the privileges reserved by act of compact, but he has alike trampled under foot the laws of God and man, and the rights which have been guaranteed by oath to the country. He has caused four worshipful burgesses of Seratte to be put to death without trial; he has spoiled the city of Brisach, and established there judges and consuls chosen by himself; he has broken and dispersed the various communities of burghers and craftsmen; he has levied imposts of his own will; contrary to every law, he has quartered upon the inhabitants soldiers of various countries—Lombards, French, men of Picardy, and Flemings, and has encouraged them in pillage and disorder; he has even commanded these men to butcher their hosts during night, and had caused boats to be prepared to embark therein women and children to be sunk in the Rhine. Finally, should he plead the orders which he had received as an excuse for these cruelties, how can he clear himself of having dishonored so many women and maidens, even those under religious vows?'

"Other accusations were brought against him by examination, and witnesses proved outrages committed on the people of Mulhausen, and the merchants of Bâle.

"That every form of justice might be observed, an advocate was appointed to defend the accused. 'Messire Peter de Hagenbach,' said he, 'recognizes no other judge or master than my lord the Duke of Burgundy, whose commission he bore, and whose orders he received. He had no control over the orders he was charged to execute;—his duty was to obey. Who is ignorant of the submission due by military retainers to their lord and master? Can any one believe that the landvogt of my lord the Duke could remonstrate with or resist him? And has not my lord confirmed and ratified by his presence all acts done in his name? If imposts had been

levied, it was because he had need of money; to obtain it, it was necessary to punish those who refused payment; this proceeding my lord the Duke, and the Emperor himself, when present, have considered as expedient. The quartering of soldiers was also in accordance with the orders of the Duke. With respect to the jurisdiction of Brisach, could the landvogt permit any resistance from that quarter? To conclude, in so serious an affair —one which touches the life of the prisoner—can the last consideration be really considered a grievance? Among all those who hear me, is there one man who can say he has never committed similar imprudences? Is it not evident that Messire de Hagenbach has only taken advantage of the goodwill of some girls and women; or, at the worst, that his money was the only restraint imposed upon them?'

"The judges sat for a long time on the tribunal. Twelve hours elapsed before the termination of the trial. The Knight of Hagenbach, always calm and undaunted, brought forward no other defence or excuse than what he had before given when under the torture: viz. the orders and will of his lord, who alone was his judge, and who alone could demand an explanation. At length, at seven in the evening, and by the light of torches, the judges, after having declared it their province to pronounce judgment on the crimes of which the landvogt was accused, caused him to be called before them, and delivered their sentence—condemning him to death. He betrayed no emotion, and only demanded, as a favor, that he should be beheaded. Eight executioners, of various towns, presented themselves to execute the sentence; the one belonging to Colmar, who was accounted the most expert was preferred.

"Before conducting him to the scaffold, the sixteen knights who acted as judges, required that Messire de Hagenbach should be degraded from the dignity of knight, and from all his honors. Then advanced Gaspar Hurter, herald of the Emperor, and said:—'Peter de Hagenbach, I deeply deplore that you have so employed your mortal life, that you must lose not only the dignity and honor of knighthood, but your life also. Your duty was to render justice, to protect the widow and orphan, to respect women and maidens, to honor the holy priests, to oppose every unjust outrage; but you have yourself committed what you ought to have opposed in others. Having broken, therefore, the oaths which you have sworn, and having forfeited the noble order of knighthood, the knights here present have enjoined me to deprive you of its insignia. Not perceiving them on your person at this moment, I proclaim you unworthy Knight of St. George, in whose name and honor you were formerly admitted in the order of Knighthood.' Then Hermann d'Eptingen advanced, 'Since you are degraded from knighthood, I deprive you of your collar, gold chain, ring, poniard, spur, and gauntlet.' He then took them from him, and, striking him on the face, added:—'Knights, and you who aspire to that honor, I trust this public punishment will serve as an example to you, and that you will live in the fear of God, nobly and valiantly, in accordance with the dignity of knighthood, and the honor of your name.' At last the provost of Einselheim, and marshal of that commission of judges, arose, and addressing himself to the executioner—'Let justice be done.'

"All the judges, along with Hermann d'Eptingen, mounted on horseback; in the midst of them walked Peter de Hagenbach between two priests. It was night, and they marched by the light of torches; an immense crowd pressed around this sad procession. The prisoner conversed with his confessor, with pious, collected, and firm demeanor recommending himself to the prayers of the spectators. On arriving at a meadow without the gate of the town, he mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and elevating his voice, exclaimed:—

"I fear not death, I have always expected it ; not, indeed, in this manner, but with arms in my hand. I regret alone the blood which mine will cause to be shed ; my lord will not permit this day to pass unavenged. I regret neither my life nor body. I was a man—pray for me!' He conversed an instant more with his confessor, presented his head, and received the blow."—M. DE BARANTE, tom. x. p. 197.

NOTE D, p. 338.—PROVENCAL TROUBADOURS.

The smoothness of the Provençal dialect, partaking strongly of the Latin, which had been spoken for so many ages in what was called for distinction's sake the Roman Province of Gaul, and the richness and fertility of a country abounding in all that could delight the senses and soothe the imagination, naturally disposed the inhabitants to cultivate the art of poetry, and to value and foster the genius of those who distinguished themselves by attaining excellence in it. Troubadours, that is, *finders* or *inventors*, equivalent to the northern term of *makers*, arose in every class, from the lowest to the highest, and success in their art dignified men of the meanest rank, and added fresh honors to those who were born in the Patrician file of society. War and love, more especially the latter, were dictated to them by the chivalry of the times as the especial subjects of their verse. Such, too, were the themes of our northern minstrels. But whilst the latter confined themselves in general to those well-known metrical histories in which scenes of strife and combat mingled with adventures of enchantment, and fables of giants and monsters subdued by valiant champions, such as best attracted the ears of the somewhat duller and more barbarous warriors of northern France, of Britain, and of Germany—the more lively Troubadours produced poems which turned on human passion, and on love, affection, and dutiful observance, with which the faithful knight was bound to regard the object of his choice, and the honor and respect with which she was bound to recompense his faithful services.

Thus far it cannot be disputed that the themes selected by the Troubadours were those on which poetry is most naturally exerted, and with the best chance of rising to excellence. But it usually happens that when any one of the fine arts is cultivated exclusively, the taste of those who practice and admire its productions loses sight of nature, simplicity and true taste, and the artist endeavors to discover, while the public learn to admire, some more complicated system, in which pedantry supersedes the dictates of natural feeling, and metaphysical ingenuity is used instead of the more obvious qualifications of simplicity and good sense. Thus, with the unanimous approbation of their hearers, the Troubadours framed for themselves a species of poetry describing and inculcating a system of metaphysical affection, as inconsistent with nature as the minstrel's tales of magicians and monsters ; with this evil to society, that it was calculated deeply to injure its manners and its morals. Every Troubadour, or good Knight, who took the maxims of their poetical school for his rule, was bound to choose a lady-love, the fairest and noblest to whom he had access, to whom he dedicated at once his lyre and his sword, and who, married or single, was to be the object to whom his life, words, and actions were to be devoted. On the other hand, a lady thus honored and distinguished, was bound, by accepting the services of such a gallant, to consider him as her lover, and on all due occasions to grace him as such with distinguished marks of personal favor. It is true, that, according to the best authorities, the intercourse betwixt her lover and herself was to be entirely of a Platonic character, and the loyal swain was not to require, or the chosen lady to bestow, anything beyond the favor she might in strict modesty bestow. Even under

this restriction, the system was like to make wild work with the domestic peace of families, since it permitted, or rather enjoined, such familiarity betwixt the fair dame and her poetical admirer ; and very frequently human passions, placed in such a dangerous situation, proved too strong to be confined within the metaphysical bounds prescribed to them by so fantastic and perilous a system. The injured husbands on many occasions avenged themselves with severity, and even with dreadful cruelty, on the unfaithful ladies, and the musical skill and chivalrous character of the lover proved no protection to his person. But the real spirit of the system was seen in this, that in the poems of the other Troubadours, by whom such events are recorded, their pity is all bestowed on the hapless lovers, while, without the least allowance for just provocation, the injured husband is held up to execration.

NOTE E, p. 339.—PARLIAMENT OF LOVE.

In Provence, during the flourishing time of the Troubadours, Love was esteemed so grave and formal a part of the business of life, that a Parliament or High Court of Love was appointed for deciding such questions. This singular tribunal was, it may be supposed, conversant with more of imaginary than of real suits; but it is astonishing with what cold and pedantic ingenuity the Troubadours of whom it consisted set themselves to plead and to decide, upon reasoning which was not less singular and able than out of place, the absurd questions which their own fantastic imagination had previously devised. There, for example, is a reported case, of much celebrity, where a lady sitting in company with three persons, who were her admirers, listened to one with the most favorable smiles, while she pressed the hand of the second, and touched with her own the foot of the third. It was a case much agitated and keenly contested in the Parliament of Love, which of the rivals had received the distinguishing mark of the lady's favor. Much ingenuity was wasted on this and similar cases of which there is a collection, in all judicial form of legal proceedings, under the title of *Arrets d' Amour* (Adjudged cases of the Court of Love.)

NOTE F, p. 426.—CHARLES THE BOLD.

The following very striking passage is that in which Philip de Commines sums up the last scene of Charles the Bold, whose various fortunes he had long watched with a dark anticipation that a character so reckless, and capable of such excess, must sooner or later lead to a tragical result:—

" As soon as the Count de Campo-Basso arrived in the Duke of Lorrain's army, word was sent to him to leave the camp immediately, for they would not entertain nor have any communication with such traytors. Upon which message he retir'd with his party to a Castle and Pass not far off, where he fortified himself with carts and other things as well as he could, in hopes, that if the Duke of Burgundy was routed, he might have an opportunity of coming in for a share of the plunder, as he did afterward. Nor was this practice with the Duke of Lorrain the most execrable action that Campo-Basso was guilty of ; but before he left the army he conspired with several other officers (finding it was impracticable to attempt anything against the Duke of Burgundy's person) to leave him just as they came to charge, for at that time he suppos'd it would put the Duke into the greatest terror and consternation, and if he fled, he was sure he could not escape alive, for he had order'd thirteen or fourteen sure men, some to run as soon as the Germans came up to charge 'em, and others to watch the Duke of Burgundy, and kill him in the rout, which was well enough contrived; I myself have

been two or three of those who were employed to kill the Duke. Having thus settled his conspiracy at home, he went over to the Duke of Lorrain upon the approach of the German army ; but finding they would not entertain him, he retired to Conde.

" The German army march'd forward, and with 'em a considerable body of French horse, whom the King had given leave to be present at that action. Several parties lay in ambush not far off, that if the Duke of Burgundy was routed, they might surprise some person or quality or take some considerable booty. By this every one may see into what a deplorable condition this poor Duke had brought himself by his contempt of good counsel. Both armies being joyn'd, the Duke of Burgundy's forces having been twice beaten before, and by consequence weak and dispirited, and ill provided besides, were quickly broken and entirely defeated : Many sav'd themselves and got off ; the rest were either taken or kill'd ; and among 'em the Duke of Burgundy himself was kill'd on the spot. One Monsieur Claude of Bausmont, Captain of the Castle of Dier in Lorrain, kill'd the Duke of Burgundy. Finding his army routed, he mounted a swift horse, and endeavoring to swim a little river in order to make his escape, his horse fell with him and overset him : The Duke cry'd out for quarter to this gentleman who was pursuing him, but he being deaf, and not hearing him, immediately kill'd and stripp'd him, not knowing who he was, and left him naked in the ditch, where his body was found the next day after the battle; which the Duke of Lorrain (to his eternal honor) buried with great pomp and magnificence in St. George's Church, in the old town of Nancy, himself and all his nobility, in deep mourning, attending the corpse to the grave. The following epitaph was sometime afterward ingrav'd on his tomb:—

' Carolus hoc busto Burgundæ gloria gentis
Conditur, Europæ qui fuit ante timor.'

I saw a seal ring of his, since his death, at Milan, with his arms cut curiously upon a sardonix that I have seen him often wear in a ribbon at his breast, which was sold at Milan for two ducats, and had been stolen from him by a rascal that waited on him in his chamber. I have often seen the Duke dress'd and undress'd in great state and formality, and attended by very great persons; but at his death all this pomp and magnificence ceas'd, and his family was involved in the same ruin with himself, and very likely as a punishment for his having deliver'd up the Constable not long before, out of a base and avaricious principle ; but God forgive him. I have known him a powerful and honorable Prince, in as great esteem, and as much courted by his neighbors (when his affairs were in a prosperous condition), as any Prince in Europe, and perhaps more; and I cannot conceive what should provoke God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him, unless it was his self-love and arrogance, in appropriating all the success of his enterprises, and all the renown he ever acquir'd, to his own wisdom and conduct, without attributing anything to God. Yet, to speak truth, he was master of several good qualities : No Prince ever had a greater ambition to entertain young noblemen than he, nor was more careful of their education; His presents and bounty were never profuse and extravagant, because he gave to many, and had a mind everybody should taste of it. No Prince was ever easier of access to his servants and subjects. Whilst I was in his service he was never cruel, but a little before his death he took up with that humor, which was an infallible sign of the shortness of his life. He was very splendid and curious in his dress, and in everything else, and indeed a little too much. He paid great honors to all ambassadors and foreigners, and entertain'd them nobly: His ambitious desire of fame was

insatiable, and it was that which induced him to be eternally in wars, more than any other motive. He ambitiously desired to imitate the old Kings and Heroes of antiquity, whose actions still shine in History, and are so much talked of in the world, and his courage was equal to any Prince of his time.

"But all his designs and imaginations were vain and extravagant, and turn'd afterward to his own dishonor and confusion, for 'tis the conquerors and not the conquer'd that purchase to themselves renown. I cannot easily determine toward whom God Almighty show'd his anger most, whether toward him who died suddenly without pain or sickness in the field of battle, or toward his subjects who never enjoy'd peace after his death, but were continually involv'd in wars, against which they were not able to maintain themselves, upon accounts of the civil dissentions and cruel animosities that arose among 'em; and that which was the most insupportable, was, that the very people, to whom they were now obliged for their defence and preservation, were the Germans, who were strangers, and not long since their profess'd enemies. In short, after the Duke's death, there was not a neighboring state that wish'd them to prosper, nor even Germany that defended 'em. And by the management of their affairs, their understanding seem'd to be as much infatuated as their master's, for they rejected all good counsel, and pursued such methods as directly tended to their destruction; and they are still in such a condition, that though they have at present some little ease and relaxation from their sorrows, yet it is with great danger of a relapse, and 'tis well if it turns not in the end to their utter ruin.

"I am partly of their opinion who maintain that God gives Princes, as he in his wisdom thinks fit, to punish or chastise the subjects; and he disposes the affection of subjects to their Princes, as he has determin'd to raise or depress 'em. Just so it has pleas'd him to deal with the House of Burgundy; for after a long series of riches and prosperity, and six-and-twenty years' peace under three Illustrious Princes, predecessors to this Charles (all of 'em excellent persons, and of great prudence and discretion), it pleased God to send this Duke Charles, who involv'd them in bloody wars, as well winter as summer, to their great affliction and expense, in which most of their richest and stoutest men were either killed or utterly undone. Their misfortunes continu'd successively to the very hour of his death; and after such a manner, that at the last the whole strength of their country was destroy'd, and all kill'd or taken prisoners who had any zeal or affection for the House of Burgundy, and had power to defend the state and dignity of that family; so that in a manner their losses were equal to, if not overbalanc'd their former prosperity; for as I have seen those Princes heretofore puissant, rich, and honorable, so that it fared the same with their subjects; for I think I have seen and known the greatest part of Europe; yet I never knew any province, or country, tho' perhaps of a larger extent, so abounding in money, so extravagantly fine in furniture for their horses, so sumptuous in their buildings, so profuse in their expenses, so luxurious in their feasts and entertainments, and so prodigal in all respects, as the subjects of these Princes, in my time; but it has pleased God at one blow to subvert and ruin this illustrious family. Such changes and revolutions in states and kingdoms, God in his providence has wrought before we were born, and will do so again when we are in our graves; for this is a certain maxim, that the prosperity or adversity of Princes are wholly at his disposal."—COMMINES, Book V. Chap. 9.

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